



I AM NOT  
THAT  
KIND OF TALENT

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 1**

### 1. The Demon King's most powerful card (1)

Tak. A pale white hand vigorously touched the desk.

What was underneath was none other than white paper.

After a short pause, the hand that stopped for a moment slowly withdraws, leaving only the paper behind.

The man who was watching the hand move away lowered his gaze and focused his eyes on the paper on the desk. My eyes turned to the paper without much notice, and when I saw the words 'Resignation' written on it, I stopped and immediately grew to the size of a small drop.

The white-haired, red-eyed man, who had been watching the entire process without a moment's hesitation until he suddenly raised his head, looked straight into the station, where his confusion was clearly visible, and spoke with a voice as firm as his face.

"I will quit my job."

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If there are 'heroes' in the empire, there are 'corps commanders' in the Demon King's army.

If the empire puts forward capable generals, the Demon King will also put forward 'corps commanders'.

To that extent, the corps commander is the devil's sword and shield, and a symbol of power.

Officially, there are twelve corps commanders of the Demon King, from the 1st corps commander to the 12th corps commander, but in fact, there is one more corps that is worthless to call an openly hidden secret.

The 0th Legion is a strict secret, although not only everyone in the Demon Castle knows it, even the enemy Imperial Army knows about it.

In fact, the person who killed the 'last hero' is the commander of the army, and is in fact the most powerful member of the Demon King.

The kind of card that gives you peace of mind just by having it suddenly quits.

"no! "What the heck!"

I can't miss out on a talented person like you like this! With that will, Demon Lord Caber grabbed his subordinate's trouser legs and hung down.

He usually doesn't talk much and doesn't move much, so when he came here in person, I wondered what was going on. I was even happy to see it.

But this is what they say at best.

Probably not sincere. As always, I guess I'll just give it a try. It must be so.

I raised my head, still holding on to my pant legs. Red eyes met our gazes and silence fell.

He would probably have guessed what he was trying to say through his eyes.

‘If I’m going this far, you really won’t say I’m quitting, right?’

His eyes, which had been hard all along, trembled slightly as if his intention had worked. At first glance, it was not noticeable, but the Demon King, who was concentrating on him, was able to grab it with alacrity.

It shakes. Then we shouldn’t stop here.

I let go of the leg I had been holding on to and jumped up. Instead, the area I caught this time was both shoulders.

“Why on earth? What don’t you like? How are your subordinates treating you? Are you discriminating against me just because I’m human? What kind of bastard are you?! “I will die young right away...!”

Contrary to their somewhat intense voices, they were convinced that they couldn’t do that.

Inaction is so strong that even though we are human, we have no choice but to admit it.

No, what is ‘recognition’ all about? To the demons, his inaction is so overwhelming that they cannot even show their will to win. Let alone his great victory, everyone is in awe and respect of him, so how big of a bastard would dare to touch him?

Nevertheless, there was a reason for doing this.



Deon Hardt. In the Demon King's Castle, he is called 'Demon Arut' and is in fact a 'human' with a status second only to the Demon King.

Since he was the only human in the Demon Castle, I don't know what other humans were like, but unlike other demons, he was extremely reluctant to see someone's blood.

So, if it comes out like this, you have no choice but to react somehow.

—Sure enough.

Just as I was about to leave the office, my wrist was grabbed.

When I turn around, red eyes reminiscent of blood are staring straight at me. The Demon King struggled to raise the corners of his mouth.

'...I guess I finally feel like talking.'

If you try to shake it off, you can do whatever you want.

However, the other person was one of his favorite subordinates, and he had just submitted his resignation, and he had intended this from the beginning, so instead of shaking it off, he sighed and sat down in his seat.

"I ask again. "What is the reason?"

"...Are you going to kill me?"

I was just curious about the truth, but what came back was a question, not an answer.

Are you going to kill me? What kind of scary words.

I was startled and raised my head, and our eyes met. Creepy-looking red eyes were looking at him without even the slightest blink. I laughed out loud.

‘I didn’t mean to do that, but if I push it any further, I’m going to have my head ripped off.’

Although he was a demon lord with no one to oppose except the warrior, the man in front of him was a threat even to him.

If he decides to aim for the neck, this side will also have to take its own share of damage. It will probably be quite annoying.

A soft voice came out with the intention of calming the other person down.

“There is no way I would kill you. So what’s the reason? “I’m just curious.”

“...that.”

After a moment of silence, he opened his mouth. And then burst out loud.

‘...whoop?’

“blood! “Blood!!”

“ah.”

Blood poured out. Very casually onto a desk full of documents.

I reflexively stretched out my hand and received the blood. My head was spinning to the point where I couldn’t even think about doing anything else.

Is it poison? No, I was using poison detection magic from the moment I saw the blood, but there was no reaction. Then there is only one thing left.

aftereffect.

Officially, Deonhardt has killed the champion.

He is truly a 'warrior'. Of course, he had to take a lot of damage, and because of that, his body, which was not in good condition to begin with, was completely destroyed. There were times, like now, that I often vomited blood.

'Actually, that's not the case, but anyway, the aftereffects are right and the result is the same.'

It seems like hemoptysis has occurred a few times before, but it is clearly visible that the frequency has clearly increased.

Wow. The thought that we might lose valuable talent made me grind my teeth.

At that time, perhaps realizing the situation too late, Deon covered his mouth and took a couple of steps back from the desk. A voice that seemed to be holding back blood came out with difficulty.

"sorry. The documents..."

"That's not the problem now! Your doctor! OBring the corps commander's doctor!! "The patient in charge is sick right now. Where are you and what are you doing?"

A roar resounded throughout the Demon King Castle, creating a commotion.

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Ben, the attending physician, comes running in from afar, panting.

My impressions of making a dirty red stain on the carpet of the Demon King's room were very simple.

'It's fucking ruined.'

I was just going to submit my resignation and quit my job. That's when the blood came out, staining the documents, staining the carpet, and causing trouble to the doctor in charge... Isn't this a perfect situation for anyone to see?

As long as you get hit, you'll be lucky.

The opponent is a demon. If they were humans, they would simply get angry and move on, but these are the people who will swing their swords and say, 'Apologise with your life!'

Because of this, I went white, stiffened, and desperately responded to Ben's examination.

"Daemon, can you hear me? How many of these do you see?"

"There are three."

Instead of struggling to live with a steady answer, I thought back to the situation from a little while ago.

My name is Deon Hardt. There is a slight misunderstanding, and in the Demon King's Castle, he is known as 'Demon Arut'.

No, no. It's not 'a little'. The reason I submitted my resignation letter is precisely because of this 'misunderstanding.'

The misunderstanding is that everyone in the Demon Castle, including the Demon King, is under the illusion that I am extremely strong.

Ha funny sound. The cook in this castle is probably stronger than me. At least the chef is a 'demon', isn't he?

Anyway, that's not what's important.

The continued excessive evaluation gave me a sense of fear and seemed to warn me that I should take action before it was too late.

Isn't generous evaluation good? It's also good if it's reasonable.

Excessive overvaluation makes one fearful of repercussions. Especially where I am, the Demon King Castle. Imagine that even the devil is overestimating me and treating me accordingly, and the truth is revealed.

Maybe that day will be the day I die. Even if I die, I will not die gracefully.

'I want to run away.'

However, if you run away without saying a word, the Demon King will definitely come after you with his army, saying, 'I can't let a talented person like you go!!' If you're not careful, getting caught isn't enough and you could be imprisoned or, in the worst case scenario, even die.

Even among humans, 'If you don't have it, I'll destroy it!' There's a guy who does that, but there's no way he's a demon.

I've never heard of enemies being similar to each other. After all, he resembles the emperor of an empire when it comes to caring for talented people.

Even if I told him the truth, he wouldn't believe me, and even if I did, he might blow my head off, saying, 'You've been fooling me this whole time?!'...

So, I tried to confront him directly and tie the knot. If the situation were to come up, I had the intention of looking into the atmosphere, leaving a letter of resignation and saying I would quit, and disappearing like the wind.

I didn't know that the devil would grab the leg of his pants and hang out.

"no! "What the heck!"

I expected it to stop to some extent.

'But this wasn't in my plan!'

Speaking of trouser legs, does this guy called the Demon King have no pride?!

Even though I was screaming inside, I couldn't even move.

Because I was scared.

'There's a devil on my leg! 'Fuck you devil!!'

The opponent is the devil. He is the strongest demon king of all time, having defended the demon castle without major

damage despite clashing with warriors every time. If he even lifts a finger, my life disappears.

So what would happen if you make a wrong move and end up kicking him?

It was something that could be expected without even having to test it.

Therefore, I stood motionless like a statue until he took his hand away first.

I was so nervous that I bet that if the Demon King had taken his hand off just a little later, he would have suffered cramps.

Anyway, there must have been some kind of change of heart, and when our eyes met, the demon king withdrew his hand and stood up. It's good that I left my pants on, but what I grabbed this time was my shoulder!

He put his hands on both shoulders, perhaps as an appeal to somehow catch me, and started talking one after another while making eye contact.

By the way, Demon King.

"Why on earth? "What don't you like?"

The reason I submitted my resignation letter in the first place was,

"How are my subordinates treating me?" "Are you discriminating against me just because I'm human?"

It's because they did it so well that it was a burden.

You may be thinking that this is ‘treatment commensurate with one’s skills,’ but I don’t think so. I really don’t have any abilities!

Rather, he is just a weak human whose physical abilities are lower than that of an ordinary person.

‘I should have suspected it when I first tried to recruit him.’

I should have doubted what use a person like me had.

There was nothing I could do because it felt like they would kill me on the spot if I refused...

...Huh? That’s right. Now that I think about it, there was no choice from the beginning.

‘...life.’

I swallowed the sigh that had reached my throat. We have to escape from here now.

The final boss, the Demon King, has been treating me better than I thought, so it’s not entirely impossible...

“Which bastard are you?! I will die young right now...”

No! no no!!

I was startled and caught him as he walked toward the office door.

Is there anyone who can catch it? Who would be criticized if they killed their subordinates prematurely? Of course, I, the cause, will be the target!

See, even if you treat them well, they don’t treat you too well. Oh damn, why do I feel like crying?



Fortunately, the Demon King sat down with a sigh, probably because it was true.

"I ask again. "What is the reason?"

For some reason, the way his voice calmed down seemed like he was alive.

It might be an illusion, but I thought it would be better to be careful, so instead of answering, I asked while looking at his eyes.

"...Are you going to kill me?"

Oh, this isn't it. I was so nervous that my words came out bluntly.

As expected, the devil's symbol, the station, takes on a unique appearance and faces this way.

What do those eyes mean?

'How did know?' Is the look in his eyes like, 'Do you want me to kill you and save you?' Is it a look of concern?

Maybe it means, 'This is why quick-witted subordinates are annoying.'

Should I apologize now...? Or, if I apologize before that, will they let me live?

No matter how much I think about it, I can only think of a bleak future.

I couldn't avoid his intense gaze and just fidgeted and moved my lips, but the demon king, who was looking at my face thoroughly as if trying to find out my inner thoughts, soon shook his head.

“There is no way I would kill you. So what’s the reason?  
“Let’s hear it first.”

I hesitated for a moment, but it was only for a moment.

Since we were going to negotiate anyway, this is a  
necessary procedure. You cannot and should not run away.

That’s why I just opened my mouth.

“...that.”

Whoops.

The familiar fishy scent of blood spread from my mouth to  
the tip of my nose.

“blood!! “Blood!”

“ah.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 2**

### 2. The Demon King's strongest card (2)

Only then was I able to understand the situation.

This damn body! Even if you have to cough up blood, here you are! shit!

I see documents littered with blood. Plus, the demon lord who is receiving my blood with his hands... Oh my god.

'It was a dirty life.'

I quickly covered my mouth and fell from the desk, leaving a short message in my mind.

Even so, it is already a dirty document and the hands of the devil are stained with blood. As expected, I heard the sound of teeth grinding together, probably because I was angry.

I slowly opened my mouth, swallowing the scream that was about to burst out as the murderous pain pierced my entire body.

"sorry. The documents..."

"That's not the problem now! Your doctor! Call the 0th Corps Commander's doctor!! "The patient is sick right now. Where are you doing?"

...huh?

My mind froze at the unexpected situation.

After a while, my mind could barely come up with another hypothesis.

Oh, you're angry at your doctor.

In short, it's like this. The reason I had this accident was because I was sick. It means that the doctor did not do his job properly, which means that the reason I had an accident was because of the doctor.

So, instead of kicking me, I guess I'll kick my doctor.

So, where will the resentment of the attending physician, who was suddenly struck by fire, go?

This is the devil's castle. After reminding myself that my doctor was also a demon, I sat down with an expression of liberation.

It was fucking ruined.

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"The patient is sick right now, where are you doing?"

Overwhelming demon energy swept the entire castle.

It is obvious even without looking who the owner of this thick and heavy magic energy is. The attending physician, Ben, was prepared to die today and hurriedly packed his visit bag.

Of course, the only subordinate whom the Demon King thinks this much about is Daemon, the proud commander of

the 0th Corps, his patient.

Sure enough, when I arrived at the Demon King's office, I saw Demon sitting on the bare floor with his mouth covered. What is dripping down the hand is none other than blood.

As a result, the carpet in the office became dirty, but since the Demon Lord would not care about such a thing, I approached him without worrying about it.

I scolded myself as I quickly helped the person, who seemed to have lost strength in his legs and had no intention of getting up, and sat him down on the sofa.

Not being able to show up quickly when a patient is sick is a disqualification as an attending physician. Even if Demon gets angry and breaks this neck, I won't have anything to say.

I'll have to recover before that, though.

First, he extended three fingers.

First, check consciousness.

"Daemon, can you hear me? How many of these do you see?"

"There are three."

Consciousness is normal and visual field is normal.

Everyone in the Demon Castle knows why Demon is like this. There was no way I didn't know.

That's because everyone saw it clearly.

The image of him stopping a warrior who was about to destroy himself with a mere human body.

As if that weren't enough, the scene where the warrior's life was taken away with a light gesture.

Since he suffered the hero's self-destruction entirely on his own, it was natural that his body was damaged.

So are you looking down on me?

'No way.'

A weakened body and fighting ability are two different things. You might not know what other people are doing, but this person is different. I could probably take this life right away if I wanted to. Then I will know that I am dead only after I die.

Just looking at his vivid, alive eyes even though he was coughing up blood was like that.

The eyes are so red that I wonder what they would look like if fresh blood pooled in a circle. Those eyes, which stood out even more because of the pure white hair, contained a clear expression of 'death.'

I can do this because I have killed countless people and seen countless deaths. How dare you look down on me?

Ben, trying to suppress the fear and awe that surged through him, calmly opened his mouth.

"As you might expect, it's an aftereffect."

As if he had expected it, a look of resignation passes over the Demon Lord's face. He also closed his mouth for a

moment out of bitterness. However, the person involved, Demon, was different.

An expression that doesn't even seem to matter. No, that's clearly an expression of boredom.

I heard it too much. Because I'm already sick of it.

He placed the handkerchief given to him by the Demon King to his mouth and buried himself deeply in the sofa, as if he was saying something for nothing.

Ben and even the Demon King were left speechless by the attitude that was close to resignation or liberation.

'How can you be so resolute?'

If it had been other corps commanders, the chaos would have happened long ago.

Whether you draw your sword, shake your fist, or sit quietly and threaten. His murderous eyes would have shined brightly and he would have told me to fix it somehow.

Isn't that what you should do?

That's the reason for your existence.

As soon as I thought about it, I felt like I could sigh. A sigh closer to relief than frustration or anger.

Subconsciously, I thought that Ben was very fortunate to be the doctor of the 0 Corps commander.

'No, now is not the time.'

I immediately shook off my thoughts, collected my emotions, and quickly searched through my visitation bag.

“As always, this is a medicine that helps with internal injuries. “I’m sorry that I can only do this.”

“Thank you.”

After confirming that Demon-sama received the medicine bottle and drank it, Ben slowly closed his eyes.

Well then, I’ve finished my job. Now the inevitable time has come.

Demon King, who had been giving off a ‘let’s see me’ vibe since he just arrived here. Knowing full well that the price of ignoring him is death, he carefully stood up and faced the demon king.

There are no complaints whatsoever. It’s not unfair. It was clearly his fault for not being able to quickly respond to the patient’s abnormality.

Perhaps Demon-sama is also angry, if not angry, at least disapproving of this.

Therefore, once he received the Demon King’s wrath, he was prepared to endure the Demon King’s wrath if he survived. Daemon, who should be the most angry, came forward.

...why?

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The devil is trying to kill the doctor!

I reflexively jumped up from my seat and grabbed Ben’s wrist.



Ben looks at me with wide eyes, probably surprised. Perhaps equally unexpectedly, the Demon King was also looking at me with wide eyes.

Are you surprised? I was surprised too. But I couldn't help it.

If I beat up my doctor like this, wouldn't all the resentment be directed at me? No matter how gentle Ben is, he would naturally be upset if he was criticized for something that wasn't his fault.

By then it will be too late.

I have to stop it in order to survive!

With that resolve, I was the first to open my mouth to the Demon King, who was still unable to speak.

"I'm not feeling well, so I'll just leave. Of course, my doctor too. "It's unfortunate, but I'll have to postpone the topic of resignation until later."

"Huh? Resignation...? No, I got it first. "Go quickly and rest."

Perhaps because he doesn't want to talk about the resignation letter, he passes it off as expected.

I'll definitely talk about it next time! First of all, the timing was not good today, so I quickly walked out of the office, telling myself.

And I don't know how long I walked.

When we stopped, we were standing halfway down a fairly long hallway.

Since there were only one or two hallways, I peeked out the window to figure out the location.

As in the sunless Demon World, you can see a garden covered in the veil of night outside the hallway window. Instead of the sun, three moons took its place, softly illuminating the garden.

If you look at it up to this point, you might think the scenery is pretty nice, but look over there. What flower has teeth? Was it a man-eating plant? The plant next to it even has eyeballs. Plus it blinks!

As I shuddered in disgust, I heard a faint voice next to me.

“That Demon....”

“Hmm? ...ah.”

Come to think of it, I was still holding my wrist. I was so out of my mind that I couldn’t even realize it.

I slowly let go of my hand and glanced at Ben’s eyes. You’re not offended, are you?

Fortunately, there was no sign of displeasure on his face. Instead, what caught my eye was a complexion as pale as mine.

It seems like he’s a bit restless...

“Does it hurt anywhere?”

“no. I just...”

A feeling of resignation appears on his face.

As I looked at him with great concern, wondering if he was really in pain, he let out a small sigh.

Ben licked his pale lips, then bit his lips once as if he was preparing for something, and bowed his back.

“It may be presumptuous, but I dare ask you to let us go with as little pain as possible!”

“...Huh?”

For a moment, I even forgot to manage my facial expressions. A feeling of absurdity would probably have clearly appeared on my face by now. The goofy voice was a bonus.

I’m glad he’s bending over. Seeing as he wasn’t making any movement, it seemed like he couldn’t hear my voice either.

I quickly managed my facial expression and cleared my throat.

I can’t bear to ask out loud what kind of bullshit that is, so I’ll change the subject a bit...

“What does that mean?”

“Ah... no. I made a mistake. sorry!”

I tried to ask kindly, but he was shocked instead.

Is he really in pain? They say people can’t cut their own hair, but what if the doctor is sick?

Even that doctor is my doctor.

Feeling anxious that I might end up entrusting my body to a patient, I let out a small sigh and said,

“I won’t kill you.”

I don't know what it is, but I won't kill you. No, I can't kill you.

If I had the ability to kill demons, I would have abandoned my role as corps commander and escaped a long time ago. Why would I live here with such anxiety?

I can only sigh at the pitiful situation I am once again realizing.

With a depressed heart, I trudged to my room, leaving the dumbfounded Ben behind.

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Contrary to appearances, I know that Demon is the most generous of all the corps commanders. But who would have thought that He would protect even those who failed to fulfill their duties?

No, he seems to think that I didn't fail to do my duty in the first place.

Maybe it's because he was born as a human, but his thoughts are different from those of demons, so we don't know his standards.

But how embarrassed he must have been when I suddenly asked him to kill me without pain. What's worse is that people who usually use polite language ask 'What?' It was to the point where I blurted out something like that.

But there is a reason for such an illusion. Other corps commanders. Even if they had saved me, the reason would have been 'I had to kill them with my own hands to relieve their anger.'

Anyway, it would have been nice if I had stopped talking quickly. Unfortunately, I didn't notice and thought that my words made him feel very uncomfortable, so I even asked for forgiveness. It was a burden placed on him.

In a situation where he had nothing to say even if he was punched in the back of the head, Daemon spoke with a faint sigh instead of raising his hand.

[I won't kill you.]

Honestly, I was shocked. Isn't this too generous?

I was always proud to be that person's doctor, but I had never been more proud than I was today. I guess I'll have to grab a bottle of alcohol today and go see the official corps commander's personal doctor setter.

The scene where he had to deal with bad-tempered corps commanders and grabbed his head out of envy was already eye-catching.

Of course, there is work to be done before that.

'So that the same thing will never happen again...'

Ben's eyes lit up slightly as he remembered the pitiful sight of his patient, Demon Arut, who was dripping blood.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 3**

### 3. 0 Corps Commander Deon Hardt (1)

"I hate paperwork!"

These were the words I uttered when I first heard the offer to recruit from the Demon King. Thanks to this, by taking on the unofficial position of commander of the 0th Corps, I became like a scarecrow who just had to sit still.

There are no complaints whatsoever. When I watch other corps commanders groaning under a pile of documents, I feel proud of myself for saying such a thing.

However, if I had to pick one fatal flaw....

"I'm bored!"

It's so boring! There is nothing to do and even if you go out, it is always night in the Demon World and only terrible plants live in the garden.

However, going to the devil is crazy, and going to other army commanders is also like going to your own deathbed. The guys under me always avoid me, as if they don't want to deal with humans, and I can't trust them either... so in the end, I have to do it. What was possible was bound to be limited.

For example, something very wholesome like a cube or a puzzle....

“Hit it!!”

Chrrrrrr.

Thousands of puzzle pieces flew in the sky. I sighed and looked around the room. Large, neatly assembled puzzles were framed and decorating the walls.

At first, I started guessing 50 or 60 numbers just to kill time, but when I came to my senses, I was guessing 6000 items.

I could fucking sell it. I, a bastard, needlessly focus too much.

I burst out laughing out of a sudden sense of desperation and opened the door. The employee waiting in front of the door was seen visibly flinching and hastily lowering his head. I said, pretending not to notice his desperate movements to avoid eye contact.

“Bring me a drink.”

“yes?!”

“Alcohol. It doesn’t matter what kind it is. “As long as it’s alcohol, it’s fine.”

“But...”

Contrary to his desperate attitude, where he seemed to do whatever he was told to do, he kept hesitating with a face that looked like he was about to cry.

I think I can roughly understand why this reaction is happening. From what I could see, Ben must have stopped

it.

I was born with a weak body. This abnormal white hair, red eyes and pale skin are proof of this. That's why they vomit blood whenever they get the chance.

Here, the cause can be attributed to 'aftereffects of the battle with the hero', so it's a good thing, but it's a bit sad that I can't drink alcohol. To be precise, I really feel sorry for Ben's strong work ethic.

There is something a doctor who examined me when I was young said.

[It seems like all the health that should be distributed evenly throughout the body is concentrated only in the liver!]

In reality, I didn't get drunk easily in most cases, so it wouldn't be a lie. Thanks to this, I was able to get away safely even after taking medicine that was not good for my body... Anyway.

So that means it's okay for me to drink alcohol. They say they won't die.

So, give me the alcohol. Now is the time when you need a drink.

0 Now that I realize that I am the commander of a corps and have nothing to do but just put together a puzzle in my room, I can't stand it with my sanity.

When I looked at it intently, telling him to bring it quickly, the servant shook his shoulders and ran off somewhere.

...Wait, what is the answer?!



“It’s not like I won’t bring it.”

Yes, it’s not like he ran away or went somewhere else to do something he wasn’t told to do.

Even as I muttered that, for some reason, I trembled from the ominous feeling that came over me.

The ominous feeling was spot on. The attendant, who had disappeared without answering, has returned.

—With the devil lord.

You traitorous bastard.

“You want to drink?”

He glared at the attendant with resentment in his eyes, but quickly closed his eyes when he heard the Demon King’s voice.

If you answer yes, nagging will start coming. Now that I couldn’t say no, I gave up and hung my head.

However, what came back far exceeded expectations.

“Are you itchy like that?”

“...yes?”

“I assumed you were bored because there were no battles these days, but I didn’t expect it to be this bad. I guess I was looking at you too softly. “I apologize.”

Ah, no, no, wait a minute.

I just wanted to drink, but why did my stream of consciousness go in that direction...?

“If you really want, I can let you participate in a small battle. These days, the commander of the 9th Corps, who is on the front lines, is making a fuss about being boring. I think the situation will change if you go. What do you think? “How about going there at least?”

If the 9th Corps commander is out there...

‘It’s the front line.’

A place where large and small battles frequently occur as it borders the empire. Are you going to send me to a place like that?

Ah, I understand. Are you telling me to die while being used as a meat shield on the battlefield so that my body, which is weak enough to die even if I drink alcohol, has at least some use?

Me indeed. Because it’s dirty and disgusting. Oh, you don’t have to eat it.

“it’s okay.”

I’m definitely not doing this because I’m scared. I’m doing this because it’s dirty.

“Well, that’s a good decision. “Even if I go, I won’t see enough blood to satisfy you.”

It doesn’t even make sense anymore. Ah, corrected. I froze because I was scared.

Anyway, it’s too much to threaten someone like this just because they tried to drink some alcohol.

While making eye contact, I secretly looked down to see if my feelings would be revealed. The Demon King's voice continued.

"Anyway, no drinking. Is there anything you can do to overthrow the Demon King's Castle? If you're really bored, take a look around your corps or at least look around the garden. Hien said he was happy that he brought in new flowers this time."

I suddenly raised my head. That crazy guy?

It's obvious that he's a demon, so we'll skip it and Hien is a gardener. I dare say that even if he is crazy, he is definitely crazy. What are you crazy about?

To a gross and dangerous man-eating plant!

At first, I tilted my head because it didn't seem fitting that there was a gardener in the Demon King's Castle, but after looking around the garden with him, I was completely convinced.

[Because he's this kind of guy, he works at the Demon King's Castle!! I believed it was a peaceful job! !! never! [I wonder if you believe in demons!!]

It is a valuable experience that you have experienced with your body and engraved in your bones. Since I couldn't just ignore him, I looked at the Demon King with a serious expression.

"Let's take a look at the corps."

Legion members are dangerous, but they are definitely better than that crazy gardener.

...Though it was only five minutes ago that I was heading to the 0th Corps' training ground.

"Oh, Demon!"

"...Hien."

To hide his pale complexion, he quickly raised his hand and swept his face.

And when I raised my head, I made eye contact with a man with an elegant appearance who had come right in front of me.

What a surprise!

"Are you tired?"

"Well, just a little..."

"In that case, smelling the flowers is the right thing to do. I brought in new flowers this time, would you like to take a look? "I'm especially showing it to Demon first."

It's the devil. The devil was smiling with his eyes folded.

Normally it would be a sight that would leave me spellbound, but I was just trying to use my brain to find a way to escape. I didn't even notice his appearance.

Why don't you fall for that look? That's right, he's a man.

I don't know if it's a succubus, but if it's an incubus, is there any way to get over it? I may be going crazy here these days, but not so much that my sexual identity is shaken.

'Now that I think about it...'

Isn't this kid secretly a high-ranking person? Perhaps because he is an incubus, he has a talent for reducing options to one.

Are you tired?

Route A: I'm tired > The scent of flowers is the best for those times!

Route B: I'm not tired > Then, you should take a look at the flowers I brought in this time...

Normally, I would have given in to his words and had to go around that horrible garden. But now I have a great excuse.

"This is difficult because I was just going to check on my corps members."

"Ah... I guess we can't postpone it, right?"

"...."

Be persistent.

You can postpone it as much as you want. The 0 Corps members didn't even look for me, and when I did, they didn't come close or talk to me, but instead just watched my every move with their eyes lit up.

In fact, all I have to do there is to sit in a corner, fiddle with my sword, and then leave.

Oh, touching the sword here is not a metaphor, it really just means touching. It would be troublesome if I just swung my sword in a stupid pose and my skills got worse.

Anyway, it's possible to put it off, but I still don't like it. Wasn't the reason I was heading to the 0th Corps' exclusive

training ground in the first place to avoid this guy?

“....”

“....”

Suddenly, I realized that the silence was longer than I thought. I guess I was thinking so long that I missed the right time to answer.

I rolled my eyes and looked at Hien, wondering if I was offended by the prolonged silence. He must have been looking in this direction at the same time, and our eyes happened to meet.

Before Hien could even think about how to react, his shoulders trembled. Then, his usual gentle smile disappeared and he bowed down.

“sorry.”

“...?”

“I was presumptuous.”

At this point, I feel the need to think again about the race called demons. It wouldn't be a bad idea to discuss it properly at this point.

Now, today's topic.

Is it a trait of demons to suddenly apologize?

‘Why is he like this again?’

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Hien is an incubus. The very incubus that is looked down upon as shallow.

It was pure luck that I became a gardener in the Demon King's Castle. My hobby is collecting and growing all kinds of dangerous plants, and while I was crossing the street carrying a rare man-eating plant, I was noticed by the Demon Lord and recruited as a gardener.

There was no way such a high-ranking person, as high as a corps commander, would treat me properly.

Right now, the servants are spitting and swearing when they make eye contact, but they wouldn't dare to catch the eye of the corps commander. You'll be lucky if it doesn't bother you. In fact, there were people who bullied me by kicking me.

What can an incubus do against such people? I just have to endure it.

That day was also a day when I was fully exposed to verbal abuse and violence.

"Something like an incubus..."

Hien, who had fallen down, crushing the garden he had carefully maintained with his entire body, instead of getting up right away, fixed his gaze on the floor.

It was painful to see the precious plants destroyed, but now there was a more important situation at hand.

The commander of the 10th Corps with an unpleasant look.

The man who had blown Hien away just because he was in front of his path was muttering with a frown on his face.

“I’m so distraught that I’m going crazy, but there’s nothing wrong with it...”

Hien just lowered his head.

The 10th Corps commander is someone who wants to show off his power. If you jump up like you did when dealing with the 1st or 3rd corps commanders, they will take it as a provocation.

Because of that, I was shaking my head and pretending that I couldn’t get up because I was in pain.

“Ah...”

“Hmm?”

A very small voice that did not fit in with the unfamiliar Demon King Castle was heard as if it were groaning.

I can understand up to that point. It could be that an attendant who had just arrived here discovered this scene by chance.

The problem was the reaction of the 10th Corps commander.

“omg...!”

Hien’s head went up reflexively.

Did I hear it wrong? His expression is too blatant to say he heard it wrong.

An expression close to shock. At first glance, Hien’s expression seemed to show fear and awe, and without realizing it, he turned his head to follow his gaze and



was able to see a 'human'.

A skinny body that looks rather weak than ordinary. Alien white hair and red eyes. Plus pale skin. If it weren't for the completely imperceptible magical power, I wouldn't have even dreamed that I was human.

'...Come to think of it.'

At some point, rumors like a storm began to swirl around the Demon King Castle. When exactly was it? It was probably around the time the war with the hero had just ended.

[They say someone other than the Demon King killed the hero.]

[They say the Demon King tried to recruit him right on the spot.]

[They even said it was a human.]

'It's him.'

The protagonist of the rumor, which I believed was a rumor. My intuition was telling me that it was him.

It was the words and actions of the 10th Corps commander that drove a wedge into him.

"Here... for some reason..."

"I heard there was a gardener, so I came to see him, but... I guess I got the timing wrong."

"Oh no."

Someone as high as a corps commander treats them with caution. That means that person is stronger or has a higher

status than him.

Now that I think about it, it seemed like I vaguely heard a rumor that he had been given the position of commander of Corps 0.

The commander of the 10th Corps, who was waving his hand, said he could have a conversation in peace and quickly retreated, moving his steps from where he had stopped and approaching me.

You said you came to see me. I'm curious as to what the purpose is, but I don't have any high expectations.

'That's because I'm an incubus.'

Even the opponent is Commander 0. What are the chances that he will treat me well?

—I definitely thought so.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 4**

### 4. 0 Corps Commander Deon Hart (2)

“Nice to meet you. I heard you are a gardener. “I heard you are taking care of almost all the plants in the Demon King’s Castle?”

A friendly voice full of kindness. Hien, forgetting his own situation, dared to raise his head and looked at him blankly.

...Those ridiculous odds actually happened.

The Commander of Corps 0 showed kindness that far exceeded expectations and said,

“The Demon King’s Castle is quite large and it is amazing.”

Hien felt something moved towards him.

He is recognized by the Demon King and has been given the status of Commander of the 0 Corps. Even if he was that arrogant, no one would say anything.

Nevertheless, he used honorifics and showed respect for the other person.

‘Is this the same leisure as the powerful that we only heard about?’

The less confident you are in yourself, the more you exaggerate your abilities, raise your voice, and try to put others down.

In that sense, it was revealed through his words and actions that Commander 0 Corps at least had confidence in himself.

He may or may not know that they are enhancing his presence...

“I am curious about what the plants in the Demon King’s Castle are like. Can I ask for guidance?”

Just acknowledging the incubus is not enough, and even asks for guidance on what to do when ordered.

There, Hien relaxed his blank expression and smiled.

[What is his name?]

[What did you say, but it was vague and faint...]

“Daemon. Demon Arut.”

A name that is more like a demon than a demon.

That day, Hien recalled that name several times.

After that, we tried to become friends.

No, it’s not that I dared to become friends. I was just worried about his health as he was in his room, so I tried my best to talk to him, hoping he would take a walk in the garden.

As expected, unlike other corps commanders, Demon did not ignore my words. There was no violence or verbal abuse.

He would often walk around the garden, answering questions steadily, albeit with a stiff expression.

Even though he could have kicked me out or at least pushed me away saying that I wanted to be alone, he was so considerate that he always walked next to me when I went for a walk.

That's why it looks like he's become so arrogant.

How dare you do something like Incubus.

'I can't believe I made such a mistake.'

I crossed the line today.

\*\*\*

I still regret what happened that day.

At first, I just happened to see the garden from afar before entering the Demon King's castle and learned of the gardener's existence while talking about it with the Demon King.

I should have just said 'I guess so' and passed it on.

But I, who knew nothing, was happy. A gardener. I never thought such a healthy job would exist in the Demon King's Castle.

In this place full of blood-crazed demons, there are normal people like an oasis. As soon as I completed all the necessary procedures, I started looking for him.

And I was able to meet a man with a handsome appearance faster than I expected.

“nice to meet you. I heard you are a gardener. “I heard you are taking care of almost all the plants in the Demon King’s Castle?”

This is the den of demons. No matter how insignificant it may seem, you are stronger than me, so respect is basic.

If I get on someone’s nerves and get hit, I’m going to go for it that day. Isn’t that kind of death too vain?

“The Demon King’s Castle is quite large, and it’s amazing.”

Still, extreme honorifics are difficult. If you look down on it, problems will arise. All you have to do is show that you respect them to some extent. Of course, I was afraid of offending her, so I gave her flattering compliments in moderation.

Anyway, I’m so happy that I’m starting to talk faster.

I paused for a moment, then pretended to be calm, cleared my throat, and spoke again.

“I’m curious what the plants in the Demon King’s Castle are like. Can I ask you to guide me?”

His face had a blank expression for a moment, but a bright smile spreads like a flower blooming.

He was willing to do it

– and he saw hell.

A demon is still a demon!

This is a painful quote engraved in my life philosophy.

From that day on, whenever we met, Hien invited me to take a walk in the garden. I couldn't bear to refuse because I didn't know what kind of harm I would get from that scary plant if I refused, so I walked around the garden crying and eating mustard.

Of course, I made sure to keep Hien, the person who recommended the walk, by my side.

What if those horrible plants try to eat me while this guy is away? I can't die alone! Even if we die, let's die together! Well, it was roughly like this.

...For some reason, he seems to be getting friendlier as the days go by.

\*\*\*

I looked at Hien with a troubled expression as he kept apologizing.

Why is he apologizing again? I couldn't figure out the cause, so I rolled my eyes and started looking back on the previous situation.

What happened before he apologized?

...nothing.

'Nothing really happened.'

I was silent and this guy was also silent. All the silence did was get a little longer.

Then our eyes met and he immediately apologized...

'...No way.'

I'm going to bow down and apologize like this, so does that mean we can walk together in the garden even if it takes some time?

It would be difficult to refuse like this, right?

This bastard. I said it was a bit of a high-end, but now that I see it, it was blatantly high-level.

Well, that's good. I came back alive every time, so if there are no problems this time, I should be able to come back alive.

After preparing my mind for a moment, I looked down and saw Hien still bowing down.

"There is no need to do that. "Please raise your head."

He slowly raises his head. After seeing that his expression was still frozen, I shook my head inwardly.

I'm going. I'm going. I'm going, so relax your expression.

"So where are the new flowers we brought in this time?"

"...yes?"

Was the answer not enough?

As if to show off, I took a step towards the garden. I spoke clearly and reassuringly to the person who followed me without realizing it.

"They said I would go see the flowers. "Aren't you going to guide me?"

"Ahhh! I'll do it!"



Hien hurries to find a torch.

Unlike demons who are accustomed to the night, I, as a human, need a torch to observe plants in detail.

To be honest, I don't really want to observe it closely, but that devil bastard always asks me to observe it closely.

Did you say that yourself? Of course not! However, the term 'unspoken pressure' is not there for nothing.

After excitedly explaining about plants, he stares at me with those sparkling eyes. How could I not take a look?

"Then follow me now!"

Hien, holding the torch, seems to have regained his energy and smiles brightly as if nothing had happened.

He recovered quickly. So, while thinking trivial things like why did I apologize earlier, I was about to follow him without thinking, but I paused for a moment and looked down at my empty hands.

I took the torch from Hien, held it tightly, and followed his guidance as I entered the western garden.

As expected, it is abnormal, gross, and scary every time I see it.

The goosebumps I felt when the plant with eyes that I looked down from the hallway looked at me... I

walked faster to get out of sight, and its eyes rolled back and stared at me. I was so scared that I almost dropped the torch.

"That Demon."

“yes?”

“The torch is for me....”

“It’s okay.”

Uh-huh, where are you trying to steal my weapon? I secretly put more strength into the hand holding the torch.

They’re man-eating plants and all, but in the end, they’re all ‘plants’. Regardless of whether it eats people or not, once it is burned with fire, it cannot be used again.

So, here, this is my weapon and my lifeline. You can’t just leave it up to us.

“How much further do we have to go than that?”

My mind is slowly reaching its limits.

Even pretending to be calm takes a lot of mental strength. Just when I thought I might faint while standing like this, fortunately Hien pointed somewhere with his finger as if living up to my expectations.

“We’re almost there. “That’s it.”

His eyes turned to where his fingertips were pointing.

“...Oh...”

My mouth opened and an exclamation came out.

Actually, this is not an exclamation or anything like that. It was a suppressed scream. The last command from the head, which had turned completely white from the huge impact, was to scream as loudly as it could.

‘What the fuck is that! ‘That’s a plant?’

crazy! Where do you see that’s a plant?

Wrong. This isn’t normal. We have to get out of here right now...

“Daemon?”

“...ah.”

I barely stopped walking as I was about to retreat.

I don’t know how lucky I am that my face is naturally pale, so even if it turns whiter, it won’t be noticeable. If my complexion was normal, my pale white color would definitely stand out.

My reaction was natural. Even if it were someone other than me, I probably would have reacted the same way.

That’s not a plant! It’s an animal!

The plants were moving so actively that I wondered what it would be like if someone with their feet stuck in the ground tried to use evil force to get out.

“Keeeeeee!”

...Correction. It was glowing.

“What plant is screaming?!”

Oops, I spoke informally without realizing it!

Despite his worries about what would happen if he got angry, Hien paid more attention to the content rather than the tone of speech.

“They say it’s a man-eating plant. It’s so insignificant that Demon doesn’t seem to notice it, but even though it looks like that, that roar has a weak spirit in it. “As soon as they hear this, they will freeze and won’t be able to run away.”

“ ....”

“It’s a good thing that it’s a ‘man-eating’ plant. “Demons don’t eat, so the servants of the Demon King’s Castle don’t have to worry about being eaten.”

No, it’s probably the opposite. It’s not that that guy is insignificant, it’s that I am so insignificant that I don’t feel any peer.

And you seem to have forgotten...

‘I’m human, you crazy idiot...’

Can you please remember that I’m not a demon? No, rather, water is dripping from that flower right now. Is that saliva? Is that it?!

What is so angry about that boneless monster or plant that shakes its stem wildly? If you’re good at bending your lupus, you might be able to reach this point...

Kwaang!

‘Hi!’

I barely avoided it!

“What a range!”

“Haha, it looks like Demon was surprised too. It definitely has a long range, right? It will probably cover a 10m radius. We are breeding hard now, so soon we will be able to

completely cover the Demon King Castle. “You can look forward to it.”

Then how do I get around? Are you going to kill me?

As expected, I should have submitted my resignation letter then, regardless of whether I vomited blood or not. No, it shouldn't be like this, I have to pay it now. I need to get out of this crazy place as soon as possible. This is no place for humans to live.

The fact that I couldn't sense the monster's presence seemed to have worked in an unexpected way.

Normally, I would have hesitated and made up my mind several times, but now I was trying to do it without hesitation. In other words, I'm not in my right mind right now.

‘let's go. ‘Where is the Demon King now?’

If I had a strong body, I might have believed that and felt proud. But unfortunately, my body is below average. For me, who needs to be extremely careful in order to survive, the Devil's Castle is literally the worst environment.

So I'm going to submit my resignation right away, but for some reason, one foot feels like it's stuck on the ground and won't move.

“Daemon!”

“...huh?”

Huh!

The sound of the wind passes by my ears. My vision seemed to change quickly, and when it stopped, the world was turned upside down.

Oh, I'm hanging upside down. But why?

"...crazy!"

Before your eyes, a flower bud the size of a person opens wide and reveals its disgusting teeth. The stem was tightening around my ankles to prevent me from running away.

So, this is the situation. We were given the opportunity to explore the stomach of a man-eating plant.

...by force.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 5**

### 5. 0 Corps Commander Deon Hardt (3)

Strangely enough, even in this ridiculous situation, my hands were tightly holding onto the lifeline.

A burning torch held tightly in my hand. Without even realizing it, I swung it towards the stem that was tying my leg.

“Keeeeeeeek!”

With a loud roar that threatens to tear your eardrums, the stem falls off your ankle.

good! It's a good thing I carried the torch myself! I really didn't think there would be something to write about, but...

‘But... why does my back feel cool?’

That disgusting flower also seems to be moving further away... No, it's good that it's getting further away, but somehow...

‘Wait a minute! It's falling!!’

What was the height here? It covers a radius of 10m, so wouldn't it be closer to 10m?

“...Haha fuck.”

Save people!!

Even though he was so shocked that it was no wonder his heart was jumping out of his mouth, his body, which had rolled over on the battlefield, was steadily preparing to fall.

Yes, it's sure to break in one or two places, but... it's better than breaking your neck.

I made up my mind and tried to fall at the right time, but someone grabbed me.

“Dedededemon! Are you okay?! Where are you hurt? “Are you injured anywhere?”

I'm the one who should be surprised, so why are you stuttering? How come you even chewed your tongue?

I wanted to push this bastard, the culprit of everything, into the mouth of that man-eating plant right now, but I held back.

It's not because the opponent is stronger than me. When I felt the arms firmly supporting me, I raised my head and looked at Hien.

‘...I caught you, so I'll just look at you this time.’

I fell from that high place and caught it without difficulty. No matter how light I am, I'm still within the weight range of a normal adult, but demons are demons after all.

“Daemon?”

“...it's okay.”



I gently pushed his chest.

Hien took my refusal based on survival instinct as a signal to come down and carefully lowered me to the floor.

As I landed on the floor, the world started shaking around.

I stood there with my eyes closed for a moment to help my shaking bones settle back into place. Then, I lowered my hand to cover my face and looked back at Hien. And...

“....”

I had no choice but to remain silent.

Behind Hien's back, the background, which should have been a combination of the silver of the moonlight and the black of the night, was stained red.

The acrid smell stings my nose and the hot heat heats my skin.

A ray of cold sweat ran down my back.

It's not because it's hot....

'This... is because of me, right?'

The garden was burning because of my lifeline torch, which I lost when it fell.

\*\*\*

I will die today.

'No, I will definitely die.'

Hien lowered his head helplessly as the heat touched his skin.

The plant he was tending tried to eat Demon. Of course, Demon couldn't possibly be defeated by something like a plant, so it was clear that he didn't like that plant. Otherwise, there would be no reason to be offended by such a trivial attack.

He didn't like that plant, or rather the garden itself, so he was looking for a reason to burn it down.

Maybe he didn't like Hien himself.

The plant's fault is the gardener's fault.

Regardless of Demon's intention, in the end, it was the plant he was tending that attacked first, and Demon had no choice but to counterattack after being attacked.

As a result, not only could she no longer blame him for the burning of the garden, but she was also put in a situation where she had to take responsibility again.

In the first place, I didn't even list the idea of holding Demon responsible for the burned down garden as an option.

'If I don't like it, it's my fault.'

He is usually a very generous person. Just hearing his doctor, Ben, brag about it.

So, if you're angry, it's probably because something on this side has offended you.

Even though I was prepared, I am still afraid of death. He smoothed his face, which was clearly turning white, and

looked at Demon-sama's back while biting his lip.

I don't know if it's because he's from behind or because I can't tell his expression, but he seems to have a different vibe from the usual Demon.

'No, no. Now is not the time to look at the mood.'

It's time to lie down flat.

I bent down towards him, who was only looking at the flames devouring the garden without even turning around.

"sorry."

His foot, which was showing its heel, slowly turns around.

Hien closed his eyes tightly when he saw the other person's shoes facing him.

\*\*\*

Hey, it rides really well.

Is this what it was like for slash-and-burn farmers who fled to avoid excessive taxes from their lords to set fires to farm in the mountains?

The problem is that this is not a mountain, but the devil's castle, and there is no farming.

'What do we do...?'

Even if you ride well, you ride too well.

The disgusting man-eating plant that attacked me had already been completely consumed by the flames and no longer made its terrible screams, and other disgusting

plants around also disappeared into the fire without a sound.

The fire, which had already engulfed half of the western garden, was greedily expanding its scope to devour the remaining plants, as if it were still not enough.

I feel a stinging gaze on the back of my head. It's probably Hien's perspective.

I didn't have the courage to look back to see what kind of expression he was making, so I just stared at the red-stained garden in half-fascination.

Oh yeah. I have no intention of denying it. This is escapism.

This is the garden of the devil's castle, and the gardener is, of course, a devil. It means demons.

'Someone please turn off this light. Anyone is welcome, so please.'

As I was making a prayer for rain, hoping that it would at least rain, I heard a faint voice behind me.

"sorry."

"...?"

I thought I heard wrong. Obviously, this is a situation where I should apologize, but why is he apologizing?

He claimed that he heard with his ears correctly, but with his head, he insisted that he heard incorrectly, so despite much hesitation, he slowly turned around to find out whether it was true or not.

Fortunately, what came into view was not Hien with an angry expression, but Hien bowing down.

I was half relieved but didn't understand so I stayed silent, so he added an explanation on his own.

"I didn't know you didn't like that plant or this garden."

"...."

"Or maybe you're angry at me...."

"No, that's not true."

Do I seem like a person with no conscience? I gently touched my face and looked at Hien again.

Anyway, what you're saying is that you think I set the fire because I didn't like those man-eating plants or the garden itself? But instead of getting angry, he apologized.

"Aren't you crazy?"

"sorry."

"That's not it..."

Now I see that this bastard was a brat.

Anyway, looking at the situation, I don't think he will be angry at me for this. I also think the chances of survival are higher this way than if I foolishly missed the torch.

So what should I say now?

"...I don't really like the garden, but I don't hate it either."

No, I honestly don't like it. I absolutely hate it. Gross!

However, it is impossible to ask the gardeners of the Demon King's Castle to grow ordinary flowers of the human world, such as roses and lilies, so what can you do? I have to endure it.

"Then..."

"I hope you will refrain from growing that plant I showed you a moment ago."

"Ah yes! All right. "I will throw away all the seeds."

Even throwing it away. I have no intention of getting involved in raising you as you please at home.

Anyway, it seemed like everything had been resolved, so I nodded, but a shadow appeared behind Hien, who had a determined expression on his face.

Anyone can see that it looks like a human or a demon. As I narrowed my eyes and looked at it, wondering who it was, a voice came from the shadows.

—A very familiar voice.

"What kind of fire is this?"

Hien's body stiffened. It wasn't noticeable, but I froze too.

That voice is definitely....

"Who made it? "Did you do it on purpose?"

Because it belonged to the one and only king of the demon world, known as the Demon King, who is said to be the strongest of all time.

"What are you doing here, Demon King?..."

“Then my castle is on fire, are you telling me to stay still?”

The Demon King, who cut off Hien’s doubts at once, turned his head. As his eyes slowly roll, he takes a look at the flames, and with a particularly eerie glow, Hien and I are in his field of vision.

His eyes, which had been inorganic when he saw Hien, took on a bright color as soon as he saw me.

“I was wondering why there was a fire and no one put it out...”

He stroked his hair and smiled. Obviously towards me.

Oh, is this it?

Today is your memorial day.

As expected, the devil said my name. Perhaps because there are other people around him, it is not his real name, but a name known in the demon world.

“You were there, Demon.”

When I wave my hand at the same time, the thick smoke around me rushes out and disappears into the distance. Only then could I see clearly.

There are a lot of demons lying around. They were looking this way with troubled expressions, unable to do either this or that.

No, if you had come earlier, you would have put out the fire quickly. Why are you just standing there and watching? Thanks to you, I made it to the devil.

“So what don’t you like?”

“...?”

“Are you mad at the gardener or just don’t like the garden?  
“I can kill that guy if I want, but what should I do?”

No, wait a minute. I think I heard that the gardener brought it here himself. How can you talk about killing someone so easily?

There is no smile in the eyes at all to dismiss it as a joke. He looked back at Hien in confusion, but even he, who had to defend himself with pleading or whatever, kept his head down calmly as if he would accept whatever decision was made.

I hurriedly opened my mouth as I felt like the Demon King was really going to kill Hien like this.

“I’m not angry at the gardener or I don’t like the garden.”

“Then why? ...No, before that. “Then can I turn off that light?”

“yes? yes.”

When I suddenly nod my head, those who were waiting rush over and cast magic.

Huge water droplets are created in the empty sky and pour down all at once. It might have been just one or two people, but with so many people doing this, it was really instantaneous for the lights to go out.

Why did you set fire to the garden

when you could have done it so quickly ?”

Here I paused for a moment.



First of all, there is no reason to speak out about Hien's misunderstanding and expose it to the eyes of useless people. So should I tell the truth?

'What would your reaction be if I told you that I almost died because of just one plant?'

'You're saying you're weak enough to be overwhelmed by a single plant, so you've been fooling me this whole time, right? Wouldn't they say, 'Die!' Or maybe 'burn my garden just because of that?' They may try to kill you while doing so.

However, I have no choice but to answer the devil's question. I thought for a moment about what answer to give, but Hien suddenly intervened and explained on my behalf.

"The plant I brought in this time attacked Demon. So Demon got angry and started a fire."

"...."

Hey. This bastard was a spy. Who sent it? Revolutionary army? Or was it sent by the Empire's noble faction?

While I was wondering how to fix this so that word would spread that he had done well, he seemed to have not finished speaking yet, and after a moment, he opened his mouth. The voice was trembling slightly.

"It's my fault. "We didn't educate them properly."

The word 'education' is completely inappropriate for plants, but no one here seemed to feel awkward.

Well, if you think about what it looked like a little while ago, it was closer to an animal than a plant.

“Ugh.”

At that moment, a short moan penetrated my ears. When I suddenly raised my head, what I saw in my field of vision was the Demon King, who was holding Hien’s neck with one hand and lifting it up... Hien, whose face was distorted by the interrupted breathing, but who was not resisting.

‘Oh, I’m really going crazy. Yuyamu, I could have finished it well, but why....’

The air is different. It’s so heavy and serious that it’s enough to crush a person and explode.

While he was speechless and struggling, the demon king holding Hien’s neck turned his head and looked this way. His face, which had clearly been grim until he saw Hien, calmed down when he turned to look at him. No, he was clearly smiling.

“What should I do?”

“...yes?”

“Shall I kill you?”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 6**

6. 0 Corps Commander Deon Hardt (4)

Light tone as if asking about the lunch menu. It was so casual and light that I almost answered without thinking, but I quickly shut my mouth and took a step back.

The Demon King raised his eyebrows as if that was strange, but now was not the time to worry about such things.

Someone's life depends on my every word. Since entering the Demon King's Castle, I have not opened my mouth in peace even for a single moment, but at this moment, I have to be more careful than usual.

Really....

"I'm going to be amazed."

"huh?"

"I said the story was already over."

The Demon King muttered that he thought he had heard something strange, but then turned his attention to what was being said.

"Then what did you decide to do?"

“By not growing that plant.”

“It’s too weak.”

“yes?”

Dissatisfaction appeared on the Demon King’s face.

“I attacked you. It’s not a matter that simply ends there. You are an important talent, and as such, you should not be looked down upon by anyone. It may not happen, but what if you let your guard down and get hurt? Then, your level of evaluation will plummet. From an opponent you can never beat to an opponent you think you can beat if you play well. But is it so easy to get over it? No matter how much I respect you, this is not possible. “At least the limbs should be cut off.”

I don’t know where to start. It’s one thing to cut off the limbs of Hien, the gardener, and one thing to show respect for me.

I feel like my blood pressure is rising after hearing so much nonsense.

...Seeing as the nosebleed broke out, I guess it wasn’t because of my mood.

“Demon?!”

The embarrassed Demon King throws Hien away and comes towards us.

Hien suddenly fell to the floor...

“Daemon!”

Why are you just lie down.

It jumped up and ran towards me, even rolling its body around as if it was going to come at me at all costs.

It feels like the ground is shaking. ... Now that I think about it, I ended up hanging upside down because of that damn plant. It was enough to make blood rush to my head.

I covered the lower pipe, which was clearly a mess, with my hand and tried to balance it as it was about to collapse.

The weak skin burns and the eyes that have been exposed to fire feel stinging. My vision became distorted here and there, and my ankle, which had been caught by a plant stem, began to feel sore later on.

Wow, this body is real.

“Jeong... set up!”

“Daemon... can you... hear... my voice?”

This is a new record in a different sense. Shit.

In the midst of a faint voice, I slowly closed my eyes, resenting my weak body.

At first glance, before I closed my eyes, I thought I heard Ben’s voice behind me, but before I had time to figure out whether it was true or not, the darkness came.

It must have been a mistake. The room he stays in is far away from here, so how could I have known? Even if someone called us via communication, it would be impossible to get here in that short a time.

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As soon as I opened my eyes, what I saw was a very familiar ceiling. I rolled my eyes a little more and looked at the walls. I saw that there were huge, well-fitted puzzles hanging in frames... it was 100% my room. hmm.

Without thinking, I tried to get up, but I curled up with a short moan due to the faint pain that surged throughout my body.

Then, a familiar voice came from a room where I thought no one would be present.

"It will be quite inconvenient to live for a while."

"...Ben?"

"Yes, Demon."

Ben, who was sitting at the table in the middle of the room preparing medicine, pushed his chair aside and stood up.

He approached me, checked my eyes, sighed faintly, and grabbed my arm and lifted it up as if showing off. White bandages were carefully wrapped around his arms, all the way to his fingertips.

"Do you see it? "You are mild, but you have suffered burns all over your body."

"...."

"My eyes are a little damaged, probably from looking at the fire for so long. Fortunately, it is a self-healing part, which would have been permanently damaged if I had not been careful."

"...uh um."

“Why did someone whose skin turns red after just 20 minutes of exposure to sunlight set themselves on fire? “If you’re angry, shouldn’t you just kill that person?”

Was he always this extreme...? What should I say? Aren’t you gentle?

However, the atmosphere is not suitable to say anything. Look at those eyes. It’s burning brighter than the flames I saw in the garden. Even the emotion contained therein is... Anger?!

It’s a little unfair, but it would be better to get out of this topic quickly. After desperately racking my brain, I confessed the unpleasant memory.

Ben’s voice that I thought I heard at that time.

“Ben. “Did you come to the garden when I was having a nosebleed?”

“yes? Why are you asking this again? “You even talked to me.”

“...yes?”

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It was only after talking with Ben that I was able to get a rough idea of the situation. In short, I was out of my mind.

I faced the demon lord half-conscious, and as a result, Hien survived with all four limbs intact.

In Ben’s words, I spoke confidently in front of the Demon King.

If you respect me, can you respect me just this one more time?

“To be exact, he said, ‘Did you say you respect me?’ and when the Demon King said yes, he said, ‘Then, can you respect me one more time?’”

Then the Demon King asked, ‘What?’ and I said cheekily, ‘What?’ and pointed at Hien with my finger.

Ah, the expression “cheeky” here is something I added arbitrarily. There’s no way Ben would have said such a mean thing.

In any case, the fact that I dared to say and do such things to the Demon King does not change.

I couldn’t bear to show my frustration openly and spoke to Ben, who was looking at me with a puzzled expression, flexing his facial muscles.

“...You have a good memory.”

“thank you. In fact, none of those who were there at that time will forget that scene. “No matter how much time passes.”

I mean, it was that intense. Ah, I want to be alone. I hope everything turns off.

I quietly buried my face in the pillow.

I can’t believe I did such a terrible thing. I feel like I want to deny reality if I can. If I had remembered what happened back then, I would have done whatever it took to forget it. So, the loss of memory is not completely incomprehensible.



Oh, I don't want to think about it anymore. I just hate thinking about this.

The good news is that the number of people who talk to me in the Demon King's Castle is extremely limited. So, if I just keep quiet, no one will say anything about this matter anymore.

There was a time when I thought...

"Hmm."

I sat on the bed, hugged the pillow, and closed my eyes as hard as I could.

If you don't notice that I'm uncomfortable even after seeing this, then you're a guy who doesn't even have a clue.

I feel very uncomfortable right now. So much so that if anyone talks to them, be it a demon or something, they will glare at them with all their might.

When I ask why I feel this way, people talk to me like I said before. An extremely limited number of them all mention work in the garden.

All together! entire!

[As you said, I respected you and decided to keep you alive.]

Even the tactless devil who came to visit me.

[Daemon, I was really grateful for what happened then. And I'm sorry. [For no reason] It's because of me...]

Even the gardener, Hien, who had been ignoring me from the beginning.

Even my doctor, Ben, who stopped by every day to look at my wounds, mentioned the work in the garden whenever he got the chance.

[Probably many people were impressed. You stopped the devil just to save one gardener.]

Did you do it?! How can everyone be so oblivious? Is it a demon trait?

“Mmm.”

“...Are you uncomfortable?”

“No, thanks.”

Even today, Ben was changing bandages next to me.

Well, let's just think about it here. Still, it seems to be less so these days.

Every time I close my eyes, Ben twitches his fingertips, and I really wonder where the spirit that scolded me when I just woke up after what happened in the garden has gone.

By the way, I thought it was just a full-body burn, but I actually suffered mild burns all over my body. I didn't jump into the fire, I was only briefly exposed to the heat, but it's a shame that I got burned.

It would be nice if I could forget this memory too. No, it is impossible to forget because of the wound, so it would be better if the memory was distorted and remembered as having been in direct contact with the fire. Then it would be less shameful.

But unfortunately, such a miracle did not happen.

While I was desperately trying to think of other things to drive away this shame, a question I had from before suddenly came to mind.

“...By the way, Ben.”

“yes.”

“Isn’t there a considerable distance between the room Ben is staying in and the west garden?”

“Yes, it is.”

“But how did you get to where I am in such a short amount of time?”

It’s strange if you think about it.

After the day I submitted my resignation letter to the devil, whenever I felt strange or injured, Ben knew like a ghost and immediately came to me.

At the time, I thought it was an illusion, but seeing it appear in the garden this time, I guess it wasn’t an illusion.

I looked at Ben with blatant suspicion. Ben blinked a few times as if my gaze was burdensome, but then smiled as if it was no big deal and took off the necklace hanging around his neck and held it out.

“Thanks to this.”

It was a necklace with a coin-sized stone that gave off a strange light.

At first glance, it looks like a simple necklace decoration, but there is something strangely eye-catching about it that makes it difficult to dismiss it as just a piece of jewelry.

Where did you see this? It's definitely something I remember.

...ah.

"Magic stone?"

"Yes, here are a few drops of Demon's blood and the Demon Lord's magic. If the quality or speed of blood flowing through the demon's body appears to be abnormal, a signal will be sent immediately. "We tried in many ways to prevent something like the last time from happening again."

If it's the same as last time, is it when I vomited blood in front of the Demon King? You don't really have to...

They even tell you the location. He pretended not to, but I could see that he was so proud that I couldn't even say anything and just muttered timidly to myself.

'You crazy bastard. 'When did you take my blood?'

As I keep my mouth shut, silence naturally fills the room. The atmosphere, which could have been awkward, soon became softer as Ben changed the topic.

"Are you planning on eating in your room again today?"

"Well... it's always been that way..."

"I never told Demon to just lie in bed."

Yes. For three days now, I have been confined to my room and have not gone out even once.

Originally, most of the daily life in the Demon King's Castle was like that, but Ben didn't seem to like it. He spoke in a

somewhat stern voice as he diligently finished the end of the bandage.

“I checked the menu at the corps commander’s restaurant today and it wasn’t bad.”

“I am a patient...”

“It was a minor burn to begin with. Moreover, I asked the Demon King directly to use medicine made from the best ingredients, so I was almost completely cured. “Your eyes will also have recovered, and your ankles, which were chafed by the stems, will no longer be painful when you run.”

“....”

I have nothing to say because I only say the right things.

Only then did I know Ben’s switch. That switch that made him, who was normally moderate, open his mouth and spit out harsh words without hesitation.

health.

This is truly a strong professional spirit. I’m angry about my health being damaged rather than anything else.

Of course, it’s not that I’m happy or worried, it’s just that I’m faithfully following the devil’s orders, but it’s still touching in its own way.

Aside from that, annoying things are annoying.

I pursed my lips and stood up.

“I’m going to change, so please leave.”

“Thank you for accepting my presumptuous request.”

He is clearly polite until the end and walks away.

If that's the case, I can't hate you. It's clear that he knows that and does it that way. I grumbled inwardly and opened the closet.

The clothes hanging on hangers come into view at a glance. These are all filled in by the Demon King and the 2nd Corps Commander.

Even if the devil is like that, why is the commander of the 2nd corps trying to do something to me like that?

They definitely bring only clothes that suit them well, but they don't intend to obediently wear them. It's obvious that if they try them on once, they'll keep holding on to them for a while, offering to pick out new clothes for them.

Trembling, he pushed aside the clothes the 2nd Corps commander had bought him and took out the clothes the devil king had given him.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 7**

### 7. 0 Corps Commander Deon Hardt (5)

Dressed in neat black clothes, I walked towards the corps commander's dining room without hesitation.

Every time I pass through the hallway, the soldiers who spot me startle and bow down as if they are seeing a monster that turns to stone when our eyes meet.

It was burdensome and scary at first, but now I'm grateful. You guys look so scary. I once encountered it head-on by chance, and at that time, I thought it really turned into a stone. Of course, not you, but me.

Ignoring the pouring gaze, I stopped in front of a huge door. Then, the people guarding the door trembled and took a straight posture.

"Are you here for dinner?"

"Yes, it is."

"Okay then, I'll open the door."

The large door opened smoothly without a single 'squeak' sound.

As you enter, silence falls over the once bustling restaurant. I screamed inwardly as I felt all eyes on me.

This is why I don't want to come to the restaurant!

The owner of all those gazes is the 'corps commander.' The corps commander who can control the atmosphere of the battlefield with just one force!

"...."

"...."

What should I do?

Stay calm, stay calm. First, let's get the food.

I tried to pretend like nothing was wrong and walked forward. Every time I took a step, persistent gazes followed me, but I pretended not to notice and only focused my eyes on the chefs.

Somehow it seems like the chefs are moving faster.

'Yes, please hurry if you can.'

Right now, standing there with the attention of the corps commanders like this is in itself no different from torture.

"This dish has been served. "Mamamasit, enjoy your meal."

Rattling rattling.

I looked down at the tray, which was shaking loudly, and then looked up at the cook.

You seem quite nervous too. Well... how many corps commanders are gathered here, so who could not be



nervous?

The rattling sound becomes louder as I smile with the intention of cheering me up out of joy and sadness.

I thought it was going to spill at this rate, so I raised my hand to quickly catch it... but oh no.

Sigh!

...It was raised too much.

I thought it would be less tense than the chef in front of me, but it seems I was just as nervous.

I raised my hand too high and too quickly, and the tray was lifted up in a spectacular way. The tray, which had been thrown into the sky by my hand, writhed in the air, scattering food, and then flopped loudly on the floor.

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

An even colder silence fell than before.

I let out a short scream inside and wiped my face.

Damn it was ruined.

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Wicked. It's also evil.

This was the thought that came to everyone's mind at the same time in this restaurant at this moment.

Demon Arut.

The one who killed the last hero and the commander of the 0th Corps of the Demon King's army, known to have a force so strong that even the Demon King brought by the Demon King himself could not touch it.

The corps commanders here right now can assure you that he is a scary man.

His usual sane self? If you only believe in that and feel safe, you will be in big trouble. It's just that his point of anger is different from others.

Look at it now. In contrast to how he saved the life of the man in charge of a man-eating plant that attacked him because he failed to properly care for the plant, this time he threw away the tray that the cook held out for the sole reason that he 'trembled'.

'Still, this is more extreme than usual...'

1st Corps Commander Jaykar quietly flicked his knife as he watched the scene unfold before his eyes.

...Now that I think about it, I set the garden on fire. If he started a fire, he must have been very angry.

My mind, which had been making several assumptions, suddenly stopped as if it had found the most suitable one.

'What if I didn't forgive you back then?'

What if you just endured it to the point of complaining in the garden because you felt uncomfortable reducing the Demon King's manpower?

So what if the anger from back then still remains?

'I feel sorry for the cook.'

He was unlucky enough to become the target of his anger.

The demon's black clothes came into view later. That was probably an unspoken warning, 'I'm not in a good mood today, so don't touch me.'

Jaykar kept his eyes focused on them and slowly cut up the meat and put it in his mouth.

I feel sorry for the chef, but apart from feeling sorry for him, I have no intention of protecting him. Risking your life to confront the commander of the 0 Corps just to save one cook would be a huge loss.

Jaykar simply remained silent because he did not want to suffer an honorable death on the battlefield and die at the hands of his own side.

That's probably the same for other corps commanders as well. That's probably why everyone is silent.

Demon's face had hardened from the beginning. Blood-red eyes sink deeply and look at the chef.

That thing is clearly angry. If I don't kneel down and pray right away...

"I'm sorry, sorry, sorry!!"

After all, he is a chef who has dealt with corps commanders. You're quick-witted.

Jaykar took a quick look at Demon's expression while eating the salad with a fork. The sunken eyes were fluttering.

"You seem to be worried."

3rd Corps Commander Ashild, who was sitting nearby, muttered softly. Jaykar nodded his head in agreement and observed the situation in silence.

What are you going to do?

I won't kill you. Usually, he is extremely reluctant to take someone's life.

Are you going to set it on fire again, or are you going to simply make him paralyzed?

Because the Demon is an unpredictable being, Jaykar's eyes were persistent as if he would not miss his every move.

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Deon Hardt This life is doomed. Just that short sentence floats around in my head.

My mind went blank and I stared blankly at the chef who was shaking in front of me.

The cook's complexion was paler than mine.

Yes, you must have been upset and angry because the dish you put so much effort into ended up being the topping on the bottom. But the other person is a corps commander, so I can't even be angry... It looks like he's trying to relieve his anger somehow, but I still have to apologize. Otherwise, you never know when and where you might get stabbed in the back.

So, when I was about to apologize, the chef suddenly fell flat on his face.

"I'm so sorry!!"

“!?”

What kind of situation is this again?

I was momentarily shaken by the sudden attack. His pupils were probably shaking greatly.

I quickly calmed down and looked down at the chef with an uneasy expression.

“...Let’s get up first.”

“sorry! Please have mercy!”

No, no matter who sees this situation, it was my fault. Why on earth are you doing that?

“There is nothing to show mercy. wake up.”

“Hi!”

I tried to gently tell him it wasn’t your fault, but it wasn’t the reaction I expected.

In fact, I’m falling flat on my face even more... How do I fix this?

“As expected, it’s a demon...”

“It’s worthy of the name...”

Everyone is even whispering something.

Do you think I am arrogant when it comes to human subjects? As I suppress my trembling heart and turn around, everyone closes their mouths and avoids eye contact. It was clear that he was talking about me.

My image must be at a complete low right now.

Yes, it's a ruined image anyway. Even if I mess up further and recover, it's still there.

When I think about it like that, I feel more at ease.

I sighed lightly with a relieved expression and looked at the chef who was still face down.

"At a time like this, I think it would be better to start cooking again."

I'm fine with it, but I wonder if other corps commanders will be angry. I heard that all the corps commanders have a twisted corner somewhere.

In particular, there is no mercy for those below you....

"Yes, yes! "I'll do it again right away!"

The chef suddenly stands up as if he had just fallen down and runs towards the kitchen.

I leaned against the wall, closed my eyes, and waited for my meal to come again.

Why did you close your eyes? Otherwise, I felt like tears would come out.

Ah life....

The food came out faster than expected. Even handing it out was quick.

The chef, who quickly and quickly delivered the dish, bowed at a right angle and quickly disappeared into the kitchen.

It was so fast that if it weren't for the food in my hand, I would have thought it was the wind coming and going.

Anyway, after many twists and turns, I finally accepted the food and started walking.

The restaurant was so spacious and had so many seats that it was hard to believe that it was serving meals for only thirteen corps commanders.

There are as many as thirteen rectangular tables that can seat twenty people!

However, if you think about the situation a little, it is not completely incomprehensible.

Each corps commander has a strong personality. There were frequent cases where they clashed with each other.

I heard this from the devil, but when there was only one table for 20 people in the restaurant, the two corps commanders who were fighting with each other upset the restaurant, saying they did not want to sit at the same table with that guy.

From then on, he prepared a table for 20 people according to the number of corps commanders so that no problems would arise even if all the corps commanders fought... ‘

So no one will come near me.’

There are plenty of seats, so why would you come near me?

I came this far because I was able to make that assurance. Otherwise, no matter how much I pushed his back, he would have just lied down on the floor and said he would die.

Anyway, I quietly sat down at the table at the far end. A place where I wouldn't necessarily look or step unless I had something to do.

From now on, the moment you raise your fork to eat comfortably...

"Can I sit here?"

"...?!"

A demon approached.

Dark skin color and long, pointed ears as if to prove that they are not human. From situations where everyone uses honorifics to me, to the ability to speak informally to me skillfully.

The moment I confirmed all of this, I closed my mouth and swallowed the sigh that was about to burst out.

The power of all corps commanders. Unlike me, who is nothing more than a scarecrow, he is a person of real power who can officially act as the devil's agent.

Jaykar, the 1st Corps commander, was holding a tray full of dishes and asking permission to sit next to me. Even while I was eating, I glanced to see if there was only half of the food left in the bowl.

Why bother when you can just eat it all in one sitting.

I wanted to refuse, but since I had no real reason to do so, I lifted the corners of my mouth and nodded with difficulty.

"It is a place without an owner. "There is no need to ask for permission."



Well, the answer is this is probably okay.

“He is like that too.”

He chuckled, put down the tray, pulled out a chair, and sat down.

I never thought I would actually sit down. What on earth do I have to do?

My appetite, which had been faint from the beginning, completely disappeared. I was just tossing the salad, suppressing the sigh that kept coming out, when suddenly a voice that was unfamiliar but one I had heard before fell over my head.

“Can I sit down too?”

I almost lost my fork. Talking behind your back, where have you sold your manners?

I could feel my startled heart slowly subsiding and turning into anger. I then looked at the other person and froze.

Because a demon with horns on its temples and an unreasonable level of muscles that a human could never have had was looking at me with an indecipherable expression.

3rd Corps Commander Ashild. Like Jaykar, he looks like he moved while eating, holding a tray with half of the food left on it, and makes eye contact with me as if urging me to answer.

The answer to be given in this situation was predetermined.

“...what you take for granted.”

It is impossible to tell the 1st Corps commander that he is free to sit or not and then refuse the 3rd Corps commander.

Since the front seat was already occupied by Jaykar, Ashild naturally sat next to me.

Suddenly, my front and sides were blocked, so I couldn't find a place to focus, so I lowered my head to hide my trembling eyes and focused only on the food. Of course, it didn't fall over, so all I had to do was stir it around with a fork.

'Ashild, commander of the 3rd Corps, was probably the Demon King's personal guard.'

I pulled out from the back of my mind the information I had memorized after coming here to survive.

The 3rd Corps is a corps where all corps members, including the corps commander, use great swords and annihilate enemies with overwhelming power. When a powerful army is needed, the 3rd legion is the corps that the Demon King mainly uses.

It may be possible to move the 1st Corps, but in reality, the movement of the 1st Corps itself was given great meaning, so it was rare for the 1st Corps to move.

It's not for nothing that Jaykar acts as the Demon King's agent.

"...."

"...."

Oh no. I've been thinking about other things for too long.

Suddenly, an awkward silence touched my skin, so I slightly raised my head.

The intention was to check his expression to see if he was displeased or angry, but unfortunately, he made eye contact with Jaykar, who was looking in this direction.

I couldn't avoid eye contact and was wondering how to react, but he also looked at the plate for a moment, probably feeling awkward, and then lifted his head straight up and slowly opened his mouth.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 8**

8. 0 Corps Commander Deon Hardt (6)

“...Are there any inconveniences in staying here?”

“Nothing in particular.”

It is a situation that should exist or not exist.

Recalling the Demon King's words that all the corps commanders were off somewhere, I gave a simple answer, and Jaykar carefully examined my expression with a slightly stiff face.

“If I were to say anything specifically... I guess it exists.”

“yes?”

“After all, you are a human being, so there cannot be any inconveniences. So don't hold back and speak up. “I will accommodate you as much as I can.”

What is this? Consideration...is it? I'm a human resource brought directly by the devil, so I take care of it personally?

While I thought it couldn't possibly happen, at the same time I was thinking 'what if', Jaykar's voice continued.

In a more cautious voice, as if he was watching.

“Don’t upset the castle or anything like that for no reason...”

“...Thank you just for your words.”

That can’t be possible either. Ugh, I want to die.

That’s clearly a reversal of work in the garden. It’s clear that he’s scolding me for needlessly setting fire to the garden.

At the same time, this is a warning. A warning that if you do such a useless thing one more time, I will not let you go.

He cleared his throat that was clogged with fear and forced out an answer, and only then did he focus on the food again. Then Ashild, who had been silently waiting for the conversation to end, quietly opened his mouth.

No, I tried to do that.

“Oh, Demon. “It’s been a while since I saw you?”

If it weren’t for the 4th Corps commander who suddenly intervened.

Ashild’s eyebrows furrowed. A furrow almost broke between my eyebrows, but fortunately I was able to control my expression just before that.

‘I shouldn’t have come here after all.’

Starting from the 1st corps commander to the 3rd and 4th corps commanders. As unexpected people keep getting in my way, my otherwise resilient spirit is crumbling to dust and scattering.

As I was deeply regretting that I should have endured whatever Ben said, a low voice from next to me slowly penetrated my eardrums.

“You did that because you knew about Idelia, right?”

A voice that sounds like gritted teeth even just hearing it.

Although it was enough to make me startle even though I knew that the target was not me, Idelia, the commander of the 4th corps, smiled softly as if nothing had happened and covered her mouth with a fan.

“What am I? “I don’t know why you’re angry?”

“gibberish.”

Ashild growls.

That’s right, those two originally didn’t get along well. I tried to ignore the situation unfolding in front of me as I stabbed the salad, which was already full of holes, with my fork again.

Of course, it wasn’t a lie. It makes me want to beat up my food... Oh, I already did that once.

I feel nauseous even though I haven’t eaten anything.

I thought it was going to get really bad, so I quietly put down my fork, and Jaykar, who had been watching the situation, turned his head and quietly called out to the two.

“Stop both of you. “I think I forgot who is in front of me right now.”

“...ah.”

“sorry.”

Their eyes turned towards me as if they were planning something.

Out of embarrassment, I quickly shook my head to express that it was okay, and Idelia sat down next to me and quietly spoke.

“I heard you burned down the garden?”

“Idelia.”

“Oh, I’m sorry if I was rude. “I was just curious as to what made Demon so angry...”

If it weren’t for Jaykar, I would have been completely suffocated without even eating anything.

I wish we could stop talking about the garden now. I wasn’t involved in it, and I didn’t witness it myself, so why am I so interested?

...Now that I think about it, you said the 4th Corps handles information.

‘There might be a lot of interest in this area.’

Due to the nature of the job, it has to be that way.

The 4th Corps, including Idelia, is in charge of information processing. Of course, the 2nd corps mainly collects information, and the 4th corps processes it, filters it out, and extracts only the extracts, but that doesn’t mean they don’t collect information at all.

So...

‘To me, he is the most dangerous corps commander among them.’

It’s an unexpected conclusion that comes from a stream of consciousness, but it’s not wrong.

I am the only human in the Demon City. Of course, most people hate me.

I don't know when and where Idelia will find out my weakness and sell me out.

I woke up to a new reality. I quickly gathered my distracted mind, made up my mind, and made eye contact.

Idelia, who immediately made eye contact as if she had been looking this way the whole time, smiled brightly and said.

"The rumor going around is that it was because of the gardener..."

"...."

"If the reason you kept him alive was because you were reluctant to use your own hands, then I am willing to get rid of him for you."

"...That's it."

I'm afraid that someone might be a demon, so when a problem arises, I immediately think about killing the cause. I wonder if there is any mercy for these people...

After thinking about that, I paused for a moment.

Doesn't that mean that, if I think the other way around, I would have no mercy?

'No, it's dangerous.'

My future self is in danger.



Otherwise, I am walking on thin ice, but now that I know this fact, a cold sweat runs down my back.

The hand holding the fork takes strength. He applied so much force that the veins on the back of his hand stood out.

I felt like I felt a flinch next to me, but that wasn't important right now. For my own sake in the future, I must instill something called 'mercy' in the people here in the Demon King's Castle.

With that promise, I raised my head, which had been down for a moment, and looked at Idelia. Unlike before, her eyes were shaking violently, as if she was in pain.

Did you chew your tongue wrong? If you look closely, your hands seem to be shaking too. I feel a little sad looking at that, but I still have to say something for my future self.

"It wasn't a big deal to begin with. "It's not enough to kill me."

"Yes, yes..."

"Do you understand? "It's not enough to kill you."

"Yes, I'm sorry."

"Idelia, what are you sorry about? Just think before you say kill it. "Did the other person really make a mistake that led to his death?"

Oh, I almost forgot the most important thing.

"And sometimes it doesn't hurt to show mercy."

"Yes, I will definitely remember it. really sorry."

I don't know why I keep saying sorry, but for now, it's not that bad.

If I keep slowly learning it like this, even if I make a mistake someday, they will at least once look at me.

The problem is that after Idelia kept quiet, silence came. Looking at the stiff expressions of the other corps commanders with sullen expressions, it seemed as if I had scolded her. Come to think of it, Idelia, who had done nothing wrong, even apologized again and again.

Only then did I realize that I had become the scum of the earth.

“....”

“....”

The silence becomes longer. As time passed, my expression, unable to withstand the pressure, gradually got out of control and became arbitrarily stiff.

It was only natural that the expressions of the corps commanders changed even more unfavorably. How can they not be indifferent when humans dare to harden their expressions in front of them?

As I was contemplating how to resolve the increasingly worsening situation, Idelia, who was desperately thinking about something while exchanging glances with the corps commanders as if I was not the only one who was uncomfortable with this silence, took one look at me and slowly opened her mouth.

“...Daemon.”

Oh yeah!

The awkward atmosphere is relieved. Glad to see her, I faced Idelia with a generous heart that would listen to anything.

Okay, tell me anything. This time, no matter what I say, he will listen to everything....

"I heard you are going to check on the army."

Listen....

"Oh, I also have something to tell you about that."

shit.

I quietly pushed my chair back with the intention of running away if I had to.

There was definitely a time when I said I would keep an eye on the corps.

As for when that was... it was probably when the devil came to visit me after I said I wanted to drink.

[Anyway, no drinking. Is there anything you can do to overthrow the Demon King's Castle? If you're really bored, take a look around your corps or at least look around the garden. Hien said he was happy that he brought in new flowers this time.]

[Let's look at the corps.]

Rather than dealing with that terrible gardener, he chose to deal with the corps members.

It is unfair. I chose the corps because I didn't want to deal with the gardener, but I had to meet Hien as Hien and look at the corps as corps.

These words were even spoken in front of the devil, so now I can't forgive them.

"Daemon...? Are you okay?"

"it's okay."

Was his expression strange? Fortunately, he doesn't seem to be particularly bothered by the fact that he pushed his chair back. If you just watch the timing right and run away like this...

'...it won't work.'

When I thought about it, I realized that I was completely surrounded.

Idelia is on the left and Ashil is on the right. Even Jaykar in the front. Even all of them are corps commanders. The moment you try to run away, it will grab you by the back of your head.

Resignation was quick.

As I relaxed my body, which had been tense without being noticeable, Ashild, who had no way of knowing that I had tried to run away just a moment ago, looked into my eyes and slowly began to speak.

"I understand that you raise your sword when inspecting the corps members."

I heard it. Although I didn't swing it. Moreover, it is a wooden sword, not a real sword.

The wooden sword was so heavy that my arms were shaking. It's a shame, but honestly, with my strength, I can't even dream of holding a regular iron sword and can barely hold a wooden sword.

But why?

"Is it okay if I request a sparring match after teaching all the corps members?"

"...."

I barely stopped my hand from going to my ear.

I guess I'm feeling really low these days. When you see all the bullshit you hear.

My efforts to deny reality were completely destroyed by Jaykar's sudden words.

"Good idea. "Can I observe?"

I told you to tell me if there's anything uncomfortable, but I guess you can't see the look on my face asking you to save me.

To begin with, this is a nonsensical sparring. Right now, there is a ridiculous difference in weight between him and me, so what kind of sparring is this? This is evident just by looking at Ashild's hands. If I were to get hit by that hand instead of a sword, my neck would definitely snap and break.

"...Um..."

I couldn't just put off answering, so I squeezed my voice out.

All eyes focused on one another as if they had been waiting.

Amid the overwhelming gaze, I desperately tried to think of an excuse to come up with an excuse.

—I tried to find it.

“...That's troublesome.”

Although it ultimately failed.

I slowly lowered my head.

Does this end here? Since there is no valid reason, they will just keep pushing it. Then my skills will be revealed and I will pay a heavy price for deceiving them.

No, I don't think you need to worry after being found out. Because I will show off my skills to the world by showing off my ability to die with one hit.

I could see food that had become cold without much time to eat. I should have eaten my fill of warm food before I died.

I wait for an answer like a criminal waiting for a death sentence, but Ashild's reaction is unexpectedly calm.

He was silent for a moment, then slowly nodded and spoke.

“I guess so.”

“...?”

“Daemon, you tend to stand out more in actual battles than in sparring. “It must have been difficult because if you

weren't careful, you might end up killing me during the sparring."

"?"

"sorry. "It was careless."

"No, well..."

Well... Has it been released?

I felt like I heard some ominous words, but anyway, I avoided sparring, so let's say it was a good thing.

"Later, when I have developed enough skills to not die so easily, then I will ask you again."

Thinking about it again, I don't think it worked out well at all.

I was in big trouble.

"I won't make you wait that long."

"...."

"Still, can I come along today just to have a look around?"

I heard the declaration of war from the commander of the 3rd Corps.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 9**

### 9. 0 Corps Commander Deon Hardt (7)

I am so touched that they will not make me wait that long, I feel like crying. You don't have to go that far. You can wait a long time. At least until I die.

But Ashild is the type of person who always keeps what I say. I will never forget this promise. In other words, no matter when, the moment when I cross swords with that fearsome guy will definitely come.

"Daemon?"

"ah."

Now that I think about it, I think I said something at the end... I asked if I could go take a look.

I suppressed and swallowed the sigh that was trying to escape.

There is no justification for rejecting this.

Still, it's better than sparring, so should I take some comfort from that?

He had no choice but to shake his head, and a faint smile appeared on his hard face.



“thank you.”

“I can’t thank you enough...” Seeing

a guy who goes crazy cutting up people on the battlefield come out so politely, it’s rather burdensome and I don’t know what to do.

It would be better if you spoke informally. I would have felt at ease if it had come out at least a little shamelessly.

“Uh, then can I go too? “I wonder what the 0 Corps’ training method is like.”

Why does Idelia want to come if she and Ashilde are not on good terms? Oh, is that perhaps spying?

It seems like they’re trying to spy on me to see if there’s any useful information, so what should I do?

“I don’t mind coming, but...”

I feel sorry for Idelia, who is looking forward to it, but my training method is ‘neglect’.

You literally just leave it alone and stop by every now and then to watch it train. That’s all... I guess I’ll be disappointed.

Still, I couldn’t tell in my conscience that I was leaving it unattended, so I quietly cleaned up the dishes.

He put all the dishes still full of food on the tray and stood up holding them. Then Jaykar and Ashild, who had already finished eating, stood up holding their empty bowls.

Idelia, who came this way after putting all the dishes away, looked at my plate and tilted her head.

“Have you eaten everything?”

“yes.”

“Are you feeling unwell...”

“Yes, a little.”

Because of you guys.

I swallowed the words that rose up in my throat and answered calmly. Then Jaykar looked at my complexion with a worried expression and said.

“Then shouldn’t you first find your doctor?”

“it’s okay.”

No matter how nice Ben is, I can’t guarantee what will happen if he continues to bother me over trivial things. In the end, isn’t he also a ‘demon’?

Thinking back to the man who seemed to claim to be a demon because part of his face was covered in snake scales, I shook my head and handed the tray over to the worker.

As I come out, the rest of the corps commanders come rushing out after me. In addition to the unexpected situation, there seemed to be someone’s image overlapping here, so I was startled and stopped reflexively.

It’s like...

‘Am I like the devil?’

Thanks to this, it feels like the constant gaze has become even more intense. I was planning to just eat quietly and

leave, as if nothing was there, but somehow it ended up like this.

Because of the atmosphere, I felt like I should head straight to the military base like this, so I stopped awkwardly and looked around, but someone came running urgently from far away.

“Jaycar!”

What is that again? Since something has happened to me, I start to be wary.

It was easy to judge whether it was an enemy or an ally.

“Jaykar’s paperwork is behind, so I ask Jaykar’s deputy to come quickly...”

You are an ally.

“...Now that I think about it, there are documents piled up on my desk. Is that all there is?”

“Yeah, probably... I guess so.”

A heavy sigh was heard.

Jaykar, who was wiping his face with one hand, clearly showing his irritation and frustration, soon lost his emotions and turned to me.

“You heard, but I don’t think I can go today.”

“Yes, that’s a shame.”

I don’t regret it at all.

I internally praised the demon who delivered the good news and looked back on the past when I had drawn the line on paperwork from the beginning.

At the time, I was nervous that my voice would blow off while speaking, but now that I think about it, I think I did really well. Thanks to that, I don't have to worry about being harassed by my lieutenant.

For your information, the adjutant who has no work to do thanks to me is now out in the human world. I was so bored that I went out to find a new puzzle or cube. As expected, he is a demon, so you have to be careful, but in his own way, he is just as kind and grateful as Ben.

"Well... now that I think about it, I'm at a risk too."

Ashild, who was standing next to him, let out something that I couldn't tell whether it was a lament or a groan.

He shook his head nervously, sighed and looked at me with an apologetic expression, as if there was nothing he could do.

"I guess I'll have to postpone the sightseeing until later. "I'm really sorry for asking you first."

"No, thanks."

It's really okay, so I hope you don't apologize.

He did his best to show that he was okay and sent a look full of affection to the demon who delivered the good news. Then the guy flinched like a petty thief facing a security guard.

I didn't find it particularly strange. In the first place, it's strange that you don't feel anything in front of the corps commanders. Moreover, it's scary to tell them that they have to hurry up because they have a backlog of paperwork.

"Well...and Idelia...huh? Edelia?! "Where have you been, Idelia?"

The attendant, who had been looking for Idelia while keeping an eye on her, opened his eyes and looked around.

'Idelia? If it's Idelia, it's right here...huh? 'Where has he gone?'

Am I the only one who didn't know it was gone?

No, that doesn't seem to be the case. Both Ashild and Jaykar were looking around with expressions of subtle admiration and irritation.

The transaction suddenly went somewhere. I guess you didn't run away because you didn't want to do the paperwork. No matter what, he is a corps commander in name.

"It looks like he ran away again."

"It seems like my skills are improving day by day."

really?!

I forgot. The corps commanders were not normal.

The servant seemed to have realized that he had also run away, and he was very tearful. Rather than crying, he was

almost crying and was lamenting one after another as if he had forgotten who the other person was.

“Did you see the lieutenant’s face, Idelia? It’s almost like an invoice. If that were all, I could just say it was a pity and move on, but the problem is that the deputy is now making a fuss about submitting a resignation letter...” “

...Thanks for your hard work.”

“No... I was sorry. Then I’ll just leave. If you happen to find Idelia....”

“I will catch you and throw you in front of the adjutant.”

“Yes, please do.”

The attendant bowed and walked away, as if he wanted to search more.

And when the figure faded from sight, Jaykar and Ashild simultaneously turned to look at me.

“See you later then.”

“See you next time.”

“Yes, good luck with the paperwork...”

Oh, I guess that wasn’t it.

The two of them sigh as if they were having fun hearing what they said was a bit of encouragement.

I was nervous that they might get angry, but fortunately, the two turned around without saying anything and walked slowly and unwillingly.

‘And I...’

I guess I’ll have to go and see the Legion.

There is no set deadline and it could be postponed as long as you want, but if you do that, the corps commanders who have completed the paperwork may stick around.

Now that everyone is busy disappearing is the best time that will never come again.

That’s why I kept forcing myself to keep walking towards my room and turned towards the 0 Corps’ exclusive training ground.

Oh, I don’t want to go.

\*\*\*

Perhaps because lunch time had just ended, the gymnasium was empty.

After all, who would run right after eating? Only my side hurts.

The thought of going back like this slowly crossed my mind, but if I go back without seeing a single member of the corps, that means I wasn’t looking after the corps.

So, with the intention of waiting, I grabbed a wooden sword from the stand, trudged over to a corner of the training hall, and sat down with my legs crossed.

As I touch the wooden sword with the discolored handle, I feel it again.

Maybe it’s because it’s from the demon world, or maybe I’m just weak, but it’s still heavy. If I wanted to swing it, I could

swing it, but it would be the wooden sword swinging me instead of me swinging the wooden sword.

Cursed strength that cannot control even a wooden sword, let alone an iron sword.

Because of that, when I was first taken to the battlefield, I remember being in a hurry to avoid and run away without being able to hold any weapons of any kind. It wasn't until later that the weapon I chose was a small, light dagger.

“omg.”

Suddenly, a small sound woke me up from my thoughts and I raised my head. At the entrance to the training hall, I saw a guy who looked like a corps member staring at me with a blue face.

This is a training ground exclusively for the 0th Corps, so they are probably our corps members. Are you here for training? You are diligent.

... As soon as I could think about it, the guy rushed out of the training ground.

“ .... ”

What is it? If you were going to go back, why did you come?

Or is it because you hate me? Are you trying to conspire so that no one will come back until I return because you hate me?

“ha.”

Yes, how dare a mere human being act as a corps commander.



Let's go back. I've done enough.

Actually, I can't say I've done enough, but my conscience is screaming that this is enough, so I guess it's enough.

I stood up to return the wooden sword. As I was just starting to walk, I felt a vibration in the ground.

At first, I thought it was just my mood, but...

doo doo doo doo doo doo.

I was convinced when I saw a cloud of dust gathering in the distance.

'What is that crazy thing? Is it a monster? Were there monsters in the Demon King's Castle?'

Ah, a figure resembling a human is revealed through the dust cloud.

Only then did I know. Those guys are corps members. That's on our side too.

"...."

Let's run away.

I don't know what it is, but I have a bad feeling. We can postpone examining the corps until later. No, at this level, heaven is giving a revelation that it must be postponed.

While I was hesitating and retreating, the guys who had come right in front of me were standing in line with me. It was a surprisingly quick and well-thought-out action.

"...."

“....”

A quiet silence fell in the vast training hall.

Unlike the quiet space, my mind was very complicated.

What is this. Since you treated me like a corps commander, does that mean I should get out of the way quickly? When will I go back? Should I go back now? Looking at those eyes... I think I should probably go now.

I nodded once to show my intention to go back and was about to turn when the person who seemed to be the representative among them cautiously called me out.

“That Demon.”

“yes?”

“I wonder why you came here...”

Why do those words sound to me like, ‘Why did you come when you have nothing to do?’

However, even if my interpretation is correct, it is not particularly wrong and I cannot say anything about it.

My hands, unable to overcome my anxiety, try to move as they please. I’m trying to grab the collar, but it would look much better to touch the wooden sword instead.

I said, strengthening the hand holding the wooden sword.

“I’m curious.”

The skills of our corps members.

Since I've been training almost every time I've come, I believe I'll do above average, but other than that, I want to see it with my own eyes at least once.

Well, judging by his attitude, it would be difficult to see him in person unless something happened.

Unable to resist the unspoken pressure to return quickly, I headed to the wooden sword stand to put the sword back in its place.

I tried to move as naturally as possible without showing signs of nervousness, but I think I was too nervous.

My feet and toes got twisted!

Even today, my poor lower body is doing its job well!

'You fall!'

If you fall like this, you're in trouble. I'm glad it just ends on the dog's side.

Even if you're not, you're human, and the way you look at me isn't good, so listen to the rumor that I tripped over my own feet. It's obvious what will happen without even looking at it.

Thinking that I would die if I fell, I took a big step forward desperately trying to keep my balance.

Then, as I was lowering my upper body and establishing a stable posture, something passed over my head!

"Daemon!!"

When I slightly raise my head to see something, something falls gently in front of me.

It's like white fur... This is my hair, right?

I was scared and raised my upper body while twisting my body and looking back. Then something blunt hit my elbow.

And then the moaning that followed.

"Wow!"

"...?"

When the field of vision became fully clear later, the other person was already trembling, clutching his solar plexus and bending his back.

My eyes widened at the familiar appearance.

"human?"

It has no tail, horns, or scales. Unlike demons that have some parts that are different from humans, this guy looks like a human no matter how you look at it.

The question of how humans ended up in the Demon King's Castle briefly caught my eye as I saw the sword he was holding.

You're an intruder. Could it be that this guy's solar plexus was what hit my elbow?

I was lucky. If I hadn't been careful, I would have suffered the consequences.

After comforting his shocked heart, he held the wooden sword with both hands and lifted it up.

Whether he was a human or something else, it didn't change the fact that he was an intruder and attacked me.

That's why I had no hesitation in my actions.

Rather, I thought that if I left it like this, I could be in danger, so I put my weight on it and struck the wooden sword with all my might.

Bah!

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 10**

### 10. Heroes, meetings, and... (1)

Watching the unconscious intruder being dragged away with grim eyes, the corps members were frantically repeating 'I Died Today' in their minds.

I thought it was a joke until I was taking a short break after eating when a guy came in from outside and shouted for us to gather quickly.

Of course, the commander of the corps has come. He only visits occasionally.

However, the guy's face, which was as blue as a blueberry, did not contain a single lie, and the moment we found out that what he said was true, we panicked and ran like crazy towards the training ground.

And I was able to meet our corps commander.

"I'm curious."

The answer I received when I had the courage to ask the question about what brought me here was meaningful.

What are you curious about?

The doubts didn't last long.

Demon walks leisurely somewhere as if he were taking a walk.

Then, in an instant, with incredible speed, he bent down to avoid the sword aimed at his neck, then turned his upper body and struck the enemy's solar plexus with his elbow. All of them were quick, flowing, natural movements.

Only then did we know. The meaning of the word 'curious'.

'I'm curious.'

—I guess I really didn't know.

Did they really not know that they had allowed intruders into the training hall?

I wonder if he was so relaxed about such a topic.

Without even looking at us, who were frozen in shock, Demon-sama leisurely raised his wooden sword as if to stun the opponent.

And then a cheerful sound echoed throughout the training hall.

Bah!

\*\*\*

After barely stopping the corps members who kept bowing their heads in apology and beating themselves up, I locked myself in my room again.

All work to be done has been completed.

I took a walk in the garden and looked at the army. Since we ate at the restaurant that Ben requested, we won't have to

go out for a while.

I was rolling around on my bed, happy about my long-awaited peaceful daily life, when I heard a knock on the door.

“This is Demon Ed.”

Ed is my lieutenant, right? He went all the way to the human world to find a different puzzle or cube for me, who was bored to death, but he finally came back.

I jumped up from my seat with a heart full of anticipation.

“Come on in.”

Ed’s expression, which I hadn’t seen in a long time, was somewhat stiff.

Did something bad happen outside? No, but the devil said that the position of adjutant to the commander of Corps 0 should be filled by a suitable person, so he chose the guy who was mentioned as a candidate for commander of the corps? So, if you have Ed skills, you can easily put most guys in trouble...

“I brought a new cube. “It’s a slightly unique cube called the Mirror Cube.”

“oh.”

“And...”

He glances to the side, breaking into a cold sweat.

Since he was still standing in the hallway with the door open, I had no idea what he was looking at.



Eventually, Ed swallowed dry saliva and slowly opened his mouth.

“...The Demon King has come to visit.”

“oh.”

...oh?

“If you’re not busy, would it be okay for a moment?”

Jerk. With the sound of heavy footsteps, someone familiar entered the room.

After taking a quick look around the room, the sight turns to me sitting on the bed, and then curves brightly like a half moon.

After a moment of silence, after understanding the situation, I threw down the pillow I was hugging and stood up.

Why is the Demon King here? I didn’t get into an accident this time...

...but there is one thing that bothers me.

“Are you sure it’s about that intruder?”

“that’s right.”

As expected, he smiled happily and gestured towards the door, as if he had not disappointed his expectations.

“I have something to say about that. “If it’s okay, let’s go see the prisoner together for a while.”

Doesn’t that mean we should go to the dungeon together?

What's going on? Could it be that the intruder said something strange about me? Since they were the same person, they must have had some credibility.

I don't know what it is, but I don't want to die in vain like this. I glanced back at Ed with the intention of asking him to save me.

And I could clearly see him avoiding my eyes.

Damn you.

There was not a single ray of light in the dungeon. It was even wet.

Yes, I ended up getting dragged in.

"open it."

With one word from the Demon King, the iron bars that seemed sturdy opened at once.

The soldier who opened the door bows and disappears when told to leave.

The Demon King, who was looking at the back, turned his gaze and looked at the 'human' in the prison.

The intruder, who was now covered in blood, glared at him with harsh eyes, but the Demon King paid him no heed and strode in and knelt down in front of him.

"Deon."

The real name came about because I was bitten by those around me.

At the same time, the intruder's gaze turned towards me.

The look in their eyes is that they want to chew me up if they can. Maybe it's because of my mood that his eyes look more murderous when he looks at me than when he looks at the devil.

Either way, the Demon King roughly pulled up the intruder's hair and turned his head to look at me.

"Take a good look at this guy. Doesn't something feel familiar?"

I don't know much about it, except that I'm a human...

When I answered in silence, the Demon King began to explain step by step as if he was trying to give me a hint.

"Even though I am a human, it is a power that becomes particularly strong against me, a powerless 'demon lord' who can defeat most demons alone."

I heard that the guy's body was in a mess, but it looks like he was playing with it.

But that's not important now. After hearing the Demon King's explanation, my expression hardened without realizing it.

"No way..."

"Yes."

The Demon King, who let go of his hair as if tossing it, laughed, shaking off his bloody hands.

"The dregs of a hero. In the empire, they are called fragments of heroes and praised—"

"...Heroes."

“It’s not even funny.”

\*\*\*

A warrior has two choices when he dies.

If I were to give priority to just one of them, it would be to spread the ‘power of the hero’, which will crumble away upon death, across the entire continent to create, even if only slightly, someone who can take on the Demon King.

It would be nice if the power itself could be completely transferred to one person, but it cannot be transferred during life, and the hero’s power begins to crumble upon death, so in the end, all that can be done is to scatter the fragments and retain some of the hero’s power at the cost of dying anyway. All we have to do is create those who have it.

The empire tried to gather those with such fragments, calling them ‘heroes’.

Of course, the title ‘Hero’ was not given to just anyone. Unofficially, all those with ‘Fragments of Heroes’ are called heroes, but officially, only those with outstanding abilities and outstanding achievements are given the title ‘Hero’, giving them a different level of glory.

Unfortunately, the person covered in blood in front of me was an ‘electron’.

‘Fragments of a hero who did not become an official hero.’

Even though he couldn’t be called a ‘hero’, he was called a ‘hero candidate’. It would be a waste to use it carelessly and throw it away.

That kind of guy broke into the Demon King's Castle.

'Why on earth?'

The bright red eyes shine with a creepy light.

The emotions reflected at first glance are none other than confusion and doubt.

It is not a simple curiosity such as why or how they came here. It was a question about something incomprehensible.

There is no reason for a hero candidate to come here. He did not contain any message, seemed to have no particular purpose other than eliminating demons, including the Demon King, and decisively attacked Deon himself.

'Why did you attack me? 'What reason is contained here?'

—What on earth is 'he' thinking?

"...Therefore, there will be a corps commander meeting this afternoon. "I'll go out to meet you in person, so I'll see you later."

"...."

In response to no response, the Demon King stood up and looked at Deon.

He doesn't even blink his eyes.

It looks like he's deep in thought. His usually stern expression became even more stern and stood still.

'I don't think I have any intention of going up together.'

He shook his head inwardly and spoke vaguely with the intention of confirming.

“Are you planning on staying a little longer?”

“yes.”

“Okay then, let’s wait outside.”

The demon king who left the cage slowly disappeared.

...The worries are over.

Deon, who had been assessing the distance by the sound of receding footsteps, lowered his gaze and looked at the intruder.

Dry eyes with no clear meaning. Red eyes, shining as if soaked in blood, look at the intruder.

However, the intruder did not avoid his gaze. Instead, he raised his head stiffly and glared at Deon.

Those eyes were full of obvious hatred and anger, based on a feeling of betrayal.

Eventually, the blood-covered lips slowly opened.

“Deon Hardt.”

It’s been a while since I heard your full name.

A strange look appeared in Deon’s eyes.

The intruder gritted his teeth and spit out the words as if chewing them with boiling anger, hatred, and cold resentment.

“You traitorous bastard.”

“....”

Aha.

This is the answer.

The eyes, which had been narrowed and strained, relax as if steam had escaped. In the same way, the voice, with all the tension gone, uttered the words in a flowing voice.

“You are a loser.”

“what?”

He wasn’t worth worrying about. I just wasted my time.

As if there was no value in answering the stupid question, Deon asked the question without hiding the pitiful look in his eyes.

“What crime did you commit?”

“What nonsense from earlier! Discarded card? “What a sin!”

“What did you do to offend the emperor?”

“gibberish! Your Majesty has given me an important mission! “If I was out of sight, you wouldn’t have given me the mission!”

Even as he said that, his eyes began to tremble slightly as if something was stabbing him somewhere.

In a space where the only light is a candle that seems ready to go out at any moment, Deon quickly catches the

trembling and climbs over the iron bars and enters the prison.

Like the devil, he knelt down in front of the intruder and unlike the devil, he did nothing.

I just quietly looked at him

and said.

“No, the fact that you called me a ‘traitor’ is proof of that. “You fell out of favor with the emperor and are now abandoned like this.”

“That can’t be possible...”

Deon, who pointed out the reality in a quiet voice as if teaching, decided that there was no need to waste any more time here and stood up.

A conclusion has been reached.

There is no need to save this guy. No, it would definitely be better to kill him.

However, knowing that he did not have the authority to decide this, Deon looked down at him and raised the corners of his mouth.

Next, a powerful voice with the intention of being heard by someone rang through the basement.

“Your Majesty knows everything.”

“!”

After seeing the guy’s eyes widen, Deon turned around without looking any further.



A fierce struggle followed behind my back.

“This emperor bastard!!”

This is truly shallow loyalty.

Deon, who was walking with a sneer on his lips, stopped when he saw the Demon Lord waiting for him at the entrance to the dungeon.

The Demon King, who was looking at his expressionless face as if asking when he had laughed, slowly opened his mouth.

“I heard.”

He then says with a helpless laugh.

“It’s too much. If you say that, I have no choice but to kill him. Still, if I do it well, I might be able to use it somewhere. “You did that on purpose, right?”

“....”

“That’s enough. I said it inside, but you didn’t seem to hear it, so I’ll say it again. There is a corps commander meeting scheduled for this afternoon. “I plan to pick you up myself, so please wait in your room.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 11**

11. Hero, meeting, and... (2)

I thought he was just one of those guys trained as assassins abandoned by the empire, but he's actually a hero candidate.

Honestly, I was shocked.

'Yes, it was a shock...'

I never thought I would be so distracted.

When I came to my senses, I had already arrived in my room.

Maybe it's because I'm in a state of ecstasy, but my memories seem foggy and I remember very little clearly. What was your clearest memory?

Are you sure he will die?

'....'

It would be better not to think about that any more. Whether that guy dies or not, whether I sympathize with him or not, there's nothing I can do anyway.

I lay down on the bed holding the cube that Ed brought me.

While I was shuffling the cubes and erasing random thoughts one by one, I heard a knock.

“it’s me.”

“...Demon King?!”

I suddenly got up. I hurriedly checked my clothes, straightened my disheveled hair, and opened the door.

“Why is the Demon King here again...?”

“I told you. “I will come get you.”

“yes?”

when?

The Demon King must have read my questioning expression as he raised one eyebrow. He leaned against the door with his arms crossed and looked at my face with an uncomfortable expression.

“Corps Commander’s Meeting. “Even after this, you don’t remember?”

I don’t remember, but somehow I feel like I shouldn’t say that.

I nodded with as calm a look as possible.

“Ah, I remember.”

It was a performance that put all my effort into it.

The Demon King, who passed without any doubt, nodded and straightened up.

“Then let’s go.”

“yes.”

I didn’t think I should take any more time, so I hurried after him.

Because of that, I left the room without even having time to put the cube down, forgetting that I was even holding it in my hand.

\*\*\*

At the time of the battle with the warrior, the commander of the 7th Legion was an ogre.

Even if I put aside the reason that it is one of the core forces of the Demon King’s army, I remember it clearly. Because he was a great groomsman for Deon Hardt.

In other words, when Deon Hardt first appeared, he appeared by killing the commander of the 7th Legion.

The Demon King smiled as he recalled that day.

When he won the battle against the hero and raised his sword to take the hero’s life, which would have been cut short if left unattended,

the hero chose to commit suicide.

I was so embarrassed when I saw the warrior’s body radiating bright light.

“...This hero seems quite aggressive.”

A hollow laugh came out.

A warrior has two choices when he dies.

One is to spread fragments of power across the continent to create beings that can even slightly oppose the Demon King, and the other is mainly used when the Demon King is nearby, so-called self-destruction.

Gathering the strength of the warrior and exploding it.

Usually, warriors choose to scatter fragments of power for later use.

‘I won’t die anyway.’

It is not for nothing that he is called the strongest demon king in history. Although it was a bit of a waste, I was confident that if I used my magic power generously, I would survive the aftermath of that explosion without major damage.

The problem is the other demons surrounding them.

All the demons of the Demon Castle came out to watch the historic battle, which could safely be said to be a battle that depended on the fate of the race.

The power of the warrior was given to eliminate the Demon King, and the Demons are a race born from the Demon King.

In the end, the warrior’s power had no choice but to indirectly affect the demons.

So, if the hero’s power bursts out here...

‘Roughly half.’

About half of this large army will evaporate in an instant.

Considering that the size of the Demon King's Castle is that of a small city in the empire and that all the demons there are here, the level of damage is unbelievable.

"Everyone get back...!"

Therefore, the moment you give an order in a hurry.

Kwaaaang!!

...A man fell from the sky.

Also with the 7th Corps commander.

He appeared after crushing the 7th Corps commander and did not even cast a glance at the Demon King.

As if to double-check whether the 7th Corps commander under me was dead, I stabbed him in the neck with the dagger and slowly got up using it as support. It was a ridiculously relaxed attitude.

White hair and red eyes.

Blood-red eyes go back and forth between the demon king and the hero, then quickly fixate on the hero. Then he began to slowly approach this direction at a leisurely pace.

There was no sign of nervousness in the middle of the battlefield surrounded by countless demons.

It was a very defenseless attitude.

However, perhaps because of his confident attitude, his unwavering expression showed a spirit that could not be ignored, so the soldiers had no choice but to watch him frozen, rather than stopping him.

‘Pathetic bastards.’

Still, the Demon King could not bear to openly criticize him for being pitiful, so he quietly narrowed his eyes.

Although it was only for a moment, he too was overwhelmed.

Since the distance wasn’t that far to begin with, he quickly arrived in front of the warrior.

Without even looking at the Demon King, he placed his hand on the hero’s shoulder and brought his face close to the guy’s ear.

And a miracle happened.

The light emanating from the warrior’s body poured down towards that human.

“...You’re crazy.”

A groan broke out.

Since we know better than anyone else about heroes, demon kings, and the empire’s system of sending heroes, speculation about this situation continued quickly.

That white-haired human probably followed to see the outcome of this battle for himself and inform the empire. Maybe that’s the main mission.

And as a side mission, even if the hero dies, you will find out the state of the Demon King and if you think you can kill him, you will kill him.

So, when the hero chose to commit suicide, he would have calculated the probability.

[The probability of causing damage to the Demon King through the hero's self-destruction and the amount of damage the Demon King will suffer from this.] [The number of

surrounding Demons that can be reduced by self-destruction.]

[The probability of killing the injured Demon King through the reduced number of Demons.]

[Final There is a possibility of accomplishing the main mission of 'return to life' by carrying out this.]

It would have been judged that self-destruction was irrational.

So he would have put his hand on the warrior's shoulder and stopped him. It's a bit surprising that he jumped in the middle of enemy lines, but it may be because he's confident he can escape alive.

'Smart, loyal to the mission, and combat ability...'

The corners of his eyes were bent, filled with amusement.

I feel sorry for the empire that sent this guy to this dangerous place. If it were me, even if I had to use it, I wouldn't have sent him to his death without any respect.

In any case, the warrior read his intentions and quickly turned around to pour into him for the purpose of transfer. Of course, it did not happen that the power stayed in the opponent's body as the hero intended.

'of course.'



The hero's power was given directly by the world for a purpose. Originally, when a hero dies, it is a power that should be scattered to pieces and returned to the world.

Just leaving it on this earth, even as a fragment, would have to cost the hero himself, so there is no way that an intentional transfer would be possible.

The warrior himself would know better. He probably had to suffer a great deal of pain due to his actions.

Nevertheless, upon seeing the hero lying limp after death after a meaningless struggle, the Demon King raised his gaze slightly and looked at the man holding his body.

He is directly involved in an absurd attempt that violated the will of the world. There's no way he would be fine either.

Sure enough,

"Cough."

With a resolute expression that did not show any weakness, he coughed blood.

Even though more blood is flowing out of the mouth than expected, the expression on the face remains the same. Joy flashed through the Demon King's eyes at that strange sense of discomfort.

The Demon King, suppressing his excitement, said with a kind smile.

"What's your name?"

"...Deon Hart."

Deon Hardt. I rolled that name over and over again in my mouth.

In fact, there was no need to think about it. The devil already knew him.

Looking at the external situation, he stopped the hero from self-destructing and suffered hemoptysis in return.

Even other demons would recognize this much.

Even the situation is on his side, so there is no reason to hesitate any longer. The Demon King revealed his desires without hesitation.

“Are you planning on becoming the Demon King’s army?”

It doesn’t matter whether the other person is human or not.

The Demon King liked this smart and loyal being, and more than anything, the human in front of him drew interest from himself, who was mired in boredom.

There was enough reason to bring him into the Demon King’s Castle.

\*\*\*

“Hey, get out of the way. “You can’t see it!”

“So is that person an enemy or friend?”

“You stopped the hero from self-destructing! At least it’s not an enemy.”

“But you killed the 7th Corps commander?”

“Huh? “The Demon King is asking for your name!”

“Noisy! “I can’t hear anything!!”

“You are louder!”

“So what’s your name?”

Because the street was so noisy and the human’s voice was low, the demon soldier narrowed his eyes and focused on the shape of his mouth instead of listening.

“Demon... a... root?”

“Demon Arut?”

“I think so?”

“Demon Arutra....”

It’s a name that sounds more like a demon than a demon.

In this way, Deon Hart’s name was transformed into the name Demon Arut and spread throughout the demon military camp.

\*\*\*

The human achievement of stopping the hero from self-destructing and preventing great damage is such a great merit that even other corps commanders acknowledge it.

Even after the battle with the hero, at the victory banquet for the new talent, ‘Demon Arut’ drank a lot and turned the Demon King’s castle upside down. After that, there was no backstory about his skills. This was even more so because the victim of that incident was another corps commander.

Therefore, all the demons in the Demon Castle rarely said a bad word about the human who suddenly came in and took

over the position of commander of the 0th Corps.

Of course, this is only 'to a large extent'.

"You're late."

Belitan, commander of the 6th Corps, tapped the conference room table and muttered. His eyebrows were narrowed as if he was feeling uncomfortable.

I know very well how great the merits he achieved at that time were. I also acknowledge his strong inaction. But even so, isn't this true?

0 Corps Commander Daemon Arut.

He was late every time he had a meeting.

It still is. Everyone is gathered in the conference room except for the corps commanders who are out for work, but he is the only one who is absent.

In the end, Belitan couldn't stand the wait and slammed the table.

"Isn't this something we really need to say?!"

"noisy."

"Jaykar! How long are you going to tolerate that arrogant behavior? He..."

"Belitan."

Jaykar, who was leaning on a chair with his eyes closed, slowly opens his eyes and looks at Belitan.

When he flinched and stopped talking at the cold gaze staring directly at me, Idelia, the commander of the 4th Corps, suddenly intervened, as if she had been waiting.

"I think you are the one who is arrogant, Belitan. "Do you know who you are making such rude remarks about?"

"...what?"

"It was a really boring joke to be arrogant towards someone who speaks highly of even mere servants."

"Just because you use polite language doesn't mean you're arrogant! "Then how do you intend to explain being late for the meeting?"

"There must be something going on."

It was a statement without any hesitation.

Even Ashild, who is not on good terms with her, nods his head, so it's a momentary thought, 'Is that really true?' It was to the point where I wanted to.

Belitan, who quickly shook his head to come to his senses, opened his mouth in bewilderment.

"How can you guarantee that?"

Just as Idelia was about to respond, there was a bang from one side of the table! And a crash sound was heard.

At the unusual sound, all the corps commanders' heads turned to one place.

Some of them sighed and shook their heads as if they had no idea who they were talking about, while others shook

their heads as if they knew they would do that. Some even had embarrassed looks on their faces.

Belitan belonged to the third category.

Seat at the end of the table. There, a small girl stood up with both hands on the table.

“Enough of the blasphemy, Belitan! “It’s blasphemous!”

“...Lirinel?”

“It’s blasphemous!”

“Lee...”

“Breathless!”

11th Corps Commander Ririnel.

Normally calm and gentle, she goes crazy when she gets involved in just one thing, but unfortunately for Belitan, it was about Demon Arut.

Yes, she is a huge fan of Daemon Arut.

It was a fact that most people staying in the Demon King’s Castle knew, but there was no way that Belitan, who was often absent from the Demon King’s Castle due to hunting monsters, would know that fact.

That’s why he stared blankly at the kid who was pointing at him.

“Apologize! You’re ugly!”

“omg.”

“Li Lirinel...?”

He looks frail and cute, but even though he looks like this, he is a corps commander.

Belitan is a typical warrior who wields a large axe, and Ririnel is an excellent witch who is a demon with the highest amount of magic power among the corps commanders.

It is obvious that the day the two of them fight, this conference hall will be blown up.

Even if not, the Demon King or the Commander of the 0th Corps will come in soon and blow up the conference hall?

On that day, the devil’s castle will be overturned.

Perhaps there will be a large-scale replacement of corps commanders.

Therefore, while the other corps commanders were watching and fidgeting, a servant outside the door of the conference hall announced the appearance of the Demon King.

“The Demon King and Commander 0 Corps eat it.”

...with news from the corps commander.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 12**

12. Heroes, meetings, and...(3)

The confusion was short-lived. The corps commanders quickly consoled themselves and stood up all at once.

Soon the door opened and the Demon King and the 0 Corps Commander Demon entered.

Idelia took a quick look at Belitan's expression.

As expected, the expression is rotten. I honestly complained. So who dared to mess with the demon? He is the most respected person in the Demon Castle, next to the Demon King.

The Demon King, sitting leisurely in the luxurious chair at the head of the table with his legs crossed, lightly waved his hand.

"Everyone sit down."

Once again, random movements occurred.

The Demon King looked around at all those seated, then looked at Deon, who was sitting closest, and raised the corners of his mouth faintly.



“As you may know, there was an intruder. “The Commander of Corps 0 here did a great job catching it.”

Everyone’s eyes turned to Deon.

It was understandable that the gaze of everyone here was burdensome, but he just kept his eyes down and played with the cube.

...Cube?

Eyes began to exchange busily between the corps commanders.

‘Hey, that...’

‘Yes, it looks like he’s very interested in this matter.’

‘Instead, the results will be more certain...’

‘It can be dangerous, so it’s better to be careful.’

When there were meetings during the war, he always turned the cube around and listened to the opinions of everyone involved.

If they liked the idea, the cube would turn smoothly to fit, but if they didn’t like it, it would turn so roughly that a clicking sound would fill the barracks.

Whether it was running rough or smooth, the best conclusion always came with the completion of the cube. The problem is that if something goes wrong, it always explodes.

The Demon King continued speaking while a subtle tension hovered in the air.

“The investigation revealed that it was not a simple intruder. Of course, it can’t be simple since the Demon King Castle has even entered my resistance, but this case is particularly special.”

Eyes filled with slight hostility scan the people sitting in their seats.

Even though his eyes were looking at the corps commanders, he was not looking at them. The Demon King spoke with a faint hint of life as if he was looking at someone beyond them.

“Because it was the dregs of a hero.”

“...Are you saying you’re a hero?”

“Yeah, it wasn’t that many. The Empire turned on the lights and sent one of the people it was collecting here as a sacrifice.”

thud!

A heavy sound was heard. The corps commanders did not bother to look up to find the cause of the noise.

Because it was obvious who did it without even looking.

The Demon King leans forward, placing his clenched fist on the handle.

A heavy pressure poured down on the entire conference room.

“What is the purpose?”

“....”

“The empire’s movements are unusual. We even lost contact with the commander of the 9th Corps, who was recently on the front line. “There must be some problem.”

The devil is strong.

Because he was strong enough to not need to use his brain, his choices were always simple and weighty.

It was like that this time too.

“Commander of the 1st Corps.”

“yes.”

“You go.”

He was thinking of starting an all-out war.

Jaykar is the devil’s agent. There was no idiot present here who would not know what it meant for him to step forward in person.

After pausing for a moment, Jaykar lowers his head and looks at the Demon King with his eyes slightly raised.

For a moment, he calmly answered, lowering his gaze again without any question.

“yes.”

A slight war cloud began to hover throughout the conference room.

Although war was not about to break out right away, the tension seemed as if it would break out at any moment, and the Demon King clapped his hands as if to change the mood.

The silence was broken and a lighter voice followed.

“Okay, I think this is roughly the end of the story, and there’s something I need to address before discussing the next issue.”

“...?”

“What kind of reward should we give to the commander of Corps 0, who single-handedly took down the dregs of the warrior?”

The hand that was constantly turning the cube stopped.

The red eyes that had not been on the desk for even a single moment during the entire meeting slowly rose to face him.

The Demon King smiled while looking at me with his red eyes.

“It wouldn’t be a bad idea for the parties involved to decide.”

\*\*\*

I hate corps commander meetings. I hate it so much. Needless to say the reason.

Because I’m scared!

The corps commander-only cafeteria is tolerable as there are some people who do not eat, but the conference hall is a place where most people can participate. So how scary can it be?

‘I don’t want to go...’

Every time I'm late for a meeting, I keep saying I don't want to go and end up being late. If it weren't for the demon king who came to pick me up, I would have been late again this time.

Oh, is it already too late?

I was about to rub my sweaty hands on the hem of my clothes, but stopped. What's this?

'Cube?'

Cube. Of course, I carry the Cube with me when I have meetings, but only when the meeting is centered around me.

Anyway, the meeting is going well even if I leave it out. If I make eye contact and someone asks for my opinion, it's embarrassing, so I avoid eye contact and play with cubes to kill time... This means that the meeting I'm going to attend right now is a meeting centered around the devil

!

Why didn't the devil point this out?

I want to go back now and put it back where it belongs, but it's too late for that.

"The Demon King and Commander 0 Corps eat it."

The door to the conference room opened with a rather loud and solemn voice.

I hesitantly entered the conference hall, feeling like a cow being dragged to the slaughterhouse.

And soon after the meeting started, my thoughts on Cube changed 180 degrees.

‘I’m glad I brought it.’

It would have been embarrassing if I hadn’t brought it.

The atmosphere is scary and no one is looking at me, so it’s the perfect environment for spinning the cube.

As I was repeating the process of mixing new cubes, half-matching them, and shuffling them again, the Demon King suddenly made an unexpected noise.

“Okay, I think this is roughly the end of the story, and there’s something I need to address before discussing the next issue.”

Until then, I thought it had nothing to do with me.

“What kind of reward should we give to the commander of Corps 0, who single-handedly took down the dregs of the warrior?”

I raised my head in surprise.

The Demon King’s gaze was too obviously directed in this direction to be dismissed as a mishearing.

He even added as if nailing it.

“It wouldn’t be a bad idea for the parties involved to decide.”

A silence with a different meaning than before fell.

As I did not open my mouth easily, the corps commanders who kept their mouths shut came out and watched the

devil. The Demon King looked at me with his chin up as if telling me to speak quickly.

In silence, I rolled my eyes back and forth.

‘So... tell me what you want, right?’

If it’s what you want, it’s not much. Even from the Demon King’s point of view, there are only things that can be easily accepted....

“Resignation...”

“No.”

“Then alcohol...”

“Are you serious?”

“....”

“....”

...I thought there wasn’t one.

As he cuts off things resolutely, his facial expression remains the same.

Still with a gentle smile on his face, the Demon King waits for his next words.

I felt burdened by the eyes that followed me without leaving for a moment, so I tried to quickly say something and get it over with... but

other than that, I don’t really want anything...?

“...I don't have it right now, so can we postpone it until later?”

“What are you asking? “Is it scary already?”

He laughed, removed the hand that was resting on his chin, and straightened his upper body.

After scanning the corps commanders, the eyes quickly roll to capture Belitan.

The corps commanders, who instinctively sensed that he was going to move on to the next item, stiffened their bodies, and as the air became taut again, I could not bring myself to look up or lower my gaze, so I just turned the cube under the desk, relying on my senses.

Whatever the agenda is, it has nothing to do with me.

“I heard you had something to say about the 6th Corps Commander's monster?”

“Yes I would like to request assistance.”

“Hmm...”

The Demon King looked through the report and took out a document. The expression on his face, which was calm at first, becomes more and more distorted as he reads the document.

Finally, after reading the last line, he let out a soft groan.

“The matter is definitely serious. “Are you and the commander of the 12th Corps not enough?”

“The 12th Legion currently does not have the strength to go hunting for monsters.”



For a moment, the Demon King's actions stopped. The eyes that were looking at the documents rose vertically and looked at Belitan.

I nodded my head inwardly as I looked at the station, which was motionless, or, better, frozen.

You must have been surprised. It's natural to be surprised. Because I was surprised too.

What does that word mean? Doesn't this mean that the army has suffered so much damage that it can no longer hunt monsters? The cause is definitely a monster.

"Then the position of commander of the 12th Corps is vacant..."

"I heard he is recuperating due to an injury."

"Just like monsters?"

"Be careful what you say. "If even small things come together, they can become a threatening enemy."

Small voices are being exchanged among the corps commanders.

There is nothing that cannot be understood. The 12th Legion suffered only from monsters and such.

It is 'at best' a monster. In the Empire, they are so-called 'monsters', which are failures.

The power of the Demon King gives birth to numerous demons even without the Demon King's intention. This is why the Demon King is a threat, and it is the decisive reason

why the Empire—and by extension, all humans—are working hard to get rid of him.

However, creating life is not that easy.

Among the demons born, only 40% were truly rational beings who could be called 'demons'. The remaining 60% are small creatures that are only faithful to their own desires and it is shameful to even call them demons.

Since it was a complete failure that tried to eat the demons rather than control them, the demon king called them 'monsters' and cleaned them regularly for the safety of the demons.

'It just comes to mind. 'Have I stayed here too long?'

How long has it been since I haven't seen sunlight?

Feeling a surge of sadness, I glared at the desk.

In the meantime, the Demon King's voice, which had paused for a moment, continued again. I thought he would be a little agitated, but perhaps because he was the devil, his voice was calmer and calmer than usual.

"Documents have limitations. "Explain it yourself."

"At some point, the number of monsters increased significantly. "By the time I realized it too late and tried to deal with it, half of the small villages had already been trampled."

"'Half'... Then what about the remaining half?"

"We evacuated to a large city with walls."

I thought Belitan was ignorant, but he has surprisingly good judgment...?

I'm sorry. I guess I ignored you too much. I silently listened to his explanation, apologizing in my mind that would never reach me.

"The problem is that there are so many monsters that they even try to climb over the walls. "Every day feels like a war."

"...From now on, we will have to place corps commanders in large cities as well."

"Why have the numbers suddenly increased so much?..."

The Demon King's words following his self-talk were closer to lamentation.

The Demon King clasped his hands together, placed his chin on top of them, and spoke indifferently.

"It's because the hero died. "Because the balance is broken."

While saying that, the Demon King looked at me once.

No, why are you looking at me? It's not my fault? You were the one who drove the hero to death in the first place, right?

Nevertheless, I was not confident to look directly into his eyes, so I secretly avoided my gaze, and the devil said as if he was shuffling through an unknown document when I looked away.

"There are four big cities... Moreover, if the 12th Legion is incapable of combat, it will definitely be difficult to defend."

“Yes, I am requesting assistance.”

“where... “The remaining manpower...”

An ominous feeling runs down my spine. I quickly lowered my gaze to hide my trembling pupils.

I realized it too late, but the cube was spinning like crazy under the desk.

It was my first time knowing that my hands could move so magically.

Click, click, click.

Why are you so anxious? Isn't that natural?

When you think of surplus manpower, who comes to mind? It's me. A surplus of surplus that doesn't even do the paperwork that all corps commanders are responsible for! All they do is burn down the garden and knock over the food trays...

“Damon, you'd better go.”

...snap.

My hand stopped. My breathing also stopped.

‘No way! ‘You need to take a break!’

At first glance, I thought I saw someone beckoning from across the river.

As I hurriedly supplied oxygen to my lungs, my head began to spin again. And this time, I became resentful of my racing head.

Before I knew it, I was holding the completed cube tightly with both hands and screaming inwardly.

I knew it would be like this!

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 13**

13. The subordinates are so talented that it's driving me crazy (1)

The cube has been completed.

That means it's the best conclusion.

However...

everyone in the conference room, including the Demon King, held their breath.

'It took a rough turn.'

It means that you feel uncomfortable.

The Demon King carefully examined Deon's expression.

Expressionless as usual. That's why I'm more concerned. I don't know what you're thinking.

However, he seemed to know for sure that he was not in a good mood, so he opened his mouth as if being chased.

"Of course, I know very well what type of combat you specialize in."

"...."

“But monsters also have emotions. Rather, they are more faithful to their emotions than those with intellect. So I’m sure your fighting style will work well.”

“....”

Still no answer.

The Demon King, who became anxious at this, looked at Deon’s eyes and added slowly.

“Besides, you’ve been looking for alcohol before, right?”

I flinch.

The fingertips holding the cube moved slightly.

At the same time, Deon’s expression cracked slightly. And what was revealed was an expression that seemed to indicate slight embarrassment and denial.

In contrast, the Demon King’s face became brighter after checking that expression, confident that he had guessed correctly.

“Doesn’t that mean a lot has accumulated? Wouldn’t it be better to use this opportunity to let it go?”

“....”

Was it too explicit?

The cool silence stands as close as a knife, aiming in all directions.

The source is, of course, Deon.

Judging by the mood, I feel like I should say something more, but I've already said everything I want to say.

In a tense atmosphere, the Demon King quietly waited for his answer.

How much time passed? Deon's head, which seemed to never move for the rest of his life, slowly shook up and down.

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I calmly and slowly rolled my head. It was intended to interpret the words of the devil, who only said things that were incomprehensible, but even though it was interpreted from multiple angles, the conclusion was narrowed down to one.

'So you're saying it's because I'm looking for alcohol?'

I barely stopped my hand from touching my forehead.

One excuse is flimsy. Are you telling me to be deceived or not?

The Demon King is not foolish enough to criticize something like this, so he probably made a flimsy excuse on purpose.

So, this must be an expression of my will to send it unconditionally at any cost, even if I refuse.

'Ha... really.'

There is no choice. I forced my head to nod and felt remorse, but that didn't last long.

As soon as I could express my affirmation, someone stood up from one corner of the table and raised their hand.



“Then I’ll apply too!”

“...Lirinel?”

I was a little surprised when a hand suddenly rose from a place I thought wasn’t there, but I relaxed a little when I saw the familiar appearance that was revealed next.

11th Corps Commander Ririnel. He had the most reassuring appearance, so every time I met him, I would give him various things out of joy.

Of course, I know that that guy has the second highest magical power after the Demon King. I also know very well that they are called little devils on the battlefield.

However, humans are always caught in a narrow-minded way of thinking. Unfortunately, I was also one of those people.

What’s so dangerous about such a small kid? Well, I treated him comfortably with that kind of mentality... but he said he was applying? That kid?

“There are four big cities. “I heard that the number of monsters surging in is increasing by the day.”

Belitan nodded quietly.

Lirinel seemed to have gained strength from the silent affirmation and said, clenching her small hands.

“So what we need is a corps commander who can most efficiently protect the four cities that are separated from each other.”

“Do you want to say that’s you?”

“yes! Belitan is your typical ignorant martial artist who wields an axe. “Daemon uses a dagger.”

I just said I was ignorant...

I’m not the only one who heard this, right?

I glance at Belitan’s face and see that he too must have heard me, unable to say anything in bewilderment, just opening his mouth.

Was there something between the two? For some reason, it seems like Lirinel is setting an edge against Belitan...

“No matter how good your fighting style is with a weapon, all you have to do is protect the castle you are staying in.”

“So, you, who use magic, are going to step forward?”

“yes!”

“Are you selfless?”

“Of course there is!”

“....”

“....”

A groaning sound emerged from among the corps commanders. No, it wasn’t a ‘keuhum’, but I think it was closer to a ‘keuhum’.

Lirinel fidgeted, glanced at me, and spread her shoulders wide as if she had made up her mind.

“I’ll tell you again, there are four cities. So, if Belitan and Demon take charge of one piece each, and I take care of

two, I will thank Demon for his hard work... no, not like this.”

“Lirinel.”

“yes?”

The Demon King changed his posture. He tilts his body, rests his chin, and gently folds the corners of his eyes towards Lirinel. It was a smile so bright that it would captivate anyone.

But I know. That’s a bad-tempered smile made to torture the other person with hope before rejecting them.

The moment when I often said words of comfort in advance to Lirinel, who was about to start crying.

The Demon King uttered one word while maintaining his bright smile. Words so short that you might not believe your ears.

“sun.”

“yes?”

“Do it. “I will allow it.”

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The Demon King showed a benevolent expression towards Lirinel, who had a puzzled expression on her face.

Strangely enough, he volunteered to help, but how can I say something to his face?

Of course, I know that it wasn’t a pure intention. Because she likes Deon.

But that's just idol worship. He readily accepted because he knew that he had absolutely no feelings as a member of the opposite sex, and because he applied for his own rational reasons.

He didn't insist on protecting the same city, but simply offered to take charge of two cities by himself to save Deon the trouble, so why would he refuse?

If she had been overcome by emotion and made an irrational proposal to keep the same castle, she would never have allowed it.

Rather, he would have been angry.

"You want to save the devil some trouble, right? Do whatever you feel like."

In the first place, Deon was sent to relieve stress, but it would be difficult to worry about multiple cities at once and become stressed again.

There is nothing more dangerous than a stressed Deon, at least in this Demon Castle, so in that sense, Lirinel's positive attitude was indeed welcome.

Therefore, the Demon King willingly allowed the 11th Corps Commander, who was originally responsible for the Demon King's Castle's barrier, to go out.

You can deal with attacks from the outside with peace of mind, but there is nothing more difficult to deal with than an ally running rampant inside.

"Instead, before you leave, let's fix the Demon King's barrier."

“yes! “I will make sure it lasts for 100 years!”

...To stay there for 100 years?

The Demon King just laughed.

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After the meeting, everything went smoothly.

What that means is....

“Daemon, everything is ready.”

“Are you sure you really prepared everything?”

“Yes, it’s perfect.”

“Still, just in case, think about it carefully. “Have you forgotten anything?”

“doesn’t exist.”

“Because that memory isn’t something you can trust...”

“Just in case, I asked people who have connections with Demon to tell me more about what he needs. Nothing was missing.”

Perfect. It’s so perfect I feel like crying.

In the end, a voice close to a moan came out of my mouth.

“Isn’t that too fast?...”

“That’s too much praise. “It’s been a while since Demon is going out, so shouldn’t we prepare as quickly as possible?”

it's not that. No.

Why is my lieutenant so capable...!

The 6th and 11th corps are still in full swing, but only our corps has already completed preparations and is waiting outside.

This brings the day of death closer.

As I was lying on the bed in frustration, Ed came from somewhere holding a black robe.

"We're going to the same demon world, so there's no need to wear bandages."

Well, I guess so. There is no harm, it is all the same.

When I go out to the human world, where the sun is, I wrap bandages all over my bare skin and put a robe on top of it.

There is no need to explain how meticulous they are, as they even wear bandages or masks to their faces and put on the hood of their robes.

'It's a little frustrating, but... I can't help it.'

What can I do with my weak body?

Even if your eyes or skin are exposed to sunlight for even a short period of time, problems can occur, so you have no choice but to cover up even if it is uncomfortable.

You might ask, isn't just wearing a robe enough?

However, because the robe could flutter around and expose bare skin such as the hands, arms, or face, it was safest to wrap a bandage in advance and then wear a robe over it.

‘Actually, there is no need for a robe in the demon world, but it is a symbol of sorts.’

It was like that because the ‘0 Corps Commander’ always wore black robes on the battlefield.

To put it mildly, he was even given the nickname ‘Reaper’.

Actually, there was a modifier called ‘crazy’ in front of it, but I will arbitrarily remove that. Other things are different, but especially since it must have originated from a solid misunderstanding.

“Daemon?”

“ah.”

I pressed my cheek to the bed sheet, blinked, and stretched out my hand to grab the robe. Then Rob takes a step away.

“...?”

Despite the annoyance, I raised my head with difficulty. Ed is still seen holding the robe.

He stretched out his arms again and showed his intention to open his palms, but all he got in return was silence. Even after waiting for a long time, the robe was not placed on my hand.

I was very annoyed, but I didn’t have the courage to get angry at Ed, who was a candidate for corps commander, so in the end, I suppressed my frustration and muttered.

“...Give it to me.”

“I’ll put it on for you.”

“Ed, I say this all the time, but it’s not necessary....”

“It’s because I want to do it.”

“....”

I feel burdened. Go away, okay?

Ed is the most capable lieutenant out of all the other lieutenants.

Since he was a candidate for corps commander in the first place, his value can be easily understood without having to elaborate.

How would I feel about having to hire such a talented person?

I like that he is competent and has a kind personality, but somehow I feel like my blood is drying up every day. Especially when ordering something.

It’s roughly like this.

‘What if they try to kill me for making me work too much?’

Or, in the distant future, when you find out that you are a useless person.

‘He might even try to kill me for pandering to such a bastard.’

So, as much as possible, I try not to make him work... but if this guy doesn’t work, I wonder if he has a disease that causes thorns to grow, and he just looks for work day after day.



From going to the human world just to buy a new puzzle or cube, to something as trivial as buying outerwear.

‘Please get some rest, you bastard!’

My conscience and survival instincts are ringing alarm bells like crazy, thinking that this talented person would only serve as a servant.

But Ed persuaded me faster than I could open my mouth to say no.

“If you look at the adjutants of other corps commanders, they are all half-corpse, walking around holding documents. Even while eating, I can’t let go of the documents. But I am watching all of this with a clean face without a single dark circle, holding a silverware with my hand that is not holding a single document. “How do you think I feel?”

“....”

Do you think you’ll be happy?

But this isn’t the answer he wants.

As I quietly close my mouth, Ed lets out a faint sigh. Then, he lightly lifted the robe he was holding to make it easier to wear and said.

“I’m asking this because I feel like if I don’t do this, I really will have no reason to exist. “Will you allow me to put it on you?”

“...as you please.”

The word is permission, but I have no choice.

Just as I was about to take a sigh and obediently receive Ed's attention, I heard a knock on the door.

Not missing the opportunity, I quickly pulled away and nodded toward the door as if I had been waiting.

"It looks like someone came."

"I will go."

Ed puts his robe down on the bed and heads towards the door.

Meanwhile, I quickly picked up my robe and put it on. It was a quick and perfect workmanship that made me proud.

But I guess that wasn't the case with Ed.

"Daemon, the commander of the 12th Corps visited... Did you put it on yourself?"

"yes."

"It's a mess, isn't it?"

Was I wearing this too hastily?

When I looked again, my robe was disheveled here and there. Still, I don't think it's to the point where I can't watch it completely... Sigh?! Was it enough to make you sigh?

Ed, sighing inaudibly, approaches me again and straightens up the crumpled and disheveled hem of his robe.

As he knotted the straps that held the loose robe in place to prevent it from falling off, he resumed what he had meant to say a moment ago.

“The commander of the 12th Corps has visited. Would you like to meet him?”

“12th Corps Commander...?”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 14**

14. The subordinates are so talented that it's driving me crazy (2)

Oh, I remembered.

A corps commander who was in charge of hunting monsters together with the 6th corps commander Belitan. His name was probably 'Myers'.

I heard you're recuperating from an injury... is it okay to move like this?

Why did I come here before that?

'Oh, no way...'

Are you trying to get angry at me for taking away your job?

It is not an unfounded thought.

Jobs like paperwork may be frowned upon, but jobs related to combat are quite popular among corps commanders.

So, the moment I decided that it was a very promising idea, I quickly responded.

"no."

“yes? Are you...rejecting it?”

“yes.”

Since ancient times, it has been said that safety comes first.

When I nodded with a stern expression, Ed looked at me quizzically for a moment and then walked toward the door as if to express his refusal.

Then he opened the door slightly and said,

“Sorry Myers, but...?”

Stop.

“Why are you here...”

“Daemon...”

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

What is it, who else is here?

The room is large, and out of consideration for me, he whispers softly so I can't hear him.

The good news is that the conversation ended sooner than expected.

“...I get it.”

With a short answer, Ed closes the door again to block sound and sight, and turns to look at me.

His face showed a hint of undesirable emotion that he seemed to be trying to hide, but could not.

“Daemon.”

“yes.”

“Gardener Hien came to visit....”

“The 12th Corps commander hasn’t gone yet, right?”

“yes? yes.”

“I will meet the commander of the 12th Corps.”

Ed, who had a puzzled expression on his face at the immediate answer, soon nodded with a smile on his face. For some reason, he had a cheerful expression on his face, but even so, I had such a complicated mind that I didn’t pay any attention to it.

What day is today? Why do you keep coming back?

‘...What day is it? The day I go to die.’

I don’t know why Hien came, but at least it won’t be a good thing. Because it’s always been like that.

It’s not that Ah Hien’s intentions are evil. He always treated me with pure intentions.

However... with that guy, even if he came back without any problems, it felt like his lifespan had been drastically shortened.

So wouldn’t the commander of the 12th Corps be much better than that crazy gardener?

Moreover, since he was injured, even if he tried to harm me, he would at least be able to avoid it.

I don't know anything else, but I'm confident in one thing: avoiding it.

While I was lost in thought, Myers entered the room and stood in front of me, bowing with a somewhat stiff look on his face.

"It's been a while, Demon."

It's a very stiff face. My face also hardened as it seemed like it was announcing the end.

'This... is dangerous, right?'

Myers, commander of the 12th Corps. The main weapon is a spear. His characteristic is that he is very quiet.

Of course, when he needs to, he says what he wants to say, but he usually keeps his mouth shut to the point where one wonders if he can't speak, so there are rumors going around among his attendants that he had his tongue cut out in some kind of incident in the past.

Of course, I have heard that precious voice a few times during meetings...

'Isn't now the time to speak up? 'Why don't you talk?'

I didn't come here just to say hello between us. After saying hello, let's get to the point.

The silence gets longer. I felt like I was suffocating in the suffocating atmosphere and tried to speak, but I ran into an unexpected difficulty.

‘What should I say?’

And what kind of expression should I make?

Smile? No, if you laugh, they might punch you and ask you if you want to get sick. Then expressionless? Even though I just said hello, people might ask what kind of expression I had on my face.

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

As time passes, Myers’ expression becomes more determined.

Sensing that my life was in danger, I sent a look to the competent adjutant, pleading for help, but Ed took a step back, as if he was truly oblivious or just pretending not to notice.

He was a truly capable but useless lieutenant.

I’d rather bleed, but the blood that normally flows out like an open faucet seems to have become completely clogged at this time and doesn’t show any signs of coming out.

In the awkward atmosphere, I secretly regretted it.

‘If this is going to be the case, Hien might have been better...’ As

I looked back at myself, who seemed to have forgotten my past experiences, or rather, was glorifying even those past experiences, and was once again realizing how treacherous the human heart is, I heard a coughing sound.

“Ed?”



“Hmm, 12th Corps Commander. “If you come, I’ll tell you...”

Thank you for saying what I wanted to say, but what if this offends me even more?

I carefully raised my head and made eye contact with Myers. When our eyes meet, his pupils tremble slightly.

He clearly looks angry. Should he apologize...?

But I didn’t really do anything wrong? To be honest, this is the one I want to be angry about.

Now, because of who I am, I am entrusted with a dangerous mission.

Of course, I didn’t have the courage to say my thoughts out loud, so as I was trying to decide what to say, Myers bowed low. It was a disciplined and sharp action.

“I’m sorry for the inconvenience.”

“...yes?”

“I felt like I had to tell you this.”

I stared blankly at the top of his head.

Next is his shoulders, which are clearly visible through his clothes due to the angle. The white bandages that started from his shoulders and went down to his upper body clearly showed that he had suffered quite a few injuries.

Uh... then that posture wouldn’t be very good for the wound.

“Stretch your back.”

“yes!”

I was just worried about getting injured, so I told him to straighten his back, but he straightened his back as if he were flipping it like a rapier that had been forcibly bent.

I wonder if it was as if I heard an auditory hallucination of a ‘popping sound’.

For a moment, I was worried that if I did that, the wound would get wider, but Myers frowned slightly as if there was a problem with the wound.

I turned my head, trying hard to pretend not to see the pained eyebrows and the white bandages turning red again.

‘Anyway, you’re not angry, right?’

On the contrary, since he is apologizing to me, I don’t think he will get hit even if I don’t know what it is. That means there’s no need to be so nervous.

Now that you’ve put your mind to rest, it’s time to listen to the explanation.

I invited him to sit on the chair at the table in the middle of the room, and I sat across from him.

“What should I do if you apologize so quickly without any further explanation?”

“What should I do... uh... I think you should receive an apology.”

“...I wasn’t asking how to do it just now....”

“I’m sorry.”

“No... First, straighten your back...”

“Yes.”

Ttuduk.

I looked at him blankly, then quietly turned my gaze to Ed, who was standing to one side.

I can't handle him. How can you not do it for me?

‘...What if even you are shocked?’

A look of astonishment appeared on his clean-cut face. Probably me too. Who would have thought that the famously quiet commander of the 12th Corps would have this kind of personality?

‘I think it's a good thing you just kept your mouth shut.’

That concept is very good. Just push on like this.

If you open your mouth carelessly, you'll get in big trouble later.

I quickly adjusted my expression and remembered the purpose of the conversation before I got caught up in his words and actions.

“I asked why you apologized.”

“Ah...”

I laid the board down, so now all I have to do is explain it.

But why is this kid falling like this?

The table shakes violently due to the distance between the legs. If there had been a teacup on top of this, the tea wouldn't have overflowed and spilled and made a mess.

It was the moment I, who couldn't wait, wanted to say something. Before I could even open my mouth, the guy jumped up from his seat.

"Look at that deputy...!"

"...?"

Hwiik.

A strong wind blew.

When I came to, Myers was already gone.

As I looked around to see if I was hiding somewhere, Ed quietly approached me and said,

"I went out."

"...huh?!"

"I think I went to call my adjutant, but I don't know when he will return, so why don't you go down first?"

I nodded and headed for the door.

I'm curious as to why he apologized, but my life isn't at stake and I don't mind hearing an explanation.

And more than anything, I don't want to wait. It's uncomfortable to face it again.

Without thinking, I put my hand on the handle. Soon the door opened and

“....”

Boom.

closed.

“Demon! “I have a plant to give you before you leave...!”

“Demon?! “I came out to meet you, but aren’t you treating the devil too harshly?”

“I am the adjutant of the 12th Corps Commander Myers! Regarding Mr. Myers’ rudeness...”

The knocking sound doesn’t seem to stop.

Fortunately, it didn’t turn into a banging sound, but it was still so loud that I covered my ears.

Ah, another voice was added to the voice heard from outside.

“This is Myers...”

“Make it louder! Bigger! “Daemon, if you get angry, will I really quit being your lieutenant?”

“It’s Myers!”

This is a dream. It must be a dream.

The world was going crazy.

Eventually the door opened. In the first place, it was impossible to hold out forever when the devil was standing outside the door.

What does it mean that the door is open?

Yes. I am now surrounded by these terrible demons.

The first person to step forward was Myers' lieutenant.

He pushed aside the people who were fighting with each other and took Myers' hand. He politely politely opened his mouth with a voice that was as neat as his actions.

"Hello, Demon. I am Dahar, the adjutant of the 12th Corps Commander Myers. I'm sure you must have been quite uncomfortable with the sudden visit, but thank you very much for being so lenient. And I apologize for this rudeness. I'm really sorry."

Dahar bowed deeply and stabbed Myers' waist with his finger.

Then Myers, who was standing restlessly next to me, lowered his head.

"sorry."

"Oh yeah..."

What is this?

"Despite my rudeness, there is a reason why I came to visit so suddenly. It is none other than the injury of my boss Myers, and I heard that Mr. Demon has taken on that role."

"Well, that's right."

I was just about to leave.

I quietly glanced at those surrounding me.

Starting with Hien, who is holding a seed of an unknown plant, the demon king looks grumpy as if he is dissatisfied

with the fact that the door was not opened for him. And even the 12th Corps commander Myers and his lieutenant Dahar are in front of us.

“You must have felt uncomfortable and bothered since you took on an unexpected task. To apologize for that, I kicked Myers out... No, Myers came to visit...”

Dahar glared at Myers.

“...You made a huge mistake...”

Oh, the words come out in a blur.

The low voice that sounds like gritted teeth is quite eerie. I remained silent, and Myers bowed his head in shock every time he stopped speaking.

Today, I seem to be seeing a lot of new aspects of the commander of the 12th Corps that I wasn't even curious about.

I made a subtle expression for a moment, but then I hurriedly shook my head because I felt like I was really going to see the 12th Corps commander getting ripped off by his adjutant in front of me.

It would be difficult and insignificant to make such a fuss in front of me... I think it would be better to protect the honor of the taciturn 12th Corps commander.

“If you'll excuse me... I think I'm referring to his outrageous remark, but it really wasn't a big deal...”

“Yes?!”

Oh, I guess I guessed wrong.

I felt a bit sorry and was looking at Myers's thoughts, but Dahar suddenly raised his head and said as if he was shocked.

"Oh my god, not only did you run away, but you also said something outrageous?! What on earth did you say?"

...also?



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 15**

15. The subordinates are so talented that it's driving me crazy (3) As expected,

the 12th Corps commander tends to cause accidents whenever he opens his mouth.

Some people may think it is not a big deal, but it is a problem that can become serious depending on the situation.

For example, let's say you said something like this when you had an audience with the emperor of the empire.

'...It's scary to even imagine.'

Especially since this emperor is a tyrant, I guarantee that if Myers had been there, he would have been beheaded before he could last even a week.

And, absurdly, the demons of this demon kingdom see me as a person with similar tendencies to that tyrant emperor.

How can you be so sure? Because the way they looked at me was very similar to the way the subjects looked at the emperor.

That's why the adjutant was so shocked.

“Um... that.”

I felt too sorry for Myers to say yes, so I postponed my answer. It already feels like I’m being tempted, so should I deny it now?...

Dahar’s eyes narrow as he hesitates, unable to confirm or deny.

He glared at Myers once and bowed politely to me again.

“I’m sorry, Demon. “Please excuse me for a moment, Mr. Myers.”

Dahar strides out the door.

Myers, who was confused, said, ‘Myers, you’re not going to come out?’ I ran after him as if I had been burned by an angry voice disguised as kindness.

And beyond the closed door, I began to hear Dahar’s nagging, starting with the lament, ‘I really can’t survive...’

“Didn’t I tell you to keep your mouth shut? Mr. Myers is the type of person who will get beaten up if he opens his mouth! Why did you open your mouth in front of Demon when you could have just apologized? Did you want to die like that? Wouldn’t you rather just ask the devil to kill you? “If it were the Demon King, he would send it to me more graciously than if it were Demon King.”

The reticent concept was decided by the adjutant. Honestly, I think it was a very good choice.

It seems that the adjutant there is just as capable as this one.

Still, if you compare it to Ed, I think Ed is much better. At least Ed doesn't use such painful verbal violence towards me.

'...huh? Now that I think about it, I see that this room is soundproofed? And that too with the devil's soundproofing magic that can never be broken through...'

Suspensions about the soundproofing problem did not last long. Because it was more fun to focus on the conversation coming from outside than to worry about that problem.

Before I knew it, the room was engulfed in silence, as if it wasn't just my thoughts.

Dahar didn't stop talking as if there was some kind of magic on his mouth, and Myers just listened in silence. Even though it was invisible, it was still sad.

Oh, sometimes Myers also protested, but...

"But Demon, you are asking a question..."

"At least before you answer, think about whether that is a normal answer... Ah, I see. I made a mistake. Because you can't distinguish between them, you end up having an accident like this. Just keep your mouth shut. Answer with gestures. "I didn't correct your behavior for no reason."

The more I hear about him, the more amazing he is.

That disciplined, sharp, and serious behavior was all corrected by him.

Myers' voice disappeared, as if he had shrunk again. Tsk tsk, poor bastard.

At that time, the Demon King, who was listening to the other side just like me, changed his posture and waved his hand in the air as if he had lost interest. Then the outside sounds were blocked.

“I forgot to leave it alone for a moment.”

“...?”

“Because you didn’t open the door, I temporarily canceled the soundproofing spell.”

“yes...?”

Originally, soundproofing magic was applied to many important places, including the Demon King’s room and the corps commander’s room.

The only sound that gets through is the knocking sound and the few seconds that follow – that is, just enough time to exchange business and permission.

“If you arbitrarily remove it....”

“Huh?”

“no.”

But the opponent is the devil. There’s nothing I can say.

I turned my head shakily and looked at the Demon King. Next to me, Hien was giving me a sad look, but the seed of an unknown plant in my hand looked so ominous that I looked away.

“What brings you here?”

“What’s going on? “It’s been a long time since you went out, so shouldn’t I at least see you off?”

“Ah... there’s no need for that...”

“That’s right. There was no need for that. “I never thought I would be shut out at the door.”

Was the Demon King really this mean?

Even if I answered something, it would be like digging my own grave, so I couldn’t answer and just rolled my eyes with a clumsy expression.

Is there any way to get out of this situation?

...does not exist.

At best, all we can do is leave it to luck.

I became desperate for blood once again. I’m sure they wouldn’t show their backs towards a sick person.

How did I get the blood to come out? I think it came out even if my blood pressure went up just a little bit. So, with this boiling feeling inside....

“Daemon...”

“Hmm?”

Oh no. I was so distracted that I answered without thinking.

Needless to say, my face turned pale as I belatedly recognized the owner of the voice.

I froze for a moment because I thought I was screwed, then slowly rolled my eyes and checked where the voice came

from.

As expected, Hien was there with a bright smile on his face, as if he was happy that his voice had finally reached him.

With a smile on his face, he held out 'something that didn't look pleasant at all' in his hand.

"Demon said he was going out, so I brought seeds of plants that can be used for self-defense."

"...is this a man-eating plant?"

"Yes, not only that, but it is also very powerful and can eat demons..."

Oh, it rises. My blood pressure is rising.

I can feel a fishy scent from deep inside my body. I knew from past experience that this was a symptom before vomiting blood. I quietly covered my mouth.

Sure enough, something hot rises up my throat. The moment my lips parted and I was about to spit it out.

"Woo...."

Quang!

"Daemon!"

"...Yuck?!"

Ben appeared carrying a visiting bag.

What's happening so fast?!

Oh right. My doctor said he had some kind of magical device. Was it a magic stone?

How can he be so capable?

‘What if he comes before I can get out of this situation?...’

He was so capable that I almost wanted to cry.

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Thanks to the competent doctor, the situation was brought under control before it even broke out.

Still, I don’t think it was a real loss since they were able to use the excuse of not being well to drive Hien away and send back the 12th Corps Commander Myers and his adjutant who were having a fight outside the door.

However, if there is one thing I regret, I tried to use this as an excuse to cancel this mission...

“This mission...”

“Huh? Ah... Even at this point, I’m obsessed with my mission...”

What kind of bullshit are you talking about obsession...

I frowned without realizing it.

It was an expression that clearly revealed ‘What kind of nonsense is that?’, but the Demon King sighed and shook his head as if he couldn’t stop it, as he didn’t know how to accept it.

“don’t worry. Because there will be no cancellation of the mission. Instead, make sure you carry your van with you

wherever you go.”

“....”

“I know there’s no way you could die from something like that. But you still don’t know, right? “I’m weakened from the aftereffects, and it might be a little dangerous if someone attacks me while I’m off guard.”

Even if you’re not careful, it’s dangerous if someone attacks you. Even the strong demons wouldn’t know that I’m dangerous.

Ah, it’s a pain in the ass.

“Huh?! Demon! “What is your blood pressure status?”

“...It’s no big deal. “Let’s go.”

Ignoring Ben’s worried look, I took a deep breath and headed for the door.

Actually, this wasn’t my move. My capable and loyal lieutenant was standing firmly in one place, waiting for me to come out, and his eyes were so stinging.

“This way.”

Edgar opened the door as if he had been waiting and led the way to the place where the corps members would be waiting.

It seems like there has been a long delay due to unexpected events, but I’m sure they won’t cause me any harm by making me wait that long...?

Ah, I just thought about it. You don’t want to go anymore.



I tried to move at least slowly, but as I chased after Ed, who was moving forward with great strides, I soon arrived in front of the first floor entrance.

There are corps members waiting behind that door. You must be angry because it's late. They are vicious even when they are still, so how cruel can their angry eyes be?

I felt like I would die of a heart attack if I opened the door unprepared, so I hurriedly called Ed who was trying to open the door.

"for a moment."

"yes?"

"...I will open it."

Ed tilted his head and then retreated without saying anything.

I walked slowly, stood in front of the door, and took a slow, deep breath.

"Daemon, your heart is beating strangely fast. Are you okay?"

"...Is something like that even measurable?"

"yes. "Isn't it natural that Demon's health depends on it?"

"...."

I glared at the strange jewel hanging around Ben's neck.

I want to take that thing away and destroy it right away, but I don't know why I can't.

But what can you do since you don't have the strength to do so and you also don't have enough strength to break the jewel in the first place? I was helpless, as usual, and resigned myself to putting my hand on the door.

"Are you sure you're okay? The speed at which your heart beats...."

"...."

"Aren't you looking at Ben Demon too weakly? "There's no way Demon could have suffered a blow like that."

Yes, that's exactly what I want to say. No matter how weak I am, there's no way I could be that dangerous.

Also Ed. How can you know exactly how I feel and represent me like this?

I was cheering hard on the inside, but Ben, who I thought would calm down by this point, instead started going wild, saying, 'How can a guy called my lieutenant be so indifferent?'

It was truly a terrifying force.

"That's ridiculous! If you're not careful, it could be really dangerous! Do you know what Demon's current physical condition is?"

"How is it?"

I was pushed by the momentum!

"It's like a cracked glass that might break at any moment! In fact, the aftereffects are so bad that it can be seen that they are eating away at Demon's body!"

“That can’t be possible!”

Umm... was my physical condition that bad...?

Once again, I felt fortunate that I had a great excuse for the aftereffects.

Once again, I want to make it clear that I have no aftereffects. In other words, my current physical condition is something I was born with...

I should not let this fact be discovered even if I die. It’s dangerous, but it’s also too embarrassing.

While I was making a promise to myself, Ed came towards me with a white face and started examining my complexion.

“Are you sure you’re okay? “Your face looks pale.”

“It was originally like this...”

“Your lips seem to be redder than usual too... I wonder if you were biting your lips to endure the pain.”

“It was like this originally.”

I feel embarrassed. stop.

I turned my back to him, telling him not to say any more. And without giving the two of them a chance to say anything more, they opened the door.

Cold air passes by my cheek, and the three half-overlapping moons shine brightly on the ground as if telling me to come out.

And there.

The corps members lined up motionless—

‘...the minister.’

If only their eyes weren’t on me.

When the door opened, he didn’t make any movement and just rolled his eyes and looked at me. It was a sight that would have been enough to scare an ordinary person like me.

I stopped in place to hide my shaking legs.

Ben said from behind, ‘Oh, another heartbeat!’ I heard a low muttering, but did I hear it? Ah, I don’t know. I feel like my mind is going blank.

“....”

“....”

Cold sweat was running down my spine. Sweat was also running down their foreheads.

Perhaps the sweat on their foreheads means something different from my sweat.

Yes, if you stayed in that position until I came out, I can completely understand why you were sweating.

However, there is a possibility that it was sweat coming out of anger...

Thinking that if I was not careful, I could be killed as soon as I left the castle, I began to desperately think about what I should say to survive.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 16**

16. The subordinates are so talented that it's driving me crazy (4)

This is the first demon I've seen since the '0 Corps training ground intrusion incident'.

The corps members were as nervous as ever in their lives as they waited for Demon to come out.

After 'that day', Demon did not visit the training ground again.

Of course, he was a person who visited extremely infrequently, but since there was a not-so-small incident, I thought he might visit at least once more. However, as if to ridicule the thoughts of such corps members, he did not visit corps 0 until today.

Naturally, the corps members could not help but be overcome with anxiety.

"Are you still angry?"

"But you certainly seemed fine at the time."

"You idiot, do you believe what you see?"

“You must be tired of our inability to notice even that intruder...” “

....”

A silence fell that was closer to gloom rather than coldness.

I want to deny it, but I can't. Because he is someone who can have a greater impact on the battlefield when he directly jumps into battle and swings a dagger than when he commands an army.

It was obvious that for such a person, even if he had a corps member, he would be just fine without it.

So I trained harder. Even though I couldn't help, I tried and tried not to be a hindrance.

In the end, it spun around and was back in place.

Our corps commander's skills were beyond our imagination, and they still couldn't even keep up with his toes.

I was proud that I had improved my skills on that topic...

On that day when things were a little relaxed, Demon came to visit and caught an intruder who had sneaked into the training center without anyone noticing. It was also proof that our skills, which we believed had grown, were completely useless.

So it's natural for you to get tired of it.

Because I'm incompetent. Because it would be more comfortable and advantageous to be alone.

“...Let's do some training.”

“Okay, I’m leaving in a few days, so I need to improve my skills a little more so I don’t get in trouble.”

“Because there’s nothing we can do anyway.”

You have to see Demon’s face to know anything, but all the corps members could do because they couldn’t see him face to face was to wait for the day to go out and make all kinds of guesses.

And today.

Now that everything is ready and waiting.

‘...Why aren’t you coming out?’

Even though a considerable amount of time has passed, Daemon does not appear. How long has it been since your adjutant, Ed, went to pick you up?

Anxiety began to spread throughout the corps through the cold dawn wind.

I couldn’t move because I didn’t know when Demon would come out, so I just rolled my eyes here and there, and finally the door that had been firmly closed burst open.

Demon, who had a more stern expression than usual, seemed to be calmly walking out, but when he saw us, he stopped in place.

And as they looked at his face becoming increasingly colder, the corps members were convinced.

‘It looks like he still doesn’t want to see us.’

There is silence.

The early morning breeze was cold, but sweat was dripping from my forehead like rain.

My mouth feels dry. I guess it was the same for everyone, but I heard the sound of someone wiping dry needles.

‘We won’t be abandoned as soon as we go outside.’

The corps members were desperately exchanging glances with each other as they tried to quickly think of a way to relieve Demon’s anger.

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I am a quiet person. Is it surprising that someone who was born with a different appearance than others and has lived a life of discrimination would be good at talking to others?

Giving an appropriate answer to someone else’s words itself consumes a lot of my heart and brain, and it is that tiring.

To twist this a bit, it’s hard to give an appropriate answer, but you can never speak up first when there’s such awkward silence.

So now I am.

‘...’

I was waiting for someone among them to open their mouth first.

Fortunately, the silence wasn’t that long compared to what I had experienced so far.

“What are you all doing? “Daemon, you’re angry!”

“?!”



The intervention of someone completely different, not a corps member, nor Ben or Ed.

That alone was surprising, but the content contained in the voice was enough to make me cringe.

‘I’m not angry?’

It’s not my situation to be angry in the first place. This is obviously my fault for being late...

No, no, that’s not the important thing...

“Lirinel?”

why are you here

I slightly raised my head towards the place where the voice came from and saw a small figure floating in the sky.

The sight of her with her back to the moon is quite dreamy, but unfortunately her small and petite body does not capture anything more than cuteness.

I think he wanted to look cool... Maybe I should buy him some milk later. It’s too bad I can’t watch it.

“sorry!”

Oh please...!

While they were momentarily distracted from the sky, the corps members bowed as a group as if some wind had blown.

A loud voice dispersed like an echo in the sky.

‘What’s wrong with you too? Really... there’s nothing you need to apologize for... could it be because of Ririnel?’

The commander of the 11th Legion and the owner of a magical power second only to the Demon King.

I often forget about it because of its cute appearance, but that doesn’t mean its fame is going anywhere.

So, for mere corps members, it would be like heaven.

Such a heavenly being shouts out with the nuance that you should quickly apologize? Even if you didn’t do anything wrong, you have no choice but to apologize.

‘And I will take the blame...’

Lirinel, who had no way of knowing what was burning inside me, landed in my line of fire.

He pretends to be shy and polite and says, ‘I did a good job, right?’ He looks at me with that expression on his face... Damn, I can’t even be angry if he looks like that.

I feel like if I get angry, I will become an unscrupulous adult who gets angry at a child.

Of course, I don’t have the courage to do that.

First, we need to resolve this situation. What should I do first? Legion member? Lyrinel?

Okay, first of all, the corps members who are maintaining a posture that looks like their backs are hurting.

“First of all, everyone raise their heads...”

Persuasion was quite difficult.

The corps members were so persistent. It was only after saying it was okay several times that I was able to straighten my back and look at their faces.

I had to think seriously for a while about why I had to persuade them, but once I got over this uncomfortable atmosphere, if I was satisfied, it could be said to be a satisfactory result.

The reason for the apology was also quite absurd.

That incident when I was lucky enough to catch an intruder.

They say they bothered me because their skills aren't good enough or something like that.

When did that ever happen?

"...By the way, Lirinel?"

"Yes, Demon!"

"Why are you here...?"

"Ah, that's right! So... I want to give you this."

Lirinel, who was looking this way with a somewhat bewildered expression, hurriedly rummaged through her pockets.

What finally appeared was a necklace similar to the one hanging around Ben's neck.

For a moment, I had a terrible thought that I had stolen something from Ben, but then I remembered that the thing on the string was a magic stone and nodded.

Demons usually use magic stones by attaching them to necklaces.

But why do I do this to me?

“This will save you from instant death at least once.”

“thank you.”

Let's not ask why. They say they will give it to me, but I have to take it. How dare you ask why a gift is given? Rudely.

As soon as I put it on my neck, Lirinel smiles brightly.

It's cute too. What makes me think this is a corps commander? Just a kid.

I stroked my head without realizing it. Then, the muffler around Lirinel's neck moves energetically.

‘Ah... that was a tentacle.’

Two tentacles camouflaged around my neck like a muffler to reduce as much resistance as possible from me as a human.

I watched it writhing excitedly with an indescribable expression, and then slowly withdrew my hand.

I turned around as if nothing had happened as best as I could, but the sight I saw when I turned around made my efforts go to waste.

‘...What are you guys doing...?’

Before we knew it, the corps members were splitting on both sides and creating a road.

And at the end, there is a horse traipsing with black air flowing in the air, and Ed, a capable adjutant, waiting holding the reins.

I froze in place again at this shocking scene.

A curse lingers in my mouth as if it's about to burst out at any moment.

'That's right, there was that... damn it.'

That's one of the reasons why I don't want to go out of the Demon King's Castle.

A horse that looks cool, but has an appearance that you would never want to ride if you were asked to ride it.

The horses of the demon world are different from the horses of the human world, so they look scary from the start. It looks like someone would avoid it and look at it if they entered the war riding it.

His temper is even dirtier!

If I get on top of that, I will definitely die.

Fall to death, step on to death, or get bitten to death.

[illegible]

No matter what, that isn't right.

It's been about a year and a half since I survived all kinds of dangers in the Demon King's Castle.

The greatest challenge of all time was at hand.

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“What is that?”

The Demon King, who was watching Deon through the window, frowned.

What a horse. These are not the words of the human world, but the words of the demon world. The guy who was coughing up blood just a moment ago is riding something like that?

“Demon King? Is there a problem?”

“Nothing.”

In response to Belitan’s puzzled question, I shook my head left and right and looked out the window again.

I would like to see him off from the beginning until he leaves the Demon King’s Castle, but the 0th Legion is not the only corps that is going on a campaign, and a man whose name is the Demon King cannot show his favoritism openly even in an official setting such as a campaign, so I am preparing for the campaign. I had no choice but to look for other legions as well.

But then you try to ride something so ignorant with a body that could break at any moment.

That’s what happens if you take your eyes off me even for a moment.

“Belitan.”

“yes.”

“Do you have a communication seat?”

“Yes that’s right.”

“Is Ed’s communication stone also engraved?”

“yes.”

“Okay, let’s borrow it for a while.”

I took Belitan’s communication seat and connected it to Ed’s communication seat.

I could have contacted Deon, but there was a reason why I didn’t.

Even if I contact them, they won’t answer.

It’s not like I’m ignoring it on purpose. If he carried the communication stone with him, it would be broken in no time, so he gave a direct order to keep it only in the room. So even if you contact them, they won’t answer.

There is no particular inconvenience.

He was usually confined to his room, and when he went out like now, his deputy, Ed, was always with him.

As a competent adjutant, Ed always carried a communication box with him.

It’s still like that now.

-Yes, I am Ed, the commander of the 0th Corps.

“It’s a caber.”

-Ah, yes, Demon King. What’s going on?

“Are you out of your mind?”

-...yes?

Perhaps taken aback by the sudden reprimand, the answer came back a beat slower.

However, the Demon King seemed to have no intention of stopping his reprimand and began to push forward without hesitation.

“You want to ride a human who doesn’t know when he might vomit blood? And the words of the demon world? “Isn’t it crazy to try to force a person in poor physical condition to travel such a long distance on horseback?”

-...sorry.

When it comes out like that, there is nothing more to say. The Demon King was silent for a moment, feeling completely chilled as if cold water had been poured on his head.

In fact, it would be unfair from Ed’s perspective.

Because Deon likes the words of the demon world. Perhaps because there were no horses like that in the human world, I would often stare at someone riding a horse.

So far, he hasn’t said anything about wanting to ride or see a horse, but if he was so indifferent to everything and stared at him, he must have liked horses quite a bit.

There’s no way Ed, his lieutenant, wouldn’t know that... He

probably thought it would be difficult to break Deon’s stubbornness by making a guess, and immediately prepared to speak.



It's a long-awaited outing for a person who rarely goes out to the outside world and is confined to the inside. It would be natural to want to go riding a horse.

"...I understand."

-no. Didn't even try to convince me. sorry.

Convincing Deon couldn't be that easy.

The act of breaking stubbornness itself is not difficult. Even trying to persuade him was a difficult task that required great determination.

He is like a time bomb that does not know when it will explode.

As docile as it was normally, it was quite dangerous once it exploded, so I had no choice but to be careful.

Even because they are humans, the timing of their anger is different from that of demons, making it more difficult.

Of course, it would have been easier to prepare quietly than to persuade.

"Anyway, that doesn't work. Get the carriage ready right now."

-yes.

"I take care of persuasion."

-...yes.

It seemed like the answer was somewhat late, but the Demon King pretended not to notice and looked away.

In the end, he had no wish to incur Deon's anger or hatred.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 17**

17. The subordinates are so talented that it drives me crazy  
(5)

The problem of horses, which I thought was the crisis of a lifetime, was solved more easily than expected.

Ed made contact with someone, put away his horse, and prepared a carriage.

Then, he approached me and carefully asked for my understanding in an extremely polite manner... I honestly wondered why he was so reserved.

I like it though.

Anyway, after receiving Ed's repeated apologies, I got into the carriage and was now leaving the castle and heading towards the city.

Of course, because the road wasn't paved at all, my butt hurt every time the carriage ran... but what can I do? It's much better than riding that horse.

And even if you don't want to endure it, you have no choice but to endure it. There's Ed in front of me.

He sat across from me, saying he had something to explain, and was calmly flipping through documents and reading the

fine print in this rough, shaking carriage.

It was truly an amazing ability.

“The reason why monsters are targeting the city is simple. Because there is plenty of food. Originally, they would have targeted small villages that could not offer any resistance, but now that all that is left is the city, it is natural for them to flock there.”

“If you think about it that way, the Demon King Castle is also the size of a small city...”

“Isn’t there a Demon King in the Demon King Castle? In addition, there are corps commanders.”

“ah.”

“On the other hand, the city has nothing but easy-going people. A city that seems like it can do anything if it pushes against the Demon King’s Castle, which is full of powerful people whose end is unknown. “If you had to choose between the two, you would definitely choose the city.”

Monsters have no reason. Just be faithful to your instincts.

There was no way these guys, who had developed instincts as much as they lacked reason, could not feel the energy emanating from the Demon King’s Castle. Even if you couldn’t feel it, you could have at least sensed the danger.

It’s just that there’s no reason, but that doesn’t mean there’s no emotion.

As long as the feeling of fear was not lost, it was natural to avoid the Demon King Castle.

“And the city is often visited by people from other regions for exchanges. So, just by guarding the road and attacking them, you could have had enough to eat.”

“It’s not there now, so they’re probably targeting the castle itself.”

“Yes, that’s right....”

Quang!

Wow!!

The carriage shook violently. My paper-like body also shook.

Ed, who naturally caught me when he was running at me with the intention of headbutting me, checked my body to see if there was anything wrong with it, and then sat me down and continued talking as if nothing had happened.

“...That’s right. So, in the castle we...”

-Kill!!

“Be on guard...”

-Don’t let them get near the carriage!

“...I plan to do it.”

-You damn monsters!! die! Die ooooo!!

...It’s truly amazing in many ways.

There were several attacks by monsters on the way here. How could I, who was so shocked at first, sit so calmly now?

But Ed’s calmness went beyond common sense.

Unable to bear it any longer, I slowly opened the window, looked outside, and made a vague comment.

It was chaos outside.

“Ed, aren’t you going to help me?”

“The corps members will take care of it. “Don’t worry, we’re not in the 0 Corps for nothing.”

“Uh... well....”

It sure looks like that. The corps members were steadily killing monsters.

There don’t seem to be any serious injuries, and no matter how bad they are, everyone can take care of at least one animal...

But... Why is Ben there?

“die! “Die!”

Sigh!

Blood splattered. I quickly leaned back and closed the window.

I thought it moved pretty quickly, but it seems it was already too late. There was warm liquid on my cheek.

Well, I know one thing for sure. Ben is out of his mind right now.

When I roughly stole it with the back of my hand, Ed, who was shocked for some reason, hurriedly took out a handkerchief and wiped it with a white face, and spoke in a stern voice.

“I think it would be best to open the window after the battle is over.”

“Uh, yes. All right. But Ben...”

I thought back to the image of Ben I saw a little while ago.

The sight of him swinging his visitation bag and smashing the monster’s head, letting out an even louder scream.

To the point where there was confusion about his occupation.

Wasn’t he his doctor? Where did the doctor go and what kind of berserker seems to have been there?

“Ah, Ben, once he feels the touch, he has a hard time controlling himself. “Even if they look like that, they are demons.”

That’s right, they’re demons. I forgot about it for a while.

He’s not only a doctor, but he’s also good at fighting. Isn’t this enough to take just one person with you?

However, they say he can’t control himself once he goes on a rampage, so I never want to be alone with him.

As I remembered the past times when we were alone together for purposes such as treatment, I slowly massaged my stomach in shock.

‘Oh, I feel sick.’

Somehow, it feels like the more capable people around me, the shorter my lifespan.

-Hahahaha! Die you bastards!!

“Haa...”

I leaned my head helplessly against the wall of the carriage, listening to Ben’s frantic voice coming from outside.

Ah, it’s a monster and I hope it ends quickly.

“short break!”

“rest!”

Ed’s loud voice came through the crack in the door and into the carriage. In addition, the voices of the corps members repeating the song.

I sat there for a while, stretching out my soggy body and thinking to myself.

‘Looking at him like that, it looks like he’s a lieutenant.’

As I tried to wait on him so much and did little errands, I got confused with the servant.

From the Empire’s point of view, that is what the vice-corps commander should do, but in the Demon King’s Castle, the corps commanders’ adjutants also serve as the vice-corps commander, so Ed is currently performing his role very well.

It was frustrating to stay in the carriage all day, so I got out of the carriage to rest my sore butt and get some air.

When I opened the door and got out, what looked scary was a group of black horses with a black air. They showed off their overwhelming majesty just by themselves, and were gathered in one place, tearing at something.

I was momentarily startled by the seemingly peaceful atmosphere, but was able to relax, albeit slightly.



‘Still, it seems like words are words. I saw that they were grazing in a way that did not match their appearance... Hmm?’

...Something is a little strange.

Isn't that... a monster corpse?

right. It really is a monster corpse. So, right now, those guys are peacefully huddled together and eating monster corpses...

As soon as I realized the fact, I reflexively retreated.

I came to my senses when I felt the hard, cold carriage door on my back.

“Daemon.”

“ .... ”

“Daemon?”

“ .... ”

Damn scary things! There are even many.

There are as many corps members as there are, so it's natural that there are a lot of them... but it's also scary. It won't suddenly go crazy or something, right?

Maybe it's because of its terrifying appearance that can't be seen in the human world, but my eyes keep going there against my will.

It's definitely not because I'm interested. No, if it's interest, it's interest. Keeping something in sight for vigilance is also a form of interest.

As I was staring blankly at the group of horses, a water bottle was suddenly thrust in front of my nose.

“Daemon, would you like some water?”

For something that was brought up out of the blue, the attitude was quite polite.

The owner of this action, which seemed more like offering rather than offering, was none other than Ed, his loyal lieutenant.

Actually, I expected it.

‘How many people can be so devoted to me?’

How can he fulfill his duty like this even though the other person is just a human being?

“Thank you.”

Gratitude for water and gratitude for me as a human being doing my duty without showing any signs of it.

Ed, who had no way of knowing that this greeting had two meanings, smiled and said that it was only natural.

Then, he glanced at me at the group of horses I had been staring at blankly a moment ago, and then spoke carefully, as if he had decided on something.

“I saw you a little while ago... I thought you were looking at a horse...”

“Oh yes.”

Damn, I almost forgot.

Yes, I was watching. I'm afraid they might go crazy.

The strong demons might not know, but if I, who am particularly weak among humans, hit something like that, my body and soul would be separated. So we have no choice but to be on guard.

Anyway, it seems like he's watching me quite a bit for noticing that. Did the devil give an order?

'No, maybe because of the resignation letter?'

Because you think I might jump?

It is a somewhat plausible guess.

Ed, who was a little hesitant and appalled by the Demon King's persistent attitude, slowly spoke. The words that came out of his hesitantly opened lips contained something that was completely unexpected.

"Do you... perhaps want to ride a horse?"

"yes?"

"As expected, you still had some regrets..."

I was doing well and then suddenly what does this mean?  
You want me to ride that horrible thing?

I gaped at the absurdity and belatedly waved my hand away.

But it seems to have appeared differently to him.

"No, absolutely not. That's not it..."

“I’m sorry. It may be frustrating, but could you at least use the carriage until you feel better? “You can ride the horse as much as you like after that, so please.”

“....”

He stopped his mouth as he was about to deny it again.

Wait a minute, doesn’t that mean I’ll never ride again in my life?

My physical condition is not an aftereffect, it is congenital, so it will never get any better in my lifetime.

So, is there any need to deny it?

“...All right.”

There is no need to show weakness to the demons, and it would be better than embarrassing each other.

My throat burns, perhaps because of the sense of crisis that I almost rode the horse.

I happened to be holding a water bottle in my hand, so I took a sip from my mouth while watching carefully...

“You newbie, you know how to ride a horse quite well now, right?”

“no! “It’s still not enough!”

“What is humility? Okay, that’s enough. So now only the final procedure remains, I guess?”

“Okay, there is one most important thing left. Should we say it is a special tradition unique to our corps? “Actually, it hasn’t been that long.”

It's a special tradition. Was there something like that in 0 Corps?

Even though I knew it was rude to hear this story for the first time in my life, I unconsciously listened.

What is the final procedure?

Before that, it is questionable whether there was anything called tradition in Corps 0.

Legion 0 is a corps created by me. In other words, it is a new corps that was created only about 2 years ago... A tradition?

I was worried that the sound of swallowing water would interfere with what they were saying, so I held it in my mouth and focused on their conversation.

And I had to regret not swallowing the water.

"There is one story that every member of Legion 0 must know. "A story about our corps commander, Daemon."

"Oh, no way..."

"Yes, the name is 0 Corps. "You need to know clearly about the situation when Demon killed the hero so you don't end up being embarrassed."

Puheap-!!

"Cough!" "Kkkkkkkkk."

"Daemon?!"

Fortunately, because Ed immediately lowered his head, the unfortunate incident of water spewing on Ed's face did not occur. I hurriedly wiped the corners of my mouth and

coughed repeatedly to get rid of the water that had accidentally spilled over.

Thanks to this, it was Ed who was embarrassed.

He hurriedly took out a new handkerchief and held it close to my mouth. He gently removed the handkerchief to check the inside and stuttered with an expression of astonishment.

“Blood blood....”

Huh? Did you bleed again?

Looking at that pale complexion, it looks like blood has come out again.

Well, it’s not like this happened once or twice. I was so embarrassed....

“There was no blood! “The attending physician, the attending physician!!”

“...?”

“Ben! Where are you! BEEEEENN!! “

Hey? Doesn’t something feel strange right now?

Why are you even more embarrassed that no blood came out? Shouldn’t it be the other way around?

His handkerchief was clean.

At least it didn’t have any red stains on it.

of course. I’m just confused.

“What’s going on!”

oh my god. Even came to Ben.

Seeing that person running in such a hurry makes my conscience prick.

I tried to control the situation even now, but the adjutant, who was so loyal that I wanted to throw him away, was one step ahead of me, grabbed him by the collar, and shouted loudly.

“Daemon suddenly coughed violently, but no blood came out!”

“oh my god!”

At this point I gave up thinking.

Wrong. These guys have no common sense at all.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 18**

18. The Veil Lifted (1)

“So, wasn’t there poison in the water bottle?”

“That’s a possibility! First of all, keep your water bottle separate. “Find out who prepared that water bottle!”

“Sure... huh? “After thinking about it for a moment, I prepared that water bottle myself.”

“Ed, you... you couldn’t do that...!”

“No, wait a minute. Why do accidents happen in that direction?!”

Ah, now that I think about it, Ben has not yet recovered from the effects of the battle.

So, that means you are not sane.

‘Did you plan on killing me for calling that guy?’

When I looked at Ed with slightly cooled eyes, he was thinking of me for a moment and he seemed quite embarrassed, so I decided to take that into account.

It was absolutely not because I was afraid that the next adjutant would be someone like Dahar, the adjutant of the



12th Corps commander.

At this rate, it seemed like those two were going to have a life-or-death duel, so I hurriedly coughed and called them over.

“I’m fine, so you two just stop... Keluk.”

“Daemon!”

“What on earth...! There was no blood and there was no reaction to the magic stone... What on earth was it? Is the magic stone defective? “I have to change it as soon as I get back!”

No, that’s not it.

Oh damn...

it burned white.

What? my mental strength.

I never thought it would take so much mental energy to prove that it wasn’t just poison.

Still, they didn’t believe me until the end.

It’s just that ‘our strong Demon overcomes the poison alone and lies to avoid causing worry. So, I just had to convince myself, ‘Let’s fool you just this once.’

I’m really grateful that they stopped at that point... but why am I so shocked?

“At that time, Master Demon crushes the former commander of the 7th Corps and falls in between...!”

An excited, exaggerated voice was heard.

Exhausted as I was, I sat on the cloak that Ed had laid out for me, leaned against the wall of the carriage, and listened to the voice in a daze.

A cool breeze blows and messes with my white hair. The wind that blew through my hair caressed my scalp coolly, as if telling me to quickly come to my senses.

Thanks to this, my mind cooled down to some extent and the truth about 'my saga' began to fill the empty space in my mind.

'Yeah, that one. That's why my stomach hurts again. I'm really going to be amazed.'

I didn't kill the warrior.

I did not stop the hero who was about to destroy himself, nor did I accept his suicide.

The story about the former 7th Corps commander was actually a bit distorted.

Now, let me summarize about myself again.

My name is Deon Hardt.

Currently, due to unavoidable circumstances, he is living in the Demon King's Castle under the name 'Demon Arut'—

and was the 'last companion' of the 'last hero'.

'The last hero...'

He tilted his head back and leaned against the carriage wall.

Three moons and a black sky studded with stars fill the field of view.

‘...It’s not even funny.’

‘The last warrior’ ‘The last comrade’.

This is what they call it in the empire. There is no particular reason.

Because the empire likes things that look like they have something. Rather than just referring to him as ‘the hero’ and ‘his companion’, adding the modifier ‘last’ seems to have more weight.

I don’t think the modifier ‘last’ has any meaning. Especially if it’s attached to a hero.

‘Because there is no such thing as an eternal end.’

Let’s say there is a house here with two children. Here, the second child would be the youngest.

But what if you have another child? The nickname ‘youngest’, which was given to the second child, was passed on to the third child.

The same goes for warriors.

The world values balance. The power of the Demon King is so strong that it can destroy the balance, so as long as the Demon King lives, the world will send another hero at any time.

At that time, the word ‘last’ attached to my dead comrade will be transferred to the new hero.

In that case, I would not be the 'last comrade' of the 'last hero', but the 'last comrade' of 'one of the many warriors who have ever existed'.

In short, it means that there is no need to pay too much attention to the word 'last'.

Because it's like a kind of bravado just to appear present.

"Punch the shoulder of the hero who is about to self-destruct! "They caught me!"

Oh, were we still talking?

That's because it's not like that. It was just that I couldn't hear the hero's voice clearly, so I put my ear closer.

So... where should I start explaining...

Okay, starting with the story of being selected as a hero's companion and heading to the Demon King's Castle.

'...Now that I think about it again, it's a good thing I'm alive.'

When I think back about that time, I feel a shudder.

The road to the Demon King's Castle was quite rough. No, it was not at a level that could be expressed with the word 'considerably.'

In addition to me, many of the people who had been selected as colleagues all died, so how can I express it so simply as 'it was rough'?

In the end, by the time the Demon Castle came into view in the distance, I was the only one alive, and the hero trusted me so much that I became his only companion.

In reality, I was just lucky.

‘Yeah, I was lucky.’

I smiled bitterly as I looked at the corps members talking excitedly about me.

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“From here on, I will go alone.”

“...Are you serious?”

A rebuttal suddenly came out.

Are you saying that the warrior can’t see them now?

No, that can’t be possible. Is ‘the hero’ a warrior for nothing? A hero is a being born with overwhelming talent and a body that is superior to anyone else in order to deal with the Demon King.

Currently, he is probably seeing that army more clearly than I am seeing it.

I turned my head once again and looked at the huge Demon Castle.

It is also magnificent. The devil lives right there.

Then they’ll just be stuck there and continue to live. Why...

‘Why did you have to come out and meet me like this?’

A huge and magnificent Demon King’s Castle.

Normally, my eyes would be taken by its size and majesty, but now there was something that caught my attention

even more.

Black things crowded in front of it.

Yes, they are 'demons'. It's probably a legion that came along to watch the Demon King's fight.

Did you understand what I said? He said, 'It came along.'

So, in short, it means that the devil is now in front of the devil's castle.

Isn't the final boss usually supposed to be located at the very back? Why am I here?

"In the first place, the role of a 'comrade' is to pave the way for the hero to reach the Demon King. Battle is solely the responsibility of the warrior. So, Mr. Hart, your role ends here. Thanks for your efforts."

"...."

"But... if I win, I will come back here, so can you just wait here until the battle is over?"

"...You are stating the obvious."

Looking down at the enormous army again, I was convinced.

The warrior loses. There is no way we can win.

The Demon Lord alone is too much, but you have to deal with all those troops as well? No matter how much of a hero you are, that is impossible.

There's one thing he didn't say.

The role of a 'companion' is to pave the way to the devil. Therefore, it is also the role of a colleague to stop those troops and ensure that the hero can fully fight against the devil.

Still, the reason I didn't mention it was probably to avoid death.

Because it would be better to die while saving at least one person who was about to die.

It is truly a heroic idea.

"Uh..."

The words I was about to say got stuck in my throat. I was suffocating as if someone was strangling my neck.

What am I trying to do by calling him now? Something that cannot or should not be held on anyway.

Even if I call him, there is nothing to say. I couldn't even dare to go back.

In the first place, heroes were born to kill the devil. The fact that he leaves the devil in front of him means that he is throwing away the value of his own existence.

That didn't mean I wanted to go with them either.

I tried so hard to live like that, but I barely made it this far, so there was no way I could easily say that I would go to a place where I was almost certain to die.

Damn it, I wanted to live.

"...."

I closed my mouth and cleared my mind.

There was nothing I could say in this situation....

...there was nothing.

nothing.

“Then I’ll just leave.”

“...yes.”

By the time I could barely reply, he had already gone down the cliff where we were hiding and was walking towards the Demon Lord.

A gait without the slightest hesitation.

His confident gait, as if he was not thinking about defeat at all, only stops when he reaches in front of the Demon King.

A short conversation takes place and the Demon King gestures to the surroundings. Then the corps that were in position retreated and formed a huge circle.

‘Still, he seems to have a conscience.’

Honestly, I didn’t think we would fight one-on-one.

Isn’t he the devil in name and appearance? This is a place where people nod their heads even if they do something cowardly.

But soon after the battle began, my thoughts changed.

‘Crazy what is that?’



He didn't bite those around him because he had a conscience.

I bit because I was confident I would win.

Only then did I realize why he was called the strongest demon king in history.

It's overwhelming.

The opponent is a 'hero'.

The Demon King was receiving all his attacks with a bored and bored expression, as if an adult was playing with a child.

The result was, of course, the victory of the Demon King.

It burrowed into the warrior's stomach and even pierced his back, dripping red blood. The Demon King looked down at him as if he was bored, and then grabbed the handle of the sword stuck in his body as if he wanted to kill him.

It was then.

"Who are you?"

"I"

I froze for a moment. I got goosebumps all over my body.

A creepy voice that sounds like it's scratching the vocal cords. It was clearly coming from behind.

I reflexively pulled out my dagger first.

And after checking the other person, I soon relaxed my hands.

‘...Ogre.’

You can never beat that.

He even speaks. This means that they are ‘demons’ who have been influenced by the power of the Demon King, and as such, they must have abilities that are far superior to those of ordinary ogres.

You have to run away.

The good news is that I am better than anyone else at running away.

‘I’ve survived so far with 80% luck and 20% agility, so I’ve said it all.’

To be exact, ‘fleeing ability’ would be more appropriate than agile movements.

‘Still, out of pride, I call myself ‘agile’...’

Boom!

“Ugh crazy!”

Really, I barely escaped it. Since you were swinging your sword first, wasn’t it basic to try to talk before attacking?

I took a couple of steps back from him, thankful for my judgment in reflexively leaning my upper body to avoid it and my flexible waist for holding it.

And I realized it too late.

‘That’s right, this is a cliff.’

Fighting. The floor supporting my heels crumbles and falls down.

The only escape route is the one blocked by that guy.

After seeing the ridiculously long sword he was holding, the bulging muscles on his upper body, and his relaxed attitude as if he knew the current situation very well, I nodded quietly.

‘Unfortunately, it seems my luck ends here.’

If he was ignorant, I would have somehow lured him into falling off the cliff, but judging by his attitude, it seems like he is at least not stupid.

If I die, it will probably be because of that guy right in front of me.

But life was too precious to give up.

‘How did I survive until now!’

In the first place, being selected as a warrior’s companion was not something I wanted.

So, I can’t die of injustice like this!

It’s unfair to die together. You die, I will live.

Holding a dagger in both hands, I jumped straight at him. Of course, I didn’t do something stupid like shouting my spirit and alerting the enemies below to my presence.

I just kept my mouth shut, my eyes wide open, and ran in silently.

The guy, who opened his eyes wide in surprise, immediately laughed as if it was ridiculous and raised his sword again.

When the guy took a big step forward and the raised sword cut through the space and came down towards me, I, who had been watching it without blinking even once, counted the timing in my head.

‘now!’

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 19**

### 19. The lifted veil (2)

rolled on the floor as if falling and landed on the guy's back.

Normally I would stab or cut the ogre in the back, but I knew that it would be difficult to pierce the ogre's hide with my weak strength, so I didn't get greedy and threw myself with all my strength and pushed the ogre away.

Considering the size and strength of the ogre, I really did my best. How could it be that my body bounced in the opposite direction? Honestly, I thought my shoulder was going to crumble.

As if my earnestness had reached the sky, his body leaned forward.

I got up from rolling on the floor and stood a step away to check on him.

A cliff is ahead. If it falls like this, it will be my victory.

The upper body has already completely fallen off the cliff. If things continue like that, my head will fall off. If you fall from the bridge first, it is impossible to climb up no matter what you do in that state.

...I thought so, but you damn ogre.

In that situation, he turned around and grabbed my ankle!

‘Fuck!’

Damn it, I couldn’t take into account the length of the ogre’s arms.

My body suddenly shuts down and my vision changes quickly.

The receding sky was felt in real time through the shrinking clouds.

And soon.

Kwaaaang!!

A heavy shock was felt throughout my body.

‘Ouch.’

I feel like my stomach is upset.

I swallowed the rising nausea and pressed my feet to the floor to get up.

Deep.

...Hook?

Oh, I was holding a dagger. But did the land originally feel like this?

I gathered my shaking vision and looked around.

Demons surrounding everywhere. And the hero and the demon king not far away.

...huh? No wait, what is this?!

Even the guy under me was the ogre from before. The place where my dagger pierced while trying to hit the floor was none other than my neck.

‘Even if it’s an ogre, if you put your weight on it and stab it, it will stab you... no!’

Am I now in the middle of enemy territory? Besides, they killed their colleague right in front of their eyes, right? Is that it?

Perhaps because of the sudden intrusion, everything is quiet.

With even the Demon King remaining silent, I began to walk blindly, thinking that I had to get away quickly before they came to their senses.

The place my survival instinct pointed to was none other than the hero.

The light emanating from the body is a bit ominous, as if it is trying to self-destruct, but there is no other place to go.

Since demons are surrounding us on all sides, it is obvious that we will die no matter where we go, but we cannot go to the demon king.

A hero who is already half-dead and about to explode himself is my only lifeline. Feeling an indescribable feeling, I walked with a stiff expression on my face, being careful not to shake my legs.

It took no time to reach the warrior.

The hero, who had already been looking at me with his eyes wide open since I fell, made eye contact with me and immediately smiled helplessly.

And he moves his lips as if he wants to say something... but I can't hear him at all.

'I guess I don't even have the energy to talk.'

It wasn't necessary, but I was curious about what he was saying, so I kindly grabbed his shoulder and put my ear close to him.

Then, a faint voice mixed with the wheezing sound flowed into my ear.

"Are you...really..."

"...?"

There were no more words.

What is the end? What on earth did you want to say...

'!?'

It was then that I felt something strange.

The light emanating from the warrior's body poured down towards me.

I was confused at first, but it wasn't long before I figured out what he was thinking.

'Did you want to transfer power?'

—Giving up self-destruction, which was the only opportunity to kill the Demon King.



Rather than joy or gratitude, I felt sad.

A warrior's power cannot be intentionally transferred.

The closest option is to scatter fragments of power across the continent.

It is unknown who will be the owner of the fragment, so the hero's will is literally useless....

Sure enough, I felt the hero's power pass through my body.

Let alone settling down, it could not stay for a moment and passed leisurely like water through a net. It lost its light, crumbled into pieces like burnt ashes, and soon disappeared into the distance.

It will probably spread across the continent like this.

'I feel like I've become a lightning rod.'

Even though he receives the power of a warrior in one body, he cannot store it and just lets it flow away.

'...It's foolish.'

The hero must be feeling this clearly, so I don't know why he doesn't give up.

The force that was pushing him in gradually weakens, and the warrior's body also collapses, as if leaning on me.

His end was approaching.

'Ah, we made eye contact.'

He smiles faintly, as if to comfort me.

At that moment, the compulsion to say something took hold of me, but I was unable to say anything until the force that was rushing in was cut off, all light disappeared, and his body went limp.

I was caught up in an indescribable feeling, and for a moment, my expression hardened due to the sense of discomfort I felt from the hero.

‘...dead.’

My only lifeline.

I checked again, but I couldn’t hear any breathing. My pulse didn’t beat at all.

In my dazed mind from shock, a forgotten fact came to mind.

The silence that fell when I fell. That silence...

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

...still continued.

As soon as I realized that fact, I began to worry endlessly about the gazes pouring in from all directions.

As I hesitantly stand up, the eyes of those looking at me slowly rise.

Ah, it would have been better if I hadn’t known until the end.

As those countless eyes move along with me, my body suddenly becomes stiff with tension. It was even more so

because among those gazes were those of the devil.

I guess the reason my legs are shaking is because of my mood. No, I think my hands are shaking too.

‘It’s not my fault!’

It is dangerous in this state.

Having studied hard before coming here, I knew very well that if I showed weakness in front of demons who specialized in fighting against flesh and blood, I would be eaten.

That’s why I want to leave as soon as possible.

“Cough.”

Grumble.

Blood poured out of my mouth.

It was something I had been enduring ever since I fell here.

‘Damn it, why now...!’

I gently bit into the delicate flesh inside my mouth.

I knew that when I fell, my entire body received quite a big shock, but I thought it would be a little better because I was able to hold on surprisingly well, but I never thought I would spit it out now.

To put it to the extreme, I wanted to grind this damn body to pieces.

In the meantime, the warrior’s limp body was so heavy.

'I have to run away, but if I do this, I'll just become a burden. Just throw it away and jump out?'

As he was seriously thinking, the Demon King's lips, which had been tightly closed, slowly opened.

"What's your name?"

What is the intention of this?

They'll find you and kill you if you run, so does that mean you shouldn't even think about running away? Perhaps the intention was to find out the family members by listening to the castle and kill or threaten them.

The chances of escaping and surviving are extremely low anyway, so it doesn't matter whether you say your name or not.

Rather, they are family...

"...Deon Hart."

White hair blowing in the cool wind tickles my cheek. I swept it up, touched the corners of my red eyes, and smiled.

Now that I've told you my name, just do whatever you want.

Although I was so prepared, the words I received in return were unexpected.

Words that I couldn't even imagine and thought were impossible.

"Are you planning on becoming the Demon King's army?"

For the first time in my life, I received a scouting offer from the Demon King.

I'm not happy. It's like saying it's an offer, but in reality, there's no room for choice.

It is obvious what will happen if you refuse here.

But I am not swayed by threats like this!

As I held the hero's body, which kept slipping, I dared to confidently express my refusal in front of the demon king.

"I hate paperwork!"

...I may have said it in a bit of a twist, but for now, my intention to refuse is correct.

Surprisingly, I heard that corps commanders are burdened with paperwork. I have no intention of being caught here and having to worry about paperwork.

"Then don't do it."

"...?"

"Hmm, what high-ranking official doesn't do paperwork?..."

Yes? hey?

"If you don't have something, just make one. 0How about the corps commander? "Do you like it?"

Ah no wait a minute. Are you crazy?

The commander of the 1st corps takes on the role of the devil's agent, but they ask him to become the commander of the 0th corps? My skills haven't been proven yet?

"You don't have to worry about backlash. Anyone who has seen this scene would never dream of opposing it."

Only then did I feel it.

Even if something goes wrong, it's definitely going wrong.

As a result, I had no choice but to accept the position of Commander 0 Corps that was first offered to me, as I was weighed down by the higher treatment I received the more I refused.

\*\*\*

Kwaaaang!!

When Deonhardt fell with a heavy sound, the warrior was so surprised that he could not express it in words.

If it hadn't been for the sword stuck in his stomach, he might have jumped up.

That's because the outcome has already been decided.

The hero was unable to kill the Demon King, and all that remained was death at the hands of the Demon King.

A hero who cannot kill the Demon King has no value in existence.

All the treatment and honor the hero receives comes from the fact that he is 'almost the only human who can kill the Demon King,' so it was also natural that if he could not kill the Demon King, everything would be taken back.

Simply put, it means that the current hero who was defeated by the Demon King has become a human being who is not worth saving.

'But why?'

Why can't I just run away like this?

Why did I come to this place of death?

Deon Hardt. He not only has a duty as a 'comrade', but also a duty to report the results of the battle to the empire.

So, it would have been much more beneficial to quietly leave than to storm into this place where it was obvious that I would die.

Nevertheless, he had entered the middle of the enemy lines and was now walking confidently this way.

'ha ha ha.'

A hollow laugh escaped out mixed with the sound of heavy breathing.

Could it be that a camaraderie developed in that short period of time? Is that why you came here to collect the corpse?

—Even as you face the devil?

Perhaps because of the sword stuck in my stomach, a subtle sensation bubbles up from my lower abdomen and circles around my heart.

I couldn't open my mouth due to the indescribable sensation, so I just kept my lips licked for a long time. Perhaps out of frustration, he grabbed my shoulder and brought his ear close to me as if urging me on.

Thanks to that, the warrior was able to make a reckless choice.

"You...really..."

Contrary to the image known to the public, he is a kind and loyal person to the point of recklessness.

If the next 'hero' is born, it would be nice if it were you.

I began to pour out all the strength I had gathered for self-destruction with the intention of transferring it to him.

There was no way he, a warrior, did not know that the power of a warrior cannot be intentionally transferred.

Nevertheless, it is as clear as day what will happen after he dies, and this is the only way for this person to live.

The hero, who had easily crossed the acceptable line set by the world, called out to the world, which was currently watching this situation.

'World, are you watching?'

I will be watching. A 'hero' is a being chosen by the world and given power.

So you're watching and you know.

'This is my arbitrary action after all.'

therefore.

Because he doesn't know anything.

I will bear all the consequences for violating the will of the world.

'May the anger over this action be directed only at me.'

The world that measured the weight of sin made its decision.



At that moment, the warrior chewed the tip of his tongue in terrible pain. A scream that could not come out trembled deep in my throat.

Pain that feels as if your muscles are being torn apart and your bones are being stabbed with a sharp object. In that state, when I push too hard, even my head hurts as if it will break.

It was probably a warning and punishment from the world, but it was ignored. I swallowed the blood welling up inside me and pushed harder despite the pain that shattered my soul.

‘please. At the very least, just one piece of debris....’

We can’t let a person like this be killed by the devil. So please give us the strength to resist him.

But his earnestness never came to fruition.

All the forces that poured toward Deon came out and spread to the continent, losing only their light.

They passed through his body leisurely, like a bird passing through clouds, and without a single piece missing, they disappeared into thin air, riding the wind and sunlight.

‘...Is it not possible as expected?’

If you look at the situation broadly, there is nothing to lose.

Although he crossed the acceptable line, the hero chose to ‘transfer’ his power in exchange for his ‘life’, and since he received the price of ‘life’, the world must achieve his goal of ‘transfer’.

Therefore, the power that has disappeared like that will not belong to the world, but will stay on the continent and create another 'hero', like the power of other warriors who chose to 'transfer'.

But then Deon Hardt.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 20**

20. The veil lifted (3)

‘....’

I gently lowered my eyes at the gloomy future that kept coming to mind.

If there is a world or a god who decides and watches over all of this, it may take some form, but it will probably never take the form of a ‘human’.

Humans are beings with the richest emotions among all other living creatures.

If they had presented themselves as beings who, no matter how hard they tried to make rational judgments, could not help but be swayed by their emotions, they could not have been so cold-hearted and merciless.

‘iced coffee.’

Death is just around the corner. Unable to control his slowly collapsing body, he leaned on Deonhardt.

Now I can't even keep my head up, so I tilt my head back and a complex expression fills my field of vision against the black night sky with three round moons in the background.

An expression that doesn't know what to say.

The warrior just smiled helplessly.

You don't have to say anything. All you have to do is live.

But if I had to choose what I wanted to hear...

'name.'

My name, not the title of warrior.

But you never know. There is no way for you to know my name, which even I have forgotten.

No matter what kind of life you have lived before becoming a warrior, the value of your existence comes down to 'killing the devil.'

No one calls me by my name and I am so absorbed in my purpose that I cannot even repeat my name to myself...

'...I will correct this. I don't want to see you lose your name.'

I hope the next great hero will be someone other than Deon Hart.

The warrior slowly closed his eyes as he saw death slowly reaching out his hand.

In any case, the result has come out, so I am relieved regardless of whether it was successful or not. On the contrary, he was even happy to die.

Because it means I can rest now.

'My name will probably be mentioned at least once at the funeral.'

if.

If only I lived to see my funeral.

Will you remember my name?

—My vision turned black.

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The administrator in charge of the 'First City', one of the four main cities with the approval of the Demon King, came to the gates of the castle, rarely shaking.

Originally, a 'manager' is a being that can be compared to a 'lord' in the human world.

It goes without saying that this was the reason why the manager, who was at least like the king of the city, was so nervous.

The visit of the '0th Corps Commander', whom I had only heard about through rumors.

At a time when even other corps commanders would have to bow down and throw up their hands, a giant among giants whose tendencies are not even known are known.

If you were to ask me how I feel, I would say 'I'm in trouble.'

Think about it.

Since you don't know their tendencies, you can't flatter them easily, and you can't be too stiff either.

What if I can't get into the mood for such a topic? You may be parting ways with your loved one who has been with you for a long time.

'If you make a mistake, you die. If you make a mistake, you die...'

I can't help but sigh. My back was already wet.

Likewise, rubbing his clammy hands on his trousers, the manager waited for the door of the carriage that had stopped in front of him to open.

In the end, there is only one way.

Behave as little as possible against your will and understand your tendencies as quickly as possible.

So, you need to stay alert. The commander of Corps 0, who is rumored to not be able to treat even the devil king carelessly. It was obvious what would happen if I offended him.

'I want to live a long time and enjoy this power!'

Soon the carriage door opens and a tall man jumps out from inside.

Neatly combed hair and neat look. A ferocious magical power that does not seem to match his aristocratic appearance.

Is the author the commander of Corps 0? No, there is magic. The Commander of the 0 Corps clearly said he was a 'human', so he would not have any magical power.

As expected, the man must have been the right-hand man of Commander 0 Corps, and with an extremely polite gesture, he held the carriage door as if waiting for someone to come out.

Then, a black-robed being slowly stepped down the steps of the carriage.

‘It’s him.’

I felt like I knew it without even having to say it.

Those leisurely gestures, that calm attitude, even the feeling of intimidation that emanates even though he is wearing a robe.

In the first place, he is wearing a robe that is the symbol of the 0 Corps commander, but who else would be the 0 Corps commander if not him?

His size was not as big as expected. On the contrary, he was so insignificant that if he had met me on the street while I was too drunk and couldn’t understand the atmosphere, I would have started a fight.

But right now, he wasn’t drinking, he was sober, and because of that, he could read the mood better than anyone else.

Who is this tall man with great magical power treating so kindly? Who is the man carrying a visitation bag with blood all over his body taking care of so much?

Likewise, who is paying attention to those who have blood all over their bodies, as if they had battled a monster?

And finally....

‘Who is the most relaxed?’

gulp.

I wiped the dry needle again, cleared my throat quietly, and took a step forward.

Then, he bowed politely towards the man in the robe and opened his mouth.

“Welcome to the First City.”

\*\*\*

Time was delayed a bit due to the successive attacks of monsters, but I didn't think it was going to stop there forever and I thought it would arrive someday.

Yes, I was just thinking about it.

So, in other words, I am not mentally ready yet.

“....”

I sat down and looked blankly at the open carriage door.

‘I don't want to get off.’

It's already late anyway, but if I get off here, won't I really have to do anything to protect this city from terrible monsters?

The probability of my skills being revealed will increase accordingly. Oh, when I think about it like that, I don't want to get off even more.

As I hesitated, pulling on the hood of the robe that Ed had put on me before getting off, Ed, who was holding the door from outside the carriage, called to me as if he was puzzled.

“Daemon?”



“...going.”

I reluctantly stood up.

As I slowly stepped down the stairs of the carriage, I made eye contact with a chunky demon who seemed to be the city manager.

I don't know if he always had that kind of expression, but his expression was stiff.

‘...It couldn't have been that kind of expression. ‘It's clear I don't like that.’

I had high hopes that they would send a corps commander to protect the city, but how could I smile comfortably when such an unprecedented small child came.

You're probably frustrated by now, saying ‘Our city is ruined!’ or ‘You damn devil!’ He may be exploding with anger.

I am not a person who is tactless enough to say hello cheerfully in a situation like this.

Because of this, I kept my mouth shut and remained silent, but perhaps he had just sorted out his emotions, as he took a step forward and bowed politely.

“Welcome to the First City.”

And the words that followed were one after another of praise.

They said that it was an honor that would never happen twice, and that everyone in the city would feel relieved that the commander of the 0 Corps was visiting.

In some ways, praise is praise, but it is a natural praise that does not seem to be flattering.

I could guarantee that.

This kid is a pro! As for quick emotional control, this is not a skill that comes from flattery once or twice.

I didn't have the courage to hang up, so I was just exclaiming to myself. Ed took a quick look at me and took a step forward with a stern expression.

"Enough about flattery."

"!"

Aren't you being too extreme?

I already feel like I'm not in a good mood when a small child comes, but how will I feel if that small child even abuses me?

Usually, in these cases, the superior who stands still behind gets criticized rather than the subordinate who acts in front.

As expected, the manager's eyes widened as if he was surprised.

But soon, like a professional, he nodded, hiding his expression with a cheeky smile.

"okay. I was so excited about the unprecedented visit of Commander 0 Corps that I committed rudeness. "I apologize."

"I am Ed, the lieutenant of Commander 0 Corps, Demon Arut. "If the goal was simply sightseeing, I could have

listened to you until the end, but unfortunately, our goal is to protect the city, so let's get to the point."

"Thank you for your generous treatment."

When the manager, who had bowed deeply again, looked up again, Ed had become a superior who was receiving thorough reports.

Holding a pen, he began to look through the documents he was holding inside the carriage and ask questions.

"The monsters have been attacking exactly how many days apart, right?"

"Ah... there was no particular regularity. Still, if there's one thing we can be sure of, it's that they will attack again within at least a week."

"How big was the offensive and what were the numbers? Was it to the point where you could see that almost all the monsters around you had come?"

"Yes that's right. They also had to eat to survive, so it seemed like all the monsters around them had gathered because their survival was at stake. The offense was just as fearsome. "In fact, the battle is a battle, but it would be more accurate to say that we were greatly pushed back in terms of momentum."

"It's momentum... I guess they were that desperate... Well, if momentum was a big problem, it's almost like it's been solved now."

'It's almost like it's been resolved.' I like it because it seems like a positive thing to say, but... what is it that you are looking at me while saying that?

I thought it might have been an illusion, but when our eyes met, I could sense an ominousness in his natural look away.

There's definitely something there!

Over there? Wait a minute....

"Anything special?"

Ignored!

"Rather than thinking of the opponent as a monster, it seems better to think of the battle as a water-based battle."

"I say so, Demon."

"...yes?"

Until now, he has been talking without me, but only calls me at times like this. What do you want from me?

So I kept my mouth shut, wondering what to do, and Ed, who had been quietly waiting for an answer, spoke again as if urging me on.

"What do you want to do?"

"...."

There is nothing to say.

I don't plan on going out to look for monsters and getting into trouble, so I'll just stay here and wait patiently until they come.

But I can't say this.

"Daemon?"

“...They said they would invade within a week, so we have to wait. “There’s no need to go outside to meet them.”

“Then, in the meantime, the corps members....”

“You are free until the monsters attack. It’s great for drinking and shopping. However, if there is an attack, we must be able to respond immediately.”

The words seemed so good that the faces of the corps members became brighter.

Confirming with my own eyes that my choice was right, I opened my heart with pride for the first time in a while.

They said it might take up to a week, but you can’t just wait and see, so it was a natural choice.

Of course, I would have done so even if I had told him to wait since I was the superior, but it would not have been a very good decision since his level of resentment towards me would have continued to rise.

So, it would be better to show some condescension at this time and build up some goodwill toward me.

That way, my chances of survival will increase even a little.

‘got it? So, if a monster attacks, you have to protect me first?’

While I was smiling happily to myself, the manager who had been watching for a while seemed to think it was time to sneak in.

“We prepared a place to sleep. Would you like to go?”

“oh.”

From words to actions, he is very good at not offending others. As expected, he's professional.

I nodded and looked back at the corps members whose eyes were shining brightly.

"Then just find out the location of the accommodation and after that you are free. "Do whatever you want."

"Waaaa!!"

"Long live Demon!!"

As I listened to the cheers of the corps members, I nodded happily.

Yes, yes, have fun.

Because I will do whatever I want.

'It's been a while since I had a drink.'

It is a city that has been a long time coming. In fact, another nickname for the first city here is 'City of Entertainment'.

Things related to pleasure, such as alcohol, gambling, and prostitution, are the representative symbols of this city!

Of course, the thing that caught my eye was alcohol.

I was so excited at the thought of drinking that I couldn't show it outwardly for the sake of respect, but hummed to myself and followed behind the manager who was leading the way.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 21**

21. The veil lifted (4)

The room was great.

It may not be comparable to the Demon King's Castle, but since it was outside the standard in the first place, I decided to exclude it and walked to the window with a sigh of admiration.

There were three moons lined up in the sky outside the window.

'It's still daytime.'

That too in broad daylight.

Of course, there is no sun in the demon world, but that does not mean that there is no distinction between day and night.

You can clearly see this by looking at the three moons that occupy the sky.

If the three moons are stretched horizontally, it is day. If they overlap and appear as one, it is night.

Now that they are lined up in a row, it is daytime.

‘How about during the day? Daytime drinking also has its own charm.’

I took off my stuffy robe and took a quick look at the clothes I was wearing. Very ordinary looking clothes that just look convenient for movement.

I don’t mind if I leave like this.

Up until this point, I had been so excited that I had forgotten one very important thing.

“It’s not possible.”

“This is a city that ‘must be protected’. Are you planning to mess up the city?”

That I have two fucking stalkers.

...Shit!

\*\*\*

“Is this the commander of the 9th Corps?”

“Yes, it is.”

Jaykar looked down at the corpse with cold eyes.

Where he is currently is on the front line.

They came here as reinforcements dispatched by the Demon King, who felt suspicious that contact with the 9th Corps commander had been lost, but it was already too late.

The commander of the 9th Corps died.

‘This is the commander of the 9th Corps.’



Still, there was a reason why the body of someone who was once a living being and colleague was called 'this'.

A body so tattered that its original condition is difficult to recognize.

It was more like a piece of meat than a corpse and was 'contained' in a crude coffin that appeared to have been hastily made.

"He was decapitated from the first blow, or rather from the second blow, and was later crushed by a horse's hoof."

"...."

"What did you guys do when you couldn't even retrieve your superior's body?"

"sorry."

Jaykar's expression was not very good when he saw that he was the commander of the 9th Corps.

It's not because it's cruel. There were many times when he personally committed more cruel acts.

It is not because the great power of the 9th Corps commander is missing. Of course, it didn't have any impact, but there was a bigger problem than that.

"Commander of the 1st Corps! "The enemy!"

"...again?"

The enemy's powerful offensive exceeded expectations.

A sigh came out of my mouth.

There was nothing to prepare, so Jaykar tied the sword he was holding tightly to his waist and left the tent.

His appearance under the sunlight was a mess.

Blood splattered all over the body and pieces of flesh sticking together.

As soon as we arrived, we had to jump into battle without even having time to unpack.

Even though he swung his sword frantically, he barely managed to extinguish an urgent complaint. The situation was so dire that another battle had to be fought.

This is all because of one person.

One of the Empire's proud cards that appeared on the battlefield without any warning.

Probably, if other corps commanders other than himself, specifically corps commander 0, had come here, they would have been helplessly pushed out.

Quickly.

"...A request to the Demon King for support."

A clearly low voice came out gloomily, as if he had been suppressing his emotions.

I hate to admit it, but I have to admit it.

I can't lose my soldiers because of pointless stubbornness.

"A 'real hero' has appeared and the 9th Corps commander is dead."

There is only one thing you have to do from now on. Waiting for help to arrive.

...Until our side's 'Joker' comes and wipes them out.

Thinking of Daemon Arut, the commander of the 0th Legion, who would be in the city by now, Jaykar glared at the strange, wolf-like being running rampant among the flock of sheep as if he were going to kill him.

\*\*\*

It's been two days since I came here and I can't even drink alcohol.

There is no particular reason. Because there are not one, but two of them who are making a fuss about a battle, and are watching the whole day!

Rotten guys.

I was sick and tired of Ed and Ben's persistent stalking, so I glanced at the cards in my hands with dry eyes and spoke softly.

"I would have definitely told you to stay free."

"Yes, I heard you clearly."

"The corps members were happy."

"So, that 'freedom' includes you too."

"There was a commandment to never fall."

"I am for escort...."

Damn it!

I nervously put down the card and swiped the gold coins piled up in front of me and said irritably.

The guy sitting across from me was holding his head, but it had been a long time since he had any generosity to care about such things.

“Then can I have some Ed too?”

“The escort...”

“One van is enough.”

Please turn it off.

I’m suffocating and going crazy. I don’t even have a private life?!

I feel hot inside. This is probably something he’s upset about. I quickly shifted my gaze to the mountain of gold coins piled up next to me.

‘Huh...’

My mind becomes peaceful.

That means it’s all mine. I guess I won’t have to worry about money for a while.

‘Actually, money isn’t that tight...’

Still, there’s something called feeling.

He fondly stroked the gold coins piled up next to him, leaned against the back of the chair, and crossed his legs.

As you may have noticed by now, I am now at a gambling den.

Originally, I tried to let go of my anxiety about monsters with alcohol, but now that I'm restrained like this, there's not much I can do, so I came to the gambling house for the first time in my life as a small act of defiance... "You won again.

"

"As expected, you are amazing."

Why am I so good at picking?

If you just quit everything you're doing and just go back to this game, don't you think you'll eat well and live well?

'...Are you really going to quit your job?'

It looks like I won really well. The eyes of the people at the gambling hall who looked at me changed subtly compared to the first time.

Especially the look in the eyes of the guy sitting across from me.

"Why don't we just pretend I lost and end it here?"

How are you? You have to say it right away.

It's not like I lost, it's just that I lost.

But there was no need to fight over something like that, so I smiled and nodded.

The game was over, so I was putting the gold coins into my pocket that Ed had quietly handed me from behind, when the guy who had quietly moved to the seat next to me held out the glass he was holding.

“Are you really amazing? Didn’t they use some kind of trick? Oh, of course, don’t take it unpleasantly. “I was just impressed because he was so good.”

“I didn’t really use any tricks, but... this is...”

“Oh, I was originally planning to drink it, but I lost, right? “I guess I’ve lost my appetite. Just ask for a drink for your hard work.”

“It’s not possible.”

That’s not what I just said.

You damn stalker bastards...!

Now that I think about it, Ed hasn’t gone yet. Why are you here? Didn’t I tell you to go?

As I tied the bag of gold coins I had collected on my belt, I raised my head and glared at Ed.

...Well, as soon as our eyes met, I relaxed my eyes, but anyway.

“Didn’t you tell me to go to Ed?”

“But... for your safety...”

“Safety? “When I came here, I saw that Ben was fighting very well.”

It was almost like a berserker.

So I didn’t want to be alone, but now that I’ve been tormented by these two for two days, I’ve changed my mind.

If this continues, I will become a berserker. I need to send at least one guy away quickly.

“...That...”

Ed hesitates, lowering his head.

I glanced at Ben and saw that he was looking at Ed triumphantly with the expression of a winner.

Now is your chance!

Very naturally, I held the glass as if I were holding a glass of water. And before Edna Ben could pay attention to this, he continued speaking quickly.

“Even if Ben can’t help it, Ed can rest, right? You must have suffered a lot during this time, so why not take a break here? “Isn’t this an opportunity that never comes again?”

“....”

“Yes?”

“...All right.”

He becomes sullen and turns his back.

It may seem a little pitiful to see a tall man become so sullen, but...

‘It’s pitiful.’

It feels cool inside.

How much inspiration would it be if a person of the same sex, not of the opposite sex, was sullen?

I smiled a winner and lifted the glass in my hand to my mouth.

‘...?’

And then stop.

I paused for a moment before the liquid flowed into my mouth.

At the same time, Ed turned his head and looked this way, as if there were eyes in the back of his head. Suddenly our eyes met and I froze in the same position I was holding the glass.

“....”

“...Ha haha.”

The eyes cooled down as if they were disappointed.

At the same time, Ben’s gaze, which had been directed at Ed, also returned here.

I had no choice but to quietly put down the glass I was holding in an awkward posture as both of their stinging gazes passed between the glass in my hand and my face.

“...I was just trying to smell it.”

“Yes, I believe it.”

“....”

“Still, I’m telling you this over and over just in case, but we’re here for the safety of the city. “Please refrain from drinking alcohol as much as possible.”



“Yeah...”

Okay, so get out of the way quickly.

I waved my hand roughly with that intention.

As if my meaning had been conveyed well, Ed, who had become sullen again, trudged out of his seat and Ben, who had been silent, said again the words he had been hearing so many times.

“Did you hear? So please put the glass away.”

“Yes, I understand. “I was already thinking of doing that.”

As he sits crookedly and pushes the glass away with his fingertips, his expression subtly changes.

It’s as if he’s saying, ‘What’s going on?’... What was my usual image like?

I felt offended.

I jerked my head, looked away from Ben, and looked at the guy who offered me a drink.

This guy is looking at me with a face full of question marks. I looked straight into his harmless-looking face and spoke slowly with a sullen expression.

“I like alcohol, but I don’t really like drugs.”

“...!”

You thought it would be masked by the smell of alcohol, right?

Even though it looks like this, the smell of medicine is amazingly distinguishable.

Why? I've experienced it horribly.

So I guarantee it. This cup contains two types of narcotic drugs.

Probably a sleeping pill or paralyzing drug. It probably has narcotic properties because it focuses only on performance.

It is a drink full of aftereffects that is not at all considerate of the person drinking it. You were holding this to drink yourself?

"You brought it to use it when you lost in the first place?"

"...."

His face turned white.

Silence fell over the noisy gambling hall.

'Drugs' is a sensitive issue that can cause people to stop visiting the gambling place itself. Everyone's eyes turned in this direction.

"That..."

The silence weighs heavily on him.

The choice made by the guy who was breaking out in a cold sweat while countless eyes were paying attention.

"What are you talking about? "Do you mean medicine?"

In a word, it was a handshake.

It's stupid to deny it when the evidence is right in front of you.

Sure enough, Ben, who was shaking with anger next to him, mercilessly announced checkmate in a heavily suppressed voice.

"Then you can try it yourself."

"...."

The game is over. I clicked my tongue as I looked at the guy who couldn't say anything and just bit his lip. Fool.

Well, if he was that stupid, he would have tried to feed something like that to someone who had a colleague.

If Ben had been caught carrying me while I was stretched out and stolen the money bag, I would have tried to attack Jim and achieve my goal, but the other person was the devil's doctor.

Oh, it doesn't really make sense when you say he's a doctor, but I'll correct that and say he's a berserker.

A berserker from the Demon King's Castle. Doesn't he look like a shrewd person even when he pretends to be? Using such a shallow trick against him is ridiculous from this perspective.

I pushed the chair and slowly stood up.

Anyway, I made a lot of money and I didn't drink any alcohol, so I didn't really lose anything.

I didn't want to make the problem any bigger, so I was about to leave without saying a word...

but it was a mess!

The incident happened even faster than that.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 22**

22. The veil lifted (5)

“You guy!!”

At first I thought Ben had had an accident.

I thought it was well deserved since he was very thorough when it came to my ‘health’ and had the aspect of a berserker, but what I heard next instilled doubt in my thoughts.

“mile! “I told you never to do such a dirty thing again!”

hmm? Did Ben even know that guy’s name?

Now that I think about it, the voice seems to be quite different.

There’s no way the transformation would have arrived just then...

I glanced back.

‘...Ben is here, right?’

Although he is still fuming with anger, the person standing calmly behind me is clearly Ben.

That means that the person who grabbed the druggie named 'Miles' by the collar was a completely different person.

Craddangtangtang!

Wow, it seems like we already know each other, but they are really merciless.

'To throw it into the world?!'

The man who had been excitedly holding and shaking the collar seemed to catch his breath, then turned his head and looked this way.

I was inwardly shocked as I looked pitifully at the druggie who was stuck in the corner with his face distorted like that of a demon, but that only lasted for a moment.

The guy immediately softened his expression and spoke carefully with an expression of regret on his face.

"My friend made a big mistake. "I apologize."

"No, well... it's okay."

"no. I almost got in real trouble. I thought it would never happen again after it happened to me once. sorry. "I need to make some kind of compensation..."

I'm really fine.

I just want to quickly go back and rest while counting the gold coins I won today.

So, no matter what was offered, I quickly rejected it and tried to go back, but...

“Oh, you said you like alcohol, right? Coincidentally, there is a bar on the second floor here. “I’ll buy some alcohol there.”

“!”

“You can drink as much as you want.”

Stand tall.

All action stopped. Can not help it. Because this is like an instinct.

“As much as you want?”

“Yes, as much as you want.”

“....”

This is force majeure.

“Daemon...?”

As if sensing something ominous, Ben cautiously calls me.

Hot Only then did I barely come to my senses.

no. Ed said so much, but I have to endure it.

I have to endure it for the sake of Ben, who is following me so diligently. You have to be patient. Don’t be deceived by the devil’s whispers like that....

“It’s a pure apology, so there’s no need to feel burdened. “If you feel burdened, it would be good if you could at least give me some know-how on how to get it.”

“I don’t have the know-how.”

“Ah, wasn’t it too much to dig up know-how from the first meeting?”

no. It’s not because it’s my first time meeting, it’s really not like that.

“Then let’s start by getting to know each other first.”

A voice with a strange sense of playfulness that makes you feel more friendly.

I thought as I watched his eyes twinkle playfully.

This kid is a player.

It is obvious that he is good at attracting people.

A normal person would naturally like it, but it doesn’t work for me, who knows everything!

‘I thought...’

When I came to my senses, I found myself on the second floor, holding hands with him.

I got hit! why?!

What on earth is a bastard like me doing to suffer this even though he knows it?

The overwhelming sense of shame made me want to rip my hair out. Of course, my head is precious, so I replaced execution with clenching and unclenching my fist.

“What are you thinking about?”

“...nothing.”



no. When I think about it carefully, it makes sense. Because it's been a long time since I drank alcohol.

Especially for someone who likes alcohol like me, it was worth skipping.

So, I guess I should drink some alcohol so I don't fall for this trick again...

"Daemon..."

"Ugh."

I was so blinded by alcohol that I forgot the existence of the disruptor.

I broke into a cold sweat as I looked at Ben with his earnest expression.

If he had been more forceful and fussed with me, at least I wouldn't have felt any remorse, but seeing him look at me with such a docile expression makes my conscience prick.

In fact, it's even scarier.

Therefore, I tried to compromise as carefully as I could, keeping an eye on his feelings for fear that his feelings would be greatly hurt.

"I'll just have one drink."

"...."

"I won't get drunk."

"It's up to you..."

“Yes! Isn’t it okay as long as you don’t get drunk? “Why don’t you have a drink there too?”

“...That’s it.”

A heavy sigh fell on the table.

Although he didn’t show it, I secretly flinched.

Is it still not possible? Judging by Ben’s reaction, he seems rather offended.

I gained nothing and lost favor. It’s the worst.

A sigh escaped me. Ben, who must have heard that again, trembles and stares at me.

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

The one who should sigh is this side, but the look in his eyes seems to be asking why you are sighing.

I felt out of breath for some reason and took a deep breath again without realizing it, and he slowly spoke in a slightly trembling voice.

“Just... one drink.”

“yes?”

“It may be disappointing, but it would be better to plan for the next time. sorry.”

It took some time to understand what he said.

Did I hear correctly that the guy who I thought would never give permission is giving me permission? Could it be that my ears heard what they wanted to hear?

After going through several procedures in my head to confirm that what he said was true, I answered with joy in my mind, barely able to hide my excitement.

“yes.”

at las!

I sat down at the table, humming a song in my head.

As I was about to check the menu, the guy who looked at me and Ben back and forth as if he was interested raised his hand and called for someone.

“Everything on the menu, one by one.”

I fucking love you.

When I asked if this was too much of a waste, he said that if there were any leftovers, he would give them to his friends.

Where else in the world can there be an angel like this?

The drinks came out quickly.

I ignored Ben’s concerned gaze and excitedly looked through the bottles. And I suddenly became depressed.

‘I can’t believe I can only taste one of these many things.’

And that’s not just one bottle, it’s one glass.

You can take the extreme approach of mixing them together, but then it is difficult to feel the unique taste of

the alcohol.

I couldn't end a long-awaited drink in an ambiguous way like that, so I grabbed this and then that again, feeling like I was going to cry.

That must have been frustrating.

"Hmm... If it's hard to choose, should I make a recommendation?"

"yes?"

"If you like bitter taste, this is it. If you like a clean aftertaste, this is it. If you like sweet things, this is it. If you like something that feels soft on your neck, this is it. And..."

The explanation continued endlessly.

'Hey... you bastard...'

Isn't that amazing?!

This guy also seems to like drinking quite a bit.

Somehow, feeling glad to see him, I listened to his long words in silence until the end with a satisfied expression.

Next to me, Ben looked tired, but whatever.

For me now, this choice is like the choice of a lifetime. The opportunity I was given after such a long time was too precious to make a hasty choice because of his insight.

After much deliberation, I finally chose one and finally held the glass in my hand. How was the liquid flowing inside so bright?

Since I couldn't promise when I would be able to drink it again, I was sipping it with tears in my eyes, when the guy who was drinking with me suddenly opened his mouth.

"Is it a little noisy?"

"hmm?"

"There are a lot of rough guys, so they get into fights whenever they drink."

"...ah."

People punching each other on one side.

But aren't fights normal in bars? When I tilt my head and look at him again, he narrows one eye and points somewhere with his finger.

There were two people there, grappling with their brutality.

"Do you want to bet on which of the two will win? Oh, of course, my brother is next to me."

"I'm done."

"Don't take it out."

He smiles slyly and gently gives Ben a shoulder hug.

Only then did I know what his intention was.

A drink that refills a half-empty glass.

He narrowed his gaze by crossing his shoulders and poured me another drink.

It might be an insult to demons, but I couldn't help but feel this way.

'It's impossible for there to be such angelic demons in the world.'

As I hurriedly emptied my glass, it was filled again.

Drink again, refill again, drink again, refill.

How many times did that repeat?

—My memory was interrupted.

\*\*\*

The smile is innocent, but the red eyes are clear.

The expression was relaxed, but the movements were as tight as ever.

Dangerous.

My instincts sound the alarm. I felt like I was frozen for a moment due to the fear that overtook my whole body and I couldn't even lift a finger.

Ben barely came to his senses when he emptied three bottles of alcohol and drank half more.

As if the frozen time had been broken, I finally came to my senses and lowered my gaze.

He must have been shaking. The hands under the table were still shaking intermittently.

'I couldn't stop it.'

Even though I was able to stop him the first time he seemed drunk, I just watched him until he downed three and a half bottles of alcohol.

Because at that time, my strongest instinct was warning me of danger.

It's definitely the most easy-going moment on the outside, but why?

However, Ben, who had been fighting with the Demon King for a long time, knew well that trusting your senses rather than your eyes was more helpful in extending your lifespan.

That's why I couldn't say anything while watching my patient pour a new drink.

"Ha haha...."

Because I drank alcohol without any snacks, the red eyes that were clear at first became a little blurry.

He rubs his face against the table and laughs brightly. As a result, one of the bottles lined up next to me fell over.

'...I think the number of empty bottles has increased recently?'

As expected, there are four bottles lined up in a row.

A total of five, including those who fell and rolled on the table.

I can't believe I just emptied more bottles. Even if this is fast, isn't it too fast?

The stiff feel has softened a little. It means that the most dangerous moment has passed.

Still, Ben didn't relax. It's only eased a little, but it hasn't completely disappeared.

His touch, which was still aimed at the person in front of him, was now telling him that he needed to be nervous in a different way.

just as expected.

"Are you the enemy?"

"no."

"Then you are the enemy?"

"Not even him."

"Who is the enemy?"

"Not here now."

"Are you an enemy?"

"no."

The drinking began.

He said he wouldn't get drunk....

Ben quietly covered his face. Meanwhile, the demon's questions were being repeated again and again, making it even more miserable.

I gave permission for no reason. An overwhelming feeling of regret came over me. The way he was sighing made me feel like he was going to do something if I wasn't careful, so I just closed my eyes and allowed him to have a drink.



‘It shouldn’t have been allowed.’

The Devil’s Joker. Demon Arut, the proud commander of the 0th Corps of the Demon King’s Army, who killed the last warrior.

The same questions and answers had been repeated endlessly for 20 minutes already.

Some people may ask why we pay so much attention to this person who is so drunk that he is wandering around.

But I can only say that because I don’t know anything about him.

Yes, it looks easy. It might seem pointless. Then, why don’t you try to answer that question in the affirmative?

The question ‘Are you the enemy?’

If you can’t answer or say yes, the Commander of Corps 0 suddenly changes as if he’s never laughed and starts running at you with a dagger.

In such cases, if the injuries were at least severe, the body would be so tattered that it would be unrecognizable.

So how can you not be nervous?

In particular, if such a situation occurs here, it is difficult to handle it.

‘Fortunately, it’s still at level 1...’

His drunkenness is divided into three stages.

Step 1: Question, Step 2: Suspicion, Step 3: Investigation.

If you deny the question 'Are you an enemy?' in step 1, it will just be skipped.

In the second stage, this is followed by the question 'Why?' If you don't answer correctly at that time, the attack will begin.

Stage 3 can be seen as just the beginning of the massacre.

To give an easy example, the question 'Why?' is answered with 'Daemon is the Demon Lord. So do I. So let's say you express the opinion that 'we are not enemies'.

In step 2, we just skip it, but in step 3, we ask ourselves, 'Why is that? 'He could be a betrayer or a spy, right?' And I ask again.

How can you answer that other than simply denying it? If you become speechless due to the absurdity or repeat simple denials, they will attack you and say, 'You are the enemy after all,' and it will drive you crazy.

'It will never go as far as level 3.'

With that in mind, I made up my mind and stopped Demon's hand from reaching for a new bottle.

The cloudy red eyes roll over and take in me.

What is contained there is clear dissatisfaction.

It's not life or anger, it's just dissatisfaction. Nevertheless, Ben, who froze for a moment like a mouse in front of a cat, swallowed his saliva and barely opened his mouth.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 23**

23. The veil lifted (6)

"Stop eating."

"Are you an enemy?"

"no."

"Can't I drink it?"

"Yes no. "You've had enough."

"Not even one sip?"

"It's not possible."

He resolutely removed all the liquor bottles from the table and stood up.

The man, who had been bombarded with repeated questions, awkwardly scratched his head and looked at his thoughts.

"Uh... I didn't know it would be like this, but I'm sorry..."

"I'm glad you know that."

"Haha..."

He couldn't help but look at Ben's eyes.

In fact, isn't the problem caused by him offering alcohol?

Ben knew that too, so he glared at him, but it had already happened. I let out a deep sigh, as if resigned, and racked my brain over how to resolve this.

'Should I call Ed too?'

No matter how you think about it, that's the best. I need to bring some corps members as well so that we can quickly prevent any unexpected accidents. "

There is no

communication seat..."

When I thought about it, I didn't bring it with me.

Ben, the attending physician, rarely left his room in the Demon King's Castle.

The only thing that happens is when Demon's condition worsens and he rushes out. In that case, there was no time to take the communication seat, so for Ben, the presence of the communication seat was almost like air.

You just have to be conscious to know its existence.

Of course, I took it with me as part of my cheap luggage when I left the castle, but it would still be buried somewhere in my luggage, just as I had packed it with me.

It was a mistake that Ben made not only because he did not take care of the communication seat well, but also because he did not think that he would be separated from his deputy, Edgar Daemon.

“...Do you have a communication seat?”

“Yes? no?”

“....”

“But the owner here probably still has it.”

“...is it.”

Ben looked back and forth between the man, who was laughing awkwardly, and the demon, who was still rubbing his cheek against the table.

I couldn't drag around the commander of the 0th Corps who had become incompetent, and I was anxious about leaving him

behind... Regardless of my concerns, I had decided what to do in the end.

Wow.

I grabbed the man by the collar.

The guy's embarrassed face filled my field of vision.

“Brother tongue? “Why is this happening all of a sudden?”

“Take care. “I knew that if I did something foolish, I would die.”

“Oh, well, if you're going to do that, you can say it kindly... Oh!”

“The reason I respected you was because this person showed favor to you. But if you can't even repay that, why should I respect you?”

“Who says they don’t?”

The man looked at Ben with a bewildered expression as he walked away as if he had heard the answer and that was enough.

I had no intention of touching it anyway. I just saw an opportunity and tried to sneak into the money bag.

Isn’t this also included as a ‘foolish trick’?

Isn’t it cute compared to taking drugs?

If Miles’ plan had been successful in the first place, he wouldn’t have had to come forward.

‘It’s definitely my job to clean up after the damn bastard.’

If you get angry before someone else gets angry, your anger will subside.

In particular, the stronger the intensity, the more the anger disappears and its place is replaced by embarrassment, and the man saved his friend from danger several times using this method.

The other person, who has no way of knowing that he is going to hit and throw it painlessly, is embarrassed, and he approaches the other person with the excuse of apologizing on his behalf and steals their money.

Anyway, considering that he is going to eat it instead of the one who saved him from a failed food crisis, and Miles has nothing to say, it is not a bad deal considering that it is annoying.

But something is a little strange about this opponent.

Did you feel a sense of discomfort?

Originally, I didn't plan on drinking this much.

Just then, when we were going up to the second floor with our arms around each other's shoulders, I tried to sneak some money, but...

'I felt bad.'

So I gave him alcohol until he got drunk.

The money was a little broken, but as long as I could get my hands on the money pouch on his waist, it wouldn't be that much of a loss, so he spoke and acted without hesitation.

And now.

A man with white hair and red eyes is putting his head down on the table.

It seems completely defenseless to anyone, but why?

'Why do I still feel out of place?'

But we can't put it off any longer.

In order to separate the guards, he deliberately pretended that there was no communication seat, but if he still couldn't steal it, his reputation in this world would be damaged.

Now is the perfect moment as the parties involved are lying around like a piece of cake and the unlucky escort has gone to borrow a communication seat.

Because this was an opportunity that would never happen again, the man became more alert than ever and secretly

and quickly moved his hand to his waist. and.

Wow.

“!”

Caught.

The man looked down at his captured wrist with an expression of not understanding what had happened.

Wrists held securely.

As I move my gaze along the white hand holding my wrist, I see a face standing up and smiling brightly.

“Are you the enemy?”

“...no.”

I barely licked my lips.

My mind had already been in chaos for a long time.

how? Even if it looks like this, I can confidently say that my manual skills are excellent.

How did they know and catch it because they did something illegal? Should I take it away by force?

As I was thinking that, it seemed like it was suddenly getting noisy outside.

Deeng- Deeng- Deeng-

The bells signaling the attack began to ring.

“Is it a monster?”



“It’s time to strike.”

There was no agitation.

After all, there are different people who are tasked with protecting the castle.

But the problem is there. His escort rushed over as if he had finished communicating.

Seeing him getting closer in an instant, the man narrowed his eyebrows.

Damn the money was gone.

“Daemon, wake up! “It’s a monster!”

“Hmm, are you an enemy?”

“Your monsters are enemies.”

As Ben answered, he inwardly breathed a sigh of relief.

I probably shouldn’t say this, but the timing was good.

Even though he was very drunk, if he did not see satisfactory blood flow, the Commander of Corps 0 would move on to the next level of drunkenness without having to drink any more.

In such a situation, it was a monster attack at the right time.

“Ed and the others will be waiting outside. “Let’s go down.”

Ben, who referred to the 0 Corps members as ‘the rest’, hurriedly helped Demon.

I wanted to go down to the first floor as soon as possible, but the atmosphere was strange.

People in the bar got up from their seats one by one.

Ben's expression slowly hardened as anyone could see that their actions of secretly blocking the stairs did not have very good intentions.

In the meantime, our 0 Corps Commander Demon was still smiling.

"Are you the enemy?"

"It looks like both medicine and pickpocketing failed. "So these guys are our prey, right?"

"...."

The man frowns but closes his mouth as if he has nothing to say.

When no one answered his question, Deon slowly tilted his head and opened his mouth again.

"Are you the enemy?"

"Kick then, I'll take it as a positive, so don't say anything else later."

"...."

"Enemy?"

When there is still no answer, the laughter deepens. At the same time, the voice also gained strength.

Anyway, he's a drunk guy. There is only one colleague.

A sneer remained on their lips.

“Well, if you give me the money from your waist, I can just be a customer in the bar.”

Everyone clearly saw how much they had won at the gambling house.

Unfortunately, most of the people inside the gambling hall are familiar with each other.

They sometimes rob the pockets of popular customers as if competing with each other, and sometimes work together to steal money.

There was no way they would just let someone who had swept away a mountain of gold coins go.

There are only two of them and they are very easy prey.

But has reason been paralyzed by fear?

“Puh huh....”

“?”

“Hahahaha! Ahahahahahaha! Hehehehe....”

The white-haired man started laughing like crazy.

He threw his head back and burst into laughter, but at some point he stopped laughing and said with a straight face.

The dagger was spinning in his hand, not knowing when he had taken it out.

“It’s the enemy.”

\*\*\*

Jeopuk. Jerk.

The sound of old wooden stairs being crushed is heard overlapping with the sound of heavy footsteps.

A man with white hair, or rather red-haired now, with a money pouch on his waist was leisurely coming down to the first floor.

Even though the money bag was so openly visible, everyone on the first and second floors could not stop him. No, I couldn't even get close.

Those who saw his cruelty in front of their eyes were terrified, and those who could not see it were driven mad by the sight of the demon smiling while covered in blood.

Among them, the man who had witnessed all of this before his eyes and who had even been drinking was standing there shaking as if he had been nailed to death.

It is not because there was a massacre.

He only killed one person.

but.

'For killing so cruelly.'

Everything happened in an instant.

Just when I thought the white-haired man who was laughing vainly was moving his body, almost at the same time, a dagger was dug into the shoulder of the guy who was giggling first.

fast.

Before that thought occurred to me, the man lowered his dagger. Blood splattered across his face, accompanied by a horrifying sound like “Schak!”, but he didn’t care.

Rather, he severed the muscles in both arms, rendering them unable to resist, and then began chopping up the opponent with a maniacal smile as if he was thirsting for blood.

Regardless of the face, stomach, arms or legs, he just smiled and slashed down without hesitation, as if he were cutting a knife into the ground. The sight was so cruel.

When he stopped, his once pure white hair had turned red.

And the man could see why he had stopped.

‘Because I couldn’t get any more tattered.’

A corpse that has been torn to shreds and its original state is unrecognizable.

I couldn’t even tell when the person stopped breathing, but I instinctively knew it the moment I saw it.

‘Oh, if I attack, I’ll end up like that too.’

Those blocking the stairs seemed to have sensed this as well and began to retreat. The man nodded, looking at the path that naturally exploded.

I guess so. I died after feeling all the pain that can be felt while alive.

Since we are living beings, it is natural to prefer to die as painlessly as possible. At least no one would want to die

that way.

In suffocating silence, a man walks down the stairs holding a dagger dripping with blood. A person who appeared to be an escort was following behind him, but it didn't bother him much anymore.

Because he is just a formal escort.

Or perhaps it was playing a role in controlling the sleeping beast so that it would not wake up.

I walked after him as if I was possessed.

Of course, I didn't follow closely. I followed him as far as I could, just enough to keep him in sight.

And what caught my eye were the people on the first floor who were desperately trying to avoid the situation even though they probably didn't see the situation on the second floor.

Of course, there will be people who secretly stole it. However, it is clear that such people are very few. Look at this atmosphere.

'It's completely taken over.'

A suffocating silence enveloped the entire building.

I got goosebumps.

By killing just one person, that man overturned the numerical difference and brought the momentum to his side.

Was it instinct or intention?

Well, either way, it's the same thing, but what does it matter now?

The atmosphere was quieter than ever, but it felt like the eve of a storm, and the man couldn't move any further and just closed his eyes.

"I sobered up."

"So...is that so?"

Ben answered with a shocked expression.

If anyone were to witness something like that or do it themselves, it would be sobering. Rather, it would be amazing to see that much blood and still be drunk and half-asleep.

I didn't mind the shortened words. Because this doesn't happen once or twice.

The Commander of Corps 0 used to speak informally whenever he was drinking or seriously entering a battle.

Deon runs his finger over the blood on the dagger and heads for the door. Then, as if he had discovered something, he stopped for a moment and looked somewhere.

"Hi!"

Mile, who was hiding in the corner, hurriedly retreated.

Our eyes met!

I wish it was just my mood, but the man covered in blood was clearly looking at me with his shiny red eyes.

As soon as I felt my life threatened, regret washed over me like a tidal wave.

‘I’m crazy. Even if you get caught, why do it to a guy like that!’

There was no way Ben couldn’t have seen the 0 Corps commander’s gaze directed at him.

The crazy guy who dared offer Demon a drugged drink.

If I didn’t know, I wouldn’t know, but I have no intention of forgiving it since it caught my eye.

However...

Ben narrowed his eyebrows and said.

“There is no need to waste your time on a guy like that. If you just tell me, I will...”

“No.”

“....”

Deon cut off Ben’s words at once and slowly turned around and approached Miles.

Although he was clearly walking slowly, he arrived right in front of us in an instant, slowly bent down on his knees in front of him, looked at him, and smiled.

“You weakling.”

“yes yes!”

“If you don’t want to die...”



“....”

“Give me all the remaining medicine.”

“...yes?”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 24**

### 24. The Veil Lifted (7)

Ed, who was waiting for his boss to come out outside the building, was momentarily speechless at the situation unfolding before his eyes.

Because what on earth happened inside?

I looked blankly at him casually brushing up his blood-soaked hair, then quickly turned my gaze to check inside the building.

The intention was to check how many people had been killed, but what caught my eye was an unexpected scene.

‘There’s no body...?’

Obviously, if that amount of blood was spilled, it would have been a massacre.

Although there is a strange silence, at least there are no corpses visible on the first floor through the window.

In the end, Ed had no choice but to ask directly, so he stuttered and opened his mouth.

“What happened... No, the blood on my body before that...”

“It’s not Demon’s blood.”

Ben gave the answer. Ed got angry for a moment.

Do you think I’m asking because I don’t know that?

If you couldn’t even tell whether the blood on your body was yours or someone else’s, you wouldn’t have come up here in the first place.

Therefore, the moment I gritted my teeth and was about to speak again, Ben’s expression caught my eye.

A tired expression.

This is the expression seen mainly by those who have seen Daemon’s battle in person.

Because I often made that expression myself, I was able to quickly figure out what it meant.

‘ah.’

‘Yes, that. ‘I don’t know.’

I was so absorbed in the peace that I forgot about it for a while.

0The combat style of the corps commander.

Is there any way to come up with an answer since we have compared it to an ordinary battle without taking into account his fighting style, which is significantly different from that of other corps commanders?

How could you forget that?

Deon, ignoring Ed's dumbfounded expression, wipes the blood splattered on his cheek with his palm and sticks out his tongue to gently lick it.

And Ed was frightened by the abnormal smile on his face and the red eyes that were starting to show madness again, so he took out his handkerchief and held it out.

"Wipe with this."

"There's no need to do that. 'Weren't you going to fight anyway?'"

"Isn't the blood blocking your vision? 'Please at least wipe your face.'"

"Hmm."

Fortunately, there were no further rejections.

Ed, who looked anxiously at his superior who obediently took a handkerchief and wiped his face, straightened his posture, thinking that he had to get to the battlefield quickly before something happened.

"...I think we should hurry and get to the wall. 'They say the scale itself is different this time.'"

"I guess that doesn't matter. 'The important thing is, 'Do monsters have emotions?'"

"There definitely is."

"I know."

No, it's here.

A laughing comment flowed out, asking if I was being too stubborn.

Although the words were clearly filled with laughter and playfulness, Ed immediately bowed his waist instead of lowering his stern expression, as if he had not been told to be stubborn for no reason.

—When he first became the adjutant of Commander 0 Corps and when he first showed himself like this, Ed was extremely confused.

It's definitely the same thing. But it's different.

He pondered for a while, not knowing what attitude to take and how to deal with his superior, whose personality was completely opposite to what he had shown so far. He came to such a simple conclusion that it was a waste of time to worry.

There was no need to worry in the first place.

All I had to do was match his attitude.

Changing your personality does not change you as a person. Since the memories are still intact, you can just think of yourself as dealing with an extremely capricious being.

And it was right to treat the current 0 Corps commander with a more thorough attitude than ever.

If you treat him loosely and go against his will, 'he' won't forgive you.

“sorry.”

“it's okay. So what about my weapon?”

“Here it is.”

He held out several daggers and sheaths that could be worn on the body.

Deon accepted them as if he was used to them and began to wear them one by one.

Wearing a total of six daggers, crossed on both thighs and two daggers on his back, he looked at the robe and cloak in Ed’s hands one last time, then picked up the cloak.

“The opponent is not human, so there is no need for a robe.”

fluttering.

A black cloak flutters loudly.

Deon, who was walking while checking to see if anything was missing, stopped for a moment and glanced back.

The demons inside the building are looking at us with dumbfounded faces.

I can hear a voice vaguely mentioning the Commander of Corps 0, so it seems like they have figured out their identity.

‘Well, it doesn’t really matter.’

As he watched them each dodge away as soon as they made eye contact, he immediately smiled and turned around.

Before I knew it, there was a madness in the red eyes that made me feel like I could smell something fishy just by looking at them.

In contrast, Deon, with a cheerful smile on his face, pulled out the dagger from his waist and put it away.

“let’s go.”

\*\*\*

I opened my closed eyes.

Although it is clumsy, you can see the soldiers lined up in their own rows.

When I expanded my view a little further, what I saw was the endless sky stretching out behind me.

In a moment, I stared at the clear sky, unbecoming a battlefield where a feast of slaughter would take place, and then lowered my gaze again.

‘I’ was standing on the podium.

‘I’ said, looking at the soldiers who were hiding their fear, tension, anxiety and dissatisfaction with a sour expression.

“The vanguard is largely divided into two categories.”

He extended two fingers towards those who silently raised their heads.

“One is a true vanguard that breaks through traps with great power, tramples on enemies, and raises the morale of allies. The other is the so-called meat shield, which detects traps with its body and offsets the attacks of powerful enemies. If I had to guess, we’d say it’s the latter.”

The guys gritting their teeth are reflected in the field of vision.

You might want to refute it. You might want to shout no and throw a bunch of curses. But I'm sure you know it well.

'I' have just become a commander from an ordinary soldier. And the soldiers improvised for that commander.

There was no one here who knew this clearly but was shameless enough to deny it.

Therefore, 'I' calmly opened my mouth to those who were silent.

"Everyone here has participated in battles, so they probably know the atmosphere of the battlefield well. I don't think anyone has forgotten. Shouts and screams heard from all over the place, the sound of weapons constantly echoing through the battlefield, the muddy ground soaked in blood and stained red. And the 'madness' that flows through all of this."

"...."

"There will be people who resisted the madness that tried to devour their minds, and there will also be people who were devoured. So, I will tell you now."

Looking at the eyes, it seems like he knows what to say.

You're probably expecting something boring like 'don't let the madness feed you'.

That's a funny thought.

'I' have survived in this crazy place so far with this absurdly weak body.



There's no way you'd get sick of words coming out of the mouth of someone like that.

"Feed the madness."

A cool silence fell.

'I' spoke, clearly showing my seething madness towards those people with surprised expressions as if they couldn't believe their ears.

Some people are shocked by the madness revealed in their eyes and facial expressions. Some people barely stopped retreating.

"But it shouldn't be eaten sloppily. Eat completely. Reason is enough to distinguish between enemy and enemy."

The phrase "don't let madness eat you" applies only to knights or higher who have proper swordsmanship.

What help would it be if we maintained our senses when we couldn't even master the meager swordsmanship?

Since ancient times, wild animals must be calm to successfully hunt them, and sheep that run wild are harder to catch than gentle ones.

We were just sheep, and in my opinion, there was only one way to survive in this place full of wild beasts.

"Do not create a whole corpse. Even if you judge it to be dead, do not stop chopping it up; cut open its abdomen and scoop out its internal organs. "It stops when you decide it can't get any more tattered."

The look in your eyes says you're fed up.

It's not funny that it's just words, but it makes me think.

If you stand on the battlefield with this clumsy mentality, a hundred people will die.

I didn't become the leader because I wanted to, but since I was in this position, I had no intention of letting the soldiers under me die.

It's not about responsibility. 'I' lost all my troops and was worried about the disadvantages that would result.

What is left for a commander who has lost all his troops?

If you're a guy like me who doesn't have a back, your head will definitely be blown off.

How did you survive this far? I just have to die because of those bastards?

"You guys seem to have forgotten where you are. Come to your senses!"

I can't admit it because it's unfair.

Eyes wide in surprise turn to me.

'I' stared straight into each of those eyes and shouted in an evil voice.

"Do you think the enemies will swing their swords while considering the opponent? If you shout out that you were forcibly taken there, do you think they will think that's right? If there's anyone who wants to come here and question morality, come out right away. "I will personally throw you in front of your enemies so that you can discuss morality with them!"

A cool wind blew.

I can hear the sound of sand being swept away by the wind. I could hear fallen leaves rolling around and tree branches shaking.

Silence fell on the open plain so that all these sounds could be heard.

“We are weak. And this is a battlefield where the weak are eliminated. “How many ways do you think we can do to survive in a place like this?”

Haven’t you realized yet that you’re in no position to call hot or cold?

It was a reprimand in that sense.

‘I’ continued speaking slowly, with no answer coming back, not sure if I understood or not.

“As far as I know, there is only one method that can be used by those of us who cannot fight or leave the battle.

— 「Psychological Warfare」 .”

It’s about instilling ‘fear’ in your enemies.

Don’t let them attack you carelessly. So that you cannot aim your sword carelessly.

So how should we instill fear?

“A feeling of foreignness. Make me feel different. The sense of heterogeneity on the battlefield will eventually lead to fear, no matter what process it takes. Fear will dull the enemy’s hands and feet, ultimately preventing him from

using his skills properly. “We’re going to slit that guy’s head.”

Yes, we become hyenas on the battlefield.

Don’t think I’m a coward. Is cowardice a big part of what we do to survive?

Now, I think it’s time to discuss how to make people feel different, but if that happens, the story goes back to the beginning.

“There are only a few ways to create a sense of heterogeneity in this limited space called a battlefield. In fact, there is only one thing we can do. First, let me tell you everything—”

He held up his arm, which was carefully wrapped in white bandages all the way to the fingertips.

“On a battlefield full of people covered in blood and dust, you can stay clean without a single speck of dust or blood.”

This time, he fluttered the white cloak he had been specially given.

“Or covered in enough blood to stand out among the bloody and dusty crowd.”

Since we have to roll around on the floor to avoid the sword right now, there is no way we can keep it clean, so there is only one method that can be used in the end.

‘I’ laughed as I looked at the silent soldiers with even darker faces, probably realizing that they had no choice.

It was a laugh that, even thinking about it, gave off the fishy smell of blood.

“We are covered in blood. It shows a brutal hand that even those who are accustomed to war can compete with. He smiles and swings his sword in a way that sends shivers down my spine just by looking at him. Also, it would be good to show that you are delighted with the enemy.”

In one word, be consumed by madness.

Anyone who runs away becomes a target.

However, a crazy person who attacks with his eyes closed becomes an object of avoidance.

“I’ll say it again. We cannot be the ‘true vanguard.’”

“....”

“But I don’t want to be a meat shield either. So we’re similar but we take different paths.”

Did I mention that a true vanguard raises the spirit of our troops?

Then we...

“We bring down the enemy’s momentum.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 25**

25. The Veil Lifted (8)

“We bring down the strength of our enemies.”

Only then did the soldiers' expressions change to faces of understanding.

‘I’ laughed, revealing the madness that had subsided for a while.

A requiem for our enemies who will leave no intact corpse behind.

If you roll on the floor and get dirty in a fight, you will wash it off with blood.

Obsess over your enemies and go crazy for blood.

Because that will be the only way for us to live.

“Fear your enemies.”

The cruel hands evoke fear in those who see them.

Anxiety that something like that might happen to me and fear of the pain to come. And the fear I feel as I imagine myself in the future, unable to maintain an intact body.

These emotions will lead to hesitation, and hesitation will hold you back from moving forward.

“Of course it will be difficult at first. “It’s not like you can escape from madness at will, and you might go crazy.”

“....”

“If you’re having a hard time staying sober, you can rely on alcohol and drugs. “As long as you don’t get caught, survival in the present is more important than punishment later.”

Ah, that’s the look in your eyes that says, ‘Are you still a commander?’

I don’t really care.

Because I didn’t want to be a commander or something.

Therefore, he was able to say things without hesitation that a normal commander would not have said.

“It is the empire that has put us in such a dangerous situation, so we will not shout slogans such as ‘Glory to the Empire’.”

Unless the superiors are directly watching, this is the slogan of our unit from now on.

Magical words that make you feel less guilty no matter what you do.

A dirty but most useful statement that shows the end of the rationalization that will justify our future actions.

“Everything for survival.”

\*\*\*

I blinked blankly.

A ceiling that was unfamiliar but somehow felt like I had seen it before caught my eye.

Only then did I realize that this was a city and that the room I was lying in was the room given by the manager, so I slowly got up.

‘...dream?’

I had a dream.

I think it was a dream with some incredible content, but ironically, I don’t remember it very well.

In fact, I didn’t even have time to think about the dream again.

As soon as I opened my eyes, I felt that my mouth was wet and that someone was wiping my mouth with a handkerchief. As soon as I

realized that it was blood, I started shaking my body and spitting out the blood that had accumulated inside me.

“Uweeeeeek!” Wow! “Kuhhhhhhh.”

It was truly close to a seizure.

Ed, who was wiping away the blood next to him, panicked and quickly held up the bucket.

And then, perhaps because she was so embarrassed, she forgot that Ben had a magic stone necklace and ran out of the room, saying she would call him. As expected, they ran into each other right away, and not long after, she



and Ben came in side by side, holding each other's collars.

It's not an illusion. It wasn't because I was in pain that I saw something in vain.

They really came in holding each other by the collar.

'What are you doing?'

I am speechless due to the absurdity.

In fact, the correct answer is that even if I wanted to say it, I couldn't.

"Keuheuk weeeeeek!"

How can one speak when blood is pouring out at the rate of filling a bucket?

Anyway, the two of them let go of my collar and approached me, as if they had made a promise, as if seeing me like that was so unusual.

"Excuse me, Demon."

Ed wipes the blood running down my chin and Ben examines my body.

When Ben said he would check for blood, Ed showed good sense by tipping the bucket.

When they came in with their hands and feet clashing like that, why did they come in holding each other by the collar?

Ben, who looked at the magic stone and checked the soggy lump of blood while pressing various parts of my body, stood up and said,

“The treatment was all completed while you were lying down. What is coming out now is the blood that had accumulated inside. “You don’t have to worry too much because you are just spitting out useless bad blood.”

What do you mean by treatment?

What on earth happened while I was drunk?!

It was Ed who opened his mouth on behalf of me, who was coughing up blood without even knowing why.

“Now that I think about it, you hit it pretty hard. “You were thrown 2 meters, so it’s natural that the internal bleeding was severe.”

“Yes, it was a whopping 2m.”

As expected, Ben gave the answer.

He spoke with a lot of sarcasm, as if he still had the bad feelings from when he grabbed me by the collar when he came in.

“What on earth was the adjutant doing until Demon-sama did that?”

“...Ha, you, Demon-sama, is coughing up blood like this, so why didn’t you come quickly to prepare something?”

“I remember saying that the treatment was already over! Are you suspicious of me, the Demon Lord’s personal doctor?!”

“But you didn’t rush over to me when you were vomiting so much blood like never before! Oh, is it really because you are not the Demon King that you are so negligent?”

“You!”

Ben grabs Ed by the collar. Not to be outdone, Ed also grabbed Ben by the collar.

Feeling the vomiting slowly subside, I looked at the two with a confused expression.

‘I don’t care if you two fight or not, so why don’t you explain what that ‘jumped 2m’ incident is?’

What on earth did I do after drinking to make you say things like internal bleeding and all that?

Ah, the bleeding has finally stopped.

I spat out the last of the blood that had accumulated in my mouth and raised my head. The two people who read the sight with astonishment turned their heads at the same time and looked at me.

I barely stopped myself from pulling back under that burdensome gaze and spoke firmly in my own way.

“Let me explain first. “Everything since I got drunk.”

How would you feel if the absurd thing of getting drunk and losing your mind and waking up to find that everything was over came true?

There is no feeling at all.

It’s just ridiculous.

“...So you’re saying that I drank a lot of alcohol and happily ran out and fought against the monsters that attacked at the right time?”

“That’s right.”

“In the process, I hit a monster and fell 2 meters.”

“Exactly.”

“ .... ”

So, to put it in one word....

‘You’re crazy.’

Yeah, it’s crazy.

Where on earth did you put your mind, a bastard like me?  
You ran out when hiding behind wasn’t enough?

It would be better if I heard it wrong, but looking at their expressions, the possibility of that converges to zero.

Look at those bright eyes.

In fact, the explanation was almost entirely about my saga.  
It felt so burdensome to praise it so highly and say it was truly amazing.

Of course, such sagas were arbitrarily filtered out. Because there must have been some misunderstanding.

The important thing is that while I was drunk, I almost got hit by a monster and went to hell.

Nevertheless, I thought there was no problem at the time because I got up and fought just fine, but they say I collapsed as soon as the battle was over.

‘No, then. ‘I got hit by a monster with the intention of attacking me and was sent flying 2 meters. Do you think I’ll

be okay?’

Anyway, Ben hurriedly checked and saw that my insides were all messed up, so he gave me first aid on the spot and then moved me to the room to completely treat me... I wonder how Ed must have felt since I started bleeding as soon as I woke up.

If my immediate superior dies, the responsibility will fall on me, so it was worth running out while shouting in my head, ‘You quack!’

As a result, as soon as he encountered Ben in the hallway, Ed grabbed him by the collar, saying, ‘What on earth are you doing, procrastinating?’ and Ben, in his own way, grabbed Ed by the collar, saying, ‘How dare you leave a patient alone?’

Of course, my condition came first, so they ran side by side into my room without letting go of each other’s collars, and that was the most absurd scene I saw as they were vomiting blood.

“Anyway, the monster hunt ended successfully. Afterwards, the guys got scared and ran away. “The corps members eliminated those guys as much as possible.”

“Ah yes.”

It’s nice and fortunate to hear that it’s all over... but from now on, I’ll have to stick to my drinking limit.

If I’m not careful, I’ll die without even realizing it.

‘...Now that I think about it, wasn’t my drinking limit five bottles?’

I remember it clearly because it was such a sharp drink.

A popular drink in the human world. I lost my memory after drinking exactly the last of five bottles of that quite strong alcohol.

But this time, the point at which my memory stopped was when I had less than one bottle.

‘No matter what, I don’t drink so it looks like my immunity is gone.’

Even so, it is a very extreme change, but it is not a very serious problem. There’s no need to waste your heart and brain on something that doesn’t matter.

Thinking about that, I erased any remaining doubts and fell into silence as I looked at Ed’s communication desk that had suddenly appeared in front of me.

However, after a while, I accepted the damn thing with a faint sigh.

Of course, instead of using it right away, I held it tightly in my hand and watched Ed’s thoughts first.

“...Can’t I just rest for a little while and report back?”

“It’s not possible.”

“Even 10 minutes?”

“sorry. But reporting comes first. Even so, the report has been delayed due to Demon’s injury, so it is impossible to delay further. “It will be enough to rest afterward.”

So, I don’t think I can rest now. I feel like something new will happen if I use this.

But with what power can I overcome them?

In the end, I powerlessly activated the communication seat.

I found the demon king's communication stone engraving on the list and connected it, and soon I heard the demon king's voice through the communication stone.

-uh. why.

Is your voice so different from usual? I think I got the timing wrong.

A clear voice.

I almost turned off the communication at the sound of a voice that seemed to reveal that I was uncomfortable for anyone to hear. In fact, I still had the urge to do that in real time.

But if I do that, my life will also end. There is no way to avoid it since communication is already connected.

In the end, I opened my mouth very carefully so as not to offend as much as possible.

"I am the commander of Corps 0."

-Ah oh! Demon! what's the matter? No, you've already finished your work?

Fortunately, it didn't seem to be that bad.

The voice did not resolve quickly, but rather it became brighter. As the tension eased, I also answered in a slightly relaxed voice.

"yes. "It just so happened."

-What does 'it just so happen' mean? Humility must also be appropriate. You're so fast, after all...

The devil's chatter continued with the unfamiliar Gongchisa.

And I, who was caught up in the storm of chatter and just answered 'yes, yes'...

"I was waiting."

"...Yes..."

—When I came to my senses, I found myself at the forefront of a battle with the empire.

The 1st Corps commander, wearing blood-splattered clothes, shakes hands with a faint smile.

I clasped my hands together, trying to calm my expression that had become so stiff that it would not straighten up.

Of course, the inside was a mess.

'Damn you devil bastard. 'You're so determined to kill me!'

In order to explain this situation, we must first go back to the time when we communicated with the Demon King.

The Demon King, who was chatting a lot as if relieving the stress he had accumulated so far, naturally got to the point at some point.

It was a fluid change of topic without any discomfort.

-I feel sorry for the person who just finished work, but there is one thing I would like you to do.



There was a bit of hesitation in the voice, but there was also a firm determination that he wanted it to be done.

If you're sorry, don't say it.

I swallowed the words welling up in my throat and nodded slowly.

Ah, the nod here did not mean acceptance, but was a nod towards oneself.

See, my guess is right. I can rest after the report? It sounds like a dog eating grass.

"What is?"

-I want you to go to the 1st Corps Commander to apply.

"As for the 1st Corps Commander... the front line?"

-okay. A request for emergency assistance has been received. It was said that 'real heroes', not hero candidates, participated in the war. I feel like sending other guys, but as you know, heroes and demons don't get along well, right?

My memory ended there.

I'm sure he would have accepted it. I accepted it, so I guess you're here.

Just like other times, he may have been forced to come by his position as the Demon King, but this time, I remember that it included bait that he could never refuse. So, part of my decision must have been involved in that choice.

Fearing that someone might be the devil, their tactics became more clever.

‘But a ‘new hero’. Honestly, I have no choice but to accept it.’

I can’t help but come.

A new hero I don’t even know about.

‘Of course, I came to my senses later and regretted it after I arrived, but...’

I was so distracted by the lure of a new hero that I forgot about the situation on the battlefield for a moment.

But what can I do when I’m already here? It’s less unfair to see the hero’s face while I’m already here.

When I think about it, I feel like my half-gone soul is coming back.

I gave a moderate amount of strength to the hands I was holding and smiled at 1st Corps Commander Jaykar in the same way.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 26**

### 26. New Hero (1)

The border where the demon world and the human world meet. As such, this place where there is constant conflict with the empire is an unsafe place, commonly called the 'front line'.

1st Corps Commander Jaykar looked at 0th Corps Commander Demon Arut, who was holding his hand.

As the human world where the sun is located is right in front of us, he was wearing black robes, and the corners of his mouth were slightly raised as if he was smiling, which was rare.

'As expected, your expression becomes richer now that you're outside the Demon King's Castle.'

It must have been frustrating because you couldn't see blood in the Demon King's Castle. So, he must have always had a stiff expression on his face.

Jaykar thought to himself as he looked at his brightened face, as if he thought that he would have quenched his thirst by hunting monsters and could now enjoy a proper battle. Since I have such high expectations, I have to make

sure that he participates in the battle no matter what happens.

And the thought soon became words and came out of my mouth.

“You must have heard the news that the 9th Corps commander died.”

“yes.”

“Because of that, the situation is not going well. “I would like you to join the battle as soon as it breaks out, is that okay?”

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My name is Deonhardt.

First of all, he is an unremarkable human being who holds the undeserved position of commander of the 0th Corps of the Demon King’s army.

Honestly, this situation was burdensome. Thinking about when all the facts were revealed, I was already scared. That’s why I saved myself so much.

However, even though I was worried about the burden and repercussions, I never resented this position.

—It was like that until a little while ago.

‘Shit...’

Has there ever been a time when I resented this position as much as I did today?

I stared blankly at the black cloth wrapped around my arm with rotten eyes. This is a very familiar item to me. An enchanted cloth used when dealing with humans or when exposed to sunlight.

They said it was made by the Demon King himself using magic. What kind of magic did you say was there?

“...Was it a magic that not only blocks light but also maintains an appropriate temperature?”

“Yes, and the Demon King recently added one more feature.”

“It’s a surprise... No, yes? “What...”

“It’s an automatic repair function. He said that it would be difficult to completely tear or cause major tears, but minor scratches that occurred during the battle would be easily repaired.”

“Oh....”

I’m not happy at all.

Ed is absorbed in winding the cloth without knowing my true feelings. It was more like a black bandage than a black cloth, and it was being rolled up so damn fast.

‘You can take it a little slower...’

The words that lingered in my head and tried to come out of my mouth over and over again soon turned into a sigh filled with resignation and quietly dispersed into the air.

Okay, let’s stop.

What can I say to a guy who is so tactless? Even if I say it, my mouth only hurts. Rather, it is fortunate if it does not have an adverse effect.

This guy, if you tell him to slow down, he'll say 'What are you saying!' and start wrapping the cloth even more passionately.

"Would you like to try moving your hand?"

Before I knew it, I looked down for a moment at the black cloth that was carefully wrapped around each finger, and then clenched and unclenched my fist. The elastic fabric expands and contracts accordingly.

The moderate pressure was annoyingly good, so I nodded slowly, muttering a curse under my breath.

"It's comfortable."

"Fortunately, the. Then please hold out your other hand."

When I held out my other hand, Ed politely held my hand again and began to wrap the black cloth.

As a man obsessed with his duties as an adjutant, he was concentrating on wrapping the black cloth meticulously without leaving any gaps, instead of complaining about the weakness of his superiors who increased the workload.

When I saw that, a question suddenly occurred to me.

'Bare skin is weak enough to cause problems even if exposed to sunlight for just a short period of time. 'Isn't he annoyed?'

Annoying boss. A weak human, not even a demon.  
Nevertheless, he was a fool who came all the way to the front line and put himself in danger.

I don't know what value I have for quietly following along without a single complaint.

I don't think this is something that can be overlooked simply because he has a good personality...

'Isn't this a demon?'

No, that's definitely not the case. I shook my head, recalling Ed's bare forearms that I had seen once.

Both arms were full of strange patterns. Should I call it a tattoo? In any case, it was absolutely not something humans could imitate.

"Could you please refrain from moving a little?"

"ah."

It stopped moving immediately. If the fabric is wrapped incorrectly and there is a gap, only I will lose.

At this borderline, where each other invades each other's territory several times a day, is it really possible that we will never be exposed to sunlight?

Yes, as you may have noticed, I also participated in the battlefield.

'Shit.'

Why would a guy like me be taken by such bait when he would naturally find out later anyway?...

I cursed in my mind at the cunning demon lord and remembered the conversation I had with Jaykar a little while ago.

[You must have heard the news that the 9th Corps commander died.]

Until then, I had no thoughts. I just thought, 'I heard that.' All I could think was a dull thought like, 'Maybe that's why I came to apply.'

I planned to leave the battle to Ed and the corps members and safely watch the situation from the rear.

Even the Demon King always said to fight when you wanted to, so there was no problem.

It was definitely like that...

[Because of that, the situation wasn't going well. I would like you to participate as soon as the battle breaks out, is that okay?]

I froze with my smile on my face.

I don't think this is it. Something is going wrong.

I tried to deny the ominous premonition that washed over me like a wave, and stiffly raised the corners of my mouth and asked back.

[Only the corps members, right?]

[No, you too.]

Shit.



Denying reality failed and retreating failed. How can you not curse at something like this?

I laughed out loud as I watched Ed's quick hand movements as he finished tying the knot.

This brings me closer to the day I die today. It's so rewarding that I feel like I'm going crazy.

...Shit.

"It's done. And the face..."

"Yes."

Ed picks up another cloth that was lying next to him.

The face was gone in no time.

He wrapped his nose in black cloth and then put on a robe. The robe that completely covered the eyes seemed like it would interfere with visibility, but thanks to the magic the Demon King himself placed here, there was no problem with vision.

Moreover, the hood couldn't come off unless he took it off himself, so it made me think that the devil king had nothing better to do.

'Anyway, the amount of magic power is like a monster...'

This is something he can do because he is a demon lord. If it were other demons, they wouldn't have even thought of wasting their magical power in a place like this.

The magic power of demons is limited, and the magic power consumed by magic is not recovered.

Magic is breaking the rules of the world.

It may seem like a trivial magic, but the magic that does not remove the hood defies gravity, and the magic that secures vision violates the rules set by the world that are taken for granted, allowing one to see beyond opaque objects.

As such, the price was certain. Regardless of the permanent consumption of magical power, it is said that the hero's appearance date is getting closer.

'Even though the Demon King knows this, he does this.'

How could I, who am neither a hero nor a demon lord, connect the use of magic and the appearance of a hero?

The Demon King spoke with his own mouth.

Well, the fact that they are using so much magic means that they are confident that they will win even if a hero appears.

'Well... it's none of my business.'

I stood up, fiddling with the hood that covered my eyes.

"I will take a look at the military tent to check on the body of the 9th Corps commander."

Of course it's an excuse. My original intention was to find a place to hide to pass the time.

If the battle starts, there won't be time to find me, so all you have to do is get the timing right and hide before then.

I went out with such useless hopes—

"Wow...." "

...He is the real Commander of the 0 Corps....” “....”  
“Wow....” “...He is the real  
Commander of the 0 Corps....”

“ ....”

—The eyes of everyone outside turned to me at the same time. I could see it clearly.

Heat blooms in the eyes of the soldiers who see me.

With morale rising steadily in real time, I quietly resigned myself to the fact that I was glad I was wearing a hood.

...It's not good to hide.

\*\*\*

“Commander of Corps 0?”

The commander's military tent where all kinds of reports are piled up.

Cruel, the Empire's newly recognized hero, raised his head without realizing it. The dry, sunken eyes were aimed squarely at the soldier.

The cold and hard eyes did not match the soft yet strong title of 'Hero', but they were enough to bring victory in the war, so the soldier straightened his posture without a single doubt.

“Yes that's right. According to the scout, the morale of the Demon King's army is increasing because of this. On the other hand, our morale is...”

“...It's a pain in the ass.”

Even though he slurred the ending of his words, it doesn't mean he couldn't predict what was going on. Cruel quietly touched his forehead with an exasperated sigh.

Isn't the commander of the 0 Corps a very famous person?

The Devil's Joker. A being known to be stronger than the commander of the 1st Corps, the devil's agent.

Although it is unusually well-known, when you try to find out more about it, nothing comes out, making it even more suspicious.

If such a being were to join, the situation of the war would change in an instant.

"If the existence of Commander 0 is true, the situation will be different. "We should not think of victory, but of defeat."

"...."

"It is dangerous to fight head on."

So, is there any way to deal with him other than direct confrontation?

Actually, the answer has already been found.

Someone might have a better answer, but at least his head was screaming that this was the best way.

Nevertheless, the reason for this hesitation is because the trivial title of 'hero' is holding him back.

Without realizing it, your index finger taps the desk at regular intervals.

For a moment, only silence and a slight noise lingered in the tent. He neatly organized the documents on his desk, stacked them on one side, took out something, wrote it down, and spoke.

“I’m sending an assassin.”

“It’s very unlikely.”

The answer came from a man standing like a folding screen in a corner.

Despite the firm rebuttal, Cruel responded immediately without a change in expression, as if he had expected it.

“If the skills of Commander 0 Corps are real, then yes.”

“....”

“But what if Commander 0’s skills were inflated? Or, he may be letting his guard down because there are so many demon lords around, or maybe the presence of the 0th corps commander was created by the demon lord army to boost their morale.”

If even one of these can be saved with just one assassin, it will be a great harvest.

Instead of reprimanding his quick-witted subordinate who had been silent from the moment he mentioned the 0 Corps commander’s skills, Cruel ordered again in a cold voice.

“Send an assassin.”

\*\*\*

The battle entered a lull.

The reason is that the fourth hero of the Empire, Cruel, who had been pushing hard, stopped fighting for a while after hearing the news of the commander of the 0th Corps entering the war.

The intention behind this was to check whether the 0 Corps commander's skills were real or fake, and the assassin in charge of this important task was now entering the Demon King's army tent, very nervous.

[Keep this in mind. The priority is not the head of Corps Commander 0. Make it a top priority to make sure your skills are real.]

When I heard that, I snorted inwardly.

It can't be real. It may be true that it is a bit strong, but what is known to the public is too much to even pretend to hear.

He's stronger than the commander of the 1st Corps and even the devil can't do anything about it?

If that were true, the Demon King's army would have already swallowed up the empire.

'I'll burst that bubble today.'

This was the confidence of someone who was more skilled than any other assassin. The fact that we have arrived here now with such an important task on our shoulders is proof of that.

Even if he couldn't take the head, the assassin was confident that he could at least inflict a fatal wound and run away, so he went straight to the commander of the 0 Corps and started his work... '

This is crazy.'

I started to panic within 30 minutes.

0 Finding the corps commander was not difficult. All you have to do is find where all the soldiers' eyes are directed.

The problem was his ability to avoid assassination.

At first, he waited for the 0th corps commander, who went in to inspect the body of the 9th corps commander, to come out, and then threw his dagger just in time.

Of course, I expected that it would not be easy. It was just an attack to determine capabilities in case the capabilities were false.

Even so, since it was a sincere attack, if his skills were mediocre, he would have passed away without even knowing when or how he was attacked.

however.

"ah."

Isn't he bending down very naturally at the right time, as if he had expected it?

Thanks to this, the dagger passed through the air and stuck in the trunk of an innocent tree.

If I had just bowed silently, I would have thought it was my skill.

The problem was what he said after dodging the dagger.

"What kind of stone is there...."

Was it caught on a stone?!

No no. It's difficult to be deceived by words like that. Even though you say things like that, aren't you looking at every corner of the military camp?

He was probably looking for me by talking like that out of fear of surprising his subordinates.

So, from now on, it's a battle of wits.

Find it or kill it before it happens.



# I'm Not That Kind of Talent

## Chapter 27

### 27. New Hero (2)

Of course, I had experienced this situation before, so my mind was calm and undisturbed.

'If the dagger doesn't work, use a trap.'

He took out a silver thread pulled from the monster's skin. A sharp thread that, if installed tightly, will cut you just by touching it.

I reached the place where his steps were heading, set up the silver wire, and waited for him to arrive quickly, but he, who had been walking along, suddenly stopped. And then a sigh of annoyance comes out.

I could tell without having to say it out loud.

'I noticed it.'

It couldn't have been a coincidence that he stopped right in front of Eunsa.

It's definitely something that's hard to see with the naked eye, but it's hard to believe that you can find it like that even though your entire body is completely covered with a robe and black cloth. After all, this is not an easy skill, is it?

As I watched nervously to see what the reaction would be, he stood there annoyed for a moment, then turned around and grabbed a random soldier.

“Do you know where Ed is?”

“He’s probably in the barracks. Would you like me to call you?”

“No, I will go myself.”

Are you trying to reveal the existence of this intruder?

I have to get out of here.

Now that I know that his skills are not a complete lie, it doesn’t mean that I won’t gain anything if I continue like this.

‘But...’

I feel so embarrassed.

Groundless confidence that you can do just a little more.

Even though he knew that this confidence was the most dangerous, the assassin could not bear to give up due to the overwhelming regret and chased after him.

“Ed.”

“Daemon?”

As the Commander of Corps 0 walked through the tent that covered the entrance and entered, the sleek-looking man sitting in front of the table stood up with a surprised expression on his face.

I was able to quickly recognize who he was because I had seen his face in documents about the main figures of the Demon King's Army.

'Ed, Adjutant General of Corps 0.'

A man who was mentioned as a candidate for corps commander.

Two dangerous people gathered in an enclosed space. The risk of being caught doubled or even tripled, so the assassin became even more nervous and held his breath.

Fortunately, as if he hadn't noticed, the Commander of Corps 0 sat in front of him and opened his mouth casually.

"Do you know anything about the new hero?"

I thought you were going to talk about intruders, but why about Cruel?

'What are you planning?'

Did you realize that Cruel personally ordered the dispatch of assassins?

So why? It could have been ordered by His Majesty, or it could have come by the arbitrary judgment of one of Cruel's subordinates.

Cold sweat flows down my back. The assassin exhaled slowly and focused on their conversation.

"no. I heard that the 2nd Corps commander is currently investigating. Because he is wearing a helmet, we cannot see his face, and the only thing known is that his swordsmanship is excellent..." "

....”

“I’m sorry.”

“No, thanks. But what about that?”

Although I couldn’t see my eyes because they were covered by my robe, I could tell that the 0 Corps commander’s eyes were focused on the bottle on the table.

Ed probably felt the same way as he stood up with a short exclamation of ‘Ah’. Then he took out another glass from the bag that was lying on one side, put it down in front of him, and said.

“It’s alcohol. Would you like to eat it?”

“...Is that okay?”

“Yes, this is a war zone. Light drinking to relax is okay.”

“If that’s the case.”

0The corps commander picks up the bottle.

The moment the glass was filled with alcohol and the moment it was lifted, the assassin threw a small stone he was wearing in his pocket into the corner of the barracks.

Just right.

A small but clear sound echoed inside the barracks. Both heads turned to one side at the same time.

Yes, right now.

He snapped his fingers and threw poison into the glass that the Commander of the 0th Corps had set down. As a bonus,

Ed's glass was on the table.

"What was that noise..."

"It seems to have been the sound of things in the bag hitting each other. "I just took out a glass."

"Is that so."

Corps Commander 0 also seemed to think it was no big deal as he lifted his glass and brought it to his mouth.

Then he tilted it slightly and put it back down before the liquid reached the end of the glass.

"Ed."

"Yes, Demon."

"Who has been here?"

"no. "There was no one else but Demon."

"Is that so..."

My heart sank.

I really need to go away. If I stayed here any longer...

I quietly retreated due to the strong urging of something I don't know if it was reason or instinct.

As if he had expected that, a delicate voice touched the back of my neck.

A calm voice that seems to say that someone like you can be caught at any time.

“The flies are very entangled.”

There was no fool here who could not understand the meaning of those words.

Ed stiffens his expression and stands up. Almost at the same time, the assassin also hurriedly withdrew.

If you fight here, you will inevitably lose.

He had a reason to return alive.

‘I have to report.’

0The corps commander’s skills are not a bubble.

‘Rather dangerous, playing with assassins...’

\*\*\*

“This... is the commander of the 9th Corps?”

That was what I reflexively said when I saw the body of the 9th Corps commander.

I looked down at it with a face that must have turned white.

The 9th Corps commander I knew was clearly a female demon with straight black hair. His personality was quite cheerful, so I found him rather positive.

Where in ‘this’ is the straight black hair?

Where does the face with a cheerful smile rest?

A piece of minced meat.

I was speechless for a moment while looking at it, nothing more or less.

At first, I was confused, shocked, and the overwhelming emotion was worry.

‘Isn’t this happening to me too?’

No. If I participate in the battle like this, this will definitely happen.

I’m a hero and all, but I just want to go back.

I really desperately want to go back.

As if running away, he left the tent where the body was placed. I came out in such a hurry that I almost tripped over a rock.

“What kind of rocks are there here...”

Don’t these kids even clean the roads?

At least the roads inside the military camp need to be cleaned up.

Even as my frustration rose, I was looking around every corner of the camp to find a place to hide.

Then, for a moment, he stood still, as if waking up from hypnosis.

‘It can’t be possible.’

A faint sigh escaped.

Actually, I know that too. How could it be possible to hide in a situation where so many eyes are gathered?

‘But I can’t stay still.’

The decision was quick.

If there is no best, then the next best, the worst and the lesser of the lesser evils.

If you can’t run or hide, there aren’t many options left.

I grabbed a random soldier nearby and asked.

“Do you know where Ed is?”

“He’s probably in the barracks. Would you like me to call you?”

“No, I will go myself.”

I left the guy who said he would follow me at best, but it’s not like training a mutt and I can’t call him back.

Ed’s barracks were not far away.

When I got inside, Ed, who was sitting at the table, stood up and called out to me as if he was surprised.

When he called me questioning what kind of business he had come for, I threw out the business as he wanted.

“Do you know anything about the new hero?”

“I heard that the 2nd Corps commander is currently investigating. Because he’s wearing a helmet, you can’t even see his face, and all he knows is that his swordsmanship is excellent...”

Damn it. How on earth can you survive without information?



I was racking my brain to find another way, but I guess he thought I was angry. Ed, who was carefully examining me, slowly lowered his head.

“sorry.”

“No, thanks.”

People around me seem to be good at apologizing when it isn't their fault. I didn't even know that it was putting more pressure on me.

Anyway, I thought the atmosphere would get awkward, so I rolled my eyes and found another topic to talk about.

Then what came into view was a bottle on the table. In addition, the half-full glass, which seemed to have been drinking just a moment ago, was showing off its presence as if asking me to look at it.

‘...alcohol? Wow....’

You didn't let me drink it and only you drank it, right?

“But what about that?”

“ah.”

He let out a short exclamation, turned to the direction where his bag was placed, and immediately took out a glass.

And he kindly set the glass down in front of me and said,

“It's alcohol. Would you like to eat it?”

It seems like things have changed back and forth? Shouldn't you ask first if you want to drink and then bring the glass?

But Ed knew me too well.

Otherwise, what fool would refuse alcohol that is difficult to drink freely?

Of course, it seemed a bit too obvious to say yes so quickly, so I opened my mouth as if hesitating.

“...Is that okay?”

“Yes, this is a war zone. Light drinking to relax is okay.”

“If that’s the case.”

His face must have been covered, but he smiled without hiding it and grabbed his drink, pretending not to be able to resist.

The moment Ed pours you a drink and picks it up.

Just right.

A small but clear sound of unknown origin struck my ears.

I reflexively turned my head to find the source of the sound. I see a space that doesn’t seem to be anything special.

“What was that noise...”

“It seems to have been the sound of things in the bag hitting each other. “I just took out a glass.”

“Is that so.”

You didn’t hear wrong. For a moment, I thought I was hallucinating.

I felt relieved and lifted the glass to my mouth. But before I could tilt it all the way, I stopped my hand. The back of my hand felt like it was burning as I put down the glass.

I stupidly almost drank it without even taking off the cloth that covered my lower tube.

‘It’s embarrassing.’

I wonder if Ed would have looked at me like an idiot. It’s difficult to think pathetically.

...Let’s change the subject.

I hid my embarrassment and called Ed as calmly as I could.

“Ed.”

“Yes, Demon.”

“Who has been here?”

You will have your own life and meet someone.

So, to change the topic, let’s take this opportunity to talk about you. There was a former colleague among the soldiers here, or something like that.

But unfortunately, Ed had a very clean private life.

It is so clean that no one is even close friends here.

“no. “There was no one else but Demon.”

“Is that so....”

What a pitiful guy.

I clicked my tongue inwardly and frowned as I looked at him with a pitiful gaze.

The flies that have been buzzing ever since I came here are so annoying that it drives me crazy.

Of course, this is a war zone, so it's natural for crows and flies to be attracted to it, but maybe it's because it's been so long that I can't get used to it.

I felt like I couldn't let this frustration out loud, so I ended up saying it in a casual tone.

"The flies are very entangled."

"!"

Ed seemed to be bothered by something in my words and jumped up from his seat. When I saw the hardened expression, I was inwardly shocked.

Why are you doing that? I wasn't that annoyed, right? I used the proper honorifics and there was no problem with the tone of voice, right?

He strides around the barracks and looks at every nook and cranny. And finally, he picked up his glass on the table, concentrated for a moment as if he was using magic, and then called out to those outside with a cold, stern expression.

He spoke softly, crushing the glass with his grip.

"There was an intruder."

Alcohol and broken pieces were dripping from his hands.

After that, there was an uproar.

Ben, who came running after hearing the news, saw the broken shards and the alcohol on the floor, and scolded Ed for what he should do if the evidence was destroyed. He took the glass still in my hand and checked the poison.

And as soon as it was discovered that it contained a deadly poison, the military camp was turned upside down under the command of 1st Corps Commander Jaykar.

All soldiers have their identities checked, and the confirmed soldiers run around looking for intruders.

In addition, I received an apology from Ed who said he was sorry for not noticing it in advance...

"Because I was stupid, I didn't realize it quickly even though you gave me a signal. sorry."

No, I didn't know either? What signal did I give you...? How did you even notice that? Anyway, you strange guy.

Well, anyway, there is only one thing I can say in this situation.

"it's okay."

These are words that I keep repeating in my mouth while staying in the Demon King's Castle.

If I had really known in advance, I would have accepted the apology with peace of mind, but my conscience is pricking me so I can't accept it.

Anyway, Ed also went out to participate in the search and I, alone again, sat blankly in front of the table and looked at the bottle of alcohol.

There was an intruder, but in the end, no damage occurred, so my mind was very peaceful.

It's to the extent that I'm thinking that if someone had known, they would have looked at me with disdain.

'Is that bottle poisoned or not?'

Yes, I still haven't been able to give up my addiction to alcohol.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 28**

### 28. New Hero (3)

Ben only examined what was in my glass and was unable to examine the liquor bottle as there was a huge fuss as soon as he received confirmation that it was poisonous, so there is some hope.

Personally, I don't think I would have heard it.

Ed was drinking when I just came into this barracks.

That means there was no poison in his glass up to that point, which means that the intruder poisoned our glasses while Ed and I were talking.

Now that I think about it again, it was really dangerous to hide at a level that even Ed wouldn't notice, right?

...anyway.

'From what I remember, there was only one time when the table was out of sight of me and Ed at the same time.'

When you hear a click.

I reflexively turned my head to find the place where the sound came from.

However, that was a very short moment, and it was an absurdly short amount of time for the assassin to come directly and poison him.

So how did you get poisoned?

‘It must have been thrown in.’

The assassin had outstanding skills that could not be caught by Ed’s spirit. In other words, he must have had enough skill to ‘throw’ the poison.

But even so, there is not enough time and the risk is high to throw it into a bottle with a narrow spout.

Assassins have a strong tendency to refrain from taking risks, so they would not have taken the risk of trying to poison a bottle.

... is my opinion.

‘Then let’s check.’

I quietly picked up the bottle of alcohol.

My conscience pricks me for trying to drink it alone when the owner is not around, but I guess he was trying to offer it to me anyway.

With that shameless thought in mind, I continued to smell it.

As expected, there is none.

It made me smile.

‘I think I prepared a medicine that is said to be colorless and odorless in its own way.’



Solid medicines that are easy to carry require specific ingredients to maintain their shape, whether they are made from purified liquid or powder.

Usually, even this is said to be colorless and odorless, but I don't know.

'If you've been exposed to a lot of medicine or have an incredibly good sense of smell, you'll notice.'

That could be said to be the unique smell of the medicine.

In any case, this liquor does not have any subtle medicinal smell at all. That means...

I grinned.

'This drink is mine now.'

There is no glass, but that is not a problem.

Afraid that someone might come and disturb me, I slightly lowered the cloth covering my lower pipe and tipped the bottle without hesitation.

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"He is dangerous."

"Hmm..."

the assassin spoke passionately.

Cruel silently listened to the assassin's words without any particular expression.

In contrast to his expressionless face, his fingers were tapping the desk as if revealing his complex thoughts.

After listening to the entire explanation after a long period of silence, he slowly opened his mouth.

“Okay, let’s go out and see.”

“yes.”

After the assassin left, Cruel’s thoughtful expression did not look very good. It was worth it.

In the end, isn’t the skill of Commander 0 Corps at least as good as that assassin’s?

The assassin he sent was by no means an easy person.

Due to the nature of the job, he may be weak in head-to-head combat, but hiding and assassination are enough to make even Cruel himself nervous.

‘That’s a pain in the ass.’

0The corps commander is real, and his skills are not a lie. What could be more painful than this?

I slowly closed my eyes and leaned back in the chair.

‘The judgment...’

has already been made. It’s just a bit of a waste.

He was tilting his head with a slight frown, then opened his eyes and slowly stood up.

Sensing that the atmosphere had changed, the subordinate cautiously asked about his decision.

“What do you want to do?”

“...The order given to me is to ‘protect the territory of the empire.’”

In this way, Cruel participated in a battle that was being pushed back, and as a result, he went beyond protecting his territory and pushed into the realm of the demon world.

The higher-ups seemed to like it, but unless the order was something like ‘Expand the territory to the Demon World’, there was no need to force a confrontation.

“I tried to expand the area as much as possible in preparation for when the demons attack again later, but there is no choice.”

The ‘time when you can’ is over.

Greed brings anger. Cruel was more cool-headed and rational than anyone else to be swayed by greed.

If this side’s morale was high, we might be able to see how they would stick together, but unfortunately, while that side’s morale is the best, this side’s morale is at its lowest.

“What does Commander 0 mean?”

If the only issue was his combat ability, I would have had less to worry about.

Perhaps this was unlucky, but the Commander of Corps 0 was a being who could influence morale with his mere presence.

If we fight against them in this situation and this atmosphere, we will be defeated horribly.

It is not that there is no one in the Empire who can overcome this situation, but since they are not here right now, Cruel's options are extremely limited.

"We need 'that guy' to defeat the Demon Lord's army with Commander 0."

"Ah..."

"But not right now. "The request for support is also late."

Likewise, another hero of the Empire.

Thinking of someone who had become a hero before him, Cruel closed his mouth for a moment and then slowly spoke.

"In the current situation, it is best to stop the fighting. That's the only way to stop the Commander of the 0 Corps from participating in the war. However, it is impossible to make an open agreement with the demons, and there is no way they will just sit back and watch as they barely get a chance to counterattack..."

Tuk.tuk.tuk.tuk.

My index finger taps the desk.

This too is the hesitation given by the title 'hero'.

Although it was a title he earned because he had to protect it, it seemed to often hold him back, so he frowned but eventually revealed the plan in his head.

"We withdraw ourselves."

"yes?"

“However, those who come after us will be killed unconditionally. We have to kill him with such certainty that it cannot be compared to anything we have done so far. “You should never look like you are being pushed around.”

He slowly backs away without showing his weak side.

They must retreat to their original territory, the human world, and show that they will not fight unless they invade the human world first.

“If I step back now, wouldn’t it be too obvious? Even the demons will notice.”

“That’s what I said. “Make sure to kill those who are chasing you.”

“ ....”

“You will find out when they attack us as we retreat and are crushed horribly.”

They are not retreating after hearing the news from Commander 0.

It’s not like I’m being pushed around, and I’m not rushing back because something’s wrong.

“Even if I just had it, there was no point in raising my sword for this useless land that doesn’t get a single ray of sunlight.”

“ ....”

“You have to imply that.”

Although formal agreements cannot be made, implicit agreements are possible.

It was something a hero of the Empire should not do, but Cruel did not dwell on such things.

Rather, it is more important not to ruin your first debut as a hero.

“Of course, this will only be possible if the Commander of Corps 0 does not go on a rampage in the process, but he is the support that came after the Demon King’s army was pushed back, so it will probably be okay. “There’s no reason to step up when things go back to their proper place without you having to do it yourself.”

“Well... I heard that it is very rare for the 0th Corps commander to go directly into battle.”

“okay.”

The higher-ups only look at the results. Rather than considering what process went through to arrive at these results, just the results.

In that sense, if the troops commanded by Cruel are pushed back by the Demon King’s army and are allowed to invade the human world again, the higher-ups will definitely start discussing his qualifications as a hero again.

‘That’s why it’s difficult.’

Why did you come here?

Cruel quietly chewed his lips and opened his mouth to give another command.

But no words came out.

“Commander Ji!”

Because of an uninvited guest who quickly entered the tent.

After seeing his pale face, heavy breathing, and dirt-covered clothes, Cruel stood up without a word.

While waiting for the soldier to catch his breath and report on his own, he put on the gauntlets he had temporarily removed and put the sword on his waist.

There was no reprimand for rushing in without any hesitation.

In order to deliver news effectively and quickly, he was the one who ordered that anyone could come in immediately if it was urgent or important.

Therefore, instead of reprimanding him, Cruel quietly prepared for battle and waited for his next words—

“The Demon King’s army is advancing!” The leader is the Commander of Corps 0....”

Rumble.

Before the soldier could even finish his report, he immediately grabbed his helmet and went outside.

The plan went awry.

The situation was miserable.

Cruel’s eyes, which had already figured out the entire situation on the battlefield before he could even look at it, sank coldly inside his helmet.

There was no need to look.

The pungent smell of blood stings the tip of my nose even though the battle has barely begun. The front line is pushed helplessly. In addition, a desperate scream and

a sound of laughter were heard.

Whose scream is it and whose laughter is it?

“...under.”

A laugh came out.

Cruel grabbed his sword and glared at the battlefield.

At least among the soldiers under his command, there is no crazy person who laughs while killing the enemy.

Yes, they are demons. They were carrying out the massacre, laughing cheerfully as if to relieve their anger.

‘It’s completely gone.’

The atmosphere has gone over to the other side.

War is greatly influenced by morale.

Even in an unfavorable war, if your morale is high, you can fight off enemies like you’ve taken a drug, and even in a war that is advantageous, if your morale is low, you often struggle.

So, the empire is at a disadvantage in this fight right now.

‘no.’

The hand clenched into a fist gained strength.



It can't go on like this. How did I get this far, only to be pushed around in vain?

You have to use your hands.

—How?

‘In order to resolve this situation...’

With all of his senses becoming clearer, Cruel looked at a certain place.

It is the only place in the noisy battlefield that is so quiet, as if the space has been cut off.

There was a devil standing there.

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“Hahahahaha!!”

The dagger turned freely in my hand.

The dagger, which was sometimes held straight as if performing a trick, sometimes held backwards, and sometimes even passed across the back of the hand, drew those who were mesmerized by it even for a moment, creating yet another victim.

How many people were sacrificed like that?

Blood spurts out from where the dagger was pulled out. The faint moans of a colleague who could no longer scream were heard by those around him.

The black devil in front of me never killed his opponent easily.

Whether it was severing a tendon, cutting off a hand, or stabbing an eye, he completely cut off any possibility of a counterattack and cut the person to pieces, smiling happily as he was unable to do anything.

Even if he accidentally killed the person right away, he tore the body into pieces, revealing his cruelty without hesitation.

“Oh, devil...”

A trembling voice came out from somewhere like a moan.

I probably said it without even realizing it.

A weak voice on the battlefield is not good for morale. Nevertheless, no one could blame him.

Even the soldier who was here right now felt the same way.

Because my barely suppressed emotions were struggling and I was expressing my strong agreement with those words.

‘Yes devil.’

If you can’t call him a devil, then who can call him a devil?

My hands are shaking. My legs feel like they’re stuck in the ground and I can’t move much.

The sight of the enemy chopping up his back was extremely defenseless, but the soldier could not bear to point his weapon carelessly.

Aiming itself is easy.

All you have to do is raise your weapon and point it at that defenseless back.

But if that happens.

‘I’ll be like that too.’

hate. afraid.

The soldier was not confident that he would face the consequences of his actions.

I want to run away, but I can’t.

Because my instincts were telling me that the devil in front of me would come after me as soon as I turned my back.

In a situation where he could neither run nor escape, the soldier closed his eyes tightly. His white lips were trembling.

‘Someone please.’

—Please save me.

A short cry rises up from the lungs, but is suppressed in the throat and swallowed.

It was at that time that something strange happened.

Clink!!

“...uh?”

A strong wind blew along with the sound of something breaking.

As I closed my eyes and opened them as the dust blew in, the armor I had once seen from afar filled my field of vision.

At the same time, the soldier lowered the arm holding the weapon.

“Ah ah....”

I lived.

Relief gently pats the frozen body.

The soldier stood with barely any strength on his legs, which seemed ready to give out at any moment, and clearly saw what was in front of him.

The Empire’s new hero. A star on the battlefield. A rational commander.

Cruel.

He arrived here.

# I'm Not That Kind of Talent

## Chapter 29

29. New Hero (4)

“!”

Lirinel, who was sitting on the wall of the third city and looking at the monsters pounding on the barrier with pitiful eyes, jumped up as if on fire.

Her eyes were wide open and shaking mercilessly.

“Lirinel? What’s going on? If there’s any problem in the fourth city....”

“I’m broken.”

“yes?! Are you saying the barrier has been broken?!”

“The necklace I gave to Demon is broken!”

“...yes?”

For a moment, the deputy’s thoughts stopped.

Daemon? If it’s you, Demon.... Yes, Demon Arut.  
Commander of the 0th Corps of the Demon King’s Army.

It was late for me to think about it for a moment because it was like the sky that was too much for me to even think

about.

So what did you give him? No, when? Also, is it broken? why?

“What do we do? “It really only reacts to attacks that are capable of causing ‘instant death’!”

“Ah... that’s really...”

...is it dangerous?

The adjutant’s expression turned awkward.

Even if you want to sympathize, it is difficult to fully sympathize.

0The corps commander is in danger? Are you in danger of dying? No matter how much I think about it, I can’t imagine it.

Moreover, if what she says is true, this becomes a serious matter.

The fact that it is capable of driving him to the brink of death means that it is also a threat to the Demon King!

“I guess I have to go!”

“yes? No, just calm down for a moment... oh please.”

Lirinel waved her hand towards somewhere.

Even so, you’re sending a signal to the army that is working hard to eliminate the monsters to hurry up!

As if that wasn’t enough, the adjutant quickly caught her as she was about to move somewhere and let out a deep,

heartfelt sigh.

‘Really...’

Since the Demon King’s order has not been given and the legion has not been annihilated, we must complete our mission and go back according to the established procedures. That’s common sense.

Do you not know that or are you pretending not to know? I don’t know which one, but one thing I can be sure of

is that either way is nonsense.

‘I want to quit being an adjutant...’

Someone’s sigh filled with agony was scattered silently in the air.

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“I was planning on killing him at once.”

A cold voice came from inside the helmet.

Despite the obvious provocation, Deon just stood still and focused his eyes on the debris flying around him.

This is a scene that even he didn’t expect.

Deon was calm and quite intelligent when it came to matters related to survival.

Therefore, instead of running into what the other person said, he focused on understanding what was happening to him.

So, let’s think back to what happened a little while ago.

Suddenly, a transparent film appeared around the body and broke at the same time, and the magic stone necklace that Lirinel gave her crumbled and was now flying around like this.

This means one thing.

‘I did my best.’

This means that the magic contained in the magic stone was used.

In other words, the transparent membrane that had been created a moment ago was a kind of defensive magic that prevented a strong surprise attack, and the magic stone that had fulfilled its role was completely destroyed.

...Did you say this would allow me to avoid instant death at least once?

‘It means I almost died with one hit.’

The eyes that were looking down at the necklace rise to capture the main culprit of the attack.

You can’t see his face because it’s covered by a helmet, but he’s probably the ‘new hero’ the soldiers are talking about excitedly.

As I thought about that, the corners of my mouth hidden by the black cloth turned up.

“You are the new hero.”

“It’s undeservedly called that.”

“...Hmm.”



The dagger in my hand spins round and round.

Unlike before, Deon frowned slightly and pointed the dagger at him.

It was an attitude that clearly revealed his discomfort.

“Your voice sounds strangely familiar. “It’s annoying.”

“I really find it annoying. “I have never met a demon before.”

“Take off your helmet.”

“Are you telling me to take off my helmet in front of the enemy?”

A clear refusal.

Kaang! Sparks flew before Cruel’s eyes.

Each and every one.

The dagger and long sword are intertwined, making an annoying sound.

In that state, Deon brought his face close to Cruel and spoke in a voice filled with laughter.

The laugh, which was extremely abnormal, contained deep and vivid madness.

“You said the title ‘hero’ was undeserved, right?”

“....”

“I’ll check to see if it’s really too much or not.”

Storm-like attacks began pouring down on Cruel.

Kaang kang! Kaaaang!!

A quick attack and defense goes back and forth.

In the midst of the barrage of attacks with no time to catch their breath, Cruel was calmly blocking all the attacks one by one.

I was just blocking it.

The Commander of Corps 0 did not give him any chance to counterattack.

However, Cruel was not blindly disadvantaged.

‘The attack is light.’

I don’t know if it’s because they only focused on speed or if that’s the original attack level, but it’s a very light attack.

It was thought that the attacks of ordinary soldiers were heavier, so even though the speed was difficult, blocking them was not a big problem.

Kaaaang!

When he hit the flying dagger hard at the right time, the dagger helplessly escaped the 0 Corps commander’s grasp and fell far away.

However, despite losing his weapon, the commander of Corps 0 was not embarrassed at all. Instead, he swung the dagger in his other hand to widen the distance, hid his free hand inside his robe, and then took out another dagger that looked the same.

It was a familiar and natural behavior, as if he knew his own weaknesses.

‘I think what will happen if I push with my strength and stamina.’

When Cruel made that decision, Deon did not stay still either.

‘We have to retreat slowly.’

That voice was so annoying that I took longer than expected. Anyone with a sharp mind would have already noticed the weakness.

I had no intention of winning anyway.

Deon knows his body very well. As weak as it was, I had to know it well. Only then will you be able to use this body efficiently.

As far as he was concerned, his current physical condition was not that good.

Breathing is starting to become increasingly difficult. My hands are trembling due to loss of strength due to having already collided with the opponent several times.

He could have done so if he wanted to fight a little longer, but since there was no reason to take chances on something useless like this, he kicked Cruel’s stomach without any hesitation, widened the distance, and retreated.

“Unfortunately, that’s it for today.”

“...Anyone wants.”

“If you want, I can see you tomorrow. is not it?”

“....”

The loss is too great to do that.

No matter what the actual skills of the corps commander are, it is the value of his name that ultimately determines the morale on the battlefield.

Even though he was badly burned this time, if he fights again, our morale will probably be even lower than it is now.

However, I did not have the confidence to finish the battle by chasing after the commander of the 0th Corps, who had already opened up such a distance.

Cruel has already experienced his speed through one battle. I knew it would be faster for him to run away than for me to reach him.

Deon seemed to have read Cruel's hesitation and smiled cheerfully.

He hid the dagger inside his robe and muttered as if he was talking to himself in a voice just loud enough to reach Cruel.

“Well, actually, I came here because we were pushed back so much that I plan to return once we get the land of the demon world back. Would I want to stay in a place like this for a long time? “I don't like cruel things that much.”

Wow.

Cruel's brows narrowed.

“Didn't your side raise the dispute first in the first place? This fight would not have occurred even if the demon who

was said to be the leader of the 9th Corps had not crossed the border. "I would never have come here."

"Ah..."

I heard the 9th Corps commander was making a fuss about being bored, but I never thought he would have crossed the border.

At the very least, they probably provoked him by entering and exiting the human world with a boundary line in sight. Even so, the empire, which is sensitive to the movements of the demon world, could not have stayed quiet after hearing the news.

Deon hesitated for a moment and spoke as he predicted what had happened before the hero in front of him arrived.

"If you return the land of the Demon World, I will specially prevent our children from going after it."

"...an apology is enough. It was beneficial to me anyway. Instead, let's accept that favor gladly."

"Okay then."

The conversation is over.

Cruel looked at the black-robed man who disappeared out of sight in an instant, then turned around and spoke.

"We are also stepping down."

To the borderline.

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The imperial army retreats.

It was truly a refreshing scene.

How much hardship have you had since coming here?  
Considering the hardships I've gone through so far, I'm not satisfied with this.

The same seemed to apply to the soldiers as well, as they chased after the imperial army, shouting with joy on their faces.

Instead of trying to stop it, 1st Corps Commander Jaykar, who was trying to chase the imperial army with this momentum, soon confirmed something and quickly changed his orders.

"All troops, please come back."

There is one reason.

0 Corps Commander Daemon Arut. Because he was sending hand signals containing negativity from afar.

The person who made this situation, which was a series of crises, easier to breathe is that person. It was natural to respect opinions.

In addition, the fact that he, who had been pushing the hero so hard, quit midway and came back must have had a good reason.

Above all,

'There is no need to go against his wishes and cause trouble.'

I turned my head and caught sight of the commander of the 0th Corps approaching quickly.

“Good work.”

“....”

There was no reply.

The moment Jaykar, who had raised his eyebrows in puzzlement, opened his mouth again, the 0 Corps Commander’s lips slowly parted.

“Ah...”

...Ah?

Before he could express his doubts, Commander 0’s legs snapped and he fell forward.

When Jaykar, who was embarrassed, tried to hurriedly catch him, there was a hand that helped him one step faster.

A hand that naturally accepted him, as if he had prepared it in advance.

Was it Ed, the adjutant of the 0 Corps commander? As if this had happened more than once, he skillfully accepted the commander of Corps 0, who was collapsing like a sand castle, and spoke carefully.

“Are you okay?”

“...Damn...your body....”

A shallow vibration is transmitted from the bodies touching each other. Proof that almost all of his strength has been exhausted.

Ed looked at him blankly, then adjusted his posture to become more comfortable and whispered sweetly.

“I’m not feeling well, but it looks like you’re overdoing it. Please rest.”

Only then did the tension seem to ease. The body of the Corps Commander went limp.

Ed, who was almost carrying him, nods his head at someone. Naturally, the attending physician Ben came over and began the examination.

This entire series of processes was so natural that Jaykar could only watch in a daze, forgetting to clean up the mess of his troops.

“It appears that fatigue has accumulated due to overexertion with a weakened body. “It’s just a simple faint.”

It was only after about three seconds that he realized that Ben’s report was directed at him.

Jaykar let out a short sigh and rubbed the back of his neck. That action contained a sense of shame that he had been distracted for a moment.

“Make sure you serve the Commander of Corps 0 properly.”

“yes.”

There was a question I originally wanted to ask, but not only was it not worth holding onto the fallen person and asking, but I had already found the answer myself, so I didn’t bother to wake up the Commander of Corps 0.

The reason he sent a hand signal telling him not to chase.

He probably did it because he knew that his physical condition was not good.



If you fight too hard and collapse in front of the enemy, the situation will change again as if it had never happened before.

That's all. How would the thoughts of the imperial army change after seeing that?

The thought that being the Commander of the 0 Corps may not be as big of a deal as you think will slowly arise.

In that case, Commander 0's participation in the war will no longer shake them.

The opinion not to pursue was indeed an understandable one, and following his words was also an excellent choice.

What would have happened if you hadn't followed?

Jaykar shook his head at the assumption he didn't want to even think about and looked at Demon Arut, who was falling limply into Ed's arms.

'I think it was an excellent choice to respect it.'

The commander of Corps 0 suddenly came in and took his place.

Many corps commanders were concerned about this.

[Should I acknowledge and respect him or push him away?]

Although he didn't show it, Jaykar was the same way.

In particular, he had no choice but to think more deeply because he was the commander of the 1st Corps, the highest-ranking corps commander ever.

Thus the conclusion reached.

[Let's admit it.]

There was no choice from the beginning.

Even leaving aside the fact that he prevented the hero's self-destruction or killed the former commander of the 7th Corps, he was brought in by the Demon King himself. What if I don't admit it?

And the choice was indeed right.

0The corps commander was not a general who blindly chased the enemy. He was a commander who judged the situation appropriately and knew how to suppress his own desires.

'I would have wanted to fight more.'

Perhaps, if I had overexerted myself a little, I could have fought a little more.

Nevertheless, the reason it stopped was probably because the risk burden increased.

Because the defeat of Commander 0 Corps is not just a single defeat, it is directly related to the morale of the entire Demon King's army.

Jaykar, who was looking at the demon with new eyes, soon smiled slightly and turned his head.

There was still work to be done.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 30**

30. To the Empire (1)

“Daemon, is there anything uncomfortable about you?”

“doesn’t exist.”

“Maybe you have a headache...”

“I’m fine.”

“Would you like some water?”

“it’s okay.”

“My... it’s my heart!”

“...?”

Is this a murder notice?

I looked at the bizarre flower in front of me with a bewildered expression.

Then, the guy who held out the flowers was dragged through the crowd of people, and soon there was a dull sound and a commotion.

“Are you crazy!”

“How dare you give flowers to Demon? “What is the mind again?!”

“evil! Ugh! Demon, do you like flowers?! “It’s an expression of my respect. Why!”

“Demon likes flowers...?”

“okay! I saw you enjoying your walk in the garden! How much would you love it if you walked with an incubus next to you just because he was a gardener? “Things you don’t know anything about!”

“Then you paid a bribe!”

“Aaaah!”

I don’t know what it is, but you’re having a hard time...

I shook my head.

Currently, I am sitting quietly in the carriage. When I woke up, I was so surprised to realize that I was in a carriage.

It even made me wonder if the damn devil had taken advantage of my drunkenness to sell me to the empire.

It wasn’t until I opened the window to understand the situation that I realized that wasn’t the case, but I was surprised in a different way.

‘Why do you guys look at me like that?’

As soon as the window was opened, numerous eyes were focused on it.

Those eyes turned towards me with a strange heat in them, and I froze, unable to do anything.

Maybe it would have stayed that way if Ed hadn't approached me.

Ed looked at my complexion through the window and asked if I was okay, and I just nodded without knowing what was going on.

Due to the atmosphere, I couldn't even ask what was going on.

Later, I found out that I had done something while drunk...

Seeing that I had done a great job in the war, it seemed like I had jumped into the battlefield...

'What on earth did I do? 'In what spirit...'

I wondered why he just went back.

It's not just about going back, it's about going back because it's already over.

I thought I definitely drank it in moderation. Has drinking volume really decreased? That doesn't really cause any problems, but it's still a bit disappointing.

Anyway, I think it was quite impressive.

All the way back, corps members were snooping through the open window and talking to me.

Those guys who always kept their distance from me with a stiff expression...!

"Are you not hungry?"

"I'm not sick."

At first I was dazed, then I was scared, and now...

'I'm exhausted.'

This should happen once or twice.

They may only talk to each other once in a while, but my mouth is watering as I receive them.

It's not possible to close the window because there are people who keep talking to you. If I just ignore it and close it, I might disappear without even a rat or a bird noticing... It's really driving me crazy.

At that time, Ed appeared, pushing through the corps members gathered in front of the window.

When I tilted my upper body toward the window to see a happy face, he bowed once and said,

"I'm here."

at last!

I quickly got up.

I'm not sure because my body is always tired, but my mind is so tired.

I felt like I was going to lose my mind if this continued, so I got out of the carriage with the intention of getting a quick rest.

And...

'...when did I come up to the room?'

I was so tired that even my memory seemed to have faded.

I don't know when or how it came up.

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"Ah, are you here?"

The Demon King raised his head.

He narrowed his eyes as he looked at the white-haired man standing in front of him with an expressionless expression as usual.

"I heard you did a great job this time? Thank you for your hard work. How do you feel about meeting a new hero?"

"...I have something to tell you."

Even though there was no answer to the question, the Demon King put a smile on his face instead of pointing out the rudeness.

Because some very interesting information just came in.

Very important information that is also related to Deon Hart in front of us.

"okay? Before that, why don't you take a look at this? "The 2nd Corps commander brought information about a new hero."

Startle.

Deon's body trembled when he heard the words 2nd Corps Commander.

"...The commander of the 2nd Corps has arrived."

"okay. Why did you bring a lot of men's clothes?"

“....”

Deon shivered again, wondering what he was thinking, and unlike before, he hastily picked up the document.

His eyes moved left and right and he began to read the text.

Actually, there wasn't much to read.

but.

“The new hero's name is....”

That little text contains heavy information.

“Cruel Hart.”

“...under.”

Deonhardt could only smile, forgetting about the urgency from earlier.

Red eyes are shining. The corners of his mouth rose, revealing hostility and murderous intent.

A very familiar name.

He said, repeating the name of his older brother, who is difficult to forget even as his life goes by.

“I should have just killed you then.”

Even if it means overdoing it.

I put down my documents and raised my head. The Demon King's unique reversed eyes, with white and black inverted, were facing this way with a smile on their face, as if they knew what he was going to say.



“Are you planning on going to the empire?”

“ ....”

Sometimes silence becomes positivity.

After leisurely organizing his desk, the Demon King stood up and approached Deon.

He said as he tapped the border between Deon’s collarbone and neck, who was standing there without a hint of doubt, as if he already knew what he was going to do.

Even though there was a black mark on the spot where his finger touched, neither of them cared.

“Go ahead. Even on the Empire side, if you are away for too long, there will be people who become suspicious. Of course, if you have any useful information, let me know.”

The Demon King grinned.

Why he cares about Deon.

That’s because Deonhardt is taking on a task that even he cannot do.

This is something that demons, who have at least one outward appearance different from humans, can never do.

Acting as a spy.

“Then I’ll be back.”

Deon Hardt.

He is the commander of the Demon King’s army and

a hero of the empire.

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After much thought, I was finally able to recall a fragment of memory.

Yes, I met the devil. It is a natural obligation to report to your superiors as soon as you return.

And one of the conversations I vaguely remember.

‘The commander of the 2nd Corps has returned.’

So I thought about going to the empire, and the devil managed to give me permission to go...?

It somehow feels like a memory to my taste, but whatever.

As a result, it is clear that permission was given to visit the empire.

[Come back. Even on the Empire side, if you are away for too long, there will be people who become suspicious. Of course, if there is any useful information, let me know.]

These words of the Demon King remain clearly in my memory.

In that case, since we have permission, let's leave quickly before the 2nd Corps commander comes here. I'm sure as soon as they find me, they'll try to dress me up in various clothes.

I quickly got up from my seat and started packing my things.

Anyway, the luggage needed to go to the empire is not much. All you need to do is dress appropriately to avoid exposure to the sun, and bring some food to eat along the way.

‘Wow, it’s perfect.’

I was a little worried about whether I would be able to get food without running into the 2nd Corps commander... but

I trembled as I remembered the 2nd Corps commander who had brought a lot of clothes.

‘I won’t let you go until you try on all those clothes.’

He may not seem like a bad guy, but he is a terrifying demon who taught us that people can become exhausted just by putting on and taking off their clothes.

I put my hand on the door handle to quickly grab some food, but for a moment.

‘Where do I get food?’

It’s difficult because there will be army commanders in the restaurant.

...Let’s go out first.

The moment I turned the handle, I heard a knocking sound. I was startled and ran away from the door.

‘Is he already the commander of the 2nd Corps?’

My feet automatically take a step back.

As if to reassure me as I hesitated before asking who it was, I heard a very familiar voice through the door.

“This is Demon Ed.”

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“If you came, please sit here.”

The Demon King, who was examining the documents, raised his head and lifted his chin. Unlike when dealing with Deon, his face is serious.

Ed obediently sat down and quietly rolled his head.

Demon must have reported it, but why did he call me?  
Could it be that there was something unclear?

Meanwhile, the demon king, who had organized the documents and piled them on one side, softly called out to Ed.

“I don’t like procrastination, so tell me right away.”

“....”

“Aren’t you planning on becoming a corps commander?”

“!”

Regardless of all my assumptions and determination, my mind became a blank page.

Even though he was dazed by an unexpected topic, Ed was able to quickly understand the situation.

“Is it because the 9th Corps Commander’s position is vacant?”

“okay. “Until now, all the corps commander positions were filled, so he was the deputy to the 0th corps commander,

but the situation is different now.”

The seat was empty.

It was natural that the choice for that position would be given to candidate Ed.

It’s something I’ve always been waiting for. How did I forget this?

However, even though it was something he had been waiting for, Ed could not easily open his mouth.

“When I become a corps commander, Demon’s lieutenant will be....”

“I guess I’ll have to pick a new one. “I’ll be the next guy after you.”

“So what happens if I refuse?”

“The guy who will be the new adjutant will be offered a corps commander.”

“Is that so.”

Ed, who had said that far, kept his mouth shut.

A look of distress is evident from the facial expression. The Demon King leisurely leaned back in his chair as if to give him time to think.

The air is released and a soft silence settles in the room, as if time has stopped.

Ed, who had been unable to open his mouth for a while even in that space, managed to speak only after the three moons lined up outside the window began to overlap again.

“I...”

After finishing the conversation with the Demon King, Ed headed to Deon’s room as if it were natural.

As always, I knock twice and say what I always say.

“This is Demon Ed.”

“Come on in.”

As I open the door and go in, I see my boss standing in the room. Ed stopped on the spot.

He looks fully armed as if he’s going out at any moment.

It was an unexpected appearance, but considering that he had previously met the Demon King, he could have predicted that he had received some kind of secret message, so he showed no signs of agitation and closed the door.

“Are you trying to leave?”

“Yes, it will take a bit longer.”

“Ah...”

Uncharacteristically, he hesitated and rolled his eyes.

Deon, who looked at Ed strangely, decided that there was no need to inquire for a moment, so instead of mentioning this, he added a slightly belated explanation.

“I’m going to visit the human world.”

“Is that so. “Then you will need food.”

Ed's actions were quick as expected.

Ed, who had stopped him from taking care of it on his own and carefully tied the small enchanted pouch to his waist, glanced at him and carefully opened his mouth.

"I..."

"Oh, thank you. "Then I guess I'll just have to go."

I didn't mean to say hello. Ed looked blankly at Deon, who stood up from his seat.

A traveler's hood covers his white hair and covers his red eyes.

And at some point, my back was turned towards the door as if I would never look back again.

"Ed."

"Yes, Demon."

"Is there anything you want?"

"...yes?"

"It's been a long time since I'm going to the empire, so there are things I need."

Eat. Ed smiled without realizing it.

Where else can you find a superior who takes care of his subordinates like this?

And nowhere else would a superior need so much help.

"Nothing in particular."

“Hmm... Then, I will take care of finding the right amount for you. I’m busy right now, so let’s talk about it.”

From there, Ed decided to keep quiet.

Instead of mentioning the suggestion I heard from the Demon Lord, I raised the corners of my mouth and slightly folded the corners of my eyes. Then, I bowed politely and spoke.

“Yes, I will wait.”

There would be no need to disturb the busy person by bringing out an offer that has already been rejected.

“Please come back safely.”

Even if he leaves the Empire, Ed will still greet him as his lieutenant.



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 31**

### 31. To the Empire (2)

A warm wind caresses my cheek. The flowers lining the roadside were waving their leaves as if welcoming the wind, and the sun was shining warmly as if it were a blessing.

Yes, it's spring.

It's late spring, close to summer.

The gatekeeper guarding the front of a huge mansion yawned lazily due to drowsiness and lifted one of his eyebrows as if he had discovered something.

In the distance, someone wearing a traveler's robe was walking straight towards us.

"...hey."

"huh?"

"Isn't that guy suspicious?"

"What is the prize... Oh, I see."

Even though it may seem like this, it is a job that takes pride in its own way. In an instant, my colleague, who revealed his sword-like prayer, adjusted his spear and grabbed it.

The gatekeeper also held his weapon tightly and clearly showed caution towards the stranger approaching.

And the moment he got close to me, I put out my window, signaled to stop, and said,

“This is Count Hart’s residence. The Count is currently out of town, and outsiders are not permitted to enter. “If you have something important to say, please leave a message.”

A phrase that has been repeated to guests over and over again.

Usually, there was no benefit to be gained by turning Count Hart into an enemy, so most people just returned, but this customer seemed to be different.

He just stood there proudly, without retreating even an inch, as if he hadn’t heard those words at all.

No, it actually went one step further.

“Open the door.”

“...under?”

Open the door. How can you be so shameless?

The moment I was about to say something out of embarrassment, he took off the hood of his robe.

And the doorkeeper was momentarily dazed by the exposed white hair, and was then frightened by the red eyes he met and put away the window.

“Isn’t it ridiculous that I can’t go into my mansion?”

“Count Bae!”

Honorary Count Deonhardt.

He left the mansion for the purpose of subjugating monsters and returned after a long 6 months.

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“Deonhardt is back?”

The man who was leaning on a chair raised his upper body. Purple eyes sparkled with interest.

Purple eyes and purple hair. Just as gold is a symbol of the imperial family, purple is a symbol of a family in the empire.

Duke Illuster.

Starbe Illuster, who stood as the opposite of the emperor, the only duke in the empire and the head of the noble faction, raised his eyebrows at the news that had just arrived.

Who is Deon Hart? Wasn't it clearly the emperor's dog? As the head of the aristocratic faction, he is the very 'hero' who must be eliminated.

Even though it disappeared suddenly and came back suddenly, it is nothing new. If you think about it, it was almost time to come back.

“Okay then.”

I turned my gaze and looked at the person who had been standing next to me the whole time.

Green eyes that don't show any signs of agitation and a deadpan expression that leaves you unable to tell what's inside.

A strange look appears in Starve's eyes as he looks at Cruel Hart, who has claimed to be his subordinate, but then he bends as if trying to hide it.

Next, an incredibly kind voice came out.

"What should I do?"

I heard your brother is back.

This news may not have been widely known yet. Because the information network that the operatives are building is particularly tight.

At most, the only person who knows other than himself is the emperor.

In such a situation, what Cruel, the servant of the head of the noble faction, would say was decided.

"I will place a murder request."

"Wrong. "There must be a card that is more cost-effective."

The Duke looked away, waving his finger as if teaching a child.

As if responding to this, a woman who had been holding documents in the corner and waiting for her turn to report, as if she were there or not, raised her head and met his gaze.

"Saerin, you answer. "What should I do?"

"...Are you talking about the revolutionary army?"

"you're right."

There is no way they would refuse a request to kill the emperor's dog as they were hell-bent on getting rid of the emperor.

They will participate in this more passionately than those who murder for money.

Therefore, the Duke smiled and gave an order to Cruel.

"Contact the Revolutionary Army."

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Patter. Hurry up.

I don't know what it is, but it looks quite busy.

Do I feel like I've become a huge uninvited guest? It looks like he was away for too long.

But they said there was nothing they could do because of the devil.

As I was scratching my head for no reason, an old man with gray hair came out from among the busy workers, walking at a pace that was neither fast nor slow.

"Are you here, Count?"

"Ah yes. "It's been a while, Remember."

Remember, the butler who has been with me since I received this mansion, welcomed me with a kind smile.

Seeing his unchanging and calm demeanor, I had the feeling that he had returned, so I tried to take a step closer, but the greeting that I thought was over continued.

“Did you finish subjugating the monster safely?”

“...yes?”

Subjugating monsters?

...That’s right, externally, I was away to subdue monsters under the emperor’s orders.

“Ah ah yes.”

After nodding roughly, Remember took a step to the side with a profound smile on his face.

He acted as if he was saying, ‘Please come in,’ so I naturally went inside and told him who was following me.

“I am going to see His Majesty. Please get ready.”

“You must have been tired from the long journey, so it would be best to get some rest...”

“No, I will wash and change clothes and then go right away.”

Wouldn’t I want to rest? There’s nothing we can do about it because it’s a bigger problem to be out of the emperor’s eyes.

The current emperor, Edoardo Desert, is a bloody emperor who ascended to the position of monarch with the sword.

The scene when he, the 9th prince, killed all of his older brothers and sisters, dragged his sword across the palace, picked up the crown with bloody hands, and put it on himself, is so terrifying that it is still talked about among his subjects even 10 years later. It was a scene.

What would happen if it got out of his sight?

Of course, he is not a tyrant who would kill someone just for not coming to report right away, but it would be safer to not do anything that would draw attention if possible... '...But why is the atmosphere like this?

,

Somehow, people who would have moved immediately before have stopped moving.

Looking at the workers who were fidgeting and just lowering their heads with puzzled faces, Remember naturally spoke.

"I will prepare right away."

And the action that followed was quick and quick enough to remind me of Ed.

Some of the employees prepare bath water while others wait with towels.

And after being dragged by the hands of several others, I came to my senses and found myself soaking in a warm bathtub.

It's been a while since I've been sober, but it's not the first time either, so I'm not that embarrassed.

As I began to droop down my tired body, which had become accustomed to it, the door opened and servants came in, cleaned my body, put me in a gown, and led me somewhere.

'Now wait... just a minute.'

Are you really crazy at this point? It's not because it's been a while, but I'm really out of it.

You guys didn't go this far. What on earth happened while I was away?

As if they couldn't see my expression, the maids sat me down on the sofa, took out my uniform, and started talking among themselves.

"If you're going to the imperial palace, wouldn't this uniform be a good idea? "It has appropriate decorations, so I think it will highlight the count's beauty."

"No, the trend is to be ascetic! In that sense, don't you think this uniform with only embroidery without any decorations would be good?"

"Considering the Count's well-known image, don't you think this would be better? It feels kind of elegant. I think this will soften the Count's image a bit... How about going with the concept of a sickly nobleman?"

I don't know why I'm worried about white uniforms and white uniforms and white uniforms.

The uniforms are all white. Even the uniforms hanging on the remaining hangers are all white.

What on earth are we going to do?

"What do you think, Count?"

"...."

To me, they all look the same.

Damn it, it just so happened that my symbol became a white uniform.



I sighed and buried my back on the sofa. After half-closing my eyes, I roughly point to something with my hand, and I hear two clicking sounds and a small scream of joy.

‘I can hear you clicking your tongue. Guys....’

My eyes opened at the absurdity, and when I glanced up to check what I had chosen, the maid who had shouted ‘sick nobleman’ was standing in front of me holding a uniform.

‘Uh... sick?’

I think I picked something wrong.

No, I think the intention of softening the image is good, but seeing that maid snoring makes me very uneasy.

Should I step down now?

With that in mind, I straightened my upper body, and the maid handed the uniform over to the servant waiting next to me and quickly walked away.

‘No, over there...!’

I’ll just choose something else...

Tak. The door was closed.

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

“...Um... The Count.... The gown....”

“Ah.”

There is one thing I learned while living in the Demon King's Castle. A very useful thing to use in times like this.

Resignation.

That's right, you won't die just because of what you wear. The uniform doesn't look that strange, so there shouldn't be any problem.

The look in the maid's eyes bothers me a bit, but...

'Let's ignore it.'

I obediently took off my gown and handed it to the attendant.

He was bandaged from wrist to fingertips and wore white gloves. Once I put on my uniform, the rest was easy.

The maids who had left came rushing in again, straightening their clothes and casually combing their disheveled hair.

'Even if it were true, it would become disheveled again over time.'

I didn't have to say that thought out loud.

Even my eyes are bloodshot and I'm concentrating hard, so I can't even imagine what kind of criticism I'll get if I say something rude.

As she puts on the white cloak that was specially provided during the war and finally puts on a white mask to block out the sunlight, the maids let out a sigh of disappointment, but also touch each other's palms.

What is that behavior? Ah, seeing as there are people covering their mouths while looking at me, I don't think it

means anything particularly good.

Doesn't covering your mouth mean you feel nauseous?

Do I look that bad? To the point of nausea?

"As expected, changing clothes..."

"No!"

"Absolutely not!"

"What are you saying?"

It's a surprise! I was just saying this to myself, but why are you being so sensitive...

...Are you sure they're trying to screw me over?

As I was looking at the fussing maids with suspicious eyes, I heard a knock on the door and Remember's voice.

"The carriage is waiting. "You can leave as soon as preparations are complete."

It seemed like there was nothing more to prepare, so I just grabbed a portable dagger and opened the door.

I made eye contact with Remember, who seemed to be standing right in front of the door, wearing a neat tailcoat.

From his perspective, the door may have been opened suddenly, but Remember did not show any signs of embarrassment as he stepped to the side and lowered his head.

He must have seen my clothes, but judging by the fact that he didn't say anything, it doesn't seem like there was any

problem...

“Oh, just a moment before I leave...” I

turned around to head to the first floor and headed towards my room.

After letting Remember wait outside, he looked around the room and saw the belongings he had brought with him when he arrived on the desk.

‘Luckily it’s still there.’

Taken to wash... It seems like he somehow listened to what I had barely told him to do before going in, telling me not to mess with it because I would take care of it myself.

I picked up a food bag from among the things that were lying there as if I had never even touched them.

‘Because magic is the exclusive property of the demons.’

I can’t just leave this alone.

Although there are few people who are well versed in magic, any idiot who opens it even once will immediately realize that this is an enchanted bag.

So we should burn it.

Because it was late spring, the fireplace was off, so I just lit a candle and burned the bag.

The food inside will also burn, but I have no regrets. Now I can eat delicious food freely.

I waved my hand to roughly blow away the ashes flying in the air and picked up another bag.

'If I just burn this, it'll be a big problem.'

A bag full of gold coins.

I searched the room, took out several regular leather pouches, moved the contents into them, and then I was able to burn them without any hesitation.

After organizing my bag of gold coins, I picked up two of them and opened the door.

"Please use the money you earned on this trip to add to the count's finances."

In fact, the count's family already has a lot of money, so there is no need to add more.

Remember took the bag, checked its contents, and then raised his head.

Unique silver-blue eyes that are difficult to see contained me with an unknown light.

"These days, monsters seem to spit out gold coins when you catch them."

"...ah."

That's right, I went to subdue monsters.

I was so distracted that I forgot about it for a while.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 32**

32. To the Empire (3)

‘How do we fix this...?’

The nearby city of the area where the subjugation was carried out gave it to them as a token of gratitude... It is not to say that they went there under imperial orders, so they just did what they had to do.

I don't even believe the dream-like story that I accidentally found a cave during a subjugation, entered it, and found this. Damn it.

The only thing Remember can trust is ‘a token of gratitude’, but if this gets to the emperor's ears, it will be a big problem.

It's clear, ‘You did what Jim told you to do and even stole money from him? ‘I feel like I'm full of greed in my stomach, but can I help reduce it?’ And he will draw his sword.

How can you be sure? Because there was already a precedent!

For reference, it is said that the person involved in the ritual was dragged out of the imperial palace as a cold, bloody corpse. The family had to take care of retrieving the body,

which was thrown on the side of the road like a piece of luggage.

‘Just be honest and say you won it by gambling?’

If I leave out the story about the Demon World and say I gambled a bit... then my image would plummet.

Still, that’s the best excuse. Oh, it’s not an excuse, it’s a fact.

In any case, gambling is not specifically prohibited by law, and the nobles of the empire often enjoy it in secret, so my image will only deteriorate a little and no other noise will be caused.

I was about to finish my thoughts and speak, but before that, Remember, who had been looking at me blankly, spoke with a faint smile.

“It’s a joke.”

“....”

“I will use this money well to add to my finances. I apologize if you were offended. “It looks like the old man was so happy that the Count was thinking about the finances of the mansion that he acted manipulative for a while.”

“Ah hahaha. It’s a main policy. Haha....”

Fortunately, they don’t ask about the source.

While I was feeling relieved, Remember suddenly changed the direction of the conversation, as if reading my thoughts.

He said with a serious expression as he put the money in.

“I won’t ask where the money came from.”

“....”

“Since the Count’s position is a position, there will be many people who want to line up.”

“yes?”

No, wait a minute. I think I completely misunderstood something.

“If you were in a position like the Count, you wouldn’t be able to say anything even if you took all the money you were given and kept your mouth shut. Given the Count’s personality, he wouldn’t have asked for a bribe first, so the big problem is...”

“What do you mean?! “It’s a bribe!”

There’s no way I could take a bribe! It’s not even a position you deserve in the first place!

“Who would bribe an honorary count! “What nonsense...!”

And even if someone had really tried to bribe me, I probably would have flatly refused.

Receive it and try to get the news to the emperor’s ears. Isn’t it obvious that the skin of my belly will crack?

So we need to quickly clear up this misunderstanding.

‘It’s not like a bribe!’

“Will my belly skin crack?”

“...yes?”



“yes?”

“...Didn't you just change your thoughts and words?”

“ah.”

This isn't it.

Remember, who was looking at me in confusion as I hurriedly corrected my words, had a calm smile on his face.

When I paused for a moment with a smile that somehow overlapped with the previous scene, he spoke with a kind face.

“It's a joke.”

“ ....”

I want to hit him.

“I'm sure you're not planning on hitting the old man.”

“You're quick to notice.”

“Isn't that what a deacon should do?”

“...Remember better not make jokes. “It's indistinguishable from seriousness.”

“Are you trying to take away this old man's only pastime? You are doing too much. “It's the old man's pleasure to see the count's embarrassment.”

“Was it intentional?!”

“The carriage is ready. Didn't you say you would go right away? “Please come down.”

Remember bows slyly.

I couldn't bear to argue with the old man, so instead of arguing further, I muttered to myself and took my steps away.

It wasn't a formal trip anyway, and since news of my return wasn't yet known, the number of escorts wasn't that large.

In addition, it was also a choice I made to improve mobility because I do not like to stay in the carriage for a long time.

Inside the shaking carriage, I took down my stuffy mask and leaned my back against the wall.

Maybe it's because it's quiet, but random thoughts keep coming to mind. Because we were on our way to meet the emperor, the story was especially about the emperor.

It's not particularly bad.

Since it's been a while since we've seen each other, it would be better to reflect on it to avoid making mistakes.

So what comes to mind when you think of an emperor?

'The emperor... is a complicated person.'

Is there a person in the world who is not complicated, but with my limited vocabulary, this is the best I can do to describe him.

A person who is arrogant but has the ability to back it up. A man with not only strength but also brains. A person who is even greedy and seeks to improve himself and spares no effort in gathering talent. And...

'tyrant.'

He ascended to the throne by rebellion.

Do you know what the 'King', the former 9th prince, said at the coronation ceremony, which started with the blood of his brothers instead of a carpet?

[Jim came to this place with blood. It would be funny to use the same name of the kingdom that was used before for such a topic. Therefore, I declare here and now that I will change the name of the kingdom.]

A statement that can never be taken lightly, started in place of a boring speech.

He abandoned the name of the kingdom he had used so far and came up with a new name.

It would have been better if it had been something like 'Edoardo Kingdom' named after himself.

The name of his kingdom created by the new king is—

[empire]

[Forget the name of the kingdom before. The name of this country is 'Empire'.]

The madness was extreme.

'Empire' itself is a name.

Naturally, there was no way other kingdoms would just ignore this.

There was a lot of backlash.

All the kingdoms on the continent came forward and criticized him, and the 'King' of the 'Empire' simply ignored

their reaction, which was truly harsh. No, rather it was provocation.

That's how the war began.

The long '8 Year War' changed my life forever.

'Fuck, it felt like hell.'

It was so terrible that half of my memories of that time were gone.

The memories I don't particularly want to retrieve are probably the things my mind refuses to remember.

When the eight-year war ended, the 'Empire' in name only had become a true 'Empire' that no one could refute.

A true empire where the country is ruled by an 'emperor' rather than a 'king' who has swallowed up 1/3 of the continent.

'And me.'

He was made an honorary count in recognition of his contributions in the war.

Even before I could enjoy that position, I was selected as a warrior's companion and immediately set out.

I continued to think about how my nose had been pierced by the Demon King's Castle because of that, but at that moment, the carriage came to a screeching halt.

"What...."

—Waaaa!

“...cry?”

I quickly put on my mask and opened the window slightly. The guards were clashing weapons with some strangers.

Dressed in blue, with a white bird drawn on it.

...It's a revolutionary army.

A group that was created due to the actions of the emperor who conquered each kingdom during the Eight Years' War.

'Damn emperor. It's good not to leave any regrets behind, but you should have left at least some hostages.'

Not only the powerful and popular people, but also the royal bloodlines were searched and killed, so how can those who have nothing more to lose come out?

The country was lost, and the person who should have been the focal point was also lost. They literally rolled their eyes.

This is why they started going on a rampage to destroy the emperor and all upper class people and create a world where everyone is equal.

'It doesn't matter to me what ideology they have... but I'm not very happy about being the victim.'

Even the scale is considerable.

It is only natural that the people of each kingdom, who should rise up with their respective royal families (centres), have united as one under the name of the revolutionary army.

The coachman must have sensed that I had opened the window and shouted, brandishing his dagger.

“It’s an attack! Close the window!”

Isn’t it usually ‘Please help me!’? I’m not some noble lady. Even though it looks like this, I am a person who fell on the battlefield...

Of course, I really had no intention of getting caught in that gap, so I obediently closed the window and sat down. I heard the sound of something being struck, as if an arrow had come flying at me.

‘This seems a bit dangerous, but shouldn’t I fight too?’

Out of anxiety, I was seriously considering whether I should grab the dagger I had brought for emergency purposes and go out, but at some point, I heard a popping sound from the coach seat. It was a very familiar sound, so it was easy to understand.

‘He’s dead.’

A cold feeling goes up my spine. At the same time, a crackling noise began to be heard from the carriage door.

It’s like something is breaking...

Kwaang!!

“I’m so fucking broken.”

It’s not just broken. The carriage door was completely torn off.

Beyond where the door was, you can see guards fighting frantically. I didn’t know how many enemies there were, but they were all swinging their swords like crazy with expressions on their faces that showed no composure.

‘Okay, everything is good, but I’m about to die, you bastards...’

A huge body is blocking the only escape route.

The guy had a scary scar on his face and was holding a huge ax in one hand, as if to put pressure on his opponent.

Just looking at it makes my stomach tingle.

A guy who looked like I couldn’t tell whether he was a monster or a human was clearly looking at me with his eyes shining.

“It’s you. “The emperor’s dog.”

“Oh no.”

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

There was silence.

“...Excuse me, but what is your name?”

“Deon Hardt.”

“That’s right, the emperor’s dog!”

“No...”

I think it’s true that the person they’re targeting is me, but it’s not really the emperor’s dog.

But before I could even open my mouth, he looked at my white hair and red eyes and nodded and muttered to himself.

“I’m sure. “It looks dirty.”

“Bi....”

Biri Biri. Isn’t your house needlessly big?

Of course, I couldn’t say it out loud.

Not only did he not have the strength to do so, but he reached out his big hand and grabbed my neck.

“Wow! “Wow....”

“I was nervous because they said he was a hero, but I never thought he was such a servile person. “What a disappointment.”

“This... Michi...in....”

“Is it just the mouth? “Swearing in this situation is praiseworthy.”

What did I do?

“How on earth did you become a hero? “I’m not an emperor who would pour his heart and soul into someone who doesn’t deserve anything.”

I’m short of breath. To make matters worse, my damn body was racing and desperately needing oxygen.

I tried to hastily slam the dagger in my hand into the guy’s arm, but there was no way I could gain speed because I swung it clumsily while I was short of breath.

On the contrary, the ax he lightly swung collided with and flew out of his grasp. shit!



‘If it had been outside the carriage...’

There would have been a lot of space to avoid, so I wouldn’t have been caught like this.

I put that thought to the corner of my head.

Let’s talk about useless ‘what if’ assumptions later. For now I need to focus on getting out.

‘Damn my breath...’

These damned guards are preoccupied with dealing with the endless waves of enemies.

‘I have to do something...’

My head screams that I need to stay calm, but my body struggles against my will.

With both trembling hands, he was squeezing and scraping the strong forearm that was clutching my neck as if he wanted to live.

In the process, the gloves on his hands came off and the carefully wrapped bandage came loose, revealing his pale hands.

I heard him snort when he saw my thin and skinny hand.

“Please direct your grievances to the emperor. “If it weren’t for him, you wouldn’t have ended up like this.”

I guess so. If it weren’t for the current emperor, the revolutionary army would never have been born.

...But how?

‘The fact that I came back...?’

Before such questions can even take hold of my mind, I feel lost.

Even though the ignorant grip was strangling my neck, it was amazing that I had managed to come to my senses until now.

I want to praise myself, but I know that if I pass out now, I’ll be in big trouble...

‘That bastard just picked up an ax?!’

I opened my eyes wide.

You must never lose your mind! The moment you let go, you will die. You will definitely die!

However, against my will, my vision keeps getting blurry.

My trembling hands lost strength, and my last memory was of him lifting a huge axe.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 33**

### 33. To the Empire (4)

Feeling the strength of his hands holding his arms weakening, the man who took on the role of leader of this group looked at Deon with pitiful eyes.

I'm so weak that it's embarrassing to be nervous. Is this really a 'hero'? Are you saying that all the rumors in the world were nonsense?

Although I was secretly disappointed, it wasn't a bad thing since I was able to complete the work easier and faster than I thought. No, objectively speaking, it is actually good.

"Goodbye, fake hero."

As I struck the guy's head with the ax I had raised, there was a commotion on one side.

A loud voice coming from far away. The man stopped and looked up to find the cause of the commotion.

"found! "It looks a little dangerous?"

"Oh, as expected, Your Majesty! "You foresaw this!"

"Great ego! "Are you safe?"

“No, wait a minute! “I think the captain fainted?”

“Isn’t that how you die?”

“What are you doing! “Let’s not get the captain right away!”

“It’s not the captain, it’s the count, you idiots!”

A conversation that flows along the stream of consciousness.

The man, who froze for a moment as the conversation took the listener’s soul away, hurriedly began to assess the situation.

Who are they? Since we are trying to rescue Deon Hardt, he is not an ally. What idiot group was there that could call Deon Hardt ‘captain’?

The answer came quickly.

“Stop them now! “We must stop it, even if it means using bombs!”

The man shouted urgently.

It’s a murderous knight order! The vanguard led by Deon Hardt during the Eight Years’ War!

The story of the vanguard being promoted to knighthood in recognition of its merits is well known as it is famous. They are also in charge of the revolutionary army among the empire’s security forces.

But why?

“How did you know here...!”

The plan went wrong. Now that this has happened, you must kill Deonhardt and retreat quickly.

If we collide with them head-on, this is the loss.

The scary thing about the Murderous Knights is not their skills...

“Huh? “Hey, it’s a bomb.”

“Wow, you have to shed blood against an enemy that uses bombs. “I think this might be difficult for a sober mind, right?”

“Can I take medicine?”

“Is there anyone we can accept? “The captain is passed out over there, and neither Sir Lien nor the leader is there right now.”

“Isn’t that true?”

The guy, giggling playfully, throws some medicine into his mouth that I don’t know when he took it out. Others also took out medicine here and there and put it in their mouths.

At first glance, I heard a voice like that.

“What can I do? “I have to live.”

The atmosphere changed in an instant.

The eyes become cloudy and madness takes their place. The red, bloodshot whites are particularly creepy. A creepy smile appeared on the corner of his mouth.

“Kill them all!”

“know? “Don’t kill me cleanly!”

“Haha! What do you know! For now, enjoy!”

“You crazy guy! Do what you learned, do what you learned! First, cut off the limbs first!”

...Yes, the scary thing about them is their cruel hands. A hand that looks just like its owner and is extremely cruel.

We need to kill Deonhardt first.

Thinking like that, I lifted the ax again, and at some point, strength came back to my once weak hands.

If it were just that, I wouldn’t have stopped, but...

it stings.

Because his nails were digging into my flesh.

As I look down, the red eyes revealed on the white mask smile.

A creepy eye smile that is different from before. Feeling eerie, I hurriedly tried to strike down the axe, but suddenly I felt a terrible pain in my arm.

“Ahh! “You crazy bastard!!”

I dug my nails deep into my arm and scraped them off.

The skin was not simply peeled off, but pieces of flesh were falling off as if they had been carved out with a carving knife.

It was so deep that the place where the long pieces of flesh had fallen off formed a hollow valley of blood.

Without even thinking about it, I reflexively threw him.

The man let go of the ax and held his forearm because of the pain that would surge regardless of whether he hit the carriage wall or not. Before I knew it, the blood that had flowed from my arm was condensing and dripping onto my fingertips.

Deon was not going to miss that opportunity.

“Cough.”

The white mask turns red. Even while coughing up blood, he quickly jumped up and picked up the ax that the guy had dropped.

Without any time to defend himself, the guy grabbed the handle with both hands, lifted it up, and brought his weight down towards his head.

Obviously, he was strangled to the point that the world turned white, and Deon himself had no strength, so he almost relied on the weight of the ax to hit him, but I wonder how heavy it was—one

blow.

In one blow, the guy’s head was broken without even a chance to scream.

Still, Deon was not satisfied.

‘...You can’t stop here.’

The ax rises again. The target is the head that has already been broken.

‘You’re already dead. Should I do more?’

‘no. We need to do more. If you set an example, no one will dare attack you. ‘Because I’m weak.’

‘But...’

My arms are shaking. Red eyes, standing on the borderline between normal and abnormal, shake constantly.

The reason why his eyes became clear and then blurred repeatedly was none other than cloudy madness that pushed away the hesitation that had been in his eyes for a while and took its place.

“Oh, Captain!”

“Leader...?”

Deon lifted the ax as if possessed. No, it would be more correct to say that he was crazy rather than possessed.

Like a man who had lost his mind, he lifted the ax without stopping, as if chopping firewood, and then began to slash it down indiscriminately.

Kwasik. Sigh. Sigh. Phew.

I hear a creepy sound. Blood splatters and the bloody smell lingers.

Even as attention gradually gathered and the surrounding noise subsided, his actions remained unstoppable. On the contrary, he even smiled, rolling his eyes as if showing off.

“flaw.”

The ax is heavy. My arms are shaking.

Still, it didn’t stop.



Not only for the sake of setting an example, but also because I know how to turn this situation to my advantage.

He stopped when the ax became so heavy that he could no longer lift it.

I looked down and saw a tattered lump of blood the size of a person in front of me.

The hand holding the ax went limp, then he kicked it and pushed it out of the carriage.

thud!

“....”

“....”

The body fell and silence came.

Everyone's eyes turned towards this direction, both friends and enemies.

Deon closed his eyes gracefully as he felt the gaze going back and forth between something terrible whose original form he could not tell, himself covered in blood, and the bloody ax in his hand.

Bright red eyes were shining between eyes curved like a crescent moon.

“I guess I'm tired of my peaceful life.”

“What kind of person is that who went on a monster-slaying mission not too long ago...”

“Shh, be quiet. “Don't you even notice?”

A member of the Knights Templar, who was happily hacking away at the revolutionary army, was dragged away with his mouth shut by a colleague.

It was truly a funny scene, but no one dared laugh.

Oh, there was one person.

Deon laughed. A somewhat cheerful gaze was directed at those who had lived and died together.

“long time no see. “Did Your Majesty treat you well?”

“Oh, don’t say anything. “He was so rude, telling me to pay for the food.”

“Do you know how difficult it is to stop a revolutionary army trying to blow itself up?”

A member grumbled as he cut off the hand of a revolutionary soldier who was secretly pulling out a bomb.

Another member quickly picked up the bomb that was rolling around on the floor and looked around, sighing in his voice.

“Anyway, what on earth were you thinking, Captain, when you decided to move with only such poor bastards?”

“I thought there wouldn’t be an attack because I moved as soon as I got back. “How on earth did you know that you came here?”

“Your Majesty already knew everything. He ordered us to bring my master safely.”

“I must thank your Majesty. By the way...”

His red eyes looked at the murderous knights who were diligently decapitating the revolutionaries while their mouths were saying something else, and then turned to the guards.

The guards who have been stabbed a lot are startled and avoid eye contact.

As they wasted and hastily cleared out the revolutionary army, they were unable to stop the regret that washed over them.

“You’ll know without me having to say it. “This is the count’s article.”

It was a degrading remark, but I did not dare to refute it.

Because it has definitely become dull.

A whopping half a year. If it’s short, it’s short, but if it’s long, wasn’t it so peaceful during that long time? You can’t just train all day. It seems like he has become lazy because of that.

So I forgot about it for a while.

How many enemies does Honorary Count Deonhardt have?

“No matter how distracted I am, this big guy approaches me and no one notices. Can you call that an escort?”

“....”

“We need to change the escort first.”

The guards’ faces turned white.

Being kicked out of Count Hart's residence is not just about losing your job.

If you're lucky, it may end without incident, but that's just luck. The majority of people died.

It's not that Count Hart was doing anything or anything, but the problem was the emperor.

They wouldn't leave those who were kicked out of the count's mansion alone...

I heard it was for security reasons, but from the perspective of a former employee who knew nothing, it was like going crazy and jumping around.

"Count Bae..."

I tried to call out to Deon, but unfortunately, the current Deon Hart was different from the usual Deon Hardt.

Rather than having a moderate personality, he had an extreme appearance as a vanguard that I had only heard about through rumors.

Ignoring the pale guards, Deon crosses the quiet space and picks up a dagger lying nearby.

He pointed the blade of his dagger at his enemies and spoke in a cheerful voice.

"What are you doing? There are still enemies left. "I have to sort it out."

"...."

"Hurry and kill me."

[Cause fear in enemies]

Blood drips from red-stained hair.

He wiped away the fishy liquid that was flowing from his forehead down to his eyes, and with a cheerful smile, he grabbed a dagger and jumped among the enemies.

\*\*\*

In front of the imperial palace lined with countless gorgeous carriages.

These were carriages that you wouldn't normally see, but right now, because he was tired of looking at them, the doorkeeper's eyes, which were looking at them without much emotion, turned somewhere and then widened enormously.

Is this a red-painted carriage trying a new style?

If the goal was to lead the trend, it was clearly a failure. That doesn't look like blood...

'...a fishy smell?'

Is it really blooming?!

The colleague standing next to him seemed to have noticed this as well and hurriedly aimed his spear.

Likewise, the gatekeeper who was aiming his spear barely spoke in a trembling voice.

"This place is the imperial palace. If you don't have an invitation, you can't go in..."

"Get out of the way."

A man whose presence I didn't even know was hidden by the red carriage came out.

...is it a protective color? Why is it the same color as the carriage?

Now I see there are a lot of other people there too. It was unclear whether they were guards or people doing something, but they were all dyed red from head to toe, and their eyes were shining brightly.

"Do you know who is in this carriage?"

"Who are you?..."

"He's our leader!"

"...?"

So who is your leader?

The doorkeeper's expression became blank.

I was too scared to ask again outright, but I couldn't just let such a suspicious group pass, so I just rolled my eyes nervously, when I heard a voice of salvation.

"If you say that, who will understand?"

"ah."

Everyone's eyes turned to the red-haired, red-eyed man in red clothing who got out of the doorless carriage.

And the gatekeeper froze with his mouth wide open.

'That person is the worst! Did you take a bath in blood?!'

I can never let them in. No one can do something like that!

Even heroes officially recognized by the Empire cannot enter unless His Majesty gives permission directly.

“It’s Deon Hardt.”

...Deon Hardt? It’s a familiar name. Who was it?

ah.

‘Vampire Count!’

In that case, those strange-looking groups must be the famous murderous knights.

The fact that he was a hero of the empire occurred to me late.

Because his performance during the Eight Years’ War was so great, the things that come to mind when thinking of ‘Deonhardt’ were consistently negative.

After receiving the status of honorary count, ‘blood-crazed vanguard’, ‘master of a murderous unit’, he even became ‘vampire count’.

But now that I look at it, I think it’s true that he’s a vampire.

Outside the carriage was a pharmacy. As if someone had eaten someone inside the carriage, the blood-filled interior was clearly visible through the gap where the door should have been.

Even the Count himself is soaked in blood!

‘Should I let him in?’

A hero whom His Majesty has personally given permission to visit in any form at any time. After all, that's the honorary Count Deonhardt right in front of you.

'But it still looks like this?'

Even today is the day of the banquet!

At that time, Deonhardt, who roughly brushed up his blood-soaked hair, let out a slow voice.

"Where is your Majesty?"

Perhaps due to survival instinct, the answer came out immediately.

"You are in the banquet hall."

"banquet hall?"

Could it be that I didn't know?

For a moment, the gatekeeper looked at me with red eyes and answered in horror.

"Yes! A banquet to celebrate the birth of a new hero and the success of his debut..." "

...Aha."

"...."

The words ended there.

The doorkeeper quickly shut his mouth at the unusual voice.



# I'm Not That Kind of Talent

## Chapter 34

34. The Emperor's Most Powerful Sword (1)

But I've already heard everything.

A drowsy voice continued in the suffocating silence.

"Yeah... Now that I think about it, you said you became a hero..." "

..."

"Ha hahaha! Ahahahaha!!"

What kind of luck is this? I laughed.

Deon remembers what the Demon King said when he announced the news that a new hero had appeared and told him to go to the border.

[As you know, heroes and demons don't get along well, right?]

"...."

The laughter stopped.

"To my dear brother."

“....”

“It looks like you have even obtained the fragments of this hero.”

He stepped into the door.

Due to the tremendous pressure he felt due to his position and His Majesty’s orders, the gatekeeper could not even think of stopping him and could only watch in a daze.

And the gatekeeper’s eyes met the eyes of the murderous knights who were whispering among themselves about what to do now.

“....”

“....”

There was an awkward silence.

\*\*\*

Jeopuk.

With each step, red footprints are left in the once clean corridors of the imperial palace. Drops of blood were scattered around the footprints, as if decorating them.

The soldier guarding the door of the banquet hall was startled by the appearance of an absolutely normal person and tried to aim his spear, but when he realized his identity, he hurriedly retreated.

Honorary Count Deonhardt.

Why did I come on a day like this when the banquet was held?

He stopped in front of the door and spoke in an indifferent voice, wiping away the red liquid that kept blocking his vision.

“Open the door.”

“....”

Can I open it?

The worries did not last long, but Count Hart did not wait even for that short time.

He approaches the door and pushes the large door open with both hands.

The soldiers who saw the door open and Deon Hardt entering without the slightest hesitation immediately noticed the red handprint on the door and looked at it with dumbfounded expressions.

“Am I... dreaming...”

“I understand the feeling of wanting to escape reality, but this is reality, my friend...”

“... It’s really bloody, just like the rumors say. “But why do you look so upset?”

“Think about who the star of this banquet is.”

“ah.”

Cruel Hart.

After entering, Deon stopped for a moment and looked around.

A peaceful banquet hall, as if they hadn't noticed him come in yet. No, it seems like one or two people noticed because I heard a gasping sound nearby.

I didn't really care.

Anyway, they are just people who may or may not say a word even if their whole lives go by. Because there is only one person you have to worry about.

'The emperor...'

Over there.

A man sitting on a fancy chair on a podium, looking down with a bored expression, came into view.

Blonde hair and golden eyes. He is so young and beautiful that it is suspected that he is a blood emperor.

He was only twenty-eight years old.

While thinking about other things, I began to walk slowly.

In a straight line across the middle of the banquet hall to where the emperor is.

Red footprints are made straight without any wavering.

A young lady who discovered him let out a small scream, and the attention in the banquet hall gradually began to focus on him.

"oh."

"oh my god. "What is that..."

"How can you be so rude?"

Anger and unconcealable fear at being rude.

Among the gazes filled with all kinds of negative emotions pointed towards Deon, there were two eyes filled with interest.

‘In the end, you came back alive.’

Duke Stave Illuster looked at Deon Hardt, who clearly showed signs of battle, with a small smile and said,

‘It was a good thing you sent the knights to meet him.’

Emperor Edoardo Desserte. He was watching Deonhardt with a faint smile on his lips.

At some point, the emperor and the duke’s eyes met as if they had made a promise. However, the emperor passed by him and returned his gaze to his original place, his eyes focused on Deonhardt again.

The Duke’s gaze also disappeared as if nothing had happened.

Deon Hardt quickly reached this place, lowered his red mask, knelt down on one knee, and bowed his head.

At the same time, the blood that was hanging on the end of my hair dripped down.

“Blessing the empire. God Deonhardt behold the present Empire.”

Silence fell.

The only sound you can hear is the occasional drop of water or blood.

The Emperor, looking at the blood dripping from Deonhardt's hair, tilted his upper body forward with sharp eyes shining.

"Deon Hardt."

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"What kind of rudeness is this?"

These are the words of the emperor, not anyone else. Everyone in the banquet hall held their breath.

In an atmosphere where even the air seemed to be freezing, Deon calmly opened his mouth.

"There was an attack on the way."

"It's an attack..."

This is a play.

Even though he knew everything, the emperor frowned as if it was his first time hearing the news.

He adjusts his posture and mutters slowly. The voice that flowed out slowly was filled with compressed life.

"It looks like there is a count at the count's residence."

"I'm sorry."

"If you want, Jim can handle it, but what can you do?"

"Your Majesty, there is no need to get your hands dirty."

"Hmm, if that's the case."

The Emperor slowly stands up.

He looked at Deon Hart, who was still lowering his head, and raised the corners of his mouth faintly.

“I’m sure there’s a lot you want to say to Jim.”

“....”

“Jim also has a lot to hear from you. “It’s going to be a long conversation, so let’s change seats.”

\*\*\*

The emperor sat down in the recently prepared drawing room and looked at Deon sitting across from him.

He is a person who talks a lot and has many troubles. The only tinnitus I got right away is going from extreme to extreme.

‘Did you say he was a vampire count?’

It’s a very fitting nickname.

Pale skin and red eyes. They even show an attitude towards blood when they fight, so what else could they be if not a vampire?

That’s not all.

‘Blood-crazed vanguard’ and ‘Master of the murderous unit’, and even the opposite titles of ‘Hero of the Empire’ and ‘Companion of the Last Hero’.

In addition....

‘The one who stopped the devil and recovered the hero’s body.’

In fact, because of this, he was given the title of hero.

Heroes are not only those who have the fragments of a warrior.

Having a warrior’s fragment only serves as an additional point, but what is important is ‘how much skill and performance you have shown.’

In that sense, Deon Hardt was the best.

During the eight-year war, he achieved indescribable achievements as a vanguard.

When he set out on his journey as a warrior’s companion, he accomplished a task that no one else had been able to successfully: recover the warrior’s body.

A warrior who is defeated by the devil cannot even rest his body in peace.

The limbs are cut off, the body is thrown as food to monsters, and the head is forced to make a smiling face with a needle and thread before being thrown at the border between the empire and the demon world.

This would have probably happened to the hero of this generation as well if Deonhardt had not been able to save him.

‘It is indeed a great achievement... but in return, I was cursed by the Demon King and my body became weak.’



Having to deal with the devil while carrying the burden of a corpse was something that could not have been easy no matter how hard it was to lose one's body.

In the end, Deonhardt succeeded in recovering the warrior's body, but failed to protect his own body.

Because of the demon king's curse that eats away at his body, he vomits blood all the time and even minor shocks put a huge strain on his body.

For an emperor who cherished talented people, it was truly regrettable.

"...Have you found a way to break the curse?"

That's why he couldn't stop Deonhardt from entering the Demon King's Castle to find a way to lift the curse.

Rather, they wanted to use this as an opportunity to use him as a spy.

"I haven't found it yet."

"What is the Demon King's condition?"

"It's no different than usual."

The emperor smiled slowly as he lifted the teacup in front of him.

"Now then, tell me what you want to say. "Didn't you wait a long time?"

"Thank you for sending the knights to meet me..."

"Not like that."

“...There was an intruder in the Demon King’s Castle.”

The emperor’s brow furrowed slightly, as if this wasn’t the answer he was looking for.

“Are you talking about a hero candidate? It was no big deal. “He was a foolish person who went on a rampage, believing only that he possessed the fragments of a hero.”

“It looks like he also committed a sin. “Is that why you sent me to die?”

“okay. I thought I would die on the way, and even if I managed to get in alive, I would get caught. Plus, it didn’t seem like you would take the risk to save him. “Is what Jim said wrong?”

“...no.”

The intruder was imprisoned and the authority to dispose of it was transferred to the devil.

Deon had seen him only once and the last time he cared any more.

“Is there really nothing else to say other than that?”

“ ....”

“There was a story that the commander of Corps 0 appeared at the front line.”

“I’m sorry. “There was no way I could refuse.”

“No, not that one. “You must have seen something.”

“ ....”

Deonhardt's head rose. The full face is revealed, and red eyes look straight into the emperor's golden eyes.

The emperor leisurely accepted the gaze and waited for his words to come out.

Eventually, the topic I had been waiting for emerged.

"Cruel."

"...."

"Why did you put him in the position of a hero?"

There was rare anger in his red eyes.

Deon said in a suppressed voice, clenching his fists on his knees.

"Your Majesty knows."

Cruel Hart.

A name I will never forget as long as I live.

"For me, it was regret that I couldn't kill him."

He is the only survivor of the Hart family other than Deon.

...If I explain it this way, you won't understand, so I'll say it again.

—Cruel Hart is the only survivor of the Hart family who survived the hands of Deon Hart.

\*\*\*

I was strangled by a monster-looking revolutionary and lost consciousness, and when I woke up... there was the emperor in front of me!

I was so surprised that I almost jumped up in panic.

And that too in front of the emperor!

‘What the hell happened?’

I barely managed to get my mind to escape and started rolling my eyes hard.

So now this is a banquet hall.

I am kneeling on one knee and bowing my head in front of the emperor, and for some reason, red liquid keeps dripping in front of my eyes. And the whole body is sticky and smells like fishy iron...

‘Wait a minute, what’s wrong with my body?!’

I felt like my whole body was throbbing for some reason, but it seems like something happened. The neat white uniform was stained red.

As if someone had poured blood from above the head, it wasn’t just splattering out, it was so wet that if you squeezed it out, blood would come out.

When I realized that the blood dripping before my eyes was hanging from the end of my hair, I thought of a maid who did not fit the situation.

A maid who attempted to change my public image by promoting the image of a ‘sick nobleman’.

‘...weakness?’

If there was a fair amount of blood, 'I guess he was sick and vomited blood hahaha.' I could have said this and moved on, but this is completely covered in blood. It looks like something out of a ghost story.

This is not a disease, it is a disease.

My appearance now was so terrible that I could almost believe I was a devil.

This is how I came to see the emperor. What on earth were the soldiers guarding the door doing instead of blocking it?

'Rotten bastards. 'I'll stop you.'

No, more than that, I feel a little sorry for that maid.

It seems like I put a lot of thought into choosing the clothes. Even my hair, which I had put so much effort into arranging, ended up being a mess.

I silently apologized to the unknown maid and maintained my kneeling position.

When you are not sure about the situation, it is best to stay still rather than take unnecessary action.

But what on earth have I done?

"Deon Hardt."

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"What kind of rudeness is this?"

The emperor uttered terrifying words.

I don't remember what I did. There is no way to know what made the emperor angry. However, it is not as if he was given ample time to recall his memories.

In other words, it was ruined.

Even though it's just words, it feels like there's a knife in front of my throat.

Resisting the urge to touch my neck, I fiercely...

...lost my mind.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 35**

### 35. The Emperor's Most Powerful Sword (2)

When I came to my senses again, I was alone with the Emperor.

No, fortunately, it seems to have already ended. The emperor put down his empty teacup and stood up.

I don't dare sit while the emperor is getting up. As I pushed the chair forward and stood up, he stood for a moment and looked at me.

"There must have been a lot of things to worry about over there, so why not participate in the banquet to relieve stress? Of course, I don't intend to force you, so you don't have to do it if you don't want to."

I don't know what it is, but fortunately, it seems like the crisis has been passed.

Otherwise, there would be no way for him to live like this and stand alone with the emperor.

He even made such a considerate offer! I said I had no intention of forcing it, but I had no choice as I didn't know how the matter was resolved and whether any lingering resentment was resolved or whether everything was resolved.

“no. “I will participate.”

Originally, the superiors’ ‘You don’t have to do it if you don’t like it’ meant ‘You must do it even if you don’t like it.’ If I refused without notice here, it would be obvious what would happen to my life.

As expected, he raised the corner of his mouth as if he had made the right choice, as if the emperor could not see it.

He looked me up and down and spoke with a faint smile in his voice.

“In that way?”

“...ah.”

“I can’t help it. I’ll prepare clothes for you, so you can wash them and participate in the banquet. “I will tell the head maid.”

“Thank you for your consideration.”

He roughly nods at my thanks and turns away as if he has nothing more to do.

Then, before he could take a few steps, he turned around again as if he remembered something.

“Are those clothes important?”

“...yes?”

Oh, it’s extremely rude to question the emperor’s words.

I quickly closed my mouth and lowered my head.



Fortunately, a voice with a steady tone, as if it wasn't unpleasant, kindly followed suit to explain.

"Are these clothes worth throwing away?"

"Ah..."

Well, I don't know anything about clothes, so...

I don't even know how much it costs, so it's pointless to talk about it carelessly.

So instead, I thought of the maids who worked hard to choose clothes for me before coming here.

In addition to the images of them holding on to their clothes while having a heated discussion, they also looked like they were concentrating on decorating with bloodshot eyes.

That topic was ruined before we even arrived at the banquet hall.

'Maybe they'll resent it?'

Even if you don't resent it, you'll probably be quite disappointed.

So at least it would be better not to throw away your clothes. Of course, looking at the way it is now, it seems impossible to get rid of it without throwing it away...

Still, the only thing the emperor asked was 'Are the clothes worth throwing away?' So I hesitated for a moment and then slowly opened my mouth.

"I think it would be a bit of a waste to throw it away."

"It's ambiguous. Anyway, I understand."

“yes.”

...But you understood for a moment? what?

The emperor turns around without regret and leaves the drawing room. Suddenly left alone, I sat back down on the chair in front of the table to gather my thoughts.

But no time was given to think.

“Nice to meet you, Count.”

Because the maids swarmed into the parlor.

The momentum is almost like that of a well-trained corps.

As I looked at them with a shocked and questioning expression, a maid took a step forward.

“My name is Bella, the head maid. “I heard you are participating in the banquet.”

“Yes, it is.”

The eyes looking at me are scary. Perhaps because of my mood, their gazes on the chair I was sitting on seemed cold for a moment.

I wonder what he might do to me, but...

“First... I think I should take a bath first. “Please come here.”

“yes.”

scared...!

His words are polite, but his actions are firm. Among the maids who surrounded me, I had no choice but to walk

sloppily, matching their pace.

And the series of events that followed were so great that the previous occupants of the count's residence looked cute.

As soon as I arrived at the bathhouse, I was stripped of my clothes by the waiting attendants and forcibly washed... before a doctor came running.

It left scars all over my body. All kinds of wounds that I don't even know about, such as bruises and scabs.

Even upon examination, it was discovered that he had suffered internal injuries.

"What is urgent is internal injuries. "This is almost like crashing into a carriage. Did you fall off a cliff somewhere?"

I definitely didn't fall off the cliff, and there was no collision with a carriage...

I definitely don't remember it, but it feels uncomfortable.

what. Did I throw myself into the carriage? Or did someone throw me into the carriage?

Anyway, the people here who were in a hurry every minute didn't even give me time to think and started washing me again as soon as the treatment was over.

He was in such a hurry that he didn't even give me a chance to warm up, saying I didn't have time.

I immediately poured water on it to wash off the blood and rubbed it all over my body...

'It was an experience I would never want to go through twice...'

The next time the emperor asked again, it would be silent pressure and I would immediately refuse. I will!

With that promise, I was half-fazed and dragged by their hands into a room.

What I saw there were none other than my clothes, which I had decided would definitely be thrown away.

The moment I saw it neatly folded and neatly laid out, I couldn't help but be taken aback.

'Nonsense. how?'

It was obviously covered in blood. So much so that there is no other way than to throw it away.

Even if you somehow manage to wash it cleanly, it will take time to dry.

'Magic? Is it magic? It's not. Humans can't use magic... so what about witchcraft?'

Was it possible to dry clothes quickly through witchcraft?

Witchcraft is the exclusive property of humans, created to counter the magic of demons.

If magic breaks the rules of the world, witchcraft is about paying a price and slightly twisting the rules of the world to use it to your advantage.

I tilted my head inwardly because little was known about witchcraft as witchdoctors were rare.

The maids, not knowing how fast I was, just handed me clothes and pushed my back to tell me to quickly put them on and come out...

‘...Okay, whatever. ‘My clothes are much better than the clothes the emperor gives me.’

It’s not burdensome either.

At this time, I didn’t know. While I was washing, designers from all the clothing stores in the capital were brought to the imperial palace with their students.

And when they left, they all trudged out with blank faces, as if they had stayed up all night for a week.

At this time, I also did not hear the aside that someone screamed when they saw all the hundred or so people hurriedly leaving the imperial palace with blank faces.

[It’s 30 minutes. Make it exactly like this within 30 minutes.]

[Did you say it was impossible? Is it really impossible when there are so many people?]

If it can’t be done, make it happen.

I had forgotten for a moment that this was what the emperor said whenever he had the chance.

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Although there was clearly a commotion, the banquet hall quickly regained peace as if something like that had never happened before.

The attendants quickly wiped away the red footprints and blood drops that were clearly on the floor, the music started playing again, and people gathered in groups of twos and threes and started chatting.

The scenery was no different from before the commotion.

However, one thing that was different was that the eyes of those chatting were all directed to a certain direction.

At the end of their gaze, a white-haired man wearing a neat white uniform was sitting on a nearby chair, resting his chin and drowsily lowering his eyes as if he was bored.

On the outside, he was just a nobleman from a certain family, but those who knew his true identity could not get close to him and could only glance at him.

“The dark circles are gone. “I remember the last time I saw you, there was a lot of shadow under your eyes.”

“I heard you went on a monster-slaying trip. Could it be because you saw blood?”

“Then, are the rumors about him being a vampire true?”

“I think it’s true that His Majesty is so protective of him. Otherwise, there would be no need to keep information about him secret...”

Honorary Count Deonhardt.

An unprecedented man who made a remarkable contribution as a leader in the 8-year war and collected the body of a warrior as a comrade.

In fact, he was a good topic of conversation in social circles, with all kinds of rumors rife, including the story that the emperor tried to give him a status higher than ‘honorary count’, which was the title of grand victor, but he himself refused.

In particular, one of the topics that is mentioned very often is....

“Then he is also the one responsible for the destruction of the Hart family...”

“Shhh, lower your voice.”

The Hart family extinction incident where no one knows the full story of the incident.

The incident in which the Hart family, who had been loyal to the imperial family for generations, disappeared one day without anyone noticing, caused a great shock to the aristocratic society.

I don't know the full story of the incident, but that doesn't mean I can't speculate. The nobles were putting together a fairly plausible hypothesis by summing up all the revealed information.

For example, 'There was some sort of deal between Deonhardt and the Emperor.'

The grounds were sufficient.

The emperor remained silent even though the dog, which had followed the blood of Desert for generations, died.

The Hart family is a loyal family. He was not even a baron or a viscount, but a count.

A family like that disappeared overnight, but you remain silent? This was suspicious to anyone.

“From the beginning, His Majesty, who cherishes talented people, only gave him the title of honorary count...” “

Yes, it was award-winning. “They even delayed recognizing him as an official hero.”

Deonhardt, who returned after the Eight Year War, was recognized for his contributions and met with the emperor alone.

No one knows what conversation took place there, but as a result, he was only awarded the title of 'honorary count', unlike other heroes who received the title of marquis. This did not fit the emperor's characteristic of caring for talented people.

In fact, it was not enough to receive a huge financial reward in addition to the title of 'Honorary Count', and from that time to the present, the Metallurgy fiefdom was transferred, so he currently has a fiefdom comparable in size to that of a marquess, but in the end, the most important 'title' Didn't this kind of unfortunate result come out?

So this speculation arose.

[Deon Hardt refused the high title offered by the emperor, but instead wanted the destruction of the Hart family.]

Deon Hardt is the family's mutant.

Pure white hair, red eyes, and pale skin. Maybe he really picked up a young vampire from somewhere and raised him.

The truth is unknown, but both mutants and vampires are equally repulsed, so the family must have been reluctant to him.

So he may have been abused.

Since he never stepped out of the mansion before participating in the Eight Year War, this assumption was not entirely unreasonable.



“So, for revenge, I went to the Hart family...”

“It’s amazing that we’re talking about this while knowing who the main character of this banquet is.”

“Go Duke!”

Starbe Illuster smiled softly as he waved his hand at those who greeted him in surprise.

The person standing behind him is none other than Cruel Hart, the protagonist of this banquet.

He silently bowed his head to those who were looking at him with a perplexed expression, and left without any change in his expression, as if he didn’t care.

Just as an awkward silence was about to arrive, Duke Stave, who clapped his hands a couple of times as if turning his gaze towards Cruel, smiled and opened his mouth.

“It’s a joke. Actually, it’s a famous story that everyone knows, right? So there is no need to be that surprised. Lord Cruel probably already knows everything.”

“....”

Yes, you probably know very well. Because the person who helped investigate the rumor was Cruel and no one else.

This is a story that anyone who has been in the social world for a while will know.

It was an uninteresting rumor to the Duke, who roughly understood the situation, but Cruel, his subordinate and a person directly involved in the incident, had doubts, so he used him to dig deeper into the case.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 36**

### 36. Honorary Count Deon Hardt (1)

The natural act of conveying information gave rise to the same hypothesis as disentangling social rumors in more detail.

—Deon Hart, who had a grudge against the family for some reason, wanted the destruction of the Hart family in exchange for giving up all other interests, and the emperor, who wanted to give something to the talented person who had appeared after a long time, gave him the title of honorary earl and money, and half-accepted. did.

Of course, such an important decision could not be made solely on that basis, so the condition he put forward was to participate in the journey to defeat the Demon King as a companion of the warrior.

‘We also postponed recognizing him as an official hero.’

Although it is a meaningless action.

Deonhardt has already been called a hero for eight years of war. Whether the Emperor acknowledges it or not, he is already a hero.

Nevertheless, the reason he postponed it was because he was the only one among the war heroes who did not have

the fragments of a warrior.

‘It’s not discrimination, but they probably tried to give it to you after accumulating more merit to prevent others from objecting by citing that reason.’

Whether the hero succeeds or fails, Deonhardt becomes a credit as long as he returns alive.

Perhaps because he knew the Emperor’s intentions, Deonhardt accepted this and set off again as a warrior’s companion as soon as he received the title.

It was the result of the emperor weighing the Hart family, who had been loyal to Desert for generations, and Deon Hart, who appeared like a comet and left a strong image in a relatively short period of time.

‘Normally, I would have chosen the former without even thinking about it, but since the current emperor rose to the position of monarch through rebellion, I guess I couldn’t trust their loyalty. That’s why the weights became somewhat the same.’

The emperor’s decision would also have changed depending on the outcome of the journey.

Even if he had just come back alive, the emperor would have cared for him enough, but as a result, Deonhardt performed better than expected by recovering the hero’s body, and the emperor willingly accepted his conditions. This means that he used Cruel to gather all kinds of rumors and information

. It is a hypothesis that was put together by scraping together.

The person who watched the process of coming up with that hypothesis from beginning to end was Cruel Hart.

‘What was his expression like at that time?’

Stave glanced around and saw Deon Hart sitting on one side and Cruel Hart approaching him. He turned his head again and smiled at those who were looking at him in silence.

“Still, I hope you watch your mouth here. “The main character of this banquet is not anyone else but the Hart family.”

“Yes yes! “Excuse me!”

\*\*\*

Life was originally meant to be lived alone.

I came alone when I came and I will go alone when I leave, so is there really a need to make connections?

...Okay, actually, all of this is nonsense.

‘I want to talk to someone too! But no one is coming!’

Even when I approached it, it ran away...

At this point, even people who don’t notice will notice. Now I was clearly being ignored by everyone.

Oh, it’s not like I’m turning away. As soon as I entered the banquet hall, all eyes were on me. However, it doesn’t come closer and even when I approach it, it just runs away.

‘Let’s eat and see. There are a lot of things that look delicious....’

I sat casually on a nearby chair, rested my chin, and scanned the desserts nearby.

Starting with the most basic cookies, macaron cake pudding... Oh, that pudding looks delicious. Is it strawberry pudding?

The vivid and transparent red color makes you want to try it at least once.

‘...Can I eat it?’

Because it was probably meant to be eaten in the first place.

I slowly got up from my seat and headed towards that direction when I heard a voice calling me from somewhere.

At first glance, it seemed like he was calling me ‘Count Hart’... but I guess I was mistaken. It may be an illusion that the voice sounds familiar.

At least no one approaches me here.

“Count Hart!”

“...uh?”

It wasn’t an illusion! There was someone calling me!

As I turned my head, holding the pudding in my hand, I made eye contact with a knight walking quickly towards me from the other side.

She came in front of me in an instant with long strides, placed her fist on her chest and politely made a knight’s bow.

“Leen Reiner sends greetings to the Count.”

“Lord Lien!”

How could the world be so happy!

Sir Lien is the commander of the knights under my command.

There is one knightly order under my command, but in fact it cannot be called a knightly order. It’s just a gathering of mad dogs.

‘The conclusion is strange?’

...My consciousness went to a strange place, but in any case, under my command there exists an order of knights whose name is even a beggar, the Knights of Lofty.

It’s an order of knights, but it was originally promoted to the order of knights in recognition of the merits of the vanguard that fought with me during the Eight Years’ War, so it’s difficult to imagine it looking as straight as an ordinary order of knights.

Would you understand if they were previously called ‘murder squad’?

In fact, they are still called the ‘Knights of the Murderous Demons’ instead of the ‘Knights of Lofty’, so all is said and done.

Anyway, why do you welcome Lord Lien so much?

‘Because she’s a parachute!’

In other words, it means that they are a very normal race, different from those guys who laughed like crazy while

tearing their enemies apart during the 8 Years War.

But I guess it was strange for me to greet them so warmly. Sir Lien tilted his head and spoke in a more cautious tone.

“You don’t look good. “Are you unwell?”

“...no.”

What was my expression like?

“Don’t do that, just sit over here. “It would be difficult if you fell down.”

There is no way to refuse since they even kindly pull out a chair for you.

I gently put down the spoon and strawberry pudding on the table and sat down on the chair.

And with the intention of changing the subject, I spoke to Sir Lien, who was still examining my complexion.

“But why is this a banquet all of a sudden?”

“yes? Are you pretending not to know?”

“...?”

“You’re kidding, right? Hahaha that was a great denial of reality.”

Sir Lien, who was smiling and clapping, looked at my face, which was still filled with doubts, and his expression gradually hardened.

“You really... didn’t know?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

She hesitated, looking at my eyes, and eventually spoke slowly with a sigh as if there was nothing she could do.

“Celebrating the birth and debut of a new hero....”

“Deon.”

Sir Lien was interrupted and a cool voice came in.

A voice that is unfamiliar yet terribly familiar.

I felt so bad that I turned my head and made eye contact with cold, hard green eyes.

...aha.

The situation has been assessed. I was able to get a glimpse of what Lord Lien said without having to listen to it all the way through.

The knight, who was always confident, was openly looking at me, and the unpleasant man in front of me was proudly showing off that he was the star of the banquet.

—How could you not know?

“...I asked who you were.”

Even with my words mixed with obvious hostility, his green eyes do not waver.

This made me even more annoyed, so I frowned and slowly stroked my hair in an attempt to hide my expression and suppress the rapidly rising emotions.



There's probably a murderous intent in my eyes right now that I can't hide.

I had no intention of revealing my dangerously shining eyes here, so I closed them brightly as if to show off.

"It's been a while, brother."

Green eyes and black hair that are different from mine.

A symbol of the Hart family that I thought I would never see again.

Indeed, the face I saw for the first time in a long time did not change at all from the one in my memory.

Cruel's face stiffened for a moment as if he was taken aback by the unexpected bright smile, but then he slowly nodded.

"okay. "It's been a while."

"You became a hero."

"I was lucky. "I got the warrior's fragment."

"I remember you were skilled with a sword before. Even if you are not a fragment of a hero, you will have become a hero someday. Congratulations."

"...I once faced the commander of Corps 0 on the battlefield."

Even though I flinched for a moment, a smile appeared on my lips again.

That's not because I'm pointing out something, I'm just diverting words.

It seems the pretentious praise and laughter were disgusting. Or maybe it was something that bothered me when they praised my sword skills.

“So?”

“It was more difficult because of the low morale of the soldiers rather than the problem itself.”

“Well. But it was resolved well, right?”

Otherwise, he wouldn't be here and this banquet wouldn't have been held in the first place.

“I heard that you are also good at dealing with fraud. If you were there...”

“Ahahaha brother!”

Cruel closes his mouth.

I could tell what he was trying to say without even having to listen.

I'm sure he was trying to say things like, if I had been there, he wouldn't have suffered so much.

Damn.

“There is no need to make that assumption. There's no way I could fight with you, right?”

I don't know if they pretend to fight together and then try to kill me.

There would be no way in the first place that the emperor, who knows our relationship well, would let us fight together.

“....”

Even during this time, those solid green eyes show no signs of breaking.

Not only did it not break, but it didn't even shake, so I smacked my lips inwardly and tried to scoop up the pudding on the table with a spoon, scooping up a large spoonful.

If you've done this, you'll be fine.

It's normal for both of us to get offended when we see each other's faces, so I hope it goes away quickly.

In fact, I'm already in a bad mood, but I can't make a fuss here. I have no choice but to eat pudding and stuff my stomach.

“...I heard you went on a monster-slaying mission.”

I don't know why you keep saying there's some benefit to this.

He tilted his spoon and dropped the pudding on top onto the plate, nodding with an annoyed expression.

Then Cruel looked me up and down and slowly kissed me.

“Are there any injuries?”

“...Phew—”

Oh my. It's so ridiculous, so stop.

Whenever you push me into a battlefield, you pretend to be worried now. Do you have any belated regrets?

It's ridiculous.

Who was the person who pushed me into the battlefield when I was only 14 years old? Who was it that sent me, a weak person, to the battlefield, leaving behind an older brother who was three years older than me, not only in good health, but also an excellent swordsman?

And who was the one who just stood by and watched them like that?

Cruel Hart.

My older brother, whom I once loved dearly.

It's you.

"What are you asking again? I know how to take good care of my body. There's no need to pretend you care now. At least in front of you, you will be completely fine."

Even if I get hurt in front of you, I won't show it.

Because you can't do something stupid that exposes your weakness to the enemy.

Cruel's expression darkened, as if he had roughly grasped the meaning of what I said, although not entirely.

That was quite pleasant, so I smiled and added.

"So, brother, as always, I would appreciate it if you could just take a look."

Just as I stood by when I was taken to the battlefield. like that.

"...."

"...."

There was no answer.

In the uncomfortable silence, Cruel looked at me with an unknown expression, and I also did not give up and glared into his eyes.

People nearby noticed the unusual atmosphere and immediately distanced themselves.

Only Sir Lien, who unintentionally witnessed his superior's family fight, could not avoid the situation or stop it, and just looked at me and Cruel in turns.

...What are you doing, Sir Lien? Without stopping quickly.

'My eyes hurt so bad I'm dying.'

I can't avoid it because of my pride, but my eyes feel stinging as if I'm already at my limit.

The moment I called out to Lord Lien once again, Cruel's eyes turned to look over my shoulder.

The face returns to its original expressionless expression, as if it had seen something.

Sir Lien also has his eyes set on something and has a very stiff expression. Now that I think about it, the eyes of everyone else around me were all focused in the same direction.

'...what?'

The doubts quickly disappeared.

I don't know what it is, but it probably has nothing to do with me.

If it was related to me, it would have seen me and there would be no need to look somewhere else.

I roughly turned off my nerves and took advantage of the distractions of those around me to shove a large piece of pudding into my mouth.

‘Oh, it wasn’t a strawberry, it was a cherry. I thought the color was a bit too red for some reason.’

The sour taste and aroma in your mouth are not particularly bad.

I was moving my mouth to crush the pudding and swallow it, but from somewhere... I heard an unfamiliar voice coming from where people were looking.

“That’s an impressive friendship.”

“...?”

The first thing I saw was purple hair tied loosely on one side.

An unusual color for hair. Which family was purple the symbol of?

Ah, it was the Duke of Illuster.

...huh? Duke?

“...?!”

You’re a real peacock, right? Duke Stabe Illuster!

I was so startled that I got up from my seat.

I pushed the pudding away and tried to hurriedly say hello...

'I haven't swallowed the pudding yet!'

I can't speak.

It was impossible to openly mumble in front of the duke and show that he was eating something, and it was too big to just swallow. Cold sweat broke out on his back.

'What do we do...?'

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 37**

### 37. Honorary Count Deon Hardt (2)

First of all, I was careful to keep my cheeks from puffing up as much as possible, but in a situation where I would have normally turned away in anger, the Duke managed to greet me with a gentle smile.

"This is your first time meeting face to face like this, right? Nice to meet you, Count Hart. "I've heard a lot of rumors."

"...."

"Count?"

As soon as the duke arrived, Cruel took a step back and his gaze fell on me.

Lord Lien's face turned blue, and the complexions of the people around him also turned pale.

'I know, I know.'

I know that a mere honorary count is now daring to chew on the duke's words!

It won't work. If I continue like this, I'll just add one more enemy. Even if it hurts my throat, I have to get over this and answer.



I hurriedly stuffed my mouth full of pudding down my throat.

The moment I forced my neck to move.

“Count niiiiim!!”

“Kuhup!”

It was a great attack.

The half-eaten pudding popped out of my mouth again.

I looked in bewilderment at the red liquid and lumps that had ruined the floor of the banquet hall, and then carefully called out to the person who was clinging to my back.

“Cough.... Her Royal Highness Princess Hwa....”

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“It’s been a while, Lord Illuster.”

“Yes, Your Highness... But...”

“There hasn’t been much traffic at the imperial palace these days, so it seems to be very busy.”

“I’m sorry. But Your Highness...”

“Or is something going on?”

“No, Your Highness. “That...”

“Ah, I apologize if it was for personal reasons. “Excuse me.”

The princess turns Count Hart’s gaze, and the crown prince turns the Duke’s gaze.

All of this was planned on the spot the moment the duke spoke to Count Hart.

The Duke of Illuster is the head of the noble faction. What good could there be in having a conversation with Count Hart, the emperor's great sword? There must be a sinister intention.

The crown prince and princess planned to steal Count Hart out of their dark plan.

But it seems like the princess is being overly forceful.

"Your Majesty the Emperor, but you are now Honorary Count Hart..."

"Hmm?"

At that moment, the princess's screams were heard.

"Aaaah, Count! Blood blood!"

"!?"

At first glance, Count Hart could be heard muttering, 'No, this is...', but that voice did not exert any influence and was buried in the commotion.

It's not just blood, it's blood in lumps. Who would overlook this?

"Palace! "Good luck!"

The crown prince hurriedly called for the royal doctor and glanced at the princess.

So, be careful when attacking with a direct attack from behind. It has been said repeatedly that Count Hart's body

is like glass due to the Demon King's curse.

'I understand your desire to lure Count Hart, but... this was too much.'

With the promise that once this incident was resolved, he would have the princess sit down again and pay attention to her, the crown prince hurriedly approached Deonhardt.

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"Aaaah, Count! Blood blood!"

"No, this is...."

"Don't say it."

It's not blood, it's pudding...

Before I could explain, Lord Lien covered my mouth with a handkerchief.

After struggling in embarrassment, I managed to pull her hand away, and with a bewildered expression, I looked at the incredibly refreshing sight seeping out of the handkerchief and then turned my head.

The banquet hall was in chaos.

"Palace! "Good luck!"

Starting with the crown prince calling the court.

"What's going on?"

Even the fucking emperor.

Even the person following him is clearly General Nemeseus, the commander-in-chief and my superior during the Eight Years' War. Even though I haven't seen it in a while, how could I forget that scar across my face?

So, including the damn hero Cruel and Duke Starbe, it was safe to say that I was now attracting the attention of all the big names in the empire.

'If I really vomited blood, it wouldn't be a big problem...'

The problem is that this isn't blood.

I think they think the smell of blood was masked by the perfume that filled the banquet hall, but I don't know what will happen if they find out the truth.

Even as my heart felt like it was about to stop, the emperor's mutterings became even worse.

"Is it because of the devil's curse?"

No, I was never cursed by the devil in the first place.

On the day I returned to the imperial palace carrying the hero's body, I was so weak that I vomited blood in front of the emperor. Somehow it became known as the devil's curse and it ended up like this...

'Oh my god, isn't that the palace?'

It was fucking ruined.

It really came to the palace.

\*\*\*

The palace doctor was examining the other person with a rare serious expression.

In fact, it would be more accurate to say that his expression had hardened rather than that he was serious.

After all, His Majesty the Emperor, His Royal Highness the Crown Prince and the Princess, Duke Illuster, the head of the noble faction, General Nemeseus and even the hero Cruel Hart were obsessively watching his every move.

The other patient is even the famous hero Deon Hardt, who has a lot of scary tinnitus.

If something bothers you, your life will not be perfect.

That's why I'm very nervous and doing a thorough examination with all my might.

'Why...'

Is there anything wrong?

It's just that my body is too weak, but there's really no problem.

Even if blood was vomited, a fishy smell should have remained, but surprisingly, there was no smell of blood.

At first I thought it was covered in perfume. This is a banquet hall filled with the smell of all kinds of perfume.

I thought the strong cherry scent coming from him was also the scent of perfume buried somewhere.

'But there's no way your mouth can smell like cherries!'

When I slightly opened my mouth to check whether I had really vomited blood, I was struck by the strong smell of cherries instead of the smell of blood.

There, the palace doctor was confident that Count Hart had not vomited blood.

Then, the problem is the red liquid and lumps that come out of the mouth...

‘It has a cherry scent, so it must be cherry-related.’

Come to think of it, I remember there was cherry pudding among the desserts.

I think I got sick while eating this pudding... I

looked at the red lumps being cleaned up by the attendants with salty eyes, then looked away again.

‘Should I tell you?’

It will only be a matter of time before others notice.

Even if you didn’t notice at first because you were so dazed and the smell of perfume was all around you, in the end, most of the people here had experienced blood.

The tyrant Edoardo Desert, who not only rose to power through rebellion, but also started the Eight Years’ War almost immediately after ascending to the throne; General Nemeseus, who was the commander-in-chief of the Eight Years’ War; and, of course, Cruel, a hero who cannot be separated from battle.

If you are given a little time, you will be able to quickly understand the situation as you have watched it so

tiresomely.

That's why I was seriously thinking about it.

Gong Yi's eyes involuntarily raised his head and met bright red eyes staring down at him.

'...Hi!'

That's clearly a look in your eyes that will kill you if you say anything!

I reflexively took a breath. The expressions of those around him who took it seriously became even darker, but the palace doctor had no time to worry about such things.

Do you lie to His Majesty, or do you tell the truth at the risk of death?

After pondering for a while at the crossroads of life and death, he

said, "You said there was an attack when you came here. "It seems like he was bleeding due to fatigue due to the internal injuries he suffered at that time."

I closed my eyes tightly and chose life right now.

\*\*\*

"You said there was an attack when you came here. "It seems like he was bleeding due to fatigue due to the internal injuries he suffered at that time."

Lived! It seems that my earnest pleading eyes were conveyed.

Although I stuttered a bit, my doctor did a great job.

To be honest, when he closed his eyes tightly, my heart sank because I thought he was telling the truth.

Really, what would have happened if I had told the truth.

He must have felt embarrassed and incurred the wrath of others, but even before that, the emperor's reaction was unpredictable.

Maybe he tried to kill me for humiliation.

"There is no treatment other than rest, so it is best to rest well..."

"I see."

I answered calmly and got up from the chair I was sitting on.

It's finally happening. I thought it was too burdensome. He held out a chair for the patient, saying he should sit down, but who would be able to sit alone in a gathering of royal family members unless their heart was quite strong?

Even the emperor was standing there!

Perhaps, if the emperor had not said it was an order, I would have stood firm until the end and received the examination.

'Anyway, it seems like it's been roughly resolved.'

Now I can use this as an excuse to go home. Could it be that they are trying to capture the patient?

He turned towards the emperor. I was about to say that I would just bow down and go back, but unfortunately, my body was more tense than I expected.

It's so bad that your legs will give out!



Clearly, my heart was bowing to the emperor without any hesitation. Why is my body falling forward?

I cursed under my breath as I felt my body collapsing helplessly.

‘Oh shit.’

You show all sorts of things in front of the emperor. How funny would the people at the banquet look at me?

As I have never been in the social world, this incident will be firmly engraved in their minds.

As an honorary count who fell shamefully in front of the emperor.

‘My social life is ruined.’

With that thought in mind, I stared blankly at the floor getting closer.

—No.

‘It’s not getting closer?’

Did time always flow this slowly?

Oh, is that it? It’s not. The magic light should also bring back memories of the past.

As I was coming up with various nonsense thoughts, it was only after a few more seconds that I realized that someone was holding my arm.

Who is it? Among the people nearby, if there was anyone who could catch me... Is it Lord Lien?

I took my distracted focus, moved my gaze along the hand holding my arm, and opened my mouth.

“Go...”

...No thank you!

The words of gratitude that were coming out of my mouth disappeared the moment I saw the other person’s face.

My eyes, which had been filled with kindness as I had to say thank you, turned cold, and almost immediately, I showed extreme disgust and shook off the hand that was supporting my body.

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

In cold silence, Cruel looks at my hand and me in silence, then takes a step back. I also bit my lip and took a couple of steps back.

I didn’t want to do something like this in front of the emperor, but I can’t help it. Because this was a reflex action.

I fought on the battlefield for eight years and pondered the hatred over and over again.

How could I calmly accept this guy’s touch when the disgust has remained so deeply rooted that it is at the level of an imprint?

—Even if it was for me.

Fortunately, the silence was broken quickly.

“...You seem to be quite unwell. “How about we just go back and rest?”

“I’m sorry.”

I bowed obediently and expressed my respect.

What the emperor said is often a congratulatory command given by the host to the other party at a banquet.

This word, which can be either insulting or considerate depending on how it is used, was considerate to me now.

No matter how I feel about Cruel, the star of this banquet is Cruel, and the host is the imperial family.

As such, my rudeness, which could have easily become a big problem, was disguised as ‘due to being unwell’ and the emperor took the initiative to lightly reprimand me, thereby preventing anyone from openly reprimanding me.

The emperor has definitely surrounded me.

‘Because he is generous to Injae.’

That’s why I feel even more burdened. I’m not the kind of talent you think I am.

I am already afraid of how the emperor will react the moment those expectations disappear like bubbles.

With renewed awareness, I felt like my legs were losing strength again, so I hurriedly walked out of the banquet hall without rejecting the hand of Lord Lien who was supporting me from my side.

I had intentionally forgotten about Cruel.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 38**

### 38. Honorary Count Deon Hardt (3)

Honorary Count Deon Hardt left the banquet hall and the banquet was already coming to an end.

Among the nobles leaving the banquet hall one by one, Starbe Illuster and Cruel Hart were quietly strolling in the open garden of the nearby imperial palace.

Duke Starbe walked ahead and Cruel followed, and Starbe, who was silently walking towards a deserted place for a while, stopped at some point.

“When you asked me to be your sponsor and claimed to be on my side—” I

turned and faced Cruel Hart.

Starbe also had an unknown smile on his face as he looked straight into the solid green eyes.

“I asked Sir why.”

“....”

“—Was it for protection?”

The only two survivors of an extinct family.

Cruel Hart is the only survivor, except for Deon Hart, who appears to be the main culprit.

When he lost everything and came to me and asked me to become his sponsor, instead of immediately kicking him out or accepting, Stave asked why.

The answer was rudely short.

Just for 'protection'.

"What?"

It was a short phrase with no subject or object, but Stave didn't ask any more questions.

People who have something to protect become more faithful than anyone else. He wasn't stupid enough to kick a faithful dog that came to his feet.

It may seem like you roughly know what the missing object is, but even if you don't, you will find out someday, so there's no need to ask and make them feel rejected.

And today, the moment he saw Deon Hardt's eyes, which went beyond hostility and were filled with murderous intent, he became convinced of what was included in the 'object'.

"Me."

"To protect myself."

Reason suppressed the instinctive cry that it didn't seem like that and that there must be something more.

"Was it to protect Cruelhart himself from Deonhart?"

"...."

All that comes back is silence.

Duke Stave chuckles as if that is enough. Cruel stared at him and quietly closed his eyes as if to chase away fatigue.

The duke's soft voice could be heard vaguely.

"It's not something I would say carelessly as I don't know other people's circumstances, but... it's foolish."

If the goal was purely to survive, there would have been countless ways.

'Still, it was a welcome choice from our perspective.'

Stave laughed.

He is a duke and the head of a noble faction. He has the power to overpower quite a few things, and there is also ample reason to eliminate Deon Hardt, the 'Emperor's Dog'.

No. 'The Emperor's Dog' is just an additional reason, even if you exclude that reason—

'Deonhart... is a person who must be killed.'

They are a cancerous being on this earth.

He touched the area around his heart and smiled lightly.

"...."

Cruel didn't bother to answer.

Before I knew it, the scene from that time was flashing back onto my black retina.

The entrance to the mansion that no one guards. A hallway full of blood. And inside the room, he pulls out the dagger stuck in his father's heart and looks back—

[Brother.]

...Deon.

My own younger brother.

Cruel glanced at the bodies of his mother and father, who were relatively intact compared to the others who had been torn to pieces, and raised his gaze again.

The blood that flowed from the red-stained hair down the forehead beaded at the corner of the eye for a moment and then flowed down the cheek again.

Unlike the tears that flowed down his face, Deon was smiling.

Blood drips from the dagger in both hands.

[...You.]

The moment Cruel was watching that and was about to say something, Deon threw the dagger he was holding.

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As soon as I left the imperial palace, I refused Lord Lien, who offered to support me until the end, and crawled back to the mansion on my own feet. For a moment, I forgot my face and rubbed my eyes.

I see a lot of guys who shouldn't be in my house. Is this something strange with my eyes?

He is not even wearing ordinary clothes, but a pure white knight's uniform.

Let's put aside the fact that those clothes look familiar.

'Why is the front yard of my house, which was fine until I left, on fire?'

Is it still a hallucination? It must be a hallucination. I seem to be very stressed out these days. Or maybe he's old.

"...That can't be possible. "What the fuck is this!!"

Even the heat I felt on my skin couldn't be a hallucination.

At my shout, the guys who were huddled together on one side of the burning yard, surrounding something, turn around.

And I almost grabbed the back of my neck inadvertently as I saw their faces becoming brighter without understanding the situation.

"Captain!"

Oh, you damn bastards.

"Great ego! "Wow!"

"It's not the captain, it's the count!"

"Count!"

"Count niiiiim!!"

under.



My head hurt, so I placed my hand on my temple and scanned their faces with tired eyes.

Why are there rabid dogs in my house? Since when did my mansion become a dog kennel?

Knights of Lofty. No, the Murderous Knights.

All of those members were occupying my yard as if it was their natural responsibility.

The gatekeepers were watching, sweating profusely.

‘What on earth did you do to not stop it?...’

So there’s no reason to have a gatekeeper.

I wonder if this absurd situation is a dream, but the events that happened today are too realistic to say so, and the heat of the fire and the presence of Lord Lien standing one step behind are also too vivid.

She was even yelling at them who were going crazy.

“Full sort!”

“!”

Oh, look at how they line up in an instant.

Lord Lien captured them with such certainty that it was a pity that they were given the dishonorable title of parachute.

She shouted sharply, fluttering her neatly tied up hair.

Oh, I didn’t just shout. I clearly said that my hair was flying.

Pow!

“What are you doing now?!”

“Hehe, it’s all leader....”

“It’s not the leader, it’s the leader. And if you see your lord, you should say hello, but what kind of mentality is it to cry out as if you were looking for a wife who has run away from home? “Why is the Count’s yard on fire!”

Puk puk puk.

The members are shocked by the merciless hand and belatedly say hello to me.

I took turns looking at the burning yard and the members, and called out to Lord Lien in a sighing voice.

“Lord Lien.”

“Yes, Count.”

“Beat more.”

“All right.”

“yes? Oh no, just a moment! Count! Let’s talk for a moment!! “Keuuk!”

What is the story?

I feel like I want to come out and beat him up myself. I held back because I thought if I did that, my wrist would come off first.

Anyway, what is this?

I stared at them as they began to roll on the floor one by one under Lord Lien's merciless hands.

It's not like I'm complaining in particular. I was curious about what on earth they were surrounded by.

Because of the heat, I couldn't get closer, so I just strained my eyes, and something that wasn't visible when they were huddled together appeared among them.

So, clothes with white birds on a blue background...

'Revolutionary Army?'

Why are the revolutionary army in my front yard? Could it be that those mad dogs subdued him?

Now that I think about it, those guys were trying to explain something earlier, I guess?

"Lord Lien, wait a moment."

"yes."

I stopped her with the intention of hearing the whole story.

Sir Lien immediately stopped his actions like a knight, but because these damn bastards pretended to cry, he was able to hear the full story of the incident only after giving them a few more blows.

"This guy threw a bomb in my front yard?"

"yes! "We happened to see it and caught it right away!"

"Well... I understand for now. But..."

Confident eyes are focused on me as if there is nothing to be stung.

I met each of their gazes and expressed my doubts without hesitation.

“Why were you here at that exact time?”

“Uh...”

“Why did the revolutionary army attack my mansion without me? “There’s nothing in my mansion that would attract them.”

“That...” Everyone

turns their heads and looks the other way, wondering where those confident eyes from a moment ago have gone.

The guy who was unlucky enough to meet my gaze directly broke into a cold sweat and rolled his eyes back and forth.

“I can hear the head rolling.”

“!”

Thanks to this, I was able to infer the cause to some extent.

It’s a shame for these guys, but I’m not that dull.

“You were staying here before the revolutionary army came, right?”

“...!”

“How did you do that...!”

also.

These guys didn't come because of the revolutionary army, but the revolutionary army came because of these guys.

The revolutionary army wants to cause damage to the emperor, and to do so, inflicting damage on me would be the most effective way.

In order to cause damage to me, it would have been better to attack the Knights, who were my greatest force, and since the location was my mansion, there would have been no reason to hesitate.

I looked at the culprits of this incident with cold eyes.

I want to hit them in the back of the head right now and ask them why they came...

"...let's clean up after ourselves first."

Turn off that fire too.

Even though I kept my distance, my eyes feel a little sore.

I unconsciously raised my hand to rub my eyes, but I felt a foreign body in my hand, which should have been empty. And a desperate cry is heard at the same time.

"Count!!"

"...?"

The only time Lord Lien shouts like that is when something unusual happens.

I stopped acting based on my instincts.

It was at that moment that I realized that I was holding something in my hand that wasn't there just a moment ago.

“...what is this?”

The familiar shape is quite ominous. Where did you see this?

...Okay, that's what I remembered.

I threw it away almost immediately. Desperately, as if my only goal was to get this horrible thing out of my hands.

What I thought I had thrown upwards flew behind me, landed on the floor, rolled over, and came to a stop after hitting someone's feet.

Pow!!

“No Count!!”

“Are you okay?!”

Lord Lien and the members came rushing in to check on my well-being.

Anyway, I stared blankly at the place where the explosion occurred.

‘I almost died.’

Even if a bomb were to fly, I never thought it would fly right into my hand. I survived thanks to catching it by chance, but honestly, I'm not happy.

Sir Lien, who had somehow interpreted the meaning of my gaze, walked towards me, touched the charred corpse with his sword sheath, and said,

“You don't have to feel guilty. “This guy is a revolutionary army.”

And the way he looks at me... I think he's shouting, 'You have a warm heart, too!' with just his eyes.

It's not like that.

"I never thought I would have a friend. "It seems that while that guy threw the bomb and caused chaos, the other guy was planning to escape with his captured comrade... but you can see the result."

I followed with my eyes where Sir Lien's gaze was directed.

And at the end, I was able to see the old butler mercilessly overpowering the revolutionary soldier who was running away while carrying his comrade.

...No, Remember?!

'Is it okay for a grandfather to be like that?!'

"Anyway, I was impressed."

"...yes?"

"I was transfixed and thought something big had befallen the Count. But I never thought you would catch the bomb."

"ah.... "That's..."

"As expected, you are amazing."

That's a coincidence.

The bright eyes are quite burdensome.

Unable to look her in the eye, I ended up running away, leaving only a few commands to sort out the situation.

“I will take you there.”

“....”

Of course, she made even that difficult.

I think I need to start looking for stomach medicine as soon as I get to my room.

Shit.

\*\*\*

“Damn it, even if I had to die, I should have killed the emperor’s dog...”

A voice full of regret flowed from the mouth of the revolutionary soldier who had been completely suppressed.

There are several major obstacles on the way to bringing down the emperor. If I were to pick just the most important ones, there would be around three.

Nemeseus was the commander-in-chief during the Eight Years’ War and is currently the emperor’s personal bodyguard.

Prime Minister Ardal stabilizes public sentiment toward the emperor through excellent policies and financial management methods, both during the war and now.

Honorary Count Deonhardt, who was the vanguard during the Eight Years’ War and is currently the emperor’s dog, accepting any order he gives without reservation.

The most annoying of these is Deon Hart.



The other two use sunny areas as their main stage, so their actions are limited, so they can be predicted to a certain extent and are easy to monitor, but Deonhardt's main stage is in the shadows.

In other words, it is difficult to predict where it will fly and difficult to monitor.

It started with the fact that I had no idea where I was going and what I was doing this time.

'Of course I didn't go there purely to subdue monsters...'

It would be difficult to keep losing track of things like this.

Therefore, the revolutionary army was working hard to eliminate Deon Hardt, a dangerous variable.

Aside from regret, the members of the Murderous Knights paused for a moment and looked around at the voice that did not contain a single trace of regret.

The Count and the leader entered the mansion, and the butler was leading the manpower to put out the fire in the yard.

In other words, there is no one to overhear this conversation or stop their actions.

"Who is the emperor's dog?"

Immediately the wild dogs showed their teeth.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 39**

39. Honorary Count Deon Hardt (4)

"If they knew anything about the Count, they wouldn't have even said something like this."

"What is that..."

"You won't tell me. "If you're really curious, do your research."

"...."

I won't even be able to find out.

The emperor's dog? It's not even funny. Of those who participated in the Eight Year War, if they were to select the one with the least loyalty to the emperor, they and their captain would be chosen without a doubt.

Certain emotions were overlaid on the members' eyes.

Based on the madness, all kinds of negative emotions such as anger and hatred emerged and one member, who had managed to organize his emotions for a moment and waited for them to disappear, opened his mouth softly.

"So, stop harassing those who are having a hard time—"

The members quietly gathered together to block the attention of those around them.

It's enough to keep just one alive anyway, so it would be okay to kill at least one guy who spoke arrogantly.

The member who quietly drew his weapon spoke with a smile that could be seen as fake.

"die."

\*\*\*

I managed to get to my room, enduring Lord Lien's burdensome gaze, and instead of going out, I avoided her gaze and pretended not to notice, keeping my eyes fixed outside the window.

'They're gathered together again. 'What are you doing all gathered together like that?'

I hope it won't cause another accident.

Why were those guys in my house before that? Shouldn't it be in the imperial palace?

"Lord Lien."

"Yes, Count."

"Do you know what kind of situation this is?"

"Are you talking about the revolutionary army's attack?"

"No, about why they are here."

"Ah, I understand that Your Majesty has returned the Order of Knights that he had temporarily taken charge of during

the Count's absence."

It's a shame to leave it for a while. I guess they tried to eat it but couldn't handle it so they sent it back.

Of course, before the war ended and he left as a warrior's companion, the emperor had said that he would temporarily leave the Lofty Knights in charge of the imperial family during his absence.

But what naive person would believe that?

Cases where people say they will keep it in their hands and then quietly swallow it up are common facts that come up even if you look in any history book right now.

There is also some evidence that the emperor attempted to do so.

Although I haven't stayed here for a long time so far, I've had plenty of time to return it.

Nevertheless, the reason why it is being returned now is probably because the personalities of the members who tried to control it somehow cannot be handled.

Damn emperor.

'Did you think I could handle people that even the emperor couldn't handle?'

If you ate it, you would have just wiped your mouth. Why bother giving it back to me?

If it was consideration, if it was not at all grateful and was just trying to feed them, it is indeed an excellent choice.

While my expression was sour, Remember, who must have finished cleaning up, knocked and came in asking for permission.

Pure white gloves and a wrinkle-free tailcoat. It is a uniformly neat outfit.

—To the extent that it is inconceivable that the revolutionary army was defeated just a moment ago.

He reported, brushing aside my narrowed gaze with a solemn smile typical of an old man, as always.

“The fire in the yard was completely extinguished. “I would like to hire another competent gardener to revive the garden, but what do you think, Count?”

“...Remember takes care of it.”

Since you are a competent butler, you will be able to take care of it.

His unexpected abilities are quite outrageous, but thanks to that, my anger at the bombs (mad dogs) that the Emperor gave me has subsided, so let's just move on.

Even if you ask, you won't get anything anyway.

Rather than that, the priority is what to do with those who were forced to take charge.

“Remember.”

“Yes, Count.”

“I would like to provide separate lodgings for the knights, but is that possible?”

“Count Hart is big and spacious. “Let’s provide separate accommodation for the knights.”

After all, he is competent. Get the job done quickly without the slightest hint of embarrassment or hesitation!

It would be perfect if we just did something about his mysterious attitude.

While he was just gorging himself, Remember turned his gaze to look at Sir Lien.

“What will you do with Lord Lien? Since the genders are different, if you want to stay, you have to prepare a separate room...” “

Oh, I will commute here. So, you don’t have to prepare my accommodation.”

“Yes, I understand.”

Come to think of it, Lord Lien was a nobleman.

Rarely, a murderous group made up entirely of commoners... No, looking at the Knights of Lofty, I don’t think of any nobles, even if they are knights.

‘When I think about it, this is a big deal. When you think of ‘knight’, ‘rabid dog’ naturally comes to mind. If this is the case, even if I meet another knight, I will be blinded by prejudice...’

“Anyway, it seems that His Majesty cares for you a lot.”

“...yes?”

Who saves whom?

I suddenly raised my head in bewilderment.

While I was lost in thought, I guess I had finished sorting out the situation. The knights were nowhere to be found, and Sir Lien, who seemed to be the person who had finished sorting things out, was leaving with a silent bow.

And the person left in front of me was Remember, who spouted something absurd.

“What did you just say...”

“I said that His Majesty seems to care for you a lot.”

“...Don’t you think you need a Remember vacation?”

“If you give it to me, I will be grateful, but I am sorry that you are already treating me like a senile old man.”

But the emperor cares about me. It seems like they’re talking about the Knights Templar, but that doesn’t make sense.

Where on earth are you looking?

“Usually, because of the risk of treason, it is not easy to station knights from other families in the imperial palace or to give them up again, isn’t it? “Probably no monarch would do this except with ordinary faith and determination.”

“....”

I think he was trying to swallow it up but it didn’t work so he passed it on to me and gave it back?

But what can I say? Our deacon who likes to make fun of others will only hear what he wants to hear. Rather, they will find fault with this and try to make fun of it again.

Finally, I opened my mouth with a sigh.

“I will rest.”

“Yes, take a good rest. “It’ll probably get a lot busier starting tomorrow.”

“...?”

“While the Count was away, a lot of work got pushed back. “I processed what I could to the best of my ability, but there were more than one or two documents that required the Count’s approval.”

“Ugh.”

“For your information, this is not something that can be solved by avoiding it. In fact, the work will be pushed back further.”

“...I had no intention of avoiding it.”

I did a little bit... but I didn’t want to do it.

Ah, I miss the Demon World where I can just roll around.

‘I never thought I would want to go back to the demon world.’

Feeling the grandeur of the paperwork, I hurried to the bathroom, avoiding Remember’s gaze with a subtle smile.

I’m tired. Somehow, it seems that the fatigue accumulated here is greater than the fatigue accumulated in the banquet hall.

‘...It would be better to build a separate lodging for the knights.’



Go as far away from where I stay as possible.

This is all because of them. I'm not human if I don't feel tired after talking like that and putting everyone else on edge.

Now that I think about it, the forest behind the mansion seems quite large for being inside the count's mansion. Wouldn't it be a bit quieter if it were built in the middle of it?

'I'll have to have a serious discussion with Remember later.'

\*\*\*

There are unspoken rules in the slums.

Rules created to somehow keep one's sanity and survive in a difficult life.

[Be friendly, but don't be affectionate.]

....

Contrary to appearances, the slums are sensitive to all kinds of rumors.

How can we not be sensitive to the atmosphere of the nobles as it is directly related to their livelihood?

If the nobles are in a bad mood, their children will starve.

When the nobles had no time to spare due to war preparations, those who sold their bodies went hungry.

For some reason, when nobles went out less often, people had to throw themselves in front of carriages to get money and chew on tree roots.

As such, in the slums where rumors spread quickly, 'the birth of a new hero' and 'the return of Deonhardt' were already outdated rumors.

And that empty space was quickly filled by other rumors.

A rumor that could be like salvation and provide hope to those living in the slums.

It's actually related to 'salvation'— such a rumor.

Shiia asked in a voice that had become faint after starving for several days.

"Salvation Church?"

"Yeah, I guess they give out free bread and water in the slums."

"For free?"

"For free."

"Nonsense. "Isn't there a drug in there?"

The voice was small, but the doubt contained therein was clear. In addition, a suspicious expression was clearly visible on Shiia's face.

A scraggly face with messy, messy hair.

Yes, Siia is from the slums.

As he was born in the slums and has lived in the slums, he is a child of the slums who has been left behind and unable to receive favors without question.

That's why she couldn't believe what the other person said.

Giving out free bread and water? There wouldn't be any benefit, right? Besides, isn't Salvation Church a religion? If it were a religion, it would need donations, but it's impossible for people in the slums to have money.

So this is a lie. There is no reason to believe it.

"no. The lame man next door tried it and said nothing happened. "They even said they just let me go without asking for anything."

"...lie."

If it's a lame man, Shiia knows it too.

A man who has no regrets about life, so he throws himself in front of the carriage without hesitation and collects money from nobles.

He probably would have just taken it without caring whether it contained medicine or not. At least to him, life and death have no meaning.

You probably thought that if you live, you live, and if you die, you die.

And lived. Shiia still couldn't believe it.

There's no way that guy would lie, so then is this boy in front of me lying?

So why? wherefore? What are the benefits?

"It's real?! I felt sorry for you because you were starving for a week, so I told you, but... if you don't want to believe it, don't believe it! I'll go alone! "If you don't go, you're the only one who loses."

Paul turned around with his face scrunched up.

Oh, I guess you're upset. If you walk hard like that, you will quickly lose strength and get hungry quickly.

Shiia blankly followed the receding figure with lifeless eyes.

By the way, you said you were going alone, right?

Considering that Paul said he was going, it doesn't seem to be a completely unreliable rumor.

"I said it was the Church of Salvation...."

My voice was cracked and came out as if the wind was leaking because I couldn't even drink water properly.

After failing to pickpocket and getting beat up, I couldn't eat anything properly for a week.

I broke my wrist when I was supposed to pickpocket, and now that I've recovered a bit, I don't have the strength to try again.

If this continues, you will die.

I could feel death, which had always been by my side, reaching out its hand.

People always die in slums.

The person I talked to yesterday becomes a corpse, and the person I shared the rumor with the day before commits suicide.

The corpses are not given any comfort and are simply burned to prevent epidemics. There was always no one mourning.

‘If I die, will that happen to me too?’

I guess so.

There was something that the drunkard man, who is no longer dead, always said as if he were lamenting.

[I didn’t cry when others died, so who will cry for me?]

And when that man committed suicide, as he said, no one cried for him. Shiia didn’t cry either.

This is a place that is unkind to children’s crying. Tears only encourage physical exhaustion.

So I didn’t cry.

So if Shiia dies, no one will cry like they always did.

When I thought about that, strangely enough, I became interested in Salvation Church.

‘How about adding something strange to bread and water?’

Even if you die of starvation, poison, or even disappear, the reaction of the people here will be the same.

And if you’re going to die, wouldn’t it be better to eat and die than to starve?

I raised my limp body.

She could feel her limbs shaking, but she began to walk with difficulty.

Now he had become a black dot, chasing after Paul as he walked away, and calling out to him in a dry voice.

'It doesn't matter if it's salvation or anything else.'

If you just give them bread and water like they say.

She returned before she knew it, surrendering herself to Paul, who supported her with his rough but careful hands, and closed her eyes helplessly.

# I'm Not That Kind of Talent

## Chapter 40

40. Honorary Count Deon Hardt (5)

A week has passed since the banquet.

The murderous knights who wanted to put them in the middle of the forest were fortunate enough to be able to stay in a decent lodging despite Remember's objection that they couldn't waste their budget, and I... "You're going to build another

dam

? How much time and money does it take to make one? Even the territory is Hart territory?! it's crazy. "Who on earth posted this?"

"That's me."

"Ah... now that I think about it, having one more wouldn't be a bad idea. Even though it is a temporary territory, it will be difficult to neglect management, so if drought or floods can be prevented... I will approve it."

bang.

The seal was stamped.

...So, as you can see, I'm currently surrounded by a mountain of documents and I'm busy getting things done.

As I had half a year's worth of documents behind me, I couldn't rest properly for a week and was just working on documents. Naturally, dark shadows appeared under my eyes!

How long has it been since you came!

I feel like I just want to stamp it without reading it, but if I do that, Remember won't let me go.

What's really great about our butler is that he never raises his voice or frowns, but he has a knack for putting people off. Even now, look at me, I'm still opening my mouth to see what I'm trying to say.

He is probably trying to reprimand me for being negligent in managing Hart territory.

"It looks like you haven't heard the news yet."

"...yes?"

"A week ago, His Majesty temporarily entrusted the management of the Hart estate to the Count's ownership."

"What is that?!"

I barely accepted being put in temporary charge, but what did I do?

"This joke went a little too far, Remember."

"It's not a joke."

"I didn't receive an official letter or anything."



“It must be here somewhere.”

“....”

I looked at the pile of documents that occupied not only the top of the desk but also the floor.

Remember calmly spoke to me with a devastated expression.

“The Hart estate now belongs to the Count. “It would be difficult to neglect management.”

“...Isn’t this too much for an ‘honorary count’ in the first place? “I received not only one or two territories, but why do I have to look into the national defense area?...”

He waved a document containing a report that a group of monsters were wandering around the territory near the border.

“That’s because part of the Count’s territory borders the border.”

“That’s right! Why should a ‘count emeritus’ assume the role of margrave!”

Margrave Count Emeritus.

These three are all counts, but their treatment and privileges are different.

An honorary count is a rank that is equal to a count and is treated equally, but is a single title. The title cannot be passed on to someone else, and upon death, the territory belongs to the empire.

What about the Count? As you know, it is possible to pass down a title. You can proudly show off your own 'family'.

A margrave refers to a count who owns a territory bordering another kingdom.

In fact, he is a count in name only, but is treated almost equally as a marquis. Is this a benefit given to those responsible for part of national defense?

In that sense, it is shocking that it is not a count who has become a margrave, but an honorary count who has become a margrave.

"Ask your Majesty. "It is none other than His Majesty who has given you rights and duties greater than that of an honorary count."

"There's no way I can argue with you...."

I collapsed on my desk with a deep sigh.

There were more than one person who protested for no reason and lost their heads, so who would argue with the emperor?

Even though he gave me territory to manage in the imperial family.

'Yes, that territory.'

The territory that made me take on the role of Margrave is not actually located on the border. It's actually closer to the center.

In other words, it was originally a fiefdom that had to be managed by the imperial family.

The emperor gave the territory to me, who knew nothing.  
Damn it.

I'm satisfied with being an honorary count, but I don't know why I'm anxious that I can't get something more.

"...Rather than that, we need to find a way to return Hart Territory."

I can easily pass over other fiefdoms, even the fiefdom that made me play the role of margrave, but I hate the Hart fiefdom.

I don't have very good memories of this territory since it was the territory of the 'former' Count Hart family.

To be precise, we can say that their betrayal transformed the good memories into the worst past.

It was annoying to have it temporarily taken care of, but who is going to hand over ownership at will?

I can never get over this.

"There is no way they will accept it obediently..."

The temporary entrustment itself was something the emperor forced upon him.

Should I meet him in person and ask him to take it back?

It may be painful, but it wouldn't be a bad idea to ask for a deal, saying that you will grant whatever the emperor wants as long as it is practicable, just once.

It's fortunate that the emperor isn't so crazy that he accepts interesting deals.

“I have to go see His Majesty soon...”

Knock.

I couldn't even finish my sentence.

Because there was news beyond the door that cannot be taken lightly.

“Count, General Nemeseus has come to visit.”

I jumped up from my seat. I could tell without even looking that my eyes were wide open.

‘General? why? Aren't you supposed to be by the emperor's side? Why did you come directly? Has something big happened?’

Surely you didn't come to catch me?

The door suddenly opened. I made eye contact with the servant standing in front of me.

It was only after seeing the attendant shaking and lowering his head in shock, as if he had been burned, that I was able to recall a fact I had forgotten for a while.

‘okay. It was an unpleasant sight for my eyes here.’

Mixed emotions came flooding back.

Although I was slowly adapting to the human world, my mind still seemed to be in the demon world. How can you forget, even for a moment, a fact that is like common sense?

I let my guard down.

Even though I know that other people, except those who have a close relationship with me, such as the royal family and the knights Remember, find it uncomfortable to look into my eyes.

“...What brings you here?”

My question was answered by a quick-witted butler.

“This old man thinks it might be related to the revolutionary army he caught this time.”

“I didn’t receive an official letter or anything.”

“It must be here somewhere.”

“....”

It feels like déjà vu. Isn’t that what you just said?

I looked around at the documents in the room once again and then walked away with a deep sigh.

Anyway, I can’t keep the general waiting.

Nemeseus was my immediate superior when I became the vanguard during the Eight Years’ War.

I don’t know why, but I clearly remember that he was secretly trying to distance himself from me. The fact that such a person came like this must mean that it was a situation that had no choice but to come.

Continuing my pointless speculation that it was probably due to the emperor’s orders or something like that, I opened the door to the living room and froze when I made eye contact with the people inside.

“It’s been a while, Count.”

“...Deonhardt meets the Empire of the future.”

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“Honorary Count Hart captured the revolutionary army that attacked the mansion?”

“!”

“They said he caught the bomb with his bare hands.”

The crown prince, who was drinking tea across from the princess in the garden, put down the newspaper he was holding. The princess who was tipping the teacup in front of her flinched and trembled.

She calmly passes the liquid in her mouth and sets down the glass. At the same time, my head bowed.

“Honorary Count Hart...”

“Why are you sulking again?”

As if he could see dark clouds above her head, the crown prince quickly uncrossed his legs and a look of confusion appeared on his face.

The princess had been depressed for several days after the banquet.

“He doesn’t want to see me anymore, does he?”

“It wasn’t much different from before, but something new happened.”

“But you vomited blood!”

The princess raised her voice and buried her face in her hands. The prince, with his eyes wide open, seemed unable to see anything.

I admit it. Even when I was quiet, people around me were attracted to me. Due to my status and appearance, I was clumsy because I had never tried to seduce someone.

Even if there were other more advanced methods in the first place, I wouldn't have been able to use them... but I didn't intend to cause such a big accident.

"I'm ruined... all my efforts...!"

"I don't think it was a very effective tactic to begin with..."

"After all, I have to apologize, right?"

"directly?"

"yes!"

"no."

The crown prince's expression hardened.

In most cases, you will be allowed to do what you want without blocking it, but this is not the case.

"Whether you visit his mansion or he comes to the imperial palace at your summons, if you meet him in person, there will definitely be a scandal."

"Then it's good for me. If you make the scandal a fait accompli and get married as is...."

"Alethea."

There was a short silence.

He glanced at his younger brother and sighed.

“You don’t love him.”

“....”

“And an apology will also stain your performance.”

Because the ‘Princess’ is not smart enough to apologize for something like that.

Only then did a stir appear in the princess’s eyes.

To put it in a good way, she is pure, and in a bad way, she is a stupid princess. That’s the public opinion about Alethea.

“If you want to quit, I’m welcome.”

“...That’s Okay.”

The stigma that the princess incurred for the emperor and crown prince she intended to be.

From the crown prince’s point of view, it is a sorry evaluation that proves his brother’s sacrifice.

“Even if we stick together, it’s not enough, so we can’t split sides again over the issue of succession to the throne.”

“Yeah... I’m sick of the succession fight.”

“And if it’s a question of Honorary Count Hart, don’t worry.

“Even if I don’t love him, I like him.”

It’s not hard to guess what that little head is thinking about.



The crown prince stroked the princess's head.

"I tell you this many times, but if you want to quit, you can quit at any time. "No one has ever forced anything on you."

The princess, who was quietly looking at him, smiled brightly.

"i know. So, brother, please come and find out what Honorary Count Hart thinks of me."

"...what?"

"Come on. "I can't go, right?"

"No, there's something strange about the conclusion..."

She pushed her brother's back and burst into bright laughter.

The princess has a good sense.

Her senses indicated that Deonhardt was the Empire's most uneasy hero. If I could tie him perfectly to the imperial family through marriage, that would be enough.

"If you really want to lure Honorary Count Hart, you will have to change your method first."

"I'm sorry that the foolish princess only knows this way!"

"...."

It doesn't matter whether Deonhardt comes over or not.

What's important is that the 'princess' expressed interest in him and everyone knows it.

Of course, I would appreciate it if you would come over, but even if you don't, you have to choose Deon Hardt the moment you send the marriage proposal.

Should I reject it and live alone for the rest of my life or accept it?

'Of course, it's just a guess, so I've put the marriage proposal on hold for now.'

"Okay, let's go." "I was planning to meet Honorary Count Hart anyway, so I'll do my best to find out."

"As expected of you, brother!"

"But don't expect me to just check to see if he's offended by your rudeness."

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I barely managed to come to my senses and lowered my head. A stiff, awkward voice came out as if representing my feelings.

The crown prince smiles gently and nods as if he understands my feelings.

The crown prince, not the general!

'Why is there no message...!'

No one even announced it.

With sharp eyes, he glared at the servant who only announced the 'visit of Nemeseus.' The moment the bastard's face turned white, the crown prince gently called to me.

“Don’t criticize the users. “I told you not to say it.”

“...Your Highness.”

It is in front of the crown prince. I immediately straightened my posture.

After I had some time to spare, General Nemeseus came into view. I was so distracted at the banquet hall that I just glanced at him and passed on.

Skin tanned by the sun from fighting the battlefield. A scar across the face.

His former superior looked the same as he did during the war, but his expression was stern, as if he didn’t like something.

Judging by his gaze, he seems to be dissatisfied with the fact that the crown prince followed him.

In other words, the crown prince followed him as he pleased...

Why?

“Your Majesty wants the handover of the revolutionary army you captured. Well, that’s what you said to the general, so it has nothing to do with me... but I’m personally interested.”

“What are you talking about...”

“I heard you caught the flying bomb with your bare hands?”

“....”

I almost made a rotten expression for a moment.

I'm glad I realized that the other person was the crown prince, but I almost got dragged in for my disrespectful attitude.

By the way, where did you hear that news?

The moment he thought of Lord Lien, who seemed particularly impressed at the time, the crown prince let out a soft laugh.

"There is no need to worry about where the news leaked out. Didn't many people witness it that day? "You can't stop everyone's mouths, and even if you did, someone who happened to pass by could have spread the word."

In addition, he kindly told me that there were already a lot of rumors in the capital... It made me feel sick to my stomach.

There is no benefit to having your skills inflated in this way other than increasing the emperor's expectations.

For your information, I am not at all happy with the emperor's expectations. Because you will be dragged into dangerous jobs more often. Additionally, the greater the expectations, the greater the disappointment.

My lifespan is getting shorter like this....

"It's a joke."

"yes?"

"That's why I came here. It's great that you caught the bomb, but it has nothing to do with me. "There is no reason for me to come here."

“Ah, then...”

“I came to apologize on behalf of the princess for her rudeness during the banquet.”

“Ah...”

Are you referring to the one that swooped in from behind? It's not just once or twice, but I'm used to it now and it's okay.

Moreover, it is not a sincere intention to attack, but is simply a sign of goodwill, so I cannot say anything about it.

Even though he knew that....

“The position of future emperor is so heavy that he can't even apologize casually. “If I go to you privately, it will attract the attention of others, so I followed you under the pretext of doing something public like this.”

“ ....”

“I gave the princess a hard scolding, so this won't happen for a while.”

...for now?

It's not that you don't understand the princess's personality, but aren't you being too honest? Still, he's the crown prince.

The crown prince looked away for a moment, as if the words 'for the time being' he had uttered pricked his conscience, and then he made eye contact again and opened his mouth.

“Would you accept my apology? count.”

“...of course. “There was no need to apologize in the first place.”

“That would have been the case under normal circumstances. “But didn’t you vomit blood?”

“....”

That wasn’t blood.

While he was unable to speak and was just rolling his eyes, the crown prince stood up and spoke softly.

Unlike the shocking content, it was a casual tone of voice.

“I’m glad you’re not offended. “Actually, I wanted to become friends with you, whom His Majesty trusts.”

“...yes?”

“Aren’t you too busy? Even though we have built up a friendship over time, our friendship will only end there.”

“....”

“So when Alethea was rude and you vomited blood, all I could think was that you were ruined.”

Damn...

what am I listening to...?

“That’s why I came here in person to apologize and build friendships, but do you feel uncomfortable with me like this?”

“Oh no.”

“Does that mean you are okay with my efforts to become friends with you?”

“That’s right.”

“Thank goodness. “Then, can you stop by me often whenever you come to the palace from now on?”

“...yes?”

I feel like I’m caught in something I can’t escape from.

As I blinked my eyes while thinking back on the situation and wondering why those words came out, the Crown Prince added with a warm smile on his face, as if to let me know that my feelings were correct.

“I don’t think you need to come and see me. “You can stop by while you’re at the imperial palace. Let’s have tea together, fight swords, and talk.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 41**

41. Honorary Count Deon Hardt (6)

Wow. Wow.... the crown prince is the crown prince after all. To be honest, it's shit.

Now I see that there is a snake sitting in my stomach. From now on, you shouldn't even go near the imperial palace.

I was dazed, feeling like a caught fish, but then I felt the harsh gaze of General Nemeseus and quickly nodded.

'Oh, be scared of that loyalty.'

Who wouldn't be the first hero of the empire?

His loyalty to the emperor and the imperial family recognized by the emperor was very famous even within the empire.

"Then I guess I'll just go. Actually, I came out on impulse, so it would be difficult if I stayed away for longer than this.

"You don't have to come out to see me off."

"Ah yes. Goodbye..."

If the crown prince leaves now, won't he be left alone with that fearsome general?



I glanced at the man who had been standing like a folding screen while talking with the crown prince.

As expected, a scary expression.

I swallowed dryly for a moment, naturally imagining what the atmosphere would be like after the crown prince left.

It might be better for the crown prince to remain....

“...Go....”

But how dare I hold onto the crown prince of the empire. In the end, I saw him off with tears in my eyes.

The crown prince leaves his seat, and only then does the sturdy man who had been standing motionlessly sit down in the prepared seat.

The expected silence came.

“....”

“....”

I can't breathe.

Unable to do anything, I just broke into a cold sweat and secretly avoided his eyes that were looking directly at me. I couldn't help but feel that unpleasant feeling in his gaze.

I don't know why this person hates me so much.

No, rather than saying I hate it... I should say I loathe it. Anyway, it is clear that this person had negative feelings towards me.

This uncomfortable silence, which seemed to have gotten longer because I couldn't bring myself to speak out first, was barely broken after several minutes had passed.

"It's been a while since I said hello like this."

"Yes that's right. "General."

"Are you feeling okay?"

"yes. "I'm fine."

"then."

The air has changed. The general's eyes also changed, as if the trivial conversation was ending here.

He straightens his back. Due to the significant difference in height even when sitting, the height of the gaze naturally changed. A low voice was heard.

"Before I tell you why I came here, just a few questions. "I heard that there was only one captured revolutionary soldier."

"That's right."

"There were three people who attacked."

"That's also true."

"Two of them died."

I'm a little uneasy...

I feel like I'm being interrogated, but for now, it's true. I tried to ignore the faint warning from my intuition and nodded.

At that moment, the general's eyes shone sharply.

"One was reported to have died in an explosion, but the death of the other was ambiguous."

"...Uh...."

"So, I ask. "How did he die?"

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Nemeseus looked at Deonhart with sharp eyes, as if he would not miss anything.

His eyes were closer to testing how the other person would respond rather than a pure question.

In fact, the cause is somewhat predictable. I'm just curious about his answer.

Deon Hardt hesitates, as if he is embarrassed. Even that was disgusting, so he narrowed his eyebrows slightly.

Nemeseus is not a narrow-minded person who hates people for no reason. There was good reason for his dislike of Deonhardt.

Who could have seen Deonhardt's changes in real time during the Eight Years' War?

Nemeseus has been watching Deonhart since he was not a vanguard.

As such, he was one of the few people who knew the truth about Deonhardt's extreme personality change

.

‘You can’t just say it at the level of ‘I don’t like it.’

His emotions were as heavy as the weight of the truth.

However, you can’t hate someone who has become a hero forever.

It’s been two years since the war ended, so I came here in person to see if things had gotten better.

“...Unfortunately, I wasn’t there at the time, so I don’t know the details. However, from what I heard, wild dogs bit it.”

—Nothing has changed.

“...is it.”

I got up without any regrets.

Deonhart’s time was still at war and Nemeseus was not one to give second chances.

I solidify the soft feelings I might have had and put an end to the judgments I had been holding off on.

Deon Hardt is a dangerous molecule.

‘You can’t let a guy like this be near your Majesty.’

Is it any wonder that wild dogs exist in the front yard of Count Hart’s residence? I have to say something that makes sense.

As expected, the person who killed him must have been Deon Hart himself.

He probably used his ‘personality’. He has a convenient personality that is always disgusting.

“I get it. “Then let’s go in for our purpose.”

I know he is not evil. I also know that weakness is not a sin.

But didn’t His Majesty also say that?

‘Even if it is the same sin, its weight changes depending on the location, and things that are not generally sins can become sins depending on the location.’

The weakness of those who sit in positions of power becomes a disaster for those below them.

The person who taught this is none other than His Majesty, but how could he keep this guy by his side?

As a knight who served the emperor as his lord, what he could do was extremely limited, so Nemeseus glared at Deonhart, determined to try to persuade him once again.

His eyes were shining coldly as he recited his purpose for coming here for business purposes.

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Honestly, I was a little embarrassed.

Are you asking about the cause of death of the revolutionary army? From the empire’s point of view, weren’t the revolutionary forces not something that mattered even if they died?

Besides, I don’t know why he died. Later, when I went to the prison and found that there was only one person there, I asked out of curiosity and the only answer I got was, ‘The wild dogs bit me.’

The look in Remembert's eyes as he said those words was strange, but I didn't really pay much attention to it.

If there was only one person left to interrogate, such as the death of a revolutionary soldier, no one would care.

That's probably why Remember didn't say anything in detail.

The general's eyebrows furrowed slightly as he looked embarrassed.

With an expression clearly showing my annoyance, I eventually forced my lips to open.

"Unfortunately, I wasn't there at the time, so I don't know the details. However, from what I heard, wild dogs bit it."

"...is it."

After a short silence, what came back was a simple answer.

The general tilted his head for a moment, feeling as if all sorts of complicated emotions had been compressed, and then the general got up from his seat. I was able to see him as I got up and accidentally set my gaze on him.

His cold, sunken eyes.

...Why on earth?!

"i get it. "Then let's go in for our purpose."

I'm embarrassed by his incomprehensible attitude, but I can't ask because the topic has changed.

Once I closed my mouth, an extremely business-like voice followed.

“Your Majesty wants to take over the revolutionary army you captured. The goal is to identify the revolutionary army’s stronghold and completely eradicate it.”

“Yes...”

“Of course.”

I’m speechless!

“You said you were the one who caught him, so you don’t have to hand him over if you don’t want to. So, the message must have been delivered through a person rather than an edict.”

“...Is that so. It is an honour.”

However, those words were not so meaningful that I had to cut them off.

Since it was said that the emperor wanted to hand it over, I was planning on handing it over without much opposition.

Why would you object to taking a piece of luggage that would not be of much use even if kept locked up? With this, you will be able to buy the Emperor’s favor, so it is more beneficial to give it.

Additionally, whether it’s revenge or complete extermination, the chances of success will be higher if the emperor does it than if I do it myself.

Instead of saying something that hurt my mouth, I pulled the cord in the living room.

“Bring the revolutionary army.”

“no. “Take me to the entrance of the mansion, not here.”

“yes? all right. “Take them to the entrance of the mansion, not here.”

The general walks to the door without any hesitation.

I noticed that it looked like everyone was trying to leave, so I carefully spoke.

“Are you leaving?”

“Because there is no reason to be here anymore.”

“I will see you off to the front door.”

“I know you’re busy.”

A clear refusal. I inwardly shrugged my shoulders and stepped back.

Well, even if I followed, there would be no conversation and only cold air would flow throughout. Moreover, considering the backlog of documents I have to process, sending off is definitely inefficient.

It would be better to take care of one more document with Remember during that time.

Ah, the documents... I feel like the stress is piling up again when I think about it. I’m really going crazy.

“good bye.”

“okay.”

After a dry greeting, the general left the room.

After the door closed, I sank down into the soft sofa as if I had been waiting.



“finished...!”

I thought I was suffocating to death.

If these days repeat themselves every day, I might have a nervous breakdown. No, this is definitely going to happen. It's strange that it doesn't work.

After dazing for a while to recover my lost mental strength, I awkwardly got up.

‘I have to go and process all the documents...’

It's terrible, but there's no way to avoid it because you'll only end up with more documents.

Oh, I really don't want to do this. Should I just go to the devil world?

With a deep sigh, I forced myself to take steady steps.

\*\*\*

The day passed again, not much different from before, except for the visit of the Crown Prince and General Nemeseus.

...Speak clearly. It 'was' flowing.

If it hadn't been for the knock on the door while I was processing the damn documents, I would have been able to finish today.

Uddangtangtang!

smart.

“Is the Count...”

“Ugh no!!”

“Can’t you let go of this hand?! “You are the ones who started first!”

“Is that all you can do with that? You’re such a petty knight!  
“What kind of relationship are we having?”

“There’s nothing between us!”

What is this again?

Looking at Remember’s calm smile, I buried my face in my hands.

It looks like there will never be a smooth day in my life.

When I heard the voice, one side seemed to be one of the mad dogs, and the other side sounded like our count’s knight... It

was obvious without even looking at which one was the problem.

‘If I go to the imperial palace, I have to first tell them to return those things. I’m really going to tell you.’

Those murderous knights.

If it weren’t for those guys, there’s no way the count’s knight, who was so quiet as if he wasn’t there, would come to my office.

“come in.”

“No way!”

“Excuse me.”

Suddenly.

The door opens and

Kwaang!

closed.

There was a commotion again outside the door.

“What are you doing?!”

“Are you really trying to tell me?”

“Then you’re going to lie!”

“Miss, okay, we were wrong, so let’s move on just this once.”

“The attitude of apologizing was poor.”

Suddenly.

Suddenly the door opened and a knight came in. And the person being dragged around hanging from that leg... is, of course, a member of the Murderous Order of Knights.

Oh yeah. This situation was fully expected.

‘But I didn’t take this into account.’

I looked at the documents near the door that were being thrown around in a haphazard manner due to the rabid dog’s struggle, and said to Remember, my hand holding the pen trembling.

“...call Lord Lien.”

“All right.”

In the meantime, I think I heard the name Lord Lien.

The guy who was holding the knight’s leg got up and straightened out his white uniform.

But it was already too late. I coldly turned my head and called out to the driver who was watching with a puzzled expression.

“So, what happened...”

“Ah, on behalf of all the knights of the count’s residence, I dare to ask you that I cannot stay with those guys.”

“!?”

Isn’t that too blunt?

It seems like there’s a lot of emotion in what you said before that, don’t you think? Does that mean you hate them that much?

Well, I understand.

“I’m speaking on behalf of the murderous unit, not the knights, but I can’t stay with those sasanim!”

“Then get out.”

“That can’t be possible!”

These bastards can’t be pretty even if they try.

Is Lord Lien still there? I want to drag this guy out quickly.

Oh, I'm a bit curious about what he did before that makes the knights say he can't be with me. I looked at the article again.

His name was probably Cain. ...right?

"Lord Cain."

"Yes, Count."

Fortunately, it seems to be correct.

"What did they do?"

His face, which had been impressed by the fact that he remembered his name, suddenly became distorted.

When I was startled by his demon-like expression, he changed his expression and said in an angry voice that he was rude.

"They ate all of the Count's knights' share of the meal."

"...hmm?"

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 42**

42. Honorary Count Deon Hardt (7)

“Playing wood-matching games with the weapons in the training hall, he broke 11 weapons and knocked down four trees, which later turned into a game targeting our knights.”

I glared at the murderous knight in silence.

Then, the guy who was rolling his eyes in embarrassment suddenly decided to be shameless and puffed out his chest.

“Training is training.”

“Shut up! “You’re training by attacking even when you’re supposed to be resting?!”

“It’s not like the enemy chooses to attack during rest time. “You have to get used to it.”

“Then you stole our share of the meal!”

“Training for food shortage situations?”

“Ugh, stomach medicine....”

That sturdy knight was able to find stomach medicine...

and that only took a week. I couldn’t hide my sighs.

Sir Cain, who had found stomach medicine in his arms and ate it, desperately called to me.

“The number of drivers taking stomach medicine is increasing. “Please, do something about that bastard... the Knights.”

“You were just trying to say they were bastards, weren’t you?”

“no.”

“That’s terrible! 진짜 개새끼가 뭔지 보여 줘?”

It seems like the count’s knights had good complexions until a week ago.

After looking at Lord Cain’s haggard face, he turned his head and glared at the rampaging mad dog again.

The guy noticed my gaze with his animal-like senses and seemed to calm down on his own, then started scratching his head and making lame excuses.

Actually, that couldn’t be considered an excuse.

“Still, I did it more moderately than when I was at the imperial palace...”

“Was it like this even at the imperial palace?!”

Or rather, it added more? You crazy bastards!

Patter.

Blood dripped.

Well then. I was tired today due to various things, but I wonder if my body can handle it as my blood pressure rises.

“Count!”

“Captain, no Count!”

I quickly clutched my nose and leaned against the back of the chair.

For the first time in a while, I said I couldn’t see blood.

My vision is blurry. My eyelids seemed to get heavier, and soon darkness came.

The last glimpses were of those who appeared to be Remember and Lord Lien.

‘thank god. Hurry and hit this bastard right in front of me....’

There is a familiar smell of blankets. When I opened my eyes, a similarly familiar ceiling filled my vision.

I couldn’t understand the situation, so I blinked for a moment.

“Are you awake?”

A calm voice was heard.

There is only one person in my memory who speaks with such a calm voice.

“Remember.”

“Yes, Count.”

“How long have I been lying down?”



“It wasn’t that long ago. “It will be exactly 1 hour and 24 minutes.”

Doesn’t it seem like it’s been a long time since I just fainted from a nosebleed?

I must have called my doctor while I was falling down, but the doctor who was waiting nearby came over and started examining my body.

As if he didn’t care about the doctor, Remember stared at me clearly and spoke calmly.

“What do you want to do?”

“...yes?”

“The knight who offended the Count has now been taken into the hands of Lord Lien. “If you call me, I will come right away.”

Silver-blue eyes shine mysteriously.

I looked at him without blinking even once, then lowered my gaze and answered.

“Then would you like me to call you?”

“Yes, I will call you right away.”

“no. “Tell them to wait in the office, not here.”

“...I will do that.”

He looks surprised, but doesn’t ask.

Remember opens the door slightly and speaks to the servant waiting outside. Then, instead of leaving, he came

back and stood one step away from the bed.

I wondered why he insisted on staying here, and it seemed like it was because of his doctor.

“The body itself is weak and there is a lot of fatigue, but there is no major problem. “I don’t have much to say other than to be careful of fatigue and stress.”

“Is that so. “There’s a lot of paperwork behind, so it’s difficult.”

I don’t think it’s because he was worried about me, but because he wanted to hear the results of the examination in order to somehow use them for paperwork...?

As goosebumps broke out and my body trembled, the surprised doctor came running back and began the examination.

I could barely get him off me after telling him it was okay several times.

By the way, he must have arrived at the office by now. I need to meet you soon.

When I get off the bed, Remember naturally follows me.

Since he is my butler, it is natural...

‘Why are you following me?’

For some reason, my doctor came with me. When I turned around, I was so surprised to see him.

He had been hesitating and keeping an eye on me since a while ago, but perhaps because he was a very short-

tempered person, he missed the right time to go and ended up following me without realizing it.

I clicked my tongue, glanced at him, opened the office door, and

couldn't help but praise the choice of the doctor who followed me.

"Whoosh-"

The member's face was swollen, as if he had been beaten quite a bit.

Because of that, I tried to suppress the laughter that was about to burst out, but my nose bleed again.

The doctor quickly hands me a handkerchief.

I obeyed his instructions to hold the middle of his nose with it and looked at him again with a serious expression.

'The face is familiar... but what was his name? wheat? word? Dry?'

"What was your name?"

"yes? Are you sure you forgot my name? This is Milan.

"There is nothing else in the world to forget, especially my name..."

"You!"

Sir Lien, who was in charge of Milan, was in tears as if he was going to throw a punch at any moment.

What can I do with a guy like that? It would be easier if you gave up to a certain extent like me.

I hurriedly stopped her and trudged over to sit on the desk chair in the office.

Despite the nosebleed, fortunately the documents were still intact.

...There were some red marks on the white paper, but the text was fine, so it was okay.

anyway.

“I have a question about Milan.”

“Ask as much as you want.”

“What on earth are you doing in the imperial palace?”

This is why I called him.

In the first place, I had no intention of punishing him.

Even though it looks like this, they fought together on the battlefield during the eight-year war and made a fuss about saving each other.

Especially since I, a poor commander, am a superior and said I would protect them, but these are the people who caused such a fuss, how could I punish them so severely?

“Um... you’re not going to scold me?”

“you!”

“Lord Lien, it’s okay. “I won’t scold you, so tell me quickly.”

Honestly, I’m a bit anxious.

Are you asking what kind of accident happened that those people who don't care about others won't scold them?

Just in case, my blood pressure rose and I was about to collapse holding the back of my neck, so I glanced at my doctor, who was trying to leave, and smiled kindly.

Then Milan, who had been rolling his eyes, scratched his cheek and slowly sighed.

"To start with the little things, we collapsed several buildings while trying to capture the revolutionary forces."

"A minor thing... no, before that. "A revolutionary army?"

Why did they attack the carriage I was riding in and throw bombs at the mansion?

I understand that the revolutionary army is targeting them, but why are they making such a fuss about catching the revolutionary army?

"As I told you during the carriage attack, His Majesty entrusted me with suppressing the revolutionary army rampaging in the imperial capital in exchange for food."

"...."

Did you do that? I didn't know. Because my memory flew away from that time.

Then it must have been these guys who saved me then. I wondered why I was in the imperial palace banquet hall when I thought I was going to die. I was so embarrassed when I came to my senses.

'Then why was my body covered in blood at that time...?'

As I look at the guy with narrowed eyes, the guy who got stabbed for no reason makes an excuse and blurts out some bullshit.

Of course, the content was full of provocative language.

“But you didn’t tell me to ask. “The Prime Minister was glaring at us, but...”

It must have made me more attentive to realize that he was glaring at us.

By the way, shouldn’t these guys be sent to the imperial palace right away? I think I ended up having to bury a few of those buildings.

I guess my silence was quite unsettling.

The guy who was sweating profusely and looking around started spouting out loudly, saying he had no idea what was going on.

“Do you know how difficult it is to suppress revolutionary troops carrying and installing artillery bombs without causing damage? “We could even knock down a few buildings!”

“...How much are those houses exactly?”

“Uh... about twelve or so?”

“....”

“....”

Lord Lien looks from next to me. ‘Shall I drag you along?’

After thinking for a moment, I shook my head.

If collapsing a few buildings was a minor incident, it would mean that other, bigger accidents occurred, so we need to hear about that.

“Any other accidents besides that?”

“I had a fight with the Royal Guard.”

“With the Royal Guard...”

“Somehow we got into an argument and got into a bit of a fight.”

“Pae fight....”

“Oh, of course I didn’t lose. It ended in a draw. “Against the Imperial Guard!”

“ ....”

“Actually, we were a bit on the defensive, but that’s because I bit off the guard captain’s ear! How ridiculous it is that even though he is the captain of the royal guard, he can’t stand even a single thing and shows his loopholes. Of course, I didn’t miss that opportunity! Haha!”

Lord Lien, take that thing out.

Can I lose?

As much as you want.

“Huh? Captain? Why are you grabbing me by the collar...? Count? Countnniiiiim!!”

You said you wouldn’t scold me. Oh no....

Bang.

The noise was quickly silenced thanks to Remember who kindly closed the door.

I said I wouldn't scold you, but I never said I wouldn't get angry. Of course it's bullshit.

That guy is proudly talking bullshit, so why can't he do it to me?

At some point, I lowered the hand that was massaging the back of my neck and touched the area under my nose. Fortunately, my nose didn't bleed. The back of my neck is fine too.

'What should we do with that guy...'

No, it's just the entire group of knights that are the problem. What should I do with these damn crazy dogs?...

With a deep sigh, I told the doctor who was still acting around me to go away and picked up a random document in front of me.

And not long after, he jumped up from his seat.

'This is it!'

The reason those guys have accidents is because they have extra stamina.

In that case, wouldn't it be enough to use up your stamina?

It was said that there were monsters wandering around the territory near the border. It would be perfect if I spent all my stamina and sent them to get rid of those disgusting people right in front of me!



After saving up for an hour, I started writing the order while humming a song in my mind and said,

“Count! “I see a monster over there!”

“...Okay...”

Contrary to the plan, I was dragged along with the damn guys to subdue monsters.

\*\*\*

When they received the order to go on a monster-slaying mission, the members of the Lofty Knights reacted differently from other ordinary people.

Subdue extremely dangerous monsters. Even the location is near the border.

Even though they had to fight a battle that could mean life or death, they cheered instead of being shocked or angry.

I thought you were going to scold me, but you gave me such a fun job! Isn't this almost a vacation!

“Wow, as expected, Count! I thought I was going crazy because I was bored! “You see that we didn't get into an accident for no reason!”

“Even though you are busy, you take care of us who are bored! Who is the bastard who cursed our Count?!”

“It wasn't an insult?! “We were just discussing the difference in temperature between the Count's knights and our knights!”

“It's you!!”

Men dressed in neat white knightly uniforms flew through the sky. The landing spot is Milan, a man crouching in fear.

Then, as a desperate scream erupted, one member who had a calm personality barely came to his senses and picked up the forgotten order that had been buried in a far corner.

I bet these bastards didn't read until the end. So, you should read the country properly.

just as expected.

"Only our knights are going, right? The Count isn't going with us either."

"...huh?"

"what?"

Silence has come.

Those who were beating Milan all look this way.

Looking at the round eyes as if wondering what that meant, member Cleter touched his forehead and shook his head.

"You have to read the article to the end, you bastards...."

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 43**

43. Honorary Count Deon Hardt (8)

"Isn't it a miracle that we, commoners, learned to write in the first place? "You should be proud that you read that far."

"Haha, the teachers had a hard time."

"What trouble? It was fun to get excited, so we joked around a few times, but then everyone quit. Because of that, you learned to read from General Nemeseus. "I was scared."

"So only our knights are going? "Without the Count?"

The conversation, which had been flowing as a stream of consciousness, instantly returned to its original state.

This type of conversation is a characteristic of the Lofty Knights. It was nothing new.

Cleter answered with a sigh.

"okay."

"why?"

"How do I know that?"

The pathetic look in my eyes immediately fell.

He mumbled something about being hurt and walked away, and then silence came.

Cleter, who had been thinking deeply, suddenly looked around at his colleagues as the silence became longer than expected.

He appears to be sitting calmly, which is rare, as if he is thinking or bruising.

“...I’m drooling.”

“Use it.”

Okay, what do you expect from these guys? You’ll be lucky if you don’t get into an accident.

In the end, it is this side that plays the role of fortune-telling.

“First of all, the reason only our knights are going is because there is a border nearby.”

It is rare to go out to subdue a monster with only one knight corps.

It is natural that the number of knights operating increases as the number of monsters to be subdued increases, and usually there are at least 2 to 3 knights on average, so in that sense, if it were a normal knights corps, this subjugation could have been a little dangerous....

Cleter I chuckled.

—That is just the case of a general knighthood.

‘As long as monsters have feelings, there’s no need to worry.’

Even if you can't kill them all, you can probably chase them away.

In that case, all that remains is the Count.

Considering the Count's personality, he would have definitely wanted to go with you. It must have been quite frustrating since it had been a while since he had seen blood and he lived in his office all day.

Such a great escape route has appeared before the eyes of such a person, but why does he not take it?

Just as I was about to seriously think about it, I heard a voice striking a candle.

"Why is that?"

Cleter's eyebrows furrowed.

I said these things were stupid, stupid, but they seem to have become twice as stupid.

Would it have been that difficult to say that only one knight corps could move because there was a border nearby?

"What do you think it will be like for the opposing kingdom if several knights rush in as if they are subduing ordinary monsters?"

"What are you doing, you idiot? I know that much, right? That's not what I'm saying. What's the problem with only our knights going? "The Count even went alone."

"Oh, that? I heard that he led the army of a nearby lord to subdue him, so strictly speaking, he is not alone. And that's not what's important right now. "The Count..."

“Aren’t you going with me? “I think I know why.”

A familiar voice intervened.

When I turn my head to find the source, Milan raises his hand as if he is here.

It looks like it got beaten up a lot, so it looks like a mess. Even if it’s just dirt on your clothes, shake it off. Even though it is white, it stands out easily.

While thinking about this, Cleter paid attention to what he said instead of fussing over other people’s clothes.

“You think you understand? What?”

“When I visited the office before, it was filled to the floor with documents. “It looks like there’s quite a bit of work behind you.”

“In other words, you’re so busy that you don’t even have the energy to go out on a raid?”

“oh my god.”

“Why do I feel sorry for our Count...”

There was a stir among the members.

Come to think of it, I heard you fainted recently with a nosebleed. It seems like it was all due to the overload of processing the backlog of documents.

The moment I thought about it, the same thought appeared in the minds of all members.

“As expected, I should take the Count with him to the subjugation.”

“Do you think we are the only ones who can rescue the Count?”

“The doctor also told me to be careful of fatigue and stress.”

“Stress... after all, defeating monsters is the answer.”

“Wouldn’t the fatigue go away after defeating monsters? Not long ago, when the Count went on a raid alone, he came back with a very shiny face. “Honestly, no one could tell that his face was completely relieved of fatigue, right?”

The Murderous Knights love Deonhardt.

He was respected as a superior, a benefactor who saved his life on the battlefield, and a great commander who not only did not discriminate against commoners based on their status, but also tried to avoid losing them as much as possible. How could you not like it?

Therefore, when I heard that he had collapsed, I was quite surprised, even though he did not show it.

Due to the nature of his weak body, it was greedy to hope that something like this would never happen again, but the knights, who hoped to reduce the number of incidents as much as possible, sought the best method in their own way, and the result was the current situation

.

“let’s go! “To harass the Count!”

For the Count’s sake, you must take him to defeat monsters!

Men dressed in white knightly uniforms rush towards the office with solemn expressions.

A count's knight, who was walking shakily carrying stomach medicine, happened to witness this scene and dropped the medicine bottle.

"What are you planning to do again..."

\*\*\*

After making the decision to send the murderous knights to subjugate them, I was going about my work in a much more relaxed mood.

It feels like I can breathe again knowing that those crazy dogs have finally disappeared before my eyes.

It's a bit uneasy because the location is near the border, but I'll figure it out. They're not idiots who can't tell the difference.

"Count? Is there a problem?"

"Oh no. 'I'm fine."

I guess I've roughly solved the biggest problem. I was discussing the count's 'settlement' with the butler Remember.

Yes, that bastard who quickly let the enemy know that I was back and had them attacked when I went to the imperial palace. There's no way we could just leave that bastard alone.

However, it is not possible to completely destroy all the users, and we have to filter them out in an efficient way with as little damage as possible....

"Count!"



“We can’t subdue it by ourselves!!”

“Let’s go together!”

Those who wanted it to go away quickly came in.

What are you guys doing? Where should we go together?

The pen in my hand fell out. As if this situation was quite interesting, Remember’s eyes wrinkled with friendly wrinkles.

With a devastated face, I looked at the guys who proudly occupied one side of the office.

Are you rebelling against me by sending you to a dangerous place?

Are you really asking me to go with you to kill me? Are you planning to wipe it out as soon as you arrive at the subjugation area?

“Exactly... it’s not just between you two. Sir Lien will also go with you, right?”

“Isn’t Lord Lien also a member of our knighthood? ‘Between us’ is correct!”

What the hell. There are always times when people say, “It’s a parachute.”

Of course, it was only meant to be a joke and they did not truly ignore or despise him, but it was these guys who parachuted in and treated Sir Lien like an outsider.

I was unable to continue speaking due to the absurdity, but Remember, who had been observing the situation, slowly walked out.

“It’s presumptuous to meddle, but please think of it as just the nonsense of an old man and listen to it. “Why don’t you go?”

“...Me?”

“Yes, this old man has been bothering the Count a lot for the past week. “This is my apology for that, so please think of it as a short vacation.”

If I apologize, doesn’t that usually mean I have to do something I like...?

It’s so absurd that I don’t even know what kind of expression I’m making anymore.

Remembrance spoke with a serious smile on his face, as if my ambiguous expression was reflected in it.

“My doctor also told me to watch out for fatigue and stress, so shouldn’t I take a break at least once in the middle of the day?”

Yes, you should ‘rest’.

Slaying monsters is not a rest, it is ‘work’ of extreme difficulty!

Isn’t it common sense that both ‘fatigue’ and ‘stress’ accumulate after defeating monsters?

I also fall into that ‘normal’ range, so how on earth are you looking at me to say something like that?...

“When the Count returned from defeating monsters alone not long ago, didn’t he come back with a bright smile on his face? The dark shadows under his eyes had also

disappeared. I couldn't tell you, but this old man was very surprised."

"Oh, that's..."

That's because I rested well in the demon world.

There, I just lounge around all day without doing any paperwork or anything, and of course my dark circles disappear.

Ah, thinking about it makes me want to go to the demon world again. There, I was just mentally tired, but here, my body is tired as well, so it's driving me crazy.

Well, if I go there, I will miss the human world again.

"It's overdue anyway. It won't be noticeable if you push further, so go with peace of mind. "I will organize the documents to the best of my ability."

"That's..."

"That's right, Count! Let's go together!!"

"So..."

I don't want to go.

That's not the reason why my face is so bright.

But if you say that, you'll have to explain why the dark circles disappeared and you'll inevitably end up in a corner.

In the end, I had no choice. Remember's added words were the final blow.

“If the Count moves, the guy hiding in the Count’s mansion will also move along. “This old man will definitely catch it, so you can just enjoy it.”

“Okay...”

What can I say when I say I’m going to catch Sejak? There is no reason to object.

In the end, I said yes in a dying voice,  
and now.

“Count! “I see a monster over there!”

“...Okay....”

“Let’s destroy it!”

“Where did you learn to rush in so recklessly without orders from your superiors?! “Can’t we sort it out right away!”

“Cluck, cluck, cluck.... Leader....”

“It’s not the leader, it’s ‘leader.’”

Where am I. who am i

Why am I in this dangerous place with crazy people?

Meanwhile, Lord Lien was controlling these crazy dogs as surely as a ray of light.

Come to think of it, this was the reason Lord Lien came by parachute.

At first, Milan, who was the best fighter out of all of them, was put in the leader’s position, but as soon as the guy who

was supposed to lead the team saw the enemy, without saying a word, he ran to the front, shouting loudly.

So next, we put the calmest one, Cleter, in the position of leader.

[Hey guys, can you see the enemy over there?]

[Then let's go! Turn!]

I realized. That guy wasn't calm, he just looked calm.

In the end, that guy is just one of those crazy dogs.

They think you are in command if you just shout 'charge'.

I should never choose a leader among these guys. If you do that, you'll be ruined. It will definitely fail.

The person who came thus was none other than Lien Reiner.

Even if you don't have this kind of parachute, you have enough skills to officially join a good knighthood. I just feel sorry for her.

So, like a mother who raised her child incorrectly, I always kept an eye on Lord Lien's feelings, but these bad guys didn't even know what I was thinking and just talked back and caused accidents.

It was even like that today.

"I don't know if it's recklessness, but the Count taught me how to rush at the enemy..."

"That's right, he said to rush at all costs."

“Didn’t you say that you should become a crazy person that even crazy people don’t like?”

Plus, a frame-up!

When did I?! You allowed me to stay at your mansion, so this is how you repay the favor?

I glanced at Lord Lien’s gaze. I’m sure it’s not a misunderstanding.

Anyone can see that his face looks tired, but I’m sure it’s not a misunderstanding.

‘Damn it...’

That can’t be possible. I definitely misunderstood.

What if I decide to quit being a knight commander? At least because of her, those guys can be controlled.

I was anxious that this might actually lead to my resignation, so I quickly tried to explain.

“I...”

“I didn’t mean to insult the Count. sorry.”

Before I could say anything properly, a sincere apology came rushing in.

No, is there no assumption that I would not have taught that in the first place? What about the assumption that it is a frame-up by those bastards?

I was left speechless by the firm eyes without the slightest doubt.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 44**

44. Honorary Count Deon Hardt (9)

Count Hardt, famous for having been bestowed directly by the Emperor.

Even there, an attendant stepped into the forest behind the mansion, which was deserted.

Anxious gestures, trembling pupils. He looked around several times, as if his intentions were not pure, and soon raised his head and whistled lightly.

Food is great.

A bird that you would normally see anywhere landed on my hand.

He lightly petted the bird, tied a white piece of paper around its ankle, and sent it flying into the air without delay.

I was in a hurry because I thought if I took my time and got noticed by others, I would only end up in trouble.

"Is it all over?"

"!"

I was startled and turned around.

An old man dressed in a neat tailcoat, who had been around for some time, was standing next to a tree and looking at me.

It is a face that anyone who uses this mansion can never recognize.

Remember, the butler of this mansion, is characterized by silver-blue eyes and silver-blue hair that is fading to white.

He looked at the bird flying in the distance with an expression that did not tell me what he was thinking, and then lowered his gaze to face the servant.

“I expected it to some extent, but I never thought you would really be Sejak.”

“Deacon Ji.”

The embarrassment was short-lived. The attendant closed his mouth as he was about to make an excuse.

What he saw was too clear to make excuses. So the only way left is to kill him.

Fortunately, this is a deserted forest and there are no other witnesses.

Even if he was a strong man, the opponent was an old man, so even if he was just an ordinary person, it would be no problem to kill him.

Of course, I know that the old butler in front of me is an unusual person who overturned and overpowered the revolutionary army, but since he plans to use weapons, there won't be a big problem.



The attendant, making a quick decision, gently grabbed the handle of the dagger in his pocket.

The two eyes that looked at Remember as if they were watching him were suddenly filled with life.

“Behind the scenes...”

“Aaaah!”

“...I should know.”

Suddenly!

The attendant’s head was cut off.

The head falls to the ground first, and the body that was running behind falls over.

Remember stood in the same place as before and looked at the collapsing body.

Even though his attendant suddenly died, he did not back down. There wasn’t even a scream. There was no sign of surprise or embarrassment.

I just looked at it with calm eyes and slowly moved my gaze behind it.

I don’t know when or where he appeared, but a man dressed in black is standing behind where the attendant was.

Remember slowly spoke as his eyes focused on the blood-stained sword in his hand.

“It’s obvious even if you don’t look at the person behind it.”

At most, it would be an aristocratic faction, a hostile kingdom, or a revolutionary army.

Among them, the most likely one would be Duke Stave Illuster, the leader of the noble faction.

It is difficult to instill a secret influence even inside the count's residence unless you have considerable influence.

In that sense, the hostile kingdom was too far away to have a strong influence, and it was difficult for the revolutionary army, which had to go into hiding because it did not even have a proper foundation, to plant a treasure in the hero's mansion.

Of course, I can't be sure based on that alone, but since the bird that just flew away gave me another person to dig up information from, there was no need to obsess over this servant.

'It might be a little dangerous, but...'

You might be alone, but since you'll be with the knights, it's a luxury to worry. Rather, we should hope that the blood-drunk people don't kill all the attackers.

He waved his hand towards the man who was standing still as if waiting for orders.

Without paying the slightest attention to the man who disappeared in an instant, Remember looked down at the red corpse that was soaking the forest floor and said as if throwing it away.

As if it was natural for this to happen, there was not a single emotion in his silver-blue eyes.

“I will use my authority as a butler to fire you.”

\*\*\*

“They say Deon Hart went to the border area to subdue monsters. And that’s with only one group of knights.”

Duke Stave slowly curled the corners of his mouth as he burned the note in the candlelight. Eyes full of leisure move slowly to capture Cruel.

Cruel responded as he once did, with eyes urging him to answer.

“I will place a murder request.”

“That’s the answer again.”

“....”

“It was like that last time too. At the time, I thought they had simply forgotten the option of being a revolutionary army...”

—Now it seems like that wasn’t the case.

A sharp look passes through the purple eyes. Cruel silently accepted the gaze with his eyes slightly lowered.

The Duke, who was carefully examining Cruel’s expression in the suffocating silence, opened his mouth as if he wanted to think a little more.

“Why? “It would be much more efficient to use the revolutionary army than to submit a request.”

It is natural that those who try to kill with a clear sense of purpose will be more eager than those who try to kill just

because it is a request.

You can save money and kill more reliably.

Nevertheless, Cruel was secretly pushing towards submitting the request.

“...It looks like you have no intention of explaining.”

“I was short-thinking.”

“No way.”

“....”

The duke sighed as if he was proud of the lack of response.

He spoke in a casual tone, casually brushing away the crumbled ashes that had fallen on the desk.

“Well, that’s good. Please feel free to do whatever you want.

“What matters is the result.”

“...thank you.”

“But you’d better not be clumsy. “It just looks funny.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

The conversation is over.

The Duke glanced at Cruel’s expression while holding up a new document and thumbing through it.

As always, a man is standing there without showing any emotion.

Knowing that he couldn't get anything out of that face, he fixed his eyes on the document again and muttered softly to himself.

'I like a dog that listens well.'

Let's watch.

Whether or not you are using a useless trick.

\*\*\*

"Are you serious?"

A man who had silently assisted Cruel during his battle at the border of the Demon World opened his mouth without realizing it.

Even though I knew it was rude to ask again, I couldn't help it.

"okay."

"Are you sure you don't mind? "Your Excellency is definitely...."

There is no way the Duke wouldn't know this.

Senzer was very worried about how the Duke would react to Cruel's actions.

The duke is a smart man but also a very suspicious person. It was obvious that Cruel's life would come and go depending on how he accepted this.

Therefore, Senzer hoped that he would only do what the duke told him to do, but

“I’m not saying I won’t ask for a murder, so it’ll be okay.”

Cruel was adamant.

“Put in a request, but add conditions. “I’ll give you half of the promised amount even if I only injure you.”

“Costs arising from additional conditions....”

“I will cover them with my own funds.”

I don’t know what you’re thinking.

What does he want to do with Deon Hardt?

Senzer, who was observing Cruel’s expression because he could not even infer the true nature of his feelings for Deonhardt, soon gave up his thoughts and quietly lowered his head.

\*\*\*

Silence led to misunderstanding. However, even if I explained it too late, they wouldn’t believe it, and it would be difficult if the monsters disappeared like this, so I quickly changed the topic under the pretext of putting monster subjugation first, and I was watching the subjugation side by side with Lord Rien on horseback.

Lord Lien has his own reasons for not fighting.

First of all, the skills of the Murderous Knights were as good as crazy, and more than anything, I, who was weak, really needed at least one bodyguard.

It’s sad to be brought to a place like this, but it would be truly unfair to end up dead. You may not be able to understand it and end up becoming a vengeful spirit.

And another reason would be that it would not be appropriate for Lord Lien to intervene in that scene?

“Ryaaa!!”

“Hey you bastard! What’re you doing! “Monsters are coming this way!!”

“Is it my fault that you’re easy on me?!”

“That bastard is going after me!!”

“Shut up and kill me!”

Sigh! Sigh!

Blood splatters everywhere and the monster is torn apart.

They were chopping up the monster so finely that I thought it would look something like that if you crushed the red pudding with a spoon.

Lord Lien goes into those guys and fights with them?

It doesn’t suit me at all.

Sir Lien is the kind of person who can be said to be the epitome of a knight.

She is the type of person who cleanly kills enemies by blowing their heads off. If she gets caught in that gap, she will quickly become covered in blood without having to do anything special.

That must be quite an unpleasant experience. As long as it was likely to lead to a resignation letter, I had every reason to stop her.

It was a time when I was lost in thought for a long time.

“You guys! “What are you doing!?”

“...hmm?”

I suddenly raised my head when I heard a voice full of anger.

I tried to ask why he was angry, but my gaze was blocked by a huge barrier and could not reach Sir Lien.

Instead, my gaze met a pair of eyes located in front of my nose.

“....”

“....”

I stopped thinking for a moment.

Black face, huge body, eyes glaring at me with resentment and anger. In addition, it was grinning and its fangs were exposed as if they were going to bite me at any moment.

So this is....

‘What the fuck is this?!’

I was so surprised that I didn’t even scream.

I froze, turning white, staring into the monster’s eyes.

In my heart, I just wanted to faint, but this body, which has never moved as I wanted, betrayed my expectations once again.



Usually, he falls down easily, but why is he holding up so well this time? Is it fortunate that I didn't scream in an unsightly way?

I tried to relax my frozen body and licked my stiff lips.

"What is this?"

"It seems like we were the only ones having fun."

"When I came to my senses, this was the only thing left.  
"Most of them ran away."

"Almost all means of attack will be cut off, so it won't be fun, but it's better than nothing. "The Count should enjoy it too."

"Are you just watching out of consideration for us? "You didn't have to give in, but I'm touched."

What kind of bullshit is this? What do you enjoy, you crazy people? Do you think I am the same as you?

I would understand if it was a joke, but it's even more confusing because I can clearly feel that it's all serious.

Even Sir Lien's reaction was even worse.

"Oh, is that so?"

Why are you agreeing?!

If you combine the members' conversations, you can quickly get an answer to what they want from me.

So I'm not telling you to kill this monster.

They said that the Count should also enjoy it, so that probably means killing him as cruelly as possible, just like

they did.

It's not difficult to follow.

Since I didn't come here to have fun, I was fully armed. All you have to do is take out one of the daggers tied to various parts of your body and tear into the monster that cannot resist in front of you.

'But I don't really feel like it.'

I feel like if I do that, something inside me will collapse. No, should I say it is broken?

That's why I was hesitating for a moment.

'...?!'

I turned my body reflexively, feeling goosebumps rising on the back of my neck.

I just instinctively turned to find the source of the chills, but luckily it saved my life.

Sigh!

"Ugh!?"

"Count!"

I thought I felt a shock to my shoulder, but then a burning sensation spread through me.

Following my instinct, I wrapped my arms around my shoulders and turned my head to see what was causing the pain.

"arrow?"

Looking at its location, it seems like it was originally aiming for my neck.

The monster won't be shooting arrows, so is this a surprise attack?

So who? Unless they wanted war, the other kingdom wouldn't have targeted us since we hadn't even crossed the border.

'...calm down.'

It is not for nothing that we survived eight years on the battlefield.

My senses from the battlefield returned and my head began to spin.

You can figure out the front and back later. First of all, what is important is the number and location of the attackers.

I quickly rolled my eyes and glanced at the location where the arrow had come from.

'You've come a long way.'

I chased after him on horseback, but I didn't know he was within reach of the arrow.

Ah, I had to cover my ears and eyes while subduing monsters. These guys should be a little bigger and louder.

'Then...'

What should I do...

That's where my thoughts ended.

The world turned white and the accident stopped.

And when things returned to normal, everything was over.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 45**

45. Honorary Count Deonhardt (10)

“Count Bae, are you okay?!”

Even in the midst of great panic, Lien cut the potentially dangerous monster in two and hurriedly checked Deon’s condition.

The arrow went deep into my shoulder as if I had hit it right. Looking at the location where it was hit, it appears that it came from behind.

If that’s the case, it doesn’t mean it came from the border....

After wrapping things up in a short time, Lien, who was calling Deon again, paused for a moment at his reaction.

“Whoa...”

“...Count?”

I winced – I took a step back without even realizing it. A horrifying feeling of rejection came over me.

Is this what it would feel like if the energies of the members of the rampaging murderous knights were combined?

Excitement and madness that cannot be hidden are revealed in the slowly exhaled breath.

I heard a strange cracking sound and looked down to see him holding my shoulder as if he was squeezing it.

Even though his sharp fingernails made the wound worse and the hand covering his shoulder was drenched in blood.

Deonhardt was smiling.

“Lord Lien.”

“Yes yes!”

“Cut this off.”

“...yes?”

“hurry.”

Lien hesitated for a moment, looking at the arrow shaft that appeared as if urging him to do so.

Looking at the way you are talking, it seems like you should cut off the protruding part completely so that there is no discomfort. If you cut the arrow shaft like that, it will be convenient for now, but the aftereffects when you remove the arrowhead later will be significant.

The more you move, the deeper the arrowhead will dig in, and in order to pull it out, you have to cut deeper around it and expand the wound to pull it out.

It was natural that the recovery time would increase accordingly.

Considering the fact that Deonhart is the Emperor's sword, I should stop him.

The moment Lien met the bright red eyes that slowly moved and focused on me, he pulled out his sword and swung it as if he was possessed.

The arrow shaft that was sticking out and shaking falls down, and Deon smiles in satisfaction as the cumbersome thing disappears.

"Okay then, guys."

All right.

As the horse takes a step forward, he tilts his head slightly.

Then, as if from nowhere, another arrow grazed my ear and stuck on the floor.

Leaving the flagship Rien behind, Deon turned back the hood of his white robe with his bloody hands and looked around at the members.

His eyes narrowed under the light, as if the strong early summer sunlight was too much for him, but his mouth was still smiling.

"It's time to take your medicine."

It's a battle! The members' eyes changed.

Lien trembles because it doesn't seem like they are the guys she used to know.

Deon lazily wiped his blood-soaked hands on the hem of his robe and waited leisurely for them to finish preparing.

In the meantime, the attackers, who had no intention of wasting any more time, began to charge on horseback, but no one except Lien was impatient.

“Do you have any medicine?”

“Just mine.”

“damn. Then, Cleter, do you have any leftover medicine....”

“That’s all I brought with me just in case. “Are you sure you didn’t bring anything?”

“It’s about subduing monsters. “I never thought I would be dealing with people.”

Milan shook his head roughly as if he was troubled.

As if he was the only one who did not take medicine, several other members were also walking around among the members to get medicine.

Deon, who was watching this, took out a pouch from his pocket with clean hands.

“Milan.”

“yes? ...Hmph!”

Milan reflexively grabbed something that flew by, realized that it was actually a pocket, and carefully checked its contents.

Filled with pure white medicine.

Milan, who immediately realized what it was, raised his head and looked at Deon with puzzled eyes.



“Can’t you, Count, manage well without these things? But why...”

“I received it from a drug addict with a swollen liver when I went to carry out His Majesty’s orders.”

“yes? Ah... Anyway, I’ll be grateful.”

Milan wondered how on earth he could go to defeat monsters and meet a drug addict with a swollen liver, but he thought a good thing was a good thing and quickly put a pill in his mouth.

Then he immediately frowned.

The substance of the medicine dissolves instantly without a trace when placed in something like a glass of water.

In other words, it is not a drug made for a very good purpose. Thanks to this, it is easy to ingest, so if you think positively, you can look at it as a good thing...

‘These kinds of medicines are bound to have side effects...’

Even high-end medicines are unpleasant and even cheap. If the person who provided this wasn’t the Count, he would have spit it out right away.

‘Well... there won’t be a problem with the medicine the Count gave me, so the side effects won’t be that serious.’

Milan was about to swallow the medicine that was quickly dissolving at the tip of his tongue with an uncomfortable expression. Others who had been looking for medicine came and everyone was about to take the medicine and put it in their mouths when they said, “Oh, there is a mixture of

sleeping pills and paralyzing drugs in there, so make sure to tell them apart.

”

“...Sigh!!”

“Tooh! Hehe!”

The sound of something being spit out was heard simultaneously here and there.

Some of them smelled the wet medicine in their palms and checked it again, putting it back into their mouths with relieved faces, while others threw it on the floor with bitter expressions.

A grumbling voice came from somewhere.

“You say you have some level of immunity, but isn’t that too much?”

“It’s my fault for not being able to distinguish.”

“Now that I see it, sleeping pills and paralyzing drugs seem to have very severe side effects. “Is the Count still a person?”

“I’m not a person now.”

“ah.”

“If you think about what you’re going to do from now on, you shouldn’t be a human being.”

“Anyway...”

Lien, who was watching the incomprehensible scene unfolding before his eyes, stuttered before opening his mouth.

“Count... Count, what kind of medicine is that...?”

“drug.”

“Cough- it’s a drug. Aren’t drugs banned in the empire? “If even the Count, who should be stopped, does that...!”

“It is implicitly permitted only for our knights. “As long as you don’t get caught outright, it’s okay.”

“What is that...”

“Now wouldn’t be the time to worry about such things, right?”

Deon, who had said that, kicked off his horse’s saddle and jumped up.

He lightly jumps over Lien, twists his body in the air, wraps his arms around the neck of the guy running towards Lien, and falls to the floor together.

Falling from a horse! If you’re not careful, you could not only get seriously injured, but you could even die!

When Lien, startled, looked down after Deon, he skillfully landed using his opponent as a cushion and plunged a dagger into both of his shoulders, pinning him to the floor.

Both shoulders, then both hands. As the other person struggled in pain, he lowered his gaze and asked,

“Should I do it on his legs too?”

“....”

These words are sincere.

The guy almost froze when he saw the shiny red eyes as if he was taking a bite.

Deon grinned at him and stood up.

If I had enough daggers, I would have done that, but unfortunately, there are only two left.

Therefore, he turned his gaze towards the members who had already entered into battle and spoke as if he was throwing his sword at Lien, who was waiting.

“Lord Lien.”

“Yes, Count.”

“Take care to make sure this guy doesn’t die.”

“I will follow your orders.”

You don’t have to worry about this anymore.

I could see the members fighting like crazy on one side.

If the general public had seen everyone’s eyes go crazy, they would have thought they had lost their minds... but

Deon’s eyes narrowed.

“What are you doing now?”

A monotonous voice that is neither very loud nor contains any particular emotion. Still, for some reason, everyone’s eyes were on him.

Despite the enemy's gaze, it was quite a burden to see drugged and bloodshot eyes looking at him, but Deon didn't care.

Jerk.

He slowly steps towards the place where the dangerous madness flows between reason and instinct.

Entering a place full of horses was tantamount to suicide, but there was no sign of hesitation.

"It's been so long that you've lost your senses..."

"...."

"Or maybe it's because you feel like you can fight as a human now that you've become a knight."

"!"

He disappears for a moment, appears right next to the enemy's horse, and stabs the opponent's thigh with a dagger. When the unexpected pain threw me off balance, I took the opportunity to raise my fingernails and scratch the wound, grabbing my clothes and pulling them down.

The sight of the dagger being thrust down without hesitation as soon as it was dropped was enough to turn the attention of even members who were so accustomed to it that they even did it themselves.

Yeah, that one.

If I had really lost my mind, I wouldn't have looked away like that.

A sneer appeared on Deon's lips.

“Why are you suppressing the energy of the medicine?”

If the behavior after taking the medicine is no different from usual, there is no point in taking the medicine.

The members’ eyes widen as if they didn’t even know. Deon looked at each of the gazes directed at me and said as if he was pitiful.

“You guys aren’t that skilled yet.”

I don’t have the skills to survive without becoming cruel.

However, he was not immune to cruel hands. Feeling guilty about being a victim of that action as well.

So you have to get drunk. I need to blow away the memories with medicine.

“I would have told you repeatedly.”

Phew – I heard a creepy sound.

The bright red pupils in the eyes are curved like half moons and look to the side.

Perhaps they were planning to take advantage of the distraction to make a surprise attack, but there was a guy approaching with a weapon in his hand, standing there with his eyes wide open as if he couldn’t believe it.

A dagger that dug into the guy’s heart when he swung it.

He put all his strength into his hand, twisted the dagger, and pulled it out. A lot of blood splatters, leaving red stains on his white hair and cheeks.

Deon didn't stop there, he grabbed the guy by the hair, tilted his head back, and started repeatedly slashing his dagger at his face.

In contrast to his actions, which were rough and bordered on madness, his voice was calm and uncharacteristically calm.

“Reason just needs to be able to distinguish between enemy and enemy.”

The blood that had not yet soaked in runs down my bangs and drips.

And the moment they encountered the red eyes of the same color hidden behind them, they

could not help but freeze as they seemed to hear those words that remained so powerfully in their minds:

[Eat by madness.]

\*\*\*

While Deon and the Murderous Knights were dealing with enemies that had suddenly appeared, there was great confusion in the kingdom beyond the border.

The commander, who was in charge of the important role of guarding the border, looked blankly at one place and muttered in an absent-minded voice.

There was deep disbelief in his voice, as if he couldn't believe it even as he said it himself.

“Is that Deon Hart? “Hero of the Empire.”

“Looking at your white hair, it seems like that.”

“Looking at your fighting style, I think it’s correct.”

“I can’t see the color of their eyes because they are far away, but I think it is because of their white clothes.”

“The uniforms of the guys with me clearly belong to the Murderous Knights. So it’s probably right.”

“shit.”

Why on earth did you come here?

Even calling it a simple monster subjugation feels suspicious.

Subjugating monsters involves two or more knights, but isn’t that too few?

Just when I was leaning more towards the hypothesis that they had come to spy on a small number of elites rather than simply to subdue monsters, a further problem arose.

“What is that again?!”

A person who appeared to be Deon Hart was hit in the shoulder by an arrow that suddenly flew out.

And a battle broke out again with these new, suspicious-looking people.

As confusing as it was on the other side, this side was also confusing in a different way.

what? If he was going to harm the hero of the empire, there would have to be a high-ranking person behind him. Is it an infighting? Is there a lot of infighting in the empire?



Or a show of force against our kingdom? No, the arrow was stuck quite deeply for it to be considered a show of force. It will probably be difficult to use your arms properly for a while.

...Huh? For now...?

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 46**

### 46. Foreshadowing (1)

“...Hey, if the injury is that bad, how long do you think it will take to recover?”

“I think it will take a little longer since I cut the arrow shaft close.”

“So how much?”

“It looks like it’s stuck quite deeply, but it won’t take at least a month to heal. If you think about the aftereffects...”

“That’s right...”

He rubbed his rough chin.

Only two years have passed since the eight-year war ended. Even from the empire’s perspective, war would be burdensome.

Additionally, Deon Hardt was injured. During the war, he was sent here and there and utilized the most, so it would be unlikely that the war would go on without him.

So wouldn’t it be possible to take advantage of this?

“No matter how you look at it, doesn’t it look like a show of force?”

“yes?”

“Doesn’t this seem like a show of force against our kingdom?”

“No matter how you look at it, it looks like a one-sided attack rather than a demonstration of force... Ugh!”

Fortunately, there was one quick-witted guy.

The guy who quickly stepped on his colleague’s foot to cover his mouth briskly affirmed.

“yes! “It looks like a show of force!”

“yes? Contact the palace. No, I will contact you directly.”

I need to explain the whole story and tell you. If I do well, I think I can get a lot of compensation from the empire.

It looks like they came to spy on me in the name of subjugating monsters, so it’s fair to get paid this much.

A sinister smile appeared on the commander’s lips.

\*\*\*

Deon Hardt’s words pierced the truth that I had been trying hard to ignore.

He didn’t seem to particularly want an answer, and the members were in no mood to answer either, so a cold silence settled over this small battlefield.

It's not scary. No, it was scary, but there was a bigger reason than that.

'Have you always been that good at speaking?'

'You did a good job. I don't think it was that sharp though.'

'Did you learn from the deacon?'

'Deacon, why did you do that?'

The members shook off their bitter feelings.

Even though it's not even a swear word, it hurts.

While the members were mesmerized by the attack that struck the sore spot, a silence of a different meaning lingered among the enemies.

'The one who moves first dies.'

Now was an opportunity when the opponent in the heat of battle had frozen, but the instincts trained through receiving numerous requests were warning of death.

And that turned into confidence when he made eye contact with Deon Hardt.

Red eyes the same color as blood, eyes that are slightly curved, and even the corners of the mouth that are slightly raised as if waiting for someone to make a move.

'Fuck.'

I picked the wrong opponent.

In fact, the warning cry of instinct began when I first received the request. However, they gave me too much

money so I just walked away.

It doesn't necessarily mean you have to kill them, but you can just injure them, so who would refuse that?

In fact, even if he had not refused the request, this situation would not have happened if he had at least retreated without overdoing it when the arrow was first hit.

'Damn, I'm being greedy for no reason.'

In addition to being greedy for money, when I checked the extent of his injuries, I decided it was worth a try, so I attacked him.

Looking at his attitude and behavior, it seemed like the rumors were exaggerated.

But I never thought it would suddenly change like this.

There is only one way to overturn this situation without sacrificing anyone.

Everyone knew that fact without having to say it out loud.

The problem is trust.

'If you do three, you attack at the same time.'

'One, two, three!'

'....'

'....'

'Dirty bastards.'

'Someone else is talking.'

This is already the third time I've done this.

Amazingly, no one moved. No one even flinched.

As they were paying attention to each other, a voice was heard that changed the silent atmosphere.

"I've already caught one guy who will give me information, so don't be shy and kill him."

"...!"

"What do people who can't even ride a horse do that doesn't suit them?"

The members' eyes changed.

A little while ago, they were simply 'crazy guys' who enjoyed blood, but now they don't even look at their enemies as people.

They grin in this direction.

The sight was so unusual that as soon as the horse could turn back, the guys threw down their saddles and rushed forward without hesitation.

It was a bold action, as if the danger of falling from a horse was not even thought about.

"crazy!"

The astonishment sublimated into swear words and came out.

Coo! thud!

Dull sounds and soft moans echo here and there.

A proper muddy fight began in a space overflowing with madness and bloodshed that was incomparable to before.

It was a mess.

The man who was the first to attack without fear and was pinned to the ground forgot the pain and looked at the situation in front of him dumbly.

There is a lot of swearing and screaming and all kinds of dirty tricks.

Plus, it was more cruel than anything else.

I understand throwing dirt in your eyes. Biting is also understandable.

But is it really necessary to tear apart someone who is clearly already dead? I just can't understand this.

My body suddenly trembled.

'Murderer.'

Even though they have a different official name, the knights in front of me still carry the title 'Murderers.'

I was wondering why someone would mention a name that was not good when it came to the name given by the emperor, but now I think I know why.

The sight of him laughing and tearing his enemies to pieces with his eyes bloodshot and bloodshot seemed to anyone to be a ghost crazy about murder.

They said that guys like that were at the forefront of the 8-year war. It is natural to win.

How can you be sane while facing those guys right in front of you? No matter who the opponent was, they must have been terrified.

Even the words they were muttering added weight to the fear.

[Everything is for survival.]

These were completely unsuitable words for those who were chopping up their enemies with a big smile.

It's a rationalization so brilliant that it's truly shocking.

Those guys will feel less guilty with that. There will be less hesitation in your actions.

'Devil bastards.'

I looked at the situation with tired eyes and looked away.

If your subordinates are like that, what would a superior who has subordinates like that do?

'obviously.'

He was even crazier.

Deon Hardt. Comically, he holds the title 'Hero of the Empire'.

'Hero'. It's so absurd that it makes no sense. What on earth was the emperor thinking when he designated such a person as a 'hero'?

He was walking around freely in a space that was breathtaking just to look at, and was smiling brightly as if he was going crazy with genuine joy.



Regardless of the laughter, the person he touched was inevitably covered in blood.

The corpses that followed his steps were all so tattered that it was hard to tell who was who.

Once he joined in, the situation was quickly resolved.

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

In the silence that came back in an instant, heavy breathing could be heard here and there in the unrealistic space, unable to calm down the excitement.

The man could not bear to look into the eyes of the Templars, whose eyes were red and bloodshot as if they were still under the influence of medicine, so he fixed his gaze on Deon Hart.

He was breathing slowly.

“It seems like the situation has been roughly resolved.”

As if sensing attention, red eyes turn in this direction.

As soon as our eyes met, he grinned, walked over with a stride, and stepped on the dagger stuck in his shoulder.

The dagger was pushed deeper and a low groan was released reflexively at the sudden pain inflicted.

“Are you blinded by money or stupid? Or does it apply to both....”

“ .... ”

“No matter how many people you bring, how absurd is it to attack head-on when you are with the knights?”

The foot on the dagger shakes slowly. At the same time, the dagger was swinging up and down, increasing the wound.

“Does it hurt?”

“ .... ”

“I don’t like torture very much either. So, if possible, I would like to obediently blow the backbone-”

—I guess that will be difficult.

Sir Lien, go and collect the members.

The devil, whose entire body was stained red, indirectly expressed his wish to remain alone.

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“A protest has come in from the Kingdom of Ireon.”

The emperor, who had been reading the document with languid eyes, looked up.

Golden eyes, like those of a wild beast, were questioning what he had just heard.

What a protest. Who would dare protest against the ‘Empire’?

“It appears that Honorary Count Deonhardt has subdued a monster nearby. Then we were attacked and had no choice but to fight the inevitable battle...”

“Did you say we were attacked for a moment?”

“Yes that’s right.”

“Is Count Hart safe?”

“They say I will not be able to use my arm properly for a month after being hit by an arrow in my left shoulder.”

“One month...”

He put down the documents he was holding on the desk, rested his elbows as if resting his chin, and touched the corners of his mouth.

Wrinkles appeared between the smooth eyebrows.

“Please continue.”

“Yes, the Kingdom of Ireon is protesting, claiming that the battle was a demonstration of force. “It seems like he wants compensation.”

“War is not something that can be waged lightly, and Count Hart was injured, so he must have decided to avoid war. That kind of longevity is rare.”

It’s really shallow.

If you don’t have the strength, you have to at least be aware of it. It seems that the Kingdom of Ireon has no instinct to survive, let alone notice.

Do you think ‘empire’ is an empire for no reason?

The emperor took the title of ‘Empire’ by force. It is an empire because it has such force.

The absence of an irreplaceable vanguard? Of course it’s disappointing.

But that doesn't mean we lose the war. Deon Hardt was just one of many cards that increased the odds of winning, but his absence did not mean that his power dropped.

"I heard that their leadership is a mess, so that's understandable. From this side's perspective, they could blame the attack on Honorary Count Deonhard on that side and push back."

The truth doesn't matter. What is important is a plausible cause and national power.

The empire is still in its prime and the Kingdom of Ireon is on the brink. It was obvious without even looking at which side the other kingdoms would support.

"Then let's respond according to the plan your Majesty mentioned..."

"No."

The corners of the lips that were hidden under the hand curled up.

Emperor Edoardo said, smiling fiercely as if showing his teeth.

"It looks like Jim has been very quiet so far."

"...."

"Nemeseus."

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"Prepare for war."

"your majesty!"

The answer came not from Nemeseus but from the vizier.

The prime minister, who had called the emperor as if screaming, hurriedly tried to dissuade him with a pale face.

“It’s only been two years since the war ended.”

“I took a lot of time off in two years.”

“War costs a lot of money.”

“Do I need to worry about money when I have these?”

widely. The emperor’s hand touched the map.

Yes, money and materials are obtained through conquest.

We did it during the 8 Years’ War, so there is no reason why we can’t do it this time as well.

The prime minister could not bear to say anything and looked at the emperor in bewilderment.

A normal kingdom would have negotiated, or, if it didn’t work out, would have punished the person who caused the trouble and provided financial compensation to the other kingdom, even just for show. In any case, war is a means of inflicting great damage on both sides.

Moreover, the current empire has sufficient countermeasures even without the use of force.

The emperor wasn’t even thinking about that.

“Is there no reprimand... for Count Hart, who caused this situation?”

Probably not. If I had the authority, I would personally reprimand him.

Didn't it rekindle the emperor's war instinct that he had barely extinguished?

"What did he do wrong? Jim has no intention of reprimanding him, formally or informally. He just took good care of his territory. From what I heard, he went on a subjugation expedition with only one knight corps, but wasn't this to avoid provoking the opposing kingdom? "He has done enough."

"Haona...."

"Prime Minister."

The emperor laughed like a sword.

"Jim is a tyrant."

"...."

"Even if that wasn't the case, I was planning to continue conquering the continent, but it actually worked out well."

Conquering the continent was a goal set from the moment he ascended to the throne.

Anyway, he killed his brothers and sisters and ascended to the throne. Whatever the reason or the truth, I had no intention of acting irresponsibly.

That's the goal I came up with.

The Prime Minister, who was about to say something more, closed his mouth and lowered his head, laughing so sharply that it seemed as if he could cut himself.

The emperor was too obsessed with responsibility, responsibility had become a shackle, and the shackle was threatening to spell disaster.

‘If you call yourself a tyrant, you should throw away any responsibility, Your Majesty.’

A sense of responsibility is not bad. But shouldn't it be done in moderation?

The priorities were wrong in the first place. He was prioritizing his responsibility to his dead brothers and sisters more than his responsibility to the people of the empire.

I know very well that guilt is the cause. Because of this, he calls himself a tyrant. But I can't help but dislike it.

‘If a disaster occurs, I hope it does not affect the empire.’

Chancellor Ardal slowly opened his mouth, hoping that even if he went crazy, it would only affect the emperor personally.

“...I will prepare a budget plan secretly.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 47**

### 47. Foreshadowing (2)

“As expected, the prime minister has a good sense of humor.”

Only then did the emperor relax his expression and smiled faintly.

There are problems that need to be resolved before going to war. Until then, it would be best to hide anything about the war.

I lowered my eyes and focused on the document I was reading a moment ago.

The emperor muttered as he reexamined the content about the cult that has recently been rapidly expanding in the slums.

“Even if pseudo-religions that arise during war are unavoidable, we should clean up before the war.”

When a country is in chaos, pseudo-religions become rampant.

I understand. For psychologically unstable people, the only place they can turn to is religion.



However, there is no room for rethinking about pseudo-religions that exist even when there is no war. Even more so if it is a religion whose size is called threatening.

Once a war begins, their power will only grow and not shrink, so they must be completely eradicated before the war.

‘Who should I leave it to...’

I waved my hand at the busy-looking Prime Minister and thought for a moment. The worries didn’t last long.

“After all, in the name of punishment, it is best to leave it to Deon Hardt...”

Since it is just a matter of eliminating the fanatics, even if he is injured, he will be able to finish it without much trouble.

If you finish it safely, you may be rewarded with that.

Those thoughts came out of my mouth without much tension.

Anyway, the only person who would listen was Nemeseus, and it wasn’t that important compared to the war, so I just blurted it out.

“Your Majesty, did you just say Deon Hart?”

“....”

At that moment, the emperor closed his mouth.

I forgot about it for a while. Nemeseus was a person who vehemently opposed Deonhart’s moderation.

He quietly touched his forehead as he looked at the rare, resolute eyes that met him directly, as if asking him why it was Deon Hart again.

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“Captain.”

“I have to fight tomorrow too, but why didn’t you sleep in? Your face.”

“I had a nightmare.”

“...Don’t do this here, stay inside. “Your complexion right now....”

“It’s not just once or twice. Every night, the people I killed appear in my dreams. And that too, in the same way it was at the time of death. Unidentifiable things are coming towards me, dripping blood...”

“ ....”

“Please help me. Just as the captain said, he was brutally killed. I told myself over and over again that I had no choice if I wanted to survive, but it was hard to stay sober, so I took medicine as you taught me. Still, I feel like I’m going crazy. It’s painful. “The medicine only works during the fight, but after it’s over, the memories come back clearly...!”

“calm down. “Why don’t you calm down and think a little differently?”

“yes?”

“You didn’t take the drug to kill the other person, but you were swayed by the drug’s energy and killed the other

person. "I couldn't help it because of the medication."

"Leader...? What kind of garbage mentality is that...."

"Puh-ha, really? Then how about this? "Oh, I didn't know what to say before, but you were hurt here."

"yes? uh? When..."

"...."

"Ah! Don't touch it! "It hurts!"

"It hurts now that I'm conscious of it, right? Actually, I pressed that wound a little while ago. But you didn't know."

"...."

"Pretend you don't know. Don't even think about it. You said it came to mind vividly, right? It's clearer because you're conscious of it. Leave your memories of when you took the drug in a hazy state. Even if it comes to mind, ignore it. "Because that's not what you did."

"...."

"You didn't do it."

\*\*\*

When I came to, I was back in my mansion.

Before I lost my mind, I was near the border, but when I came to my senses, it was my home!

If it weren't for the wound on my shoulder, I would have thought it was a dream.

From what I heard, the people who attacked me somehow managed to get away with it. I didn't ask any more questions and just nodded quietly.

Since there were murderers and no one else together, it must have been resolved on its own. Honestly, I don't really want to delve into that seriously.

The whole world knew that their hands were cruel, and it was not a very pleasant act to recall the arrow that hit me back then and the burning pain that followed.

Just like that, several days had passed and today, Remember came to me quietly requesting a conversation, carrying a large amount of documents.

...'carrying a huge amount of documents'.

'It's ominous.'

First of all, I accepted it because it was a request for dialogue, but the majesty of that document is enormous.

I wonder if he thought a pile of documents was coming when Remember came in. I thought I was wasting my time due to the stress of paperwork.

Anyway, you can't have a conversation while holding documents. He puts the papers down on a nearby desk. 'thud!' The desk vibrated slightly with a terrifying sound.

"Cough."

"Are you okay?"

"Oh yeah."

"You didn't vomit blood?"

“yes.”

Unfortunately.

“Fortunately, the. “If you hurt your shoulder and vomited blood, it would have been really embarrassing.”

Are you being sarcastic now?

When I looked at him with a pouty expression, Remember smiled softly and took a step back.

Then he cleared his throat softly and spoke with a serious expression.

“While the Count was out on a subjugation, we caught Sejak.”

“oh.”

“Unfortunately, we were unable to find out who was behind it. sorry.”

He bows down. I was naturally impressed by the simple gestures.

More luxurious than the empire’s nobles. What on earth is this butler doing? I heard that you are from a small, isolated country in the center of the continent... Are you from a high-ranking noble family?

My thoughts filled with doubts were quickly interrupted by a voice that continued.

“I heard that the Count also failed to find out who was behind it.”

“Ah...”

That's what I heard. But why? Are you starting a fight?

"That would mean that the person behind it is not easy. I think a candidate would be the Duke of Illuster, the head of the revolutionary army, a hostile kingdom, or an aristocratic faction."

It wasn't a fight. Our butler is really talented.

He is good at managing the mansion, good at paperwork, good manners, and good at reasoning.

Isn't this almost omnipotent? If you're good at fighting, you're truly an all-rounder, right?

'No, I think I put up quite a fight...'

I remembered how he overpowered the revolutionary army.

Remember's words did not end there.

"In my personal opinion, I think it is the Duke of Illuster, but either way, the Count will be too much for him to handle alone, so it would be better to step down from here or ask His Majesty for help. "I'm sorry if it was presumptuous to meddle."

"No... thank you."

It looks like he was too absorbed in the answer. Mysterious silver-blue eyes took in me for a moment.

There was a short silence, and he grinned as if to change the mood, then took a step towards the pile of papers he had put down a moment ago.

Oh no, wait, why is that....

“There’s a lot of paperwork behind.”

“Umm...”

“Fortunately, the injured area is my left shoulder, so there will be no problem holding the pen and writing. “The Count is right-handed.”

thud! The sound and vibration that rang from the desk over there rang from my desk this time.

Breaking out in a cold sweat, I looked at the pile of documents in front of me, glanced at Remember’s eyes, and picked up the top document.

[Design drawings for the construction of a dam in Hart territory....]

“Ah!”

“Why are you doing that?”

“I must see your Majesty.”

I need to request the return of Hart Territory. Something happened so I forgot about it for a while.

There is absolutely no running away. This is something I had been thinking about from the beginning.

I packed up my outerwear, thinking that if I felt like the atmosphere was good after paying attention, I would have to return the murderous knights who were currently making a fuss in my mansion.

I ignored Remember’s gaze that followed me until the end.

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I looked to the left. The crown prince is drinking tea.

I looked to the right. The princess is hanging on my arm.

Where am I. who am i

I just came to see the emperor, so why am I having tea time with the royal family now?

When I became aware of the situation again, I felt like my throat was burning, so I drank the tea with a half-hearted expression on my face.

‘The scent of tea is amazing again.’

Ha...

who am I to blame? It’s all my fault for getting the timing wrong.

Come a little early or late, and come when the emperor is meeting someone.

Considering that I was always able to meet the emperor right away, I was unusually told to wait today.

They say there’s a customer who came first, but that’s none of my business.

I definitely tried to wait patiently. They said it wouldn’t take long, so I really tried to wait patiently...

[Count! Crumble!!]

[Hwa, Her Highness?!]

[Excuse me, Count.]



[Her Royal Highness!]

The crown prince and the princess appeared.

For some reason, it was a strange situation where the crown prince was holding the princess's back, but thanks to that, I was able to figure it out quickly.

The princess tried to surprise me again. The crown prince prevented that.

Oh my, I almost died. This weak body cannot withstand even the princess's weight-bearing embrace, so it is best to avoid such situations as much as possible.

I expressed my gratitude with my eyes and calmly showed my respect, but the crown prince, who was looking at me blankly, suddenly threw a bomb.

[I would like to serve you tea as an apology, would you please?]

I refuse to say no.

His eyes seemed to say so.

They even blocked an escape hole in advance.

[When the servant finds it, I will send it to you right away. You can think of it as a short rest before an audience with His Majesty.]

[Oh, that's it...]

[Didn't you say that you would stop by me every time you came to the imperial palace? Maybe that was a lie...]

[No. I was so honored that I was late in replying. Thanks for the invitation. His Royal Highness.]

And now.

I was already drinking my fourth cup of tea to moisten my dry lips.

...Nope. This is not rest.

Where can I see this is taking a break? It's putting mental pressure on you.

"It looks like the tea suits your taste."

"Yes, yes...."

"I'll bring you some when I go back."

"thank you."

Actually, I don't really need it.

Of course it smells good.

The taste... of course, is neither sweet nor salty. There is sugar in front of me, but I can't reach for it because I can't see it. It's so bland that it feels like drinking water with a lot of perfume sprinkled on it.

In other words, it's not my taste. I'm just drinking because I'm thirsty.

The crown prince lifts the teacup to his mouth and lightly bends his wrist.

Although he is just drinking tea, his actions exude grace and dignity. After all, he is the crown prince.

Compared to that, the princess....

“Don’t you get bitten if you just drink the Count’s tea? “Try some cookies too.”

“...Yes, thank you.”

Just don’t think about it.

As she accepted the cookie the princess offered, she looked sideways at the prince who still didn’t say anything.

He put down the teacup and looked at his younger brother, who was unable to stop him, with eyes asking, ‘What should I do about that?’

Then, as if in resignation, he shook his head and turned his gaze towards me.

My image was reflected in the golden eyes unique to the royal family.

“I heard you were injured. Are you okay?”

“Oh yeah, it’s okay.”

I barely managed to stop myself from reflexively trying to cover his shoulders.

The crown prince’s eyes narrowed.

“My body has become weak due to the curse, so I need to be as careful as possible. “I don’t understand why you went out to subdue monsters yourself.”

“...I apologize.”

I didn’t come forward, I was dragged in.

But even if I tell you, you won't believe me. Who would believe that the Count is being swayed by the knights who serve me?

"Don't feel sorry for me, feel sorry for yourself. "Wouldn't I have to assist His Majesty for a long time?"

For a long time? Wow, that's terrible.

I couldn't say no out loud, but I couldn't say yes either, so I silently lifted the teacup with a faint smile.

'...full.'

My stomach is full.

While I was momentarily distracted by the unpleasant feeling of my stomach churning, the crown prince continued speaking.

"I hope you will take good care of His Majesty. "I'm saying this because you are the one, but honestly, I don't want to become emperor. I don't even think I will."

"...yes?"

# I'm Not That Kind of Talent

## Chapter 48

48. Foreshadowing (3)

I almost spit out the car.

I let my guard down and it came rushing in. Speaking of you, what is this?... As I

froze, unable to adjust to the suddenly heavy content of the conversation, the crown prince continued speaking.

"I have no choice but to sit in the crown prince's position due to my position, but people know me, right? The age difference between Your Majesty and me is only 8 years. "When your Majesty gets old enough to retire, I will also be old enough to prepare for retirement."

8 years difference.

Crown Prince Elpidius Desert is 20 years old and is 8 years older than the 28-year-old Emperor.

Occasionally, envoys from other kingdoms who came without properly researching the information will tilt their heads and ask those around them if he is their biological son, but is that

possible?

The crown prince is the emperor's nephew.

'No, but why are you telling me that?...'

I don't fit into this kind of heavy personal history.

There was no way he couldn't see my expression full of trouble, but the damn prince didn't care and continued talking.

"If the day comes when I ascend to the throne, it will mean that a problem has arisen with Your Majesty's life. "I don't want that."

"...."

"And more than anything, I definitely realized it when I saw His Majesty working. "I can't do it like him."

There was a mixture of unknown emotions in the eyes of the crown prince who said that.

What I can be sure of is that it was by no means a negative emotion.

'....'

Considering that the emperor killed all of his brothers and even killed their children to avoid leaving behind any successors, it would be strange not only to not understand the nephew's existence, but also for the nephew to not hate his uncle, but it is possible. There was a reason.

Because there was only one brother who did not die at the hands of the emperor.

When the emperor, who was the 9th prince, drew his sword, his only brother, the 1st prince, was already dead.

I don't know much, but seeing the story going around that 'If the 1st prince had been alive, the 9th prince would not have drawn his sword', it can be concluded that the relationship between the two must have been quite good.

Aside from that, there were many rumors about the first prince.

A royal family who is not like a royal family but like a brat. The only blood relative who was kind to the 9th prince, who was in trouble.

Even after getting married and giving birth to a child, he visited her every day and took care of him and his children together, so it is not surprising that the current emperor is good to the crown prince and princess, who are the children of the first prince and his niece.

You must have felt that much affection. Perhaps he felt like his own child or brother.

So, they would actually be recognized as 'crown prince' and 'prince princess.'

"So, please take good care of Your Majesty."

"Yes... Yes?"

I raised my head in surprise.

There was an inexplicable trust in the eyes of the crown prince who dared to meet him.

'I wanted to say this earlier... What is this endless trust? Isn't suspicion a virtue when it comes to royal family?'

Even the person asking for a favor is the emperor. The same emperor who personally drew his sword and swept the battlefield to conquer territory during the Eight Years' War!

I'm so dumbfounded.

"Brother, Count, why bother saying such a thing!"

"Your Highness the Princess...."

"Even if I don't have to say it, the Count will do well!"

Absolutely not. So don't look at me like, 'Did I do well?'

Why is the Crown Prince nodding his head!

"I was rude."

"Oh no."

I decided. I guess I should run away. If things continue like this, it seems like only burdensome topics will continue to come up.

Since you can't just jump out without saying anything, it would be better to make a good excuse, get away, and then come back. Then at least the atmosphere will change.

I happened to drink too much tea and needed to go to the bathroom, so I could use that as an excuse to leave.

I cautiously opened my mouth, observing the prince and princess's looks.

"Can I go to the bathroom for a moment?"

"Now that I think about it, I drank a lot of tea. "Please come back."



I bowed once towards the prince and princess who were waving their hands and hurried out of the garden where tea time was taking place.

‘I survived! I thought I was suffocating to death.’

When I think about going back there again, the future is dark, but once I get out, there is something!

I walked down the corridors of the imperial palace at a brisk pace, thinking that I should walk a little more slowly when I returned from my errands.

And, despite my exciting walk, I thought,

‘...Where am I?’

I got lost.

Don’t feel pitiful that you’ve lost your way because you’re frequently in and out of the imperial palace.

I would always meet the emperor immediately and return home immediately without having to take another route.

So, do you have the ability to know another way?

‘It would be difficult to keep the royal family waiting for a long time...’

My life is in trouble.

If by some chance they think I cheated on them, wouldn’t it be a big deal?

I hurriedly looked around in confusion.

Fortunately, it wasn't long before I found an attendant standing in a corner of one hallway.

"there!"

"...!"

Oh, I was so happy that I almost shouted.

I was startled and looked at him with wide eyes. I smiled slightly out of apology, but for some reason he started shaking.

...Maybe it's an illusion.

Fearing that he might run away, I didn't erase my smile but widened my stride and approached him with a stride.

I was a little concerned about the anxious expression on his face, perhaps because of my reputation, but I was more in a hurry now.

It feels like it's going to explode. I think it will be cheap like this.

I won't even tell you what it is.

"Here—"

"Aaaaaa!!"

...Where is the bathroom? You crazy person.

I looked at the guy who suddenly took out a knife and rushed at me with an expression full of bewilderment rather than surprise.

\*\*\*

“You’re gone.”

“I know, right.”

He probably ran away. It seems like the conversation was quite burdensome.

‘Honestly, it was sudden.’

But I couldn’t help it because I knew there was no way we would have time to talk like this easily.

Crown Prince Elpidius smiled faintly as he quietly lifted his teacup.

I’m sorry for putting a burden on you, but I have no intention of taking back what I said.

Unlike the peaceful surface of the water, there was a shady movement going on underneath the water, and its blade was clearly pointed at his uncle, the Emperor.

A movement that has continued from the moment my uncle became emperor until now.

[We will allow you to sit on the supreme throne.]

[If this continues, you may not be able to sit on the emperor’s throne for the rest of your life.] [

The nobles’ opposition is growing stronger.]

[Please punish the tyrant.]

The eight-year war is over. Even in the heat of the moment, they continued to visit him.

That doesn't mean I'm shaken by those absurd words, but I can't even guarantee how long I'll be able to maintain this feeling.

They may come and shake you with weaknesses you didn't know about.

Is a weakness a weakness for nothing? If that moment comes, he will probably...

'....'

It has been 10 years since the position of the monarch changed. Even if you couldn't do the trick during the war because you didn't have enough time, you still had enough time to find a weakness or two if you wanted to.

Until now, the crown prince has served as a strong defense for the emperor.

To bring down an emperor, one needs not only a plausible cause but also an 'imperial family member' to sit on the empty throne, so if the crown prince does not agree, their actions will end in mere rebellion.

You could replace it with the princess, but the crown prince would have more power to convince others, and she wouldn't agree to that either.

The 'actions' of subversive elements had no choice but to continue to be pushed back.

But this too is now limited. No, the limit was already reached.

It's been two years since their actions began to change from 'appeasement' to 'threats disguised as appeasement'.

As a crown prince who did not know when he might be caught in a weakness and take an unwanted action, he had to hurry up and come up with a prepared plan.

Therefore, it was natural for the emperor to pay attention to Deonhardt, a hero he particularly trusted.

‘I’m glad you didn’t say that though.’

He couldn’t overcome the burden of those words and ran away. If he had heard these words, he would have probably run out of the imperial palace. He probably didn’t want to see me for the rest of his life.

‘If there is anything that gets in the way of assisting the emperor’,

even if it is a member of the royal family.

‘...Kill him.’

He gave the princess some cookies and smiled sweetly.

The princess made eye contact and then nodded, folding her eyes like a crescent moon as if she knew. The sight of him nodding his head in response seemed to anyone to be a kind brother.

As always, the crown prince’s day went by peacefully today.

\*\*\*

Until just a few minutes ago, Ireon’s spy was firing off congratulations alone.

This is because while the emperor was away dealing with visitors, he sneaked into his office and succeeded in copying and stealing important documents.

In that 'Empire'! Just a spy for a small country! That incredible feat was accomplished!

Of course it wasn't easy.

Even though they did not even dream of entering the emperor's office and instead aimed for the chancellor's office, security was tight.

It was more difficult because the limit of the preliminary investigation time was set at one week, considering the possibility that the tyrant emperor would start a war in response to the shameless demands of the Kingdom of Ireon without even weighing the profits and losses.

'I'm going back to my home country now, you damn bastards!'

Now that I have achieved my purpose here, all I have to do is go back, but it seems that things in this world don't go that easily.

"there!"

"...!"

A loud voice clearly calling this way.

Could it be that he noticed?

The spy, who unconsciously shivered greatly because he was being stabbed, belatedly made an expression of regret.

It was just a call, but the attendant was so surprised. Isn't this suspicious to anyone?

'What do we do?'

There are still important documents in my arms. If you get caught like this, you won't be able to get rid of it.

Should I run away? But that's like shouting out loud, 'I'm a suspicious person.'

'No, calm down. He may be a surprisingly dull person.'

First of all, I checked the other person and realized that this wasn't going to work. I need to run away.

I tried to straighten my rapidly tired face.

Red eyes white hair. It's unlucky. Even if you get caught, it's 'Deon Hart'.

He is famous for being crazy about blood. Since ancient times, there has been historical evidence that crazy people have good senses, and wouldn't the same be true for the person in front of us? He even spent eight years on the battlefield, so his animal senses must be unrivaled.

Still, I tried to place my hope on the possibility of the unknown, but...

'Is that... he's smiling right now?'

A smile as if he had clearly figured out this person's identity.

The spy closed his mouth and chewed the inside of his cheek as he smiled leisurely, as if no matter what I did, you were in the palm of my hand.

You should never deal with it. The moment you deal with it, you will definitely become that bastard's toy.

'You can't just run away.'

One of the few people qualified to bear arms before the Emperor is Deon Hart. He must still be carrying a weapon.

He is known to be good at not only swinging a dagger but also throwing it to hit a target, so there is no way he would just turn his back and leave this guy running away.

Probably, as soon as you show your back, a dagger will fly.

Deon Hardt, as if sensing his complicated feelings, strides towards him with a smile on his face.

Does that mean they won't give you any more time to think?

The spy's mind raced to somehow come to the best conclusion.

Pretending to be a servant and dealing with him would be playing into that bastard's will, and just running away would be the same.

In that case, the only way left is to 'attack him'.

'Of course he won't be our opponent, so let's aim to embarrass him.'

The easy-going thought that a clumsy spy who was even showing signs of surprise would not dare attack him. You have to use that thought.

If it were a sudden attack, no matter how much I did, I would be shocked. If so, there will be a momentary gap. Take advantage of that gap and escape.

Once the plan was made, there was no need to worry after that.



‘First, check to see what he’s going to say, and if the first word seems strange, attack right away.’

When I’m talking, my guard tends to soften without me even realizing it.

After thinking that far, the spy raised his head and faced Deonhardt.

A subtle tension flowed, and Deonhardt slowly opened his mouth.

“Here—”

“Aaaaa!!”

There was no need to listen to the end.

The spy, who immediately took out a knife, rushed forward without delay.

‘How dare you tell me where this is.’

If you’re going to listen to something like that until the end, it would be much more profitable to take advantage of the moment when you let your guard down by talking.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 49**

49. Omen (4)

I just asked for the location of the bathroom, but why is he running at me with a knife?

I put aside the absurdity that came over me and twisted my body because I had to live first.

Perhaps because he was rushing with all his might, he lost his balance and fell forward. In the process, the blade grazed my forearm, but I didn't care.

This is nothing compared to what I've experienced so far.

'Then what do we do now?'

Time has stopped.

No, it seemed like it stopped for a moment.

I slowly rolled my eyes and took in the sight of the guy stopped in midair.

A red-faced face. If you lower your gaze a little, you can see the hand holding the guy's neck underneath.

The guy didn't stop, but someone suddenly reached out and grabbed the falling guy's neck.

Let's slowly raise our eyes to find the owner of that hand—

“...Brother?”

“....”

Our eyes met unwavering green eyes.

What the fuck, why are you here?

As if my doubts hadn't caught my attention, Cruel quietly looked at me and looked at the person he was holding in his hand.

His hands tightened as if he wanted to kill him like this.

Tendons stood on the backs of his hands and forearms, the face of the guy who grabbed his neck turned red, and his eyes were bloodshot.

“Keuuuh—”

Wow, it's bloody.

It didn't look good to see him struggling while holding onto Cruel's arm with both hands, so he looked away with a puzzled look on his face. At that time, something suddenly fell at the servant's feet.

“...document?”

What, are you really a spy?

Before unconsciously reaching for it, there was a hand picking up the paper first.

Cruel is still strangling the guy, so it probably isn't him.

Then, the owner of this hand is....

“This seems like an important document of the imperial family.”

“...Duke?!”

“It’s been a while, Count.”

Purple eyes grin. I quickly got up from my seat.

what? Why would someone who is not on good terms with the emperor come here?

“I’m on my way to meet His Majesty for a moment and give a reward to a dog that obeys me. “I never thought we would meet like this.”

His eyes briefly glanced at my injured shoulder.

...Is it possible for a duke who is neither from the royal family nor from the royal family to raise a dog in the imperial palace?

Or rather, my doubts seemed to be blatantly displayed on my face.

I was embarrassed by the answer that came back with a smile on my face, so I wiped my face, but the Duke’s voice continued as if I had more to say.

“I heard that the Count also came to see Your Majesty. “May I ask what your purpose is?”

“Ah, there is something I would like to ask about the territory I received recently...”

“Is it because it is not enough? “It’s small or the land is barren.”

“No, I just want to return the territory.”

“That’s interesting.”

As I looked at the duke’s eyes, which were gently curved with interest, I secretly expressed my trouble.

What if I ask more? I don’t want to talk about the reason here.

Especially in front of Cruel.

Fortunately, the duke didn’t ask any further questions, perhaps because he noticed that I was hesitant to ask the reason.

But no thanks. The topic you brought up to change the topic was a very difficult one for me.

He looks down and sees the servant lying on the floor.

Cruel, who was holding the bastard’s neck, was suddenly standing behind the Duke.

His expression was as calm as ever, to the point where you couldn’t tell he was strangling someone just a moment ago.

“It’s amazing that you were able to catch a spy while waiting like this.”

“No, this is....”

“There is no need to be humble. There is no need to be on guard. I have no intention of intercepting the ball. Even if it

weren't for Lord Cruel, the Count would have easily subdued this man."

"No, I mean..."

"Count!"

Mistress, what else!

I looked back towards the place where the sound came from with full of frustration and immediately had to relax my eyes.

The people approaching from afar were none other than the crown prince and princess.

"It seemed like a lot of time had passed, but I was worried because he didn't come back..."

Geum-an quickly looked over the situation.

As if to prove that he was not the crown prince for nothing, he quickly understood the situation and smiled on his face.

"I never thought we would catch a spy like this."

"That's..."

"As expected, you're amazing!"

"Cough, Her Highness...."

Can't you both just keep your mouths shut?

Are you both doing this on purpose? To fuck me. Otherwise, there's no way I'm putting pressure on you by pretending like it's not the case.

But for some reason, the surrounding atmosphere is strange. It felt like the air had suddenly changed.

As I slowly raised my head, wondering if something was wrong, I made eye contact with those whose eyes were wide.

“Count, are you okay?”

“...yes?”

“What should I do? There’s blood!”

“...?”

“Call the palace doctor! hurry!!”

In addition to the princess’s fuss, the sound of the crown prince calling the courtier echoes through the palace hallways.

Only then did I feel the warm liquid dripping down my chin.

Ah, I thought I was simply possessed, but it seems that this weak body was hurt even by the slightest impact. For some reason, I felt a little sick inside.

It would not have been possible for something as simple as this to have happened, and I think this result was due to the surprise at the surprise attack.

“I’m fine....”

“Don’t lie, just tell me what made you feel like this. “There must be some inference, right?”

“No, really...”

“Now that I think about it, there’s a wound on my arm. “It looks like it’s been around for a while.”

The crown prince’s gaze landed on the wound grazed by the sword a moment ago.

This is at the level of a scratch. There really is no problem.

No, no matter how weak I am, there is no way I would vomit blood like this.

While I was wondering how to explain this to the royal family in front of me, who had been silently observing the situation, Cruel blurted out one word.

“It appears to have occurred while suppressing a spy.”

“Then... I guess we should consider the possibility that the weapon was coated with poison. Is Gonggui still there?”

...yes? Poison?

While I was sitting there with a dumbfounded look on my face as the situation was going by, a cloth was wrapped around the top of the wound.

Perhaps to prevent the poison from spreading further, the crown prince wrapped the cloth close to his shoulders and tied it into a knot... but tied it too tightly.

‘There’s no blood flow at all.’

No, that aside, my arm feels like it’s going to fall off. Moreover, because it is tied tightly, more blood comes out of the wound.

At first, it appeared as a plain red color, but soon changed to a cloudy dark red color and began to seep out in droplets.



“Is it also poison?”

It's like there's no blood flowing through it. If you tie it up so tightly, your blood will turn black and you will die.

By the way, where did you get this fabric? Who on earth would take care of something like this... Ah.

I made eye contact with Cruel. And next to him, the Duke smiles with his eyes wide open and praises him for doing a good job in a meaningful tone...

‘That bastard gave it to me.’

My mood suddenly became unpleasant. I would like to immediately throw away this useless thing, but I cannot untie what the crown prince himself has tied up for me.

I didn't have the energy to say anything more, so I just resigned and closed my eyes.

It was my own measure to ignore this whole damn situation, but...

“Count! You can't close your eyes now! “Hold on just a little longer!”

“...Ha....”

\*\*\*

Gonggui was examining the other person with a hard face. His hands were shaking so slightly that only those with good senses could notice them.

If you feel a sense of déjà vu in this situation, you would not be mistaken.

He was the one who examined Honorable Count Deon Hardt, who was coughing up blood in the banquet hall last time.

Oh, it wasn't blood, it was pudding. Even thinking about it again, it is truly absurd.

So, even as I ran this time, I had doubts in a corner of my mind.

'It's real this time.'

The fishy smell is not fake. In other words, it is a really dangerous situation...

I swallowed back the tears that welled up.

The patient's condition has changed from last time, but the people around him have not.

His Royal Highness the Crown Prince and the Princess, His Excellency the Duke, and even the hero Cruel. I tried to take comfort in the fact that His Majesty the Emperor and General Nemeseus were not there, but—

"What is going on?"

Even General Nemeseus came, as if heaven hated him.

Honorary Count Deonhart appears to have some business to attend to, and after paying courtesy to the crown prince and princess, he sits down and begins to watch. Cold sweat was running down my back.

If you make a mistake, you will definitely die. Even if you don't get treatment, you will die. Feeling that his life was in danger, Gonggui's hands became busy.

Check the inside of the mouth, check the pulse, and check any wounds.

As the examination continued, the palace doctor's complexion became whiter.

The sight was so serious that even those watching became anxious, and in the end, the crown prince, who was unable to see it, opened his mouth as if he was nervous.

"Is it that serious?"

"That's..."

"It's okay, so tell me."

"...There is nothing special."

"...what?"

There was a moment of silence as the answer was completely different from what I expected.

The crown prince's eyes flutter as if he can't believe it, and the princess covers her mouth with both hands and opens her eyes wide. Cruel was only looking at the palace with his mouth shut.

While others were rushing to come up with different answers, the one who answered first was Nemeseus, who arrived late and was observing the situation.

"That must mean it's the devil's curse."

"Ah..."

Realization flashed across the others' faces.

Is that why you said it was so okay? Because it won't be curable anyway.

I guess they decided there was no need to cause unnecessary concern and waste their time.

An expression of novelty appears on each person's face and then disappears. In particular, the crown prince looked at Deonhardt with a sad expression.

'It's so deep inside.'

It's a pity that others don't know this.

The Crown Prince, recalling the well-known image of Deonhardt, tried to fix his distorted expression and change the subject.

'Because he doesn't want anyone interested in his curse.'

Sympathy only makes him unpleasant.

I barely took my gaze away from him and moved it to a sturdy man who arrived late.

"General Nemeseus. "What did you have to do that brought you here in person?"

\*\*\*

The crown prince's attention was focused elsewhere. As I was anxious about what to say about the curse, I quietly sighed in relief.

For some reason, every time the story about a curse that didn't exist was mentioned, a burdensome setting was added.

But that's only for a moment

: "His Majesty is looking for Honorary Count Deonhardt."

"Ku ku hoo!"

I could barely suppress the cough that was about to burst out.

I have to hold back. If I cough here again, something crazy might happen.

The general's eyes are fixed on me. I pressed down on my mouth with the back of my hand, lowered my eyes, and tried to control my pounding heart.

...I calmed down, but I still don't understand.

General, why on earth did you come in person? I have a good errand boy called a valet, but I'm going to use it for something.

It even looks uncomfortable. There was displeasure in his eyes as they scanned me.

The general's busy eyes passed by the people on the scene and stopped at the servant with a frustrated expression.

"It looks like we have an uninvited guest ahead of time. Do you mind if I take care of it?"

"Even if that wasn't the case, I was planning on asking. For your information, the spy was caught by Count Hart, so make sure there is no mistake."

"...All right."

I was very uneasy that my name had to be included in that conversation, but the conversation ended anyway.

So now all we have to do is drag him away and throw him in jail... Why are you looking at me?

Even the look in their eyes is not clear.

"I have to see His Majesty anyway, and since you are the one you caught, let's go together."

"yes?"

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 50**

50. Omen (5)

"Then I will leave now, your two highnesses."

"okay."

Why are you talking without me? What about my doctor?

Even the duke slightly pulled away.

"I guess I'll have to go now too. Excuse me."

So it really seems like the situation is over.

No, it's really over.

The Duke and Cruel disappeared, and the Prince and Princess waved their hands at me, telling me to go quickly.

General Nemeseus also gestured with his chin for him to quickly follow, and while holding the man's collar with his hand, he picked up the documents scattered on the floor and began to lead the way.

And the palace doctor, who was hesitating and watching...

"I will send you some tonic medicine later, so don't forget to take it."

“...?”

“So please stay healthy. please.”

For some reason, he whispered firmly in a tone that seemed almost desperate, and then quickly walked away.

Unable to adapt to this situation and standing blankly, I glanced at the general.

He is walking at a brisk pace, as if he is going to kill him if he doesn't follow him.

‘The bathroom...’

Looking at the atmosphere, I don't think it will work.

In the end, I had no choice but to follow behind him.

\*\*\*

The duke left the imperial palace and got into the carriage heading to the duke's residence. As soon as he left, he took something out of his pocket.

One of the documents dropped by the servant a moment ago.

On a piece of white paper, the budget plan for the time of war was written in a densely organized manner.

Cruel's eyes turned towards him as if he had sensed what the paper was, but the Duke didn't care.

He glanced over the contents of the document without paying any attention, then smiled and folded it and put it in his arms.



In my head, the conversation from when I had an audience with the emperor a while ago was playing back.

“You said there would be no war right now.”

You even write a budget like this.

“You’re not good at lying.”

A clear sneer appeared on the duke’s face.

Let me help you out with this.

You must be most worried about the demon world, Your Majesty.

‘At least they will remain calm until Your Majesty takes over half the continent.’

The Duke gently touched the area near his heart.

And there was Cruel’s gaze, silently watching the scene.

\*\*\*

“You don’t look good. Where does it hurt?”

“no.”

“Are you breaking into a cold sweat right now?”

“it’s okay.”

I can never say that I can’t go to the bathroom. Even if I’m embarrassed, I can’t say anything.

I tried to straighten my expression and straighten my back.

The Emperor, sitting in a chair across from the table, narrows his eyes and looks at me, as if trying to gauge my physical condition.

As I sat there pretending to be even more sane, he smiled and leaned back in his chair.

“If that’s you, then that’s probably it. I’m saying this out of old age, but don’t hide the fact that you’re not feeling well. “You are one of the empire’s most important forces.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

“Then ask again.”

“....”

“I heard they caught a spy. “Are you feeling okay?”

Beneath the slow and relaxed expression, golden eyes like beasts shine sharply as if searching.

I couldn’t bear to look at him directly, so I answered while slightly averting his gaze.

“it’s okay.”

It’s really okay. Although I was grazed by that guy’s blade, it was literally just a grazing, and the cold sweat and bad complexion were just because somewhere in my body felt like it was going to explode.

If you’re really worried, give it some time to rest. Then it will be really okay.

I was obviously sincere, but the emperor’s eyebrows twitched as he wondered how he took my words.

He was silent for a moment, then opened his mouth again, raising the corners of his mouth as if it were invisible.

“...Okay then, let me ask you something else. “What brought you here?”

“About Hart Territory....”

“If you want to return it or request something similar, please refuse in advance. “The same goes for things related to the Knights of Lofty.”

“...Then quit your job.”

“It doesn’t work either.”

I expected rejection, but I never thought I would get rejected before I even said anything.

I felt like grabbing him by the collar and saying, ‘I’m giving it to you, but why aren’t you taking it?!’ I want to scream. Of course, if that were the case, my neck would not be able to maintain its proper position.

Just as I was about to ponder what to do with this, the emperor’s laughing voice was heard again.

“However, if you grant my request, I will grant you one thing you want. “How about asking again then?”

It feels uncomfortable to hear the emperor’s request.

But since there was no other way to persuade him, I nodded slowly.

Then the emperor asked with a subtle expression.

“Cruel Hart has decided to take on the same task, so if you participate too, you will have to grant the wish of the person who made it happen first. Will you still do that?”

“...I'll do it.”

You're granting Cruel's wish? That is absolutely not enough. I know what to wish for.

If I'm not careful, I might make a wish that will be detrimental to me.

If the opponent was an ordinary noble, you might not know it, but Cruel is a 'hero' like me.

There was infinitely little chance that the emperor would side with me in the face of the legitimate demands of a great 'talented person'.

That's why I spoke to him in a solemn manner.

“What can I do?”

A faint smile appeared on the lips of the emperor, who was looking at me with an expressionless expression as if searching.

He takes a document from Nemeseus and pushes it in front of me. As I naturally looked at the paper, a word that appeared to be the title written at the top caught my eye.

[Salvation Church]

“...Salvation Church?”

“Yes, Salvation Church. It is a pseudo-religion that is rampant in slums these days. “You just have to wipe them out.”

Elimination of pseudo-religion.

I was completely dazed by this type of mission I had never received before.

\*\*\*

Deonhardt, who seemed to be already thinking about what to do, retreated with a thoughtful look on his face, and the emperor, who had been sitting down and re-reading the document, raised his eyes and looked at Nemeseus.

His expression revealed a rare negative emotion.

The emperor put down the document he was holding and spoke softly.

“Are you still dissatisfied?”

“I am against it.”

It was an immediate answer.

The emperor frowned at the resolute answer.

Nemeseus hates Deonhardt. No, I was overly cautious.

The emperor spoke in a tired tone.

“But isn’t it better than Cruel Hart? “He is the duke’s servant.”

[I understand that Your Majesty is having trouble with fanatics these days. Sir Cruel said that he would be willing to sacrifice his rest period for His Majesty’s sake. Shouldn’t the fanatics be eliminated for the sake of war?]

[...You've gone too far. [I have no intention of starting a war yet.]

[I guess I was mistaken. [Excuse me.]

The Emperor frowned slightly as he remembered the Duke barging his subordinates with a shameless look.

It was obvious what the Duke was aiming for.

A hero with a duke behind him will easily defeat the fanatic. These are things that gave the 'Emperor' a headache, so from his perspective, he must repay them.

When demanding that 'repayment', the duke's influence will be so strong that he will say 'absolutely'. It was probably a request that benefited the duke himself.

Originally, I was planning to bring in Deon Hardt, but thanks to this, I became more confident.

He is undoubtedly on the side of the 'imperialist faction', or more specifically, 'Edoardo Dessertes'. His skills are excellent, so he doesn't have to worry about losing out in competition with Cruel, and because his opponent is Cruel, he is also overflowing with motivation.

It was truly an ideal hand.

But Nemeseus.

"I think it's there."

"...."

"He is dangerous."

Nemeseus was adamant.

This time, he dared to look straight at the emperor, his eyes brightening as if he would definitely persuade him.

It was clearly rude behavior, but the emperor did not reprimand him.

Because it wasn't a disrespectful look.

How can you reprimand someone when they are 'appealing' to you to listen to them?

An impatient voice continued, as if being chased.

"Do you know what he did during the eight years of war?"

"I heard that he showed cruel hands, including chopping up his enemies. Is that the reason?"

"no. That was probably his own way of surviving and a strategy. So it doesn't matter."

A small boy who stood out even more with his white hair and red eyes.

This was the first time that a nobleman had joined the ranks as an ordinary soldier, and since he was under his command, his eyes were drawn to the temple.

The ridiculously weak child was naturally unaccustomed to killing people.

When ordinary people commit their first murder, the aftereffects last for a long time. However, there was no time to come to one's senses on a battlefield that was constantly moving.

That's why even adult men are having a hard time, so what about a child who chooses 'cruelty' as a way to survive?

The mind of a child is much weaker than that of an adult.

A child like that had to make a corpse with his own hands that was painful to even look at with his own eyes.

I had to hold a dagger that seemed heavy in my small hands and feel the feel of it as I stabbed the person.

I had to repeatedly fall into and out of madness.

“That guy...”

He must have gone crazy.

He must have felt that his ability to remain sane was reaching its limits.

While maintaining cruelty and suffering from the overwhelming guilt of being consumed by madness—...you must remain sane.

Do you know what method the child chose in such a situation?

‘Are you... are you okay?’

‘yes? ‘What do you mean?’

‘Uh...’

‘Oh, if you’re injured, it’s okay. ‘It wasn’t that big of an injury.’

‘No, it’s not that, it was in the battle a little while ago...!’

‘General.’



‘....’

‘I don’t know what you’re talking about.’

Nemeseus could not hide his trembling eyes.

“That guy has separated his personality!”

The confused child, clutching his shaking mind with both hands, seemed to have decided something, went into a tent with alcohol and drugs, and stayed there for three days, creating two personalities

.

No, it is ambiguous to even call it a personality. Rather, it would be more correct to call it ‘personality’.

It would be difficult to call something that remembers everything and can switch at will as ‘two personalities’.

The child gave himself two personalities.

A ‘crazy personality’ who has gone crazy with blood and only cares about battle and survival, and a ‘

normal personality’ who only remembers normal battles and his normal self.

“In other words, you have abandoned the guilt you should have been carrying!”

If you tried to mention the things you did when your child was ‘crazy’ to a child who was pretending to have a ‘normal personality’, he would pretend not to know and pretend not to know.

You know it. What did you do?

They are just pretending not to know under the name of 'rationalization'.

Denying and ignoring what he has done.

"What do you think will happen if that guy's spirit breaks down?"

The guilt I had to bear was too much for me, so I abandoned myself in such an extreme way.

That guy's mental strength must be worse than that of a sand castle. It was obvious that if I were to make him face reality, he would completely collapse.

What would happen if you keep belittling a guy like that and his spirit breaks down?

However, the emperor was calm, uncharacteristic of someone who had heard a serious matter with his own ears.

After sitting leisurely with his legs crossed and listening to Nemeseus's words to the end, the first words he spoke were extremely leisurely, as if he were talking about another world.

"What does that mean?"

I uncrossed my legs and leaned my upper body forward.

The emperor looked directly at Nemeseus' face as he got closer and spoke with a cold smile over his expressionless expression.

"Jim knows this too."

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 51**

51. Salvation Church (1)

“...But how!”

“Isn’t that Deonhardt’s choice? He must have thought about it and made that choice, and even if something happens because of it, he will have to take responsibility.”

A bored voice falls softly, as if it has nothing to do with him. Nemeseus was speechless and could not speak for a moment.

There’s no way it doesn’t matter. If a sword is damaged, the repercussions will also affect the owner who used it.

Even though he knew that the emperor couldn’t know that fact, he couldn’t understand it, so he forced his lips that wouldn’t fall apart and opened them.

“...Your Majesty may have to share that responsibility.”

“It doesn’t matter. Isn’t this what an emperor is supposed to be?”

“....”

“I’m just kidding. It’s worth seeing your expression.”

The emperor made a low sound on his mokuldae. A sound like laughter lingered in the back of my throat.

It's absurd that the author, who calls himself a tyrant, says things that are the standard of a saint, but I never thought he'd show such a blatant expression.

Thinking that he needed to learn how to hide his facial expressions, the emperor slowly came up with an answer to Nemeseus' words.

There is no grand reason.

It's a very simple story.

"I am not so incompetent that I cannot cover up even the mistakes of those I care about."

"...."

"Is this enough of an answer, General?"

Although I cannot be a saint enough to generously cover everyone's mistakes, I can be a saint enough to those I care about.

Giving generosity, money, time, and power that should be equally invested in other useless things to a few people.

Emperor Edoardo had the power and ability to do so, and there was no one who could refute it.

Therefore, unless it is a fairly serious accident such as treason, most accidents can be resolved.

"If the mistake is something Jim can't handle, then Jim's eyesight is wrong."

Even so, nothing will change. It just increases the amount of responsibility.

Additionally, the likelihood of something like that happening will be significantly less.

“There’s no way Jim would mindlessly surround a dangerous person.”

“If you do...”

“There is a leash.”

Cruel Hart.

The Emperor smiled slowly, remembering Deonhardt’s older brother.

[In order to destroy the family, he even claimed to be the companion of a warrior who was not even a member of the Eight Emperors. But why....]

The conversation with Deon Hart, who had just returned from the Demon World and burst into the banquet hall covered in blood, started to get wild the moment Cruel Hart became a hot topic.

Perhaps it was because I had just heard the news of Cruel becoming a hero that I couldn’t control my emotions.

As if the condensed emotions were exploding, the direction of the words changed and the tone of the voice rose.

The voice, which was getting louder as if it was going to spill out at any moment, suddenly died down the moment the emperor made eye contact.

I realized it too late. Who is the person sitting in front of me?

The emperor did not bother to criticize his rudeness.

Because I know how extreme Deonhardt's feelings toward his family are. And how much it benefits you.

Hate killing rage.

From his point of view, they are the ones who pushed a weak child, who was only 14 years old, into the battlefield.

After fighting on the battlefield for eight years, Deon's hatred for his family grew like a snowball, and when he finally stood before the emperor in recognition of his contribution in the war, he refused all rewards and asked for only one thing.

[Please allow me to destroy the family with my own hands.]

There was no reason to refuse.

Although Count Hart is a family that has been loyal to the royal family for generations, that is not a great advantage for him, who ascended to the throne through rebellion. In other words, there is no reason to keep it.

The incredible Count Hart family and the individual Deon Hardt, who can be used as a great sword if done well.

[Good.]

Without hesitation, the emperor sided with the individual.

Of course, it wasn't something I listened to right away. At this point, it would be better to solve other issues at the same time, and if you are going to use it as a sword, wouldn't it be better to refine it a little harder?

[However, I am a little doubtful as to whether it is worth it for me to give up my 'family' and choose you, the 'individual'.] [...What should

I do?]

[It just so happens that the hero is there to deal with the Demon King. He was preparing to leave the empire.]

As a companion of a hero, he came to deal with the devil.

Although the Duke suggested it, it was a bit odd, but it was an excellent way to refine the sword called Deon Hart.

The results were great.

He has recovered the body of a defeated warrior. At this level, even those who opposed him because he did not possess the 'fragments of a hero' would have no choice but to acknowledge him as a 'hero'.

From the emperor's perspective, it seemed like something more should have been added.

however.

Despite the Emperor's position of not wanting Deonhart to be ruined, he stuck to his starting position in exchange for money and land.

[It looks like Count Hart will be very quiet tonight. What do you think?] [

...Thank you for your consideration.]

Since a promise is a promise, the Emperor obediently accepted his request.

Once you have made your decision, hesitation is useless. The emperor secretly prevented unrelated people from coming around Count Hart's mansion that night, and Deon Hart killed everyone in the mansion without being caught.

One thing that was unexpected was that Cruel Hart was not at the mansion that day. Even worse, he came back while Deonhardt was busy with work.

The story might have been different if I had been at the mansion from the beginning or had only come the next morning after everything was over.

However, as fate would have it, Cruel Hart witnessed with his own eyes Deon Hardt murdering his family members and survived.

It was a little different than expected, but in the end it was a good hand to control Deonhardt.

Even so, if the Hart family's extinction incident attracted attention and Cruel Hart, one of the few survivors of the family, was killed, the repercussions would be significant. How many people can stop that?

In the end, in order to kill Cruel Hart, you must not pretend to be with the emperor.

'The reason Duke Illuster trusts Cruel Hart and keeps him by his side is probably similar to this.'

Deon Hart will be Cruel Hart's leash.

Is there anything more funny than this? They are each other's leash.



The emperor held up his hand, suppressing a sigh filled with complex emotions that was about to burst out.

“Please don’t mention anything more about Hany Deon Hart.”

\*\*\*

Wow, what kind of yard is full of such cute things? Is this a new type of installation art? What if someone steals it?

Or money? Are you trying to brag that our family has this much money? I’m jealous whose house it is.

...Whose house is it? It’s my house!!

“What is that!?”

I’ve never bought anything like that!

Could it be that the knights caused an accident again? We need to get rid of these right away.

I stood up and slammed the desk, intending to run as soon as I could figure out the cause.

A few papers fluttered down, but the sight outside the window was too impactful to pay attention to such things right now, so I didn’t even notice them.

These shiny things are forming a small hill in my yard. How many documents are there now?

Even while I was half in a daze, the calm old man’s voice leisurely lingered in my ears.

“These are given by His Majesty as a reward for catching a spy.”

“It’s not necessary, it’s burdensome. Send it back immediately!”

“If you do that, the Count’s spirit will likely return to where it came from, so I dare to oppose it on behalf of this old man’s loyalty.”

“....”

No matter what I said, it was like that...

Thanks to you, I came to my senses. Yes, I gave it to you, but how would you feel if you rejected it saying you didn’t need it? If you’re a tyrant, it’s not strange no matter what you do, so just keep your mouth shut and accept it.

‘...If you’re going to give a reward, don’t give it like that, but take it to Hart’s territory or back.’

Perhaps the reason he didn’t mention the reward for catching the spy in his conversation with me was because he anticipated my thoughts. Damn, he’s a tyrant and even has a good head.

I felt like my throat was burning due to the fever, so I picked up the teacup on the desk.

‘As expected, it smells good.’

However, I couldn’t get more than a few sips and put it down again. I wonder if smelling this scent makes me want to go to the bathroom.

This is the same tea that the crown prince and princess drank when they had tea time. The crown prince took care of it before leaving the palace.

I couldn't bear to just throw away the prince's gift, so I threw it on the table in my room as soon as I got home, but when Remember the butler found it, he often brought it out with refreshments whenever he was at work.

That wasn't the only thing Remember came up with.

smart. There was a cautious knocking sound. Remember opened the door, took something, came over and put it down on the desk.

What was placed on the tray was none other than a bowl of herbal decoction that looked like it could be used.

"It's time to take your medicine."

"...Do I really have to eat that?"

"It was sent by the palace doctor. If it's good for you, it's good, but it's not bad, so eat it quickly. I've already completed the poison test."

I thought it was just empty words, but the palace doctor really sent the medicine to the count's residence. It's not even just 1-2 weeks. Is this the equivalent of almost a month?

I am grateful, but I don't like writing things...

Of course, my rejection didn't have any effect on Remember.

He grins and holds out a decoction. The behavior is polite, but is it because of the feeling of unspoken pressure?

"I'm full now."

My stomach was full because I drank tea.

“Still, eat it.”

“ .... ”

The decoction was extremely bitter.

As I was frowning, a piece of candy entered my mouth. I was startled and raised my head, and my eyes met with silver-blue eyes smiling gently.

...This butler is real. I am not a child.

‘But the candy is delicious. Does it taste like strawberries?’

I rolled the candy on my tongue and looked out the window again. I still feel like my head hurts just looking at all the shiny things piled up in the yard.

Those are the biggest problems, how should I deal with them?

I tapped the desk with my fingers and opened my mouth in a daze.

“Remember.”

“Yes, Count.”

“I will entrust half of them to Remembert. Use it for the mansion’s budget. The other half will be saved separately.”

“Yes, I understand.”

“Ah, please set some aside. I have a place to use it.”

“How much would you like?”

“Enough to gather information.”

He pulled the string and called the maid.

“Lien “Bring the Sir.”

To summarize, the money set aside went into the hands of Sir Lien, the leader of our Order of Murderous Demons and the only sane person. The

purpose was none other than to investigate information about the ‘Church of Salvation’.

Like a conscientious knight, she A few days later, he came with two bundles of documents, one detailing where and how much money was spent, and the other information he had discovered, and

now he said,

“The Church of Salvation is a new religion that is expanding its influence mainly in the slums. He was collecting believers by distributing bread and water.”

He was politely reporting the information he had found in front of me.

“Unlike usual pseudo-religions, there is no such thing as asking you to believe in the ‘cultist’ or pay ‘money’. All I can say is to believe in ‘salvation’...”

““Salvation’... It’s too abstract...”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 52**

### 52. Salvation Church (2)

There are more than one suspicious thing.

It would be natural for a pseudo-religion, but the 'Salvation Church' was different from other pseudo-religions that appeared and disappeared countless times.

'It is currently widely known among commoners and is also receiving support from some nobles.'

Things may be a bit better now that a few nobles are sponsoring it, but it must have cost a lot of money to start.

In other words, he started with a level of funds that ordinary people could not easily have.

Since their starting point was a slum, their money usage at the time would have been almost like pouring water into a bottomless pot.

If you roughly calculate it, it's an amount that even a decent noble family wouldn't be able to afford...

'Money is not the goal, and the funder does not want to become the head of a religious cult and be looked up to by people. What on earth is this really?'

Out of frustration, I poured the lukewarm tea left in my teacup down my throat. And I immediately regretted it.

Damn it, I drank tea for no reason. I can't believe I want to go to the bathroom in such a serious situation.

I need to think a little more about the report, but...

'First, go to the bathroom. After that, I thought about it again....'

"Are you sure you want to go there yourself?"

"yes?"

I stopped walking towards the door.

This is some bullshit again.

Unlike me, who was momentarily dazed, Lord Lien looked at me with respect and spoke solemnly. At first glance, I saw her adjusting the sword at her waist.

"It's dangerous to go alone. I will follow you."

"Yes? No...uh...huh?"

...In the end, I was dragged away without even being able to go to the bathroom.

Lord Lien said with bright eyes, 'I respect you.' Shouting, he strides forward, opens the door, and waits, but in that situation, how can he say, 'Please go to the bathroom...'  
Because of that, I couldn't

take active action and just hoped that a savior would appear before I left the mansion, but in reality, was ruthless.

‘Fuck, my luck is like that.’

It wasn't that I didn't meet anyone. There were maids and servants. I even ran into Remembert on the way down the stairs. But

our butler, who was usually so capable, must have not seen my expression as if I was being dragged to the slaughterhouse, so he just said, “He's leaving.” “Are you sure?” Lien simply asked, and when Rien answered that she was going to the slums, he wordlessly gave her two tattered robes and personally sent her off with a calm greeting telling her to go home. It was not a smooth robe or a clean traveler's robe, but a tattered one

. Judging by the tattered robes I gave him, he seemed to have a general idea of what we were going to do. I wonder why a person with such good senses didn't notice my expression. Could it be that he was ignoring me on purpose? “I think you'll have to put on your robes from here on out

.

”

As I walked in a daze, I found myself at the entrance to the slums. Sir Lien, who led me to a nearby alley, held out his shabby robe.

I looked down at it with dark eyes and slowly took it with trembling hands.

‘Are we really going to go on like this?’

It will at least give me time to mentally prepare. Or at least time to go to the bathroom. If I go in like



this, I'm going to make a very different mistake, so I bite my lip once and cautiously open my mouth.

"...That . "Can I go somewhere for a while first?"

"Yes? Where..."

"Over there for a moment... It's only a short while, so don't ever follow me."

To prepare my mind, I have to throw away all the water in my body.

I haven't experienced it myself yet, but people are so surprised. I've seen with my own eyes evidence of people saying that when they're scared, they mess with their pants. It was really ugly. I never want to be

seen like that, so it's better to be prepared in advance. Even if it's a slum, you wouldn't walk around with shit in your pants.

...But Lord Lien hesitated with an anxious expression, wondering what on earth he was thinking.

"Are you okay?"

"Yes."

I guess he's anxious because this is a slum... ..

Of course it's okay. I'm not some kind of child. Are you worried that I can't go to the bathroom alone? Besides, you're a girl. I followed you so I wouldn't have to worry about something happening. I faced Sir Lien with a stern face. Despite his calm-looking face, his intentions were urgent

. It was going on.

Stop dragging the time and let me go now. Can't you even see this white face? If I pretend, I have to pretend and understand. I was afraid that they would

barge in while I was doing my business like this, so I left a nail in my mouth telling me not to follow again. I hurriedly ran to the corner of the alley.

"Now, just a moment...!"

Thinking about the possibility of Lord Lien snooping around, I took a couple more turns and barely managed to do my business, but suddenly the thought of wanting to kill them all came up.

What glory would I have? Why are you going through all this trouble? It's not that you want to own the land, but that you're willing to return a territory!

If that was all it was, I would have given up cleanly, but since Cruel is said to be in charge of this, giving up is not far off.

'Damn it... .'

I adjusted my pants and put on my robe.

Then I went out of the alley and took a turn, and there was someone standing in the middle of the alley where no one was there until I came in. It

looks like that person is also trying to sneak in somewhere. The shabby robe in his hand is what catches my eye. It supported my guess,

but that person looked somewhat familiar. The man , with black hair...

and just wearing a robe, also turns his head this way, as if checking for the owner of the person he senses. Since I hadn't put on my hood yet, of course I made eye contact with him.

...'Infiltrate somewhere'?

I will correct it. It looks like that person is also trying to infiltrate the Salvation Church. No, I'm sure.

"You—"

He's probably carrying out the same mission as me.

Cruel Hart.

Even though there was a hateful being in front of me, I could not express my unpleasant feelings.

Because I was so surprised by an encounter I wasn't prepared for—

I murmured.

"...!"

"Oh shit... cough"

— Because I ended up vomiting blood.

For some reason, it's been a bit quiet these days, but it explodes like this. shit.

I didn't want to look ugly, so I covered my mouth. I looked at the red liquid that filled my palm and dripped onto the floor,

then looked up and checked Cruel.

He was motionless, looking at me and the blood-covered floor directly in front of me.

“....”

“....”

The green eyes that were looking at the floor slowly look up and rest at the corner of my mouth.

I immediately lowered my head. I'm so embarrassed that I can't even raise my head.

He vomited blood just because he was 'surprised' and for no other reason. This itself would be embarrassing, but why would I show myself like this in front of that guy?

If I stay like this, I will only be wasting time, so I quickly push the guy away and try to get out of the alley, but someone with a familiar silhouette slowly appears behind him as if hesitating.

“I'm sorry, Count. I was worried...”

Lord Lien, who checked on me, seemed to trail off, but eventually closed his mouth.

Her eyes go back and forth between me and Cruel standing in front of me.

I wondered absentmindedly as I watched her hand slowly moving towards the sword at her waist, wondering how she was accepting the situation.

‘—First of all, I'm really glad that he didn't come to me while I was running errands.’

\*\*\*

I covered my mouth with my hand, but I couldn't hide the blood flowing between my fingers.

Looking at the blood on the floor and Deon Hardt's red-stained hands, Knight Commander Lien Reiner secretly regretted it.

'I shouldn't have just sent it.'

Why did he overlook the fact that he was the only one who could protect Count Hart?

When I thought about it, the signs were clear.

In addition to his pale face, trembling hands, cold sweat, and lips clenched tightly as if he was holding back pain, he even acted out of sync with his usual behavior of rushing into an alley as if he was hiding something.

The devil's curse has been activated.

'The article is disqualified.'

I knew that my eyes were not in good condition as they were not for decoration.

So, when he said he would be away for a while, I asked him out of concern.

[Are you sure it's okay?]

[Yes.]

It was a mistake to obediently send him away because I couldn't bear to disobey his firm answer and look on his face that told him not to follow me.

Contrary to popular rumors, Count Hart is a good-natured person who hates worrying others.

Of course, during battle, he showed another cruel side and caused quite a shock... but that was only limited to 'battle'.

Normally he was very reserved and kind.

It's the same just this time. Didn't he have no hesitation in stepping into this dirty place, saying that he would check for himself, saying that if there was insufficient information, he could order someone to investigate again?

Perhaps the reason he tried to hide his condition so much was because he thought that if he showed hemoptysis, they would ask him to go back. He probably didn't want to worry you and wanted to investigate.

How can I not care about this?

'But...'

I rolled my eyes and shifted my gaze to a man standing in front of Count Hart.

Who is it? Due to the location, only the back is visible, so it is impossible to clearly determine who it is, but judging from the Count's expression, it seems that they do not have a friendly relationship.

Could this be an assassin who has been waiting for an opportunity? Are you planning to attack while the Count is weak?

However, it is rare for an assassin to appear in public.

'...Have you already tried it once?'

Even if he is weakened by the curse, the Count is a hero. He would not have easily allowed an attack.

It would be correct to say that the raid failed due to the Count's formidable skills, and a standoff ensued afterwards.

'First, let's subdue the author.'

Neglecting the Count's condition and safety was an unforgivable mistake, but being so shocked that he was unable to do his job was an even bigger sin.

I am a knight. A knight who must protect the Count.

Lien quickly regained his composure and slowly raised his hand to his sword.

Perhaps sensing something suspicious, the person wearing the hood of his robe belatedly turns around to look at me.

The moment Lien felt the gaze beneath the robe on me, she immediately drew her sword and rushed towards the guy.

Cheaeng!!

A bloody sound rang out.

\*\*\*

Cruel crossed his swords and silently scanned the opponent's face. Even though it was a sudden attack, there was no disturbance.

It's a familiar face. Was he the leader of the knights under Deon?

She swings her sword without hesitation. Kaang! The harsh sound shook my eardrums again.

Since he did not receive the title 'Hero' for free, Cruel skillfully blocked the attack and looked at the two with Deon's terrifying green eyes.

'Is it a mission after all?'

I heard long ago that Deon received the same mission as me.

So the Duke's voice telling me not to lose echoes in my head again. At the same time, the missions also increased.

I knew it in my head, but I never dreamed that we would meet already. I was so surprised when I made eye contact with him.

It never happened that I passed by without recognizing it.

Pale skin and red eyes are not very common. Isn't it funny that when such clear evidence is revealed, they don't even notice that they are wearing only a flimsy robe?

I was taken aback by the unexpected encounter, but my thoughts were short-lived. Deon, unable to contain his excitement, vomited blood.

—Did it come about because of an innate physical condition or because of the devil's curse?

My younger brother was weak from birth. If a curse had been added to his body, how much longer would he have left to live?

I'm not sure, but it won't be that long.

"...."



Cruel thought as he looked at the blood on the corner of Deon's mouth with an extremely calm expression.

'He shouldn't be participating in this mission.'

Even if there are other things, this must be prevented.

Was one arm not enough?

Cruel, who was wondering whether he should submit another request, showed no signs of doubting that Deon had been 'cursed'.

Because he clearly saw that was the case.

A black brand with a strange pattern engraved on the border between Deon's collarbone and neck.

As those who know about the existence of the stigma usually think, Cruel also thought that it was damaging Deon's physical condition and lifespan.

'So only until the little remaining life span comes to an end.'

All you have to do is hold on until then.

While repeating that, Cruel looked at Deon.

The green eyes, which did not feel lifeless, were sunken and focused only on one person.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 53**

### 53. Salvation Church (3)

Bloody sword strikes take place. No, Lord Lien was pushing it unilaterally.

However, that did not mean that Cruel was at a disadvantage. He seemed to be lost in other thoughts and was leisurely blocking the attack. He even glanced at me occasionally.

So, how did Sir Lien, who always took pride in his title as a knight, feel?

Her eyes rolled back as she was faced with a situation for the first time in her life where she was openly ignored.

“You...! You!!”

“Now wait a minute...!”

If we continue to fight like this, Lord Lien is in danger. I couldn't let her die, so I quickly took a step forward.

I don't want to admit it, but my opponent is the hero Cruel. I knew very well that the title of hero he received was not obtained through rock-paper-scissors.

Because I have seen his swordsmanship since I was young.

“Please step aside, Lord Lien.”

“Count...! But!”

“It’s an order.”

If the disadvantaged party had been Cruel and not Lord Lien, I wouldn’t have come forward.

Sir Lien, who had a blank expression for a moment, perhaps shocked by my rare mention of an order, bit his lip and stepped back.

I was a little worried about her messed up mood, but there was something else I had to worry about first, so I kept my eyes straight ahead for now.

I made eye contact with Cruel, who was silently sheathing his sword. As usual, just as I was about to speak first, he broke my expectations and opened his mouth before me.

“Are you trying to infiltrate the Church of Salvation?”

“....”

The content was of a very unpleasant kind.

Out of embarrassment, I reflexively closed my mouth. As soon as he realized this, he tried to part his lips as if nothing had happened, but there was no way Cruel would miss that opportunity.

A voice filled with confidence fell.

“You’re trying to infiltrate.”

“...under.”

So what should I do? Since you're going undercover too, are you asking me to come with you?

Of course, they won't accept it.

I forcefully raised the corners of my mouth. He's probably looking into my eyes, not smiling at all.

"I don't think it's any of your concern."

"Don't go."

"...."

What.

I don't know how to react when a fastball is thrown straight at me like this.

Of course, aside from being speechless, I have no intention of obediently following his words. In the first place, who would follow the words of an 'enemy' who is running with the same goal?

'...Yes, I was given the same mission.'

When I think about that, my head goes cold. The embarrassing feeling disappeared and my stiff tongue loosened.

I immediately smiled broadly. A cool voice that did not match the expression flowed from between the lips.

"Whether I go or not, that's my decision."

"...."

“Isn’t the situation too bad to say you care about it now? — Hyung.”

“...!”

Cruel’s body flinched. His conscience may have been pricked, or he may have been struck by a dead end, or he may have been taken aback by a familiar title.

Well, it doesn’t matter either way. He might be like that, but I don’t attach much meaning to those words.

I turned around without delay. I could keep up this momentum and push further, but it’s too much of a waste of time to stay here with that guy any longer.

“So there’s no need to worry about me. I’m not happy at all.”

“....”

“If you understand, I’ll just go. Brother.”

Sir Lien, who had been looking back and forth between me and Cruel with his eyes wide open ever since he heard the title ‘Brother’, urged me to head out of the alley.

I am me, but Lord Lien is also Lord Lien. So you’re saying he’s a typical knight?

‘This isn’t the first time I’ve seen Cruel do this. ‘I guess it’s time to get used to it.’

Or were you so concerned that you didn’t recognize Cruel and crossed swords with him? Since he was wearing a robe, it was natural that he wouldn’t be recognized.

As I quickly turned my attention elsewhere and started walking, I heard a soft voice behind me.

“hair.”

Stop.

“It would be a good idea to at least paint it with mud.”

Because you can’t hide your eyes.

Cruel closed his mouth after saying those words. I pretended not to hear anything and left the alley.

Of course, my mind was complicated.

‘What is this guy? Why are you making such a fuss about giving bad advice?’

Of course, the advice itself is correct. However, I feel bad about accepting it...

....

“Lord Lien, is this okay?”

“Yeah, it doesn’t look like gray hair at all.”

“But why are you so far away...?”

“It’s my mood.”

“....”

Gray? No brown? Anyway, I awkwardly smoothed my hair, which was a color that could never be seen as white.

As the dirt fell down his shoulders, Sir Lien, who was moving away from me at a high speed, blinked at the corners of his eyes.

...Why do I feel a little bad?

“Lord Lien, I will infiltrate the Salvation Church.”

“Yes I know.”

“I’m sure they won’t just let me in there.”

“...!”

It was only for a moment, but a frustrated expression appeared on his face.

A person who has always been blunt and has no change in expression makes an expression like that, so this is refreshing in its own way.

I slightly raised the corners of my mouth and gestured towards her with a pleasant feeling.

“Come here. I will do my best to help you disguise yourself.”

Kwasik.

“...Now that I think about it, it wouldn’t be a bad idea for me to go in alone. Sir Lien should just wait outside...” ”

No...no. I promised you a little while ago that I wouldn’t leave the Count alone. As a knight, I keep that promise. “It is something that cannot be violated.”

“I’m okay...”

“I’m not okay.”

The facial expression isn't right. It looks like it's going to cut down someone at any moment.

I forgot about it for a while. Lord Rien is also a strong knight who could kill me in one fell swoop if he wanted to.

As soon as I realized that fact, the corners of my mouth that had been slightly raised twitched awkwardly.

I'm not going to die like this, right?

That too to the escorts.

Feeling that his life was in danger, I desperately tried to dissuade him, so Lord Lien decided to just lightly stain his face.

Of course, I really didn't want to do that, so I disguised myself with trembling hands... Well, it's still better than having both my head and face covered in mud, isn't it?

And now, at the entrance to the alley where the entrance to Salvation Church is, I pulled the hood over my head tightly once more and said solemnly.

"Then let's go."

"yes."

"...."

"...."

...Do you think you'll be kicked out right away if you go in with that look on your face?

His face has always been grim, and in that state, it seems like no matter what he does, he'll be caught right away. Was



the mud painting that terrible?

“Lord Lien.”

“Yes, Count.”

“Why do you look like that?”

“it’s nothing.”

It’s nothing.

I swallowed the sarcasm that was about to come out and let out a small sigh. Meanwhile, she flinched slightly, probably because she heard the sound with her excellent hearing.

I was thinking for a moment about how to relieve this atmosphere, but perhaps sensing this as an unspoken pressure, Sir Lien lowered his head and suddenly spoke. Her expression was distorted in pain.

“sorry.”

“hmm?”

I didn’t mean to scold you. No, I’m not even sure she’s apologizing for the reasons I think in the first place.

Unstable. Whether in the demon world or the empire, whenever people around me reacted like that, a bad conclusion was always drawn.

So I reflexively furrowed my brows, and she hastily added, as if she was somehow being chased.

“Next time I will never leave you alone.”

“...Uh...”

I understand what caused that expression. But...

‘Then what about my private life?’

How do you solve your errands? Is this okay for me to give up my privacy for the sake of safety?

As expected, my hunch was right. When I heard that unexpected apology, I should have changed the topic somehow.

After thinking about how to reject her burdensome loyalty, the conclusion I came to was simple.

“...Thank you.”

Let’s agree for now and bring someone else with us the next time we go out.

“Then let’s go.”

I was worried that she might ask more questions about this, so I started to move quickly after stopping for a moment.

As if feeling a little better, I feel a light figure following me from behind.

Still, I looked back at her just in case and was at a loss for words for a moment.

“...Hide the sword.”

“Ah,” I

quietly touched my forehead as I saw Sir Lien’s unusually embarrassed expression.

I've felt this before, but this person doesn't seem to have much interest in anything other than 'knights' and 'swords'.

Anyway, isn't this a bit harsh?

Why does a person who has to play a 'poor person who came after hearing rumors about the Church of Salvation' wear a sword so openly?

"...Just bury it in the ground nearby. I'll go in first."

"I'm sorry. It's dangerous."

A restless appearance. It's shameless to ask them to wait because it's their mistake, but they're worried about just letting it go, so it's clearly visible that they can't do this or that.

It would be even more difficult since I had promised just a moment ago that I would not leave him alone.

Normally, I would have hidden my sword and waited for him to come, but unfortunately, I was quite anxious right now.

'We have to deal with it faster than Cruel.'

It's absolutely impossible to be behind him, and if you happen to run into him inside on the way, it's absolutely terrible.

So there is only one way. Doing it faster than that guy.

"Hide it as quickly as possible and come back. Then I'll leave."

"Ah...! One hundred times...!"

The voice that came out in a hurry suddenly fades away.

Tsk tsk, the place is a different place, so you can't even call me by my name properly. It would be difficult since I didn't decide on a separate pseudonym or title.

Well, it's a problem for her, but it's a good thing for me. Thanks to you, I didn't get caught and wasted time, so I came right away.

'Is it okay if I talk to that woman?'

There, at what appears to be the entrance to Salvation Bridge, there is a woman standing. I pretended not to notice the desperate, wordless cries coming from behind me and took a curious step forward....

Leak.

Uddangtangtang!!

"Gwaaak! Are you okay?"

"...."

"How long have you been starving? Are you having a hard time? Would you like to get up first?"

I fell down and was silent for a moment without raising my head. A woman's voice is heard directly above.

Shit. Did you come this far?

It doesn't hurt, but I feel embarrassed. Are you so embarrassed that you don't even feel the pain?

As I slowly turned my gaze while lying down, I saw Sir Lien admiring me from behind.

'Why are you admiring me?'

He even turns around without hesitation, leaving behind an uncomfortable expression... Are you leaving? Are you really going? Why am I so anxious? It's not like you're doing something wrong, right?

I feel like I want to stay like this forever, but is that possible? Anyway, I had to give an answer to enter the Salvation Church, so I opened my mouth with difficulty.

"Uh... Keluk!"

"Phi pipipipiga!!"

I roughly wiped the corner of my mouth with the back of my hand.

As expected, I was so embarrassed that I couldn't even feel the pain. I can't believe I got so upset after just falling and rolling a few times.

First, I need to reassure the woman in front of me. As much as they think of me as a poor person, they must also be considering infectious diseases. If this continues, you may be banned from going inside at all.

"Oh, this is... it's a chronic disease I've had since birth... I'm fine. It's not contagious..." "

Ah... let's go inside first. There's a place to rest inside."

"Before that..."

It would be better to allay any doubts in advance.

"I heard... that you can get bread and water if you come here."

"Oh yes! Of course!"

“You’re not going to get anything in return...?”

“Yes, so please feel free to come in.”

The woman smiles brightly, as if to reassure her.

Wow, does that make you more anxious? I don’t think I need to act this out separately. My psychology right now is probably that of the poor.

I hesitantly followed the woman without hiding my anxiety and doubts.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 54**

54. Salvation Church (4)

‘As expected, it is amazing.’

Crack.

Lien, who had buried his sword, was inwardly impressed as he touched the dug-up ground around him with his hands. She was thinking of Deon when he was infiltrating the Salvation Church.

He even uses his body to infiltrate!

He fell and swept the floor until he reached the woman. Anyone could see that he looked like a poor person who had starved for several days and whose legs were weak.

I didn't see him go inside, but he must have gone in. Because there was no reason to doubt it.

The problem is when the robe is lifted from the inside...

‘The Count will take care of that.’

He's actually a count. I guess you are prepared for that.

Lien, who had overlooked an important issue due to his extreme faith in Deon, picked up a small rock nearby and

placed it on top of where the sword was buried.

With this, you won't have to worry about losing your sword.

Now, all you have to do is go inside Salvation Church and meet the Count...

"Oh, I'm sorry. It's difficult to receive any more new believers today..."

"...Yes?"

"I guess you want bread and water, right? I'll give it to you here, so can you come back later? I'm really sorry."

"...."

It's intentional. It's clear they didn't let it in on purpose.

Lien suddenly took the bread and water and looked blankly at the woman in front of him.

The woman with an apologetic expression is clearly the woman who was standing in front of the Count when he fell.

But why is the treatment between me and the Count different? Did you notice something? Or discrimination? Well, the Count was handsome... or did he wear a robe?

Although she didn't understand, Lien had no choice but to walk away because if she just stood here, she might arouse suspicion.

'I'll have to wait nearby.'

When the Count comes out, I will apologize for my incompetence in infiltrating properly.



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‘Did you think I’d let you in?’

Come and visit once in a lifetime. See if I let you in.

Saerin, the face of the Salvation Church and the actual director, looked at Lien’s back as he trudged away with a bright smile on his face.

There was a reason why she let the man from before come in and sent the woman back.

‘Because that woman learned the sword.’

The gait is that of someone who has learned the sword. A disciplined, powerful and overly regular gait.

Even if we assume that he is a knight who fell into poverty and became a poor person, this does not make sense.

There is no way that a desperately poor person who has starved for days on end could walk with such strength.

‘On the other hand, the man I sent in a little while ago had a normal gait that is commonly seen.’

I even lost strength in my legs and fell.

When I got up, the movement of one arm was unnatural. There’s probably something wrong with his arm.

‘Plus the blood.’

It was the kind of thing that couldn’t come out through acting.

It is inappropriate to use such a person as a spy.

In order to steal important information, you need to be skilled enough to steal ledgers. Is it possible for a person who has a chronic illness that causes him to vomit blood, can't use one arm properly, and has no leg strength due to starvation for a long time to go into the center and steal ledgers?

So the probability that the man is a spy is close to 0.

'At this point, we need to add one more believer.'

Saerin, who had no way of knowing that the man she had sent in, Deon Hardt, had no formal swordsmanship since he had learned the sword on his own while rolling on the battlefield, went inside the building to see him again without any doubt.

\*\*\*

"Here, have some tea."

"Oh, thank you."

I reached out my hand and took the tea cup held out. Of course, I didn't drink it without any doubt. I knew what was inside this.

As I quietly and naturally smelled it, the woman smiled brightly, wondering how she had noticed it.

"It's just a common, cheap tea. It doesn't contain anything, so don't worry and drink it."

"...yes."

It definitely doesn't smell like any medicine... but I don't know. From that woman's point of view, she would have

nothing to gain by killing me, who is just a poor person.

I carefully put the tea in my mouth and swallowed it. Warm energy enters and spreads throughout the body, relieving tension.

If it were winter now, it would have been twice as effective, but it's a bit disappointing. Tea is best drunk in winter.

"But aren't you frustrated?"

"...ah."

I reflexively adjusted the hood of my robe. I almost fell backwards, but I managed to stop it.

Is it because of my mood? At first glance, the woman's eyes seemed to sparkle.

No, now is not the time to worry about that.

'What should I answer?'

If you take off your robe, there is a risk of your identity being discovered. Fortunately, my face is not yet widely known due to my infrequent presence in social circles, but my red eyes are also my symbol...

What should I say?

"...It's okay. It's ugly..."

"Huh? If that's the reason, you can feel free to take it off. No one here will make a fuss about your appearance."

"ah...!"

It was only for a moment that the strong hood that covered his face was removed.

I hastily fixed my gaze downward. I wanted to cover my face with my hands or lower my head, but objectively speaking, that was too much of an excessive reaction, so this was the best I could do.

...Damn it.

Even though I could clearly see the woman's hand reaching out in this direction, I couldn't resist it.

If you refuse, they will definitely be suspicious.

The robe comes off, revealing a dull-colored head that has been painted with dirt just in case.

A woman's soft voice fell overhead.

"It's okay, raise your head."

"...."

After hesitating for a moment, a beautiful hand reached out without delay. Both cheeks were gently cupped and the head was raised.

My red eyes met the woman's eyes that were disguised as kindness.

And at the same time, the suspicion in the woman's eyes was clearly reflected on her retina.

"Your eyes... are red?"

"...Um..."

Even though I was prepared, I was speechless because I could clearly see the suspicion.

My mind feels completely blank and no thoughts come to mind.

If things continue like this, we will meet the worst possible ending.

‘Wake!’

You shouldn’t lose your mind here. I quickly rolled my eyes.

As if it is true that the number has increased a lot recently, you can see the back of the sentry guarding the entrance. Inside, several men carrying weapons were standing guard.

‘...I should have just waited for Lord Lien.’

If I had her at a time like this, I would have felt reassured.

You can’t even dream of escaping, and the only thing you can freely tease in this situation is your mouth. So you have to say it.

‘What?’

What should I say to erase the doubts that have already begun to arise?

‘think.’

When that woman urged me to take off my hood, what did I say and refuse?

The Maginot Line of time to give a natural answer is approaching. If the silence lasts longer than this, they will probably get suspicious.

time goes by. The moment the doubt in the woman's eyes gradually turned into confidence, I opened my mouth.

He bowed his head slowly, without any sign of urgency, but rather with a hint of hesitation, as if hiding his eyes.

"...As expected..."

"...."

"It's ugly, isn't it...?"

"...."

There was a short silence.

Did it work? I can't tell because I can't see their facial expressions because they have their heads down.

Just waiting like this might seem like a good result, but looking at the situation, I think it would be better to add a few more words.

Silence is evidence that you are shaking.

It would be much better to tip the scales clearly rather than vaguely.

"I thought you would hate it as expected..."

He opened his mouth with misery, sadness, resignation, and resentment.

Acting wasn't difficult. Although it was only half-hearted, it clearly contained sincerity.

"Who would like these eyes that even abandoned their family?"

“Oh no! It’s not ugly at all!”

done!

An urgent yet kind voice continued.

“You know Deonhardt? Deonhardt, the hero of the Empire! He also has red eyes. Just like you.”

“Deonhardt... you mean?”

“Yes! Of course, there are many infamous people like vampires and murderers...!”

“....”

I shouldn’t have said that. I felt a little hurt.

Well, I’m glad that my suspicions seem to have been put aside.

The woman also closed her mouth for a moment, perhaps thinking that her last words were a mistake, and then quickly changed her stance.

“Do you know what this place does?”

I know, but I don’t know the details. That’s why I came here.

Putting aside the fact that it wasn’t entirely my will, I shook my head.

“No. I just heard that if you come here, they will give you something to eat...”

“Aha, many people come here thinking that. That is the norm, so don’t pay too much attention.”

I didn't notice. It seemed to the woman that she had her head down for fear of remembering my face.

A woman with a benevolent smile gently opens her mouth as if to explain. I also pretended not to do that and listened closely and focused on what she was going to say.

'Yes, this is how they would attract people and turn them into believers. How well would you have been able to speak so well that you would have increased your income like that?'

So, try persuading me at least once.

"This is the Salvation Church."

"Salvation Church...?"

"It is a religious organization created to save those suffering under the reign of the tyrant Edoardo."

oh my god.

Respected Emperor, I said nothing. I just listened. No, I didn't listen. Actually, I have trouble hearing.

So please save me.

Is he crazy? Why do you hesitate to make such dangerous remarks? What if someone hears it?

'Manage your facial expressions Manage your facial expressions!'

I gathered my collapsing expression.

Now I am a poor person who knows nothing. They are poor people who are easily swayed by a few words. So how



should I react?

“So, bread...”

“Yes, it is because of the emperor that you all live so hard. If the emperor had ruled properly, would you be living like this?”

“okay.”

Your Majesty, the emperor whom I cannot help but respect and respect! I didn't say anything. It's just another me speaking arbitrarily. I don't know!

‘...But if it were the emperor, he might kill you, saying it's not right for you to flaunt it with the same mouth and body...’

But there's nothing you can do about it. I can't even shout here to stop insulting His Majesty.

And why does this woman keep throwing bombs? Isn't life a waste?

Or maybe you have discovered my identity? So, let's die together...?

It's scarier because it doesn't make sense. But looking at the woman's expression, I don't think that's the case and it seems like the goal was really to incite...

I sighed.

‘The argument is flimsy. It's so clumsy that it's almost ridiculous...’

The reason the poor exist is because the emperor can't rule. Relieving the poor is something that no ruler throughout

history has been able to accomplish.

If I fall like this, I will blame the emperor.

“The reason you fell and got hurt was because the emperor didn’t properly pave the road...”

Was it true?

He buried his face in his hands to hide his expression. A faint sigh flowed out.

This is an absolutely absurd claim. But it will be different for the poor.

What they need is not something like whether it is true or not, but a place to vent their resentment and anger about the disadvantages they have suffered because they are poor.

To put it simply, the woman in front of me threw a desirable prey in front of those who needed something to complain about and dragged them in.

Below is a group called ‘Salvation Church’.

Meanwhile, the woman’s explanation did not stop.

“You may think it is a pseudo-religion, but Salvation Church is different from general pseudo-religions. We don’t want money and we just believe in ‘salvation’ and nothing else.”

“...If I believe, will I really be saved?”

“Yes, of course.”

“who?”

In the end, all questions revolve around one thing.

‘who?’

Who will save me?

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 55**

55. Salvation Church (5)

“That is....”

“....”

“You will know when you become a devout believer.”

Steam is leaking out. I already felt exhausted.

Doesn't that mean that in order to get information, you have to keep looking here?

I was suddenly dragged in and infiltrated, and it turned out to be a long-term battle. Rotten.

As I sat there speechless and speechless, the woman gently smiled and stood up.

“Too much time has passed. I'm busy with work, so I'll have to go now.”

“Ah...”

“If you tell the guards at the exit, they will give you food right away, so don't worry. For now, feel free to go on a field trip today.”

...‘First of all, what about today?’

“There are people guarding places where entry is prohibited, so you just don’t have to go to those places.”

After saying those words, the woman turned around without any hesitation.

Only when the woman’s figure was no longer visible did I drink the cooled tea in one go and lean back comfortably in the chair. My body, relieved of its tension, became limp belatedly.

‘That woman is quite unlucky.’

I was confident that I would come again—

of course, I thought I was a poor person, so it was natural. It’s a place that gives out free bread and water, and if you’ve never been there before, you might not know it, but once you’ve been there, it’s natural to come back again.

‘...Let’s take a look inside first.’

For a moment, I wondered where Lord Lien was and what he was doing and why he hadn’t come in yet, but that was only for a moment.

she is a knight A knight who controls crazy dogs named murderers. It would be a luxury in itself to worry about her like that.

Even if you worry, you should worry about me.

With that, I threw away my thoughts about her and began to slowly walk around the inside of the building.

There was nothing special. Even the guards look exactly like an ordinary temple and would fit the bill of a Holy Knight.

That makes it even more suspicious.

'I can't believe it's clean even though it smells so suspicious. 'It doesn't make sense.'

Should I go into the room where the guard is?

As I was quietly scanning the guarded rooms, someone came into my field of vision.

The happy smile that seemed to have no worries in the world was so foreign that I couldn't help but be drawn to it.

Dwarf physique. Although the material is rough, the clothes are clean in their own way.

The person who crossed the interior without hesitation and headed somewhere, probably having been here once or twice...

'...a girl?'

He looks to be about 12 years old. Could he be a believer here? I guess I'm poor.

Although his complexion is not bad and he is smiling happily, there is a distinctive look of hunger left on his face. It must have been a while since he escaped from starvation.

Additionally, looking at the loaf of bread in her arms, she was half-convinced that it was a poor believer, but the girl seemed to have sensed her gaze and turned to look at her.

Our eyes met and an awkward air settled down.

“...?”

The girl rolls her eyes as if trying to guess her identity.

After checking the face, the girl scanned the face from head to toe and then looked at the face again, straightening her back without realizing it. The girl, after seeing her face scrunched up due to the disguise for a moment, clapped her hands as if she knew something.

“ah!”

“...?”

“You are a new believer!”

“Yes?”

“Nice to meet you! My name is Shiia!”

“Uh, nice to meet you...?”

Why is it so bright? Are you poor? Did I guess wrong?

Anyway, this kid clearly has a crush on me. I just needed a way to get some information, so I’m grateful that you approached me like this.

They held hands like ferns and shook them. Suddenly, a smile blooms on the girl’s face.

“Seeing as I don’t know your face, I guess you’ve been here not long ago. Did you come today or yesterday?”

“Today...”

“Aha, then you must still feel awkward and suspicious about everything. But there’s nothing to worry about. This is a

place that really gives food without any conditions.”

The girl continues her explanation, naturally leading me somewhere.

The child’s voice contained only unwavering faith without any doubt.

...Something strange. How can you be so sure?

“We don’t force you to believe in religion. We just give you more food if you believe in it. Are you a poor person? I am also a poor person. You can believe it because a fellow poor person says it after experiencing it first.”

“I see.”

“And... this is the prayer room. People who are just starting to believe for the sake of food pray here.”

“...Does that mean that there is a separate prayer room for devout believers?”

Wow, this is awkward. You should have had a conversation with your child to know this.

The conversation ended a little awkwardly, but fortunately, the child nodded calmly, as if he didn’t feel anything was suspicious.

“Yes. There is a separate prayer room in the basement. There, we listen to the priest’s speech about real salvation. Salvation is real.”

The child’s eyes were hazy as he said that. There I held my breath for a moment.



Is it brainwashing? It's probably brainwashing. To speak with such confidence would be difficult without brainwashing.

...but.

'Strange.'

It is not the cloudy eyes that are uniformly seen among those who have been brainwashed. Rather, the child's eyes were sparkling with hope.

My eyes, which had been blurry for a moment, only relaxed for a moment as I imagined a hopeful future.

'why?'

What did they do?

I looked down at the excitedly chattering child with a complicated expression. My eyes must be showing their confusion right now.

Even if you think about what to leave out, there is no way to know right now, so first you have to find out about the prayer room located in the basement.

He erased his complicated expression and smiled softly. Yes, it's just a clumsy and faint smile, but since I'm a 'poor' who doesn't usually smile anyway, this will be enough.

As expected, the child faced me without the slightest suspicion.

"How do you get into the prayer room?"

"Ah, a 'real prayer room'? I don't know."

"...Huh? You don't know?"

“Yes. I know the entrance, but only the priest knows how to open it.”

Is that so? Well, it would be difficult for anyone to sneak in.

“Then, can you at least tell me the location of the entrance to the prayer room? I’d like to believe in the ‘salvation’ you mentioned, but I’m curious where I will pray if I become a devout believer.”

“Really? Now you too can be saved. That’s great!”

“Okay, so...”

“Um, but the location of the entrance to the prayer room is not allowed. I wanted to tell you, but the priest told me not to do so.”

...Don’t you know everything about this guy? He acts as if he will answer anything you ask, and is secretly ironclad. Are you playing with me now?

Instinct or intuition was speaking. This guy is wrong. No matter how much I ask, he won’t answer.

You have to find out yourself or find someone else and ask.

Without hesitation, I decided to find out for myself.

I don’t have time, but at what point will I find someone as good as this kid? It’s a good thing if you don’t raise suspicion by asking questions for no reason.

First, let’s get rid of this kid who is still making noise next to us.

... As soon as I could think about it, a boy from far away raised his voice in this direction.

“Shiia! What are you doing? I have to go!”

“Oh, Paul! I’m sorry, but I think I have to go.”

“Really? Then there’s nothing we can do. Go ahead.”

I didn’t plan on catching it anyway... but the look in my eyes from a boy named Paul was quite harsh.

Unlike a girl’s, her eyes are full of caution.

It looks like he’s about 16 or 17 years old. Is that why? He had a bigger head than the girl, right?

I felt like I would immediately tell the security guard if I showed even the slightest sign of suspicion, so I tried to make my face look as harmless as possible, but I heard a clear voice again, as if I hadn’t left yet.

“Oh, and you look tired. If you came from far away, it would be easier to stay nearby. It’s hard to go back and forth, right?”

“Okay, thanks for the advice.”

“See you then!”

The child disappears after the boy. He vaguely said, “I told you not to talk to people you’ve never met before.” A pounding sound was heard.

I stared at his back, but the moment the boy glanced back, I quickly turned around.

As I slowly headed towards the entrance, I touched my face just enough to keep the dirt from peeling off. It was an action that came about after thinking about the girl’s comment that she looked tired.

‘Did I look that tired...?’

Well, it’s only natural that I was brought here in the middle of paperwork without even taking a break. Damn my son.

After confidently going through the entrance, I turned around and silently headed to a deserted area around the building.

Of course, I didn’t forget to take some food with me when I left.

If they were brainwashed, they would usually do it by mixing food with medicine, so I received this to confirm.

‘...There’s nothing wrong.’

It’s just plain bread and water. The unexpected result stopped the accident for a moment.

Then... why were you able to gather believers so aggressively? Is there something I don’t know about? Or are you really dragging me into that lame argument? Using ordinary bread and water as bait?

‘....’

My head is blank. I feel like I got hit by something. It felt like my throat was burning, so I lifted the water bottle I had checked and tilted it to my mouth.

But before I could get it down my throat, I asked,

“Who are you?”

“Bwaak! Kwaak-kul-kul-kul-kkul...!”

A cold voice pressed down on my body.

Damn it, I swallowed the wrong water. As I coughed with my head down, I saw a very wet dirt floor in my field of vision. I can't tell the color because it's dirt, but I'm sure it's not blood.

Well, I don't feel any fishy or salty taste in my mouth. Fortunately, it looks like he only spit out water...

'...that's not fortunate!'

Did you get caught? You must have been caught after all?

If you get caught here, you will be in trouble in many ways. No, it's more than difficult, it's dangerous. I roughly wiped my mouth and focused on the sound of footsteps coming from behind.

'3...2...1... now!'

As it was a close situation, the decision was made quickly and the execution was also quick.

Without any warning, I leapt forward without looking back.

"ah...!"

Fortunately, the voice with a look of frustration is getting further and further away, as if he is not chasing me.

I kept running without slowing down, touching the windows of rooms that seemed deserted one by one, in case they caught up with me even if it was too late, and pushed myself into the only open one.

\*\*\*

An unknown person disappears. Lien looked at the back with a helpless face.

I could chase it if I wanted to, but I didn't have to.

If you make a fuss for no reason, you could endanger not only yourself but also the Count who will be inside.

'But why does the back look so familiar...'

Even the coughing sound is familiar.

Where have you seen this person before? It's my first time coming here. There is no connection with the poor... huh? poor?

Now that I think about it, the Count disguised himself as a poor man and infiltrated.

...oh my god.

Lien's face turned white.

'Why were you there!!'

What on earth was the person who was supposed to be inside doing here?

First of all, I'm glad it looks safe! no no! That's not important now!!

'...Should I chase after you too?'

As if gauging the distance, his narrowed eyes scanned the street and stopped at a place where he seemed to have found something.

Wet soil revealing its presence in the middle of the road.

Due to the nature of the soil, it only appears black no matter what liquid is spilled on it, so it is impossible to determine

by color, but it is possible to come up with a few hypotheses considering the surrounding situation and environment.

‘It looks like the liquid was spilled not long ago, so that would mean it has something to do with the Count. Plus, the Count had a bad cough a little while ago...’

Normally, I would have thought about sniffing, but this is a slum.

Not only was there a smell of all sorts of sewage coming from everywhere, but even from the floor, Lien put that method out of her mind.

There was nothing she couldn’t do if she wanted to smell it, but... as a knight from a noble family, there was no way she would touch unknown wet dirt or stick her nose in something that wasn’t even her lord’s order.

That’s why Lien, who came up with the most plausible hypothesis based on all the possibilities based on the circumstances, fluttered his eyebrows.

No way....

“Blood?”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 56**

### 56. Salvation Church (6)

That is blood. When the Count coughed, I saw liquid pouring out of his mouth.

The only possibility other than blood is vomit or spit, but it doesn't even make a sound to be called vomit, and there's no color or substance to speak of, and there's no way he would spit that much, so in the end, all that's left is... 'Is it the devil's curse

? Or were you attacked because your identity was discovered?'

The interior doesn't look very chaotic, considering it was attacked. Are you trying to end the incident as quietly as possible, as if nothing happened, to avoid confusion?

The devil's curse. And his identity was discovered.

The former is not good, but the latter is worse. If the two overlap, it's literally the worst.

Without worrying about which one to take, Lien assumed the worst.

'When it comes to protecting your lord, you must always assume the worst.'



So, the Count infiltrated inside and faced the risk of death when his identity was discovered. He barely escaped, but was injured in the process, and to make matters worse, he was also cursed by the devil.

And because they mistook me for a pursuer, they had to run again before I could catch their breath—

‘What did you do when you went back inside?’

Satisfactory evidence may not have been obtained.

‘Oh my god, you can’t give up until you get to that point. As expected, the Count...’

I hastily suppressed the feelings that were about to get stronger. The driver must not lose his composure.

What matters now is how you deal with it.

Should I go pick up the Count, whose condition and situation are both presumed to be bad, or should I wait outside?

‘If you go in, you might get confused.’

In that case, things get more complicated.

But what if the Count was in a truly critical situation? So what if you need some help?

‘...shit.’

I let out a long, silent sigh and covered my head. I was terrible at making choices like this.

That’s why I was extremely satisfied with my job as a knight where I only had to listen to orders, but I never thought I’d face such an ordeal.

Lien, who was at the crossroads of making the choice of a lifetime, was unable to make a decision and was hesitating, when a voice he had heard before was heard in his ears, which had become sensitive due to nervousness.

If you walk a little bit from here and turn around, you will see the entrance to Guwongyo Bridge.

“Call the guard captain right now.”

“Huh? What are you saying all of a sudden...”

“Suddenly?”

“ ....”

It’s a voice I’m sure I’ve heard before, but it’s unfamiliar. Is this not the person I’m thinking of?

no. The voice definitely belongs to the woman who smiled brightly at the entrance and chased him out. It’s just that the atmosphere is so different that you wonder if it’s the same person.

A voice that drips with chills like that.

When the other person also fell silent, as if embarrassed, Ye’s cold voice continued.

“An intruder came in. You didn’t even know it yet.”

“ ...!”

“If your opponent wasn’t a hero, you wouldn’t have any heads left by now. You would have been replaced for the crime of incompetence. Consider yourself lucky.”

hero!

Lien was quietly shocked.

The prediction was correct. The Count's identity was revealed.

What followed was even more shocking.

"For now, I've dealt with him on my own, so don't make a fuss and call the security commander. We need to discuss strengthening security."

I can't believe I handled it! That means the Count...!

There is no reason to think further or hesitate. Lien turned around and started running towards the place where Deon had disappeared.

'Count!!'

He hadn't even remembered that the woman said 'Hero' instead of 'Deonhardt' and that there wasn't just one 'Hero'.

Wow!

Because he disappeared so quickly, one of the knights, not knowing for sure which window Deon went through, noisily jumps over the visible window.

And disaster struck Salvation Church.

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Of course, the Salvation Church has a prayer room. It is a space where guards are placed to prevent anyone from entering without permission, except at certain times.

Of course, only ordinary people could enter without permission, and the hero Cruel was an exception.

Tuk.

A small but foreign sound spread in a space filled with silence and no one around.

Cruel, a man with black hair falling from the ceiling, looks around in a familiar manner. Inorganic green eyes scanned the interior.

A space exactly like the blueprint. Arrived properly.

Cruel quietly lowered his eyes, remembering the paper in his arms.

I'm sorry Deon, but this game was unfair to begin with. He started with a blueprint, but he did not.

[This is a blueprint. So try to finish this game as safely as possible. Surely you can't do that, right?]

[....]

As safely as possible.

I couldn't understand what those words meant. Cruel just kept his mouth shut and lowered his head.

but.

Can Deon really understand the one-sided outcome of this one-sided game?

It might go wild. They may raise suspicions and try to argue with me in front of the duke. If that happens...

'....'

Cruel, with his mouth set as if remembering something, strides forward. Without hesitation, I headed to the window and then reached for the lock.

The hand that seemed to hesitate for a moment, unable to reach it and hovering around it, soon began to skillfully release it.

“What are you doing?”

“ .... ”

All action stopped for an instant. The hand that touched the lock falls off.

Saerin glanced at the completely dismantled lock and opened her mouth again, looking at Cruel’s back.

My body, which had been tense because I thought it was an unfamiliar intruder, had not yet relaxed, and a stiff voice came out.

“No, you don’t have to answer. It’s obvious even if you don’t hear it. Did you come in through the window? I’m sure all the windows in this building were locked, so I don’t know how you came in... I’m sorry.”

I glared at him with pointed eyes.

If it weren’t for him speaking so calmly because he was serving the same master, he would have called security a long time ago.

“I know your purpose. What you’re after and where it is.”

“ .... ”

“Of course I have no intention of helping you.”

Saerin is smart. As soon as she understood the whole situation, she realized her master's intention.

I didn't bother to ask Cruel to do something that would have been easily resolved if I gave him an order. That would mean they would test him.

She might have been kind to him, but unfortunately, she was wary of Cruel.

"The duke may be planning to test you. I intend to faithfully follow his wishes. He would have handed over the really necessary information to you long ago, so there is no need for me to help."

"...."

"I was being as considerate as I could just by not calling the security right away, so please do your business quietly and leave without making any fuss. Oh, and make sure to lock that window again. I'm the security chief. "Because I need to meet you."

I heard that Deon Hardt received the same mission.

If Cruel, a sturdy warrior type, is allowed to invade, Deonhardt, who has agile movements, will be even less able to catch him.

Considering that the other person was a hero, it was natural, but Saerin left the room quickly because she had no intention of accepting it with her eyes open.

In the quiet space again, Cruel glanced at the door she left through and then turned his back. I didn't even look at the lock on the window.

He jumps up onto the stage, examines the floor carefully, and then quickly pulls back the purple curtain behind him. A pure white wall was revealed.

‘...this prayer room won the most in the design award.’

Is it an illusion?

The duke gave us a blueprint, but it is not complete. It was an omitted blueprint that did not indicate anything like a secret space.

The duke only provided the bare minimum of information and did not provide any support whatsoever.

Well, it may be a ‘test’.

In any case, if it’s not here, you’ll have to go back to the beginning and investigate again. Just when Cruel thought that and turned around to let go of the curtain

– murmur.

I heard the window opening.

He quickly caught the sound and hid behind the curtain, and almost at the same time, someone came inside.

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The place I entered was a fairly sacred-looking room. Should I say room?

Long wooden chairs lined up. There is a podium in front, and even the expensive-looking marble floor and clean white walls make it hard to believe that it is located in a slum.

Additionally, the purple curtains hung mysteriously in harmony with the background, so what I felt was a strange sense of sacredness and mystery.

‘It looks like a prayer room...’

The room is bigger than I thought. I looked around slowly and then headed to the platform that stood out the most.

As I was trying to climb up the chest-high platform with my hands, I found a staircase in the corner and calmly walked up it. My body is precious.

‘It’s not as big of a deal as I thought.’

I quickly lost interest and this time I focused on the strangely hanging curtains.

I understand the hanging around the window, but it’s a bit surprising that the curtains are hanging on the wall behind the podium, which shouldn’t have any windows. Of course, if there were nothing but white walls, it would be boring and wouldn’t be able to create the current mysterious atmosphere, but this is still a slum, right?

It seems a bit out of place to follow the aristocratic way of thinking of putting curtains on bare walls as decoration.

‘Or is there really a window behind this?’

First of all, all you can see through the curtains is the wall.

I gently grabbed the curtain. It was meant to be removed, but unfortunately, my actions did not achieve their purpose.

Because I heard several footsteps outside the door.

What should I do?! Where do I hide?



The damn homing instinct reacted at times like this. In a hurry, I left the curtain right next to me and went down to the platform and hid behind the curtain next to the window I came in through.

It was about 3 seconds later that I realized my foolish behavior.

‘...What did I do, bastard?’

I feel like I want to bang my head against the wall. But then the door flew open and I had to stop and hold my breath.

About twenty people can be seen through the gap in the curtain. There are also familiar faces mixed in between them.

There was clearly a girl named Siia who was talking to me and a boy named Paul who was glaring at me.

Does that mean this is the prayer room?

“Now, let’s pray for salvation today too.”

Each person sits on a wooden chair, and a man in priestly clothing who brought them up goes up to the stage and opens a book.

It was a book with a fairly luxurious shell.

‘What the hell is there in the Bible? ‘It’s very varied.’

The guy starts reading the book. The content, like other Bibles, was so specious and boring that my expectations of what it would contain were meaningless.

‘...and it’s long.’

It doesn't have to be the same. Aren't those people over there who close their eyes and pray actually sleeping, not praying?

...I think that guy over there just dropped his head? Was it really true?

How many times did I yawn silently? My legs began to feel unbearably numb and I thought it was really dangerous, and the priest finally finished speaking.

The guy closed the book and smiled.

"So, another devout believer came in today? Most of you probably already know this, but I'll explain briefly for the newly added believer."

"...?"

"From today, rather than ending with this simple prayer, I will tell you more about true 'salvation'."

Salvation? If it is salvation, it is salvation. How can I explain it in more detail?

I instinctively sensed that it was going to be very important, so I pricked up my ears.

The guy's speech, which seemed like he was going to explain briefly, was longer than I thought. It was even possible to summarize it!

In the end, I want to say, 'Salvation is real.' Even Remember's harsh words disguised as nagging would be shorter than this!

“You will hear the explanation separately in a room that only devout believers can enter.”

Oh, what the priest just said wasn't what he said. These were the words spoken by the woman who opened the door and came in at just the right time, as if by design.

My eyes widened for a moment at the appearance of a few familiar faces.

‘...It's a familiar face. ‘You're the girl from a little while ago, right?’

The woman who took off the hood of my robe.

Even though they broke in like this, no one stopped them, not even the priest who was speaking, so it seems that they are in a higher position than I thought.

As she speeds up her steps and climbs onto the platform, the priest quietly retreats. It was a natural replacement.

A woman places her hand on the wall between the curtains behind the podium.

It was an action so natural that one was not conscious of it, but the result was anything but natural.

‘uh? Huh?Wait a minute, what is that?!’

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 57**

### 57. Salvation Church (7)

I couldn't believe my eyes. Is something like that possible based on common sense?

A wall that has become mushy. It's not a mistake. The woman's hand was halfway into the moving wall, as if it were submerged in water.

'Am I finally crazy?'

That's not it either. The eyes of the believers who saw the new addition were as big as if they would pop out.

I stopped believing my eyes and instead focused on other concerns.

'How is something like that possible? It's probably not magic... witchcraft? 'Is something like that possible with magic?'

It's frustrating because I don't know anything about witchcraft.

In the meantime, the woman kept moving without stopping, as if she didn't want to give herself time to sort out her complicated thoughts.

“Now follow me.”

The woman disappears into the wall. Believers who seemed to have already experienced it before followed without hesitation, while believers who seemed to be newcomers also hesitated and pushed themselves into the wall.

When everyone finally entered, the wall returned to its original hard appearance as if it had never been there before.

Even the priest, who was the only one left who did not enter, left the room as if he had other things to do, and as soon as silence returned, I immediately ran out from behind the curtain and stood in front of the wall where the woman had touched.

‘what? ‘What did you do?’

He clearly touched it and muttered something under his breath.

I couldn’t tell from that alone, so I felt around the wall. After groping it a few times, a subtle touch is felt at the tip of my finger.

It’s so well polished that it’s hard to tell with the naked eye, so you can barely tell its existence if you touch it with your hand—

‘Jewel?’

The puzzlement lasted only for a moment.

This made it clear. This is witchcraft.

What could be other than witchcraft that produces effects similar to magic by paying a valuable price?

A kind of method that humans had discovered to counter the magic of the demons was unfolding before my eyes.

‘Who on earth is behind this level of magic?...’

A hollow laugh came out.

I’m getting more and more anxious about this. Can’t we stop here? I expected that it wasn’t a normal pseudo-religion, but it was still witchcraft.

Even if an ordinary person lives his or her entire life, the number of encounters with a shaman does not exceed 10 times. It is difficult to hire a witch doctor and the cost is enormous, so does it make sense for witchcraft to appear here?

I want to run to the imperial palace right now and grab the emperor and shout that I can’t do it, but...

‘That bastard Cruel...’

Not only will the emperor not allow him to give up easily, but Cruel is the problem more than anything else.

Even if dirt got in my eyes, I wouldn’t be able to see the power of wishing being handed over to that guy. I’d rather just make a fuss here.

‘...Are you really going to do it? I think it would be okay if we got ruined together.’

Since they lost the rearguard, the Salvation Church will rise up again somewhere else, but since their stronghold has

been destroyed, there will be no harsh criticism from the emperor.

I was so immersed in thinking about how I would play the game if I were to play the game, that it felt like there was a bit of a commotion outside.

‘If I really mess up... I’ll break this first.’

Apparently, the medium of this spell appears to be the jewel in front of me. If this is broken, the spell will be destroyed.

...Should I break it?

As I was staring at the jewel in thought, a hand suddenly came out from behind the curtain right next to me and grabbed my arm.

That alone was enough to scare and surprise me, but the hand didn’t stop and pulled me in with a strong force.

It all happened in an instant.

After all, it was my arm that had been hit by an arrow, so my mouth opened in pain.

‘Huh?!’

‘Shh—’

Of course, I couldn’t help it because the hand was covering my mouth.

As I looked up in confusion, I made eye contact with calm green eyes looking down at me.

At the same time, I couldn’t overcome the growing feeling of disgust and tried to shake it off roughly, but

I jumped!

I had no choice but to stop moving as a man in priestly clothing opened the door a little roughly and came in.

This is not the priest from a moment ago. The priest, whose face I had never seen before, almost ran towards me with an urgent expression on his face, and pressed down on the jewel that I had been staring at a moment ago and twisted it to the side.

“quickly...!!”

...Why does it look so urgent? No, but why is it so noisy outside?

It vaguely said, ‘Give me my master!’ The sound of such cries is somewhat ominous. Now that I think about it, where is Lord Lien and what is he doing?

After a few seconds, a slight noise seemed to be heard from the jewel, but then a clearer voice came out.

“What happened?”

“An intruder has come in!”

“...I see. How many are there?”

“There is only one!”

“...One person?”

“Yes, I am currently searching the inside of the building looking for someone called ‘Master’!”

Kwaaaang!!



At perfect timing, a loud noise rang out.

The woman, who attracted attention by kicking the already open door again, found a priest standing there in confusion and spoke harshly in a voice that was trying to feign calm.

In her hand was a sword that seemed to have been taken from a guard here.

“Where is my lord?”

“....”

“....”

Out of absurdity and embarrassment, no one could continue speaking and even the voice beyond the jewel was silent, and I looked at the intruder’s face and slowly lowered my eyes.

I felt a persistent gaze from above, but I tried to ignore it.

I don’t know why that person is here, but I don’t know. I don’t even know who that person is. Anyway, I don’t know. It has nothing to do with me.

‘...Shit.’

Why are you coming out there...?

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Wow!

“What the hell!”

As it was a noisy intrusion, security quickly flocked. Without having time to shake off the glass shards stuck to his body,

Lien took advantage of the fact that they were still dazed and quickly struck the nearby man in the back of the neck, knocking him out and snatching his sword.

It's a little awkward because it's not your own sword, but it's no big problem. Then now we need to know the Count's whereabouts...

Lien adjusted his sword and looked around. As if they sensed that her skills were extraordinary, everyone who caught their gaze stepped back in shock.

"...Where is my lord?"

Since he was only hired and did not swear an oath of loyalty, he should have been called the Count instead of the Master... In this situation, the Count's existence should not be made widely known.

'I'm sorry, Count. I will definitely take this responsibility.'

With a brief apology in my mind, I took a step forward. It was quite nice to see them taking a step back, but I couldn't afford to worry about that right now.

What if something happens to the Count while we're wasting time like this?

"No one knows?"

"...."

"I see. Then...."

"Who is that master?"

If no one knew, I was going to let him go and look for someone else, but an unexpected, urgent cry came back.

Lien stopped and looked back at the person who said those words.

...I know. How should I explain it? Count Deonhardt? hero? Either way, you shouldn't say it because it would reveal your identity.

After falling into deep thought for a moment, she finally said, "...It is my lord."

I had no choice but to give such a foolish answer.

For a moment, I passed by the dazed people who seemed like they couldn't believe my ears and headed for the door.

These guys are lucky. If it weren't for the need for people to spread the word about this commotion, it would have been sprawled out on the floor in a mess by now.

'I've thought about it in my own way, but...' As expected, he doesn't fit in with scheming schemes. So I don't know how to find and rescue the Count efficiently.

So, he is here today to play the so-called 'gangpan'. If a knight goes on a rampage looking for someone called 'lord', one or two people are sure to get stabbed. They will definitely try to make moves, either by reporting to someone or solving the problem themselves, and all you have to do is chase after them.

"Give up your master!"

"Ah, so who is the master?"

"You don't seem to know."

“Actually!!”

Lien began to attack the inside of Salvation Church without hesitation, swinging his sword.

I didn't kill him. There is no need to escalate the situation by murdering the Count even though it is not an order.

For some reason, there were no ordinary people in sight, so she felt free to make a fuss even more. Finally, a suspicious priest caught her eye.

Seeing this mess, he gets scared and runs somewhere.

‘It's him!’

If you follow that guy, you will be able to find out the Count's whereabouts.

Pretending not to notice his actions, I continued to walk around the length and breadth of the building and naturally followed him.

It goes without saying that in the process, countless people lined her path like traces.

The guy who was running around opens a door at the end of a hallway and goes in.

Before following him in, she suddenly thought of an assumption.

‘Maybe this is a trap. If that's the case....’

-Go in stronger to suppress the momentum.

It seems that he has somehow been influenced by the murderous knights, but he has no choice.

Isn't it impossible not to go in anyway? I don't know how many people will be in there. Then there is only one way.

Lien chuckled as he remembered the knights under his command.

'After all, I am the leader of the crazy dogs.'

I'll turn into a crazy dog and run wild.

Kwaaaang!!

She kicks the already opened door and bursts inside, showing off her shining personality.

The first thing was to find a person who appeared to be the priest he was chasing and aim his sword at him, and the second was to figure out how many people were around.

For a moment, Lien was taken aback by the fact that no one was there except the priest in front of her. She pretended to be calm, hid her emotions, and asked lowly.

"Where is my lord?"

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- Where is my lord?

" ... "

Saerin sighed quietly at the voice coming from beyond the jewel.

They even said to strengthen security, but I never thought they would be so incompetent. I recognized Cruel Hart from the moment I didn't even notice him come in.

It was surprising because we both served the same owner. I was so surprised when we ran into each other inside the building.

Before I could barely control my surprise, what came to mind was the news that Deonhardt had also received the same mission.

I also think that if Cruel's intrusion was not noticed, Deonhart's intrusion would be allowed more easily.

As I thought about it, the red-eyed poor man suddenly came to mind, but when I came out and looked for him again, he had already disappeared, so I didn't think about it any more.

Then it turned out that it was a knight who came looking for his 'lord'.

'Are you sure.'

I knew it the moment I heard his voice. She is the suspicious knight she kicked out at the door.

A 'knight' came in looking for his 'lord'. And coincidentally, a red-eyed poor man visited at a similar time.

Although Saerin is from a commoner background, she is quite intelligent. With such solid clues, understanding the situation was instantaneous.

'It's Deon Hart. I'm sure you said you saw the guards leaving, but did the two cross paths? No, maybe he's still in here.'

Of course, even though I have figured out the situation, I have no intention of taking any action.

There is no way to take action, because the intended purpose of the 'Salvation Church' has already been achieved a long time ago and all that remains is to organize things. I just hope that the person organizing this place is Cruel Hart and not Deon Hart.

I'll just keep watching like this and when I see signs that Deonhardt is trying to get to the core first, I can step in and sort it out myself.

There is no need to leave until then. Since the Duke had said so, Saerin had no intention of doing anything other than acting as usual.

'I've done enough.'

Security was also warned to be strengthened, and important documents were hidden in the deepest places.

The top priority in this situation is not to let that knight know about the existence of the jewel embedded in the wall.

It will definitely break as soon as you notice it.

It's not because the spell is broken. This is because something that should never be discovered may be discovered.

A secret that could threaten everything about the Duke, even his life...

'So it must never be discovered.'

Saerin, being careful that even the sound of her breathing might be heard, mercilessly cut off the connection with the outside world and turned around.

She opened the door to the room and went out, sat down and spoke with a benevolent smile to those looking in her direction as if nothing had happened.

“Excuse me for a moment. Shall we continue?”



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 58**

### 58. Salvation Church (8)

The priest is astonished that Sir Lien has followed him and cannot say anything and just opens his mouth.

Now I can see that the guy's appearance is a mess, as if he's been chased for quite some time.

His neat attire was a mess, and his sparse hair was scattered like dandelion seeds, sticking to his scalp.

In addition, it looks like it's clinging to the wall with its mouth ready to kiss.

Of course, it was because he was delivering urgent news, but if you didn't know anything, you would look like a crazy person.

As expected, Sir Lien, who looked him up and down as if I wasn't the only one who thought that, sighed as if he was tired and put away the sword he was aiming at.

"I guess I was following the wrong person. I never thought he would have been lacking in some way or that he would have been an inconvenient person."

'Hmm-!'

I almost laughed. I would have really laughed if Cruel hadn't covered his mouth.

I couldn't laugh out loud, my mouth was still covered by the guy's hand, and my shoulders were shaking, and the hand covering my mouth loosened slightly.

While I was contemplating for a moment whether to take advantage of this opportunity to shake him off, Lord Lien's slightly softened voice continued.

"I'm sorry. I don't mean to harm you, so you don't have to be so guarded."

"...."

"I think you got caught up in this place by mistake, but this is not a good place. So... Jiji? Jiji. You can't come. Those clothes are Jiji, so hurry up and change."

'Phew~!!'

help me. I'm dying from laughter.

The priest's mercilessly distorted face is funny, and Lord Lien, who commands 'support' with a serious face, is also funny.

It wouldn't have mattered if I just burst out laughing and walked out from behind the curtain, but considering the possibility that someone was still eavesdropping on the other side of that jewel and the possibility of Lord Lien calling me in a loud voice, I held my breath as much as I could and her voice continued.

"If you're wearing clothes like this, you've probably been here for a long time, so you probably know the way around.

Just go out that door and go back where you came from. Don't come to a place like this again."

"...."

"Do you understand?"

Still, he doesn't say he'll take me outside. It is visible that the priorities of the current situation have been firmly established.

Unlike Sir Lien's happy response, the eyes of the man listening to her were shaking mercilessly as if there had been an earthquake.

That's right. If you prove that you are fine, your life will be in danger, and it will be too shameful and your pride will be hurt to remain silent.

Life and pride. The guy who seemed to be conflicted between the two options for a moment said,

"Oh, okay."

In a way, it was natural that he chose life.

I can't believe I gave such a slurred answer when I had reported clearly just a moment ago. I felt like I was going to burst out laughing again, so I tightened my chin.

The guy, who was shaking with immense shame, runs out the door with tears hanging from his eyes and a red face.

Lord Lien muttered, 'It looks like he was quite scared.' He looked around the room to see if there was another door, and then went out.

Only then did I release the hand covering my mouth, hurriedly step out of the curtain, and bent my knees.

There was a hand in a hurry to help me up, but I knew who the owner of the hand was, so I shook it off with a loud thud and crawled to my seat.

“....”

“...sigh....”

I'm going crazy laughing so hard. I know now is not the time, but what should I do about this funny thing?

After reminding myself over and over again that I was running out of time, I finally calmed down and stood up. We need to check again the gem that had an unexpected function, and catch Lord Lien, who is increasingly moving away from us.

Before examining the jewelry, I glanced outside the open door.

In the distance, Lord Lien can be seen walking straight ahead without hesitation, his head moving back and forth with his flashing eyes like a wild beast looking for food.

‘...He walks so confidently because he knows so much about the roads here.’

Anyone who sees me will think I've lived here for 10 years.

Even the girl I thought was normal was like that. Are you really saying that there are no normal beings around me?

Anyway, if I leave it alone, I don't know what kind of accident will happen again. Recalling the shock and fear I

felt when she broke into this place, I hurriedly checked that no one was around and immediately took a step out of the prayer room and called out to her as she walked away.

“Lord Lien.”

“....”

“Lord Lien!”

“Ah...?! Lord Baek! You’re safe!”

Who is Baekju again?

Anyway, I’m surprised that Lord Lien calls me lord. Even if you have no words to refer to me, I never thought you would call me master.

Most knights serve only one lord throughout their lives.

My relationship with Lord Lien is a simple contractual one. I requested a person capable of leading the Order of Murderous Demons, and the Emperor himself arranged for Lord Lien.

Since the emperor had introduced her, employment was natural... In any case, in the end, she and I were simply tied together by money, not a master-servant relationship.

That’s why I also used the honorific language towards her...

Lord Lien must have noticed my reaction, bowed his head and added an explanation as if making an excuse.

“I had no words to refer to you, so I had to call you master. I’m sorry if you felt bad.”

“No...no. It’s okay.”

I was just a little surprised.

“Even though I had to call you, I plan to take responsibility.”

“...yes?”

“Of course, I’m not forcing it. I’ve always respected you, Count... So, I, Leen Reiner, swear here and there.”

Why is he like this? He even stuttered his words. This makes it even more ominous. I don’t know what it is, but just don’t do it. No, can you please not do it?

Lord Lien, who couldn’t possibly know how uncomfortable I was, turned his sword upside down and got down on one knee.

And then he spoke solemnly in a serious tone – he was always serious, but now he was even more serious.

“I, Lien Reiner, acknowledge and serve Deonhardt as my lord and swear to follow him and his orders for the rest of my life, as long as they do not go against the will of His Majesty the Emperor.”

‘Unless he and his orders are contrary to the will of His Majesty the Emperor.’

Knights of an empire that do not have a master basically follow the empire and the emperor. Later, when the lord is decided, it is decided who will take priority between the lord and the emperor, and it seems that Lord Lien decided to give priority to the emperor.

Anyway, this one is really special. Do I really want to do something in this mess that could have been put off for a while and then go back?

Of course, since this was to my benefit, I solemnly answered accordingly.

"I pledge to do my best to ensure that your loyalty is not in vain."

Okay, it was a bit unexpected, but with this, we now have a breeder who will take care of the crazy dogs for the rest of their lives. I was always anxious, but now I feel relieved.

Now it's time to do the work you've been putting off for a while. I turned and went back into the prayer room and ran my fingertips over the jewels on the wall behind the podium.

A presence that can only be felt if you go in very slightly and touch it with your fingertips. I put my hand on it and mumbled something, and the door opened. I pressed it and twisted it to the side, and I was able to make contact.

If so, wouldn't there be other functions as well?

"You'll need a competent shaman."

"...I know. Are you there yet?"

"...."

Cruel obediently disappears at my annoyed words.

No, he didn't obey. He probably went to find the shaman before me. I can't lose either.

"Lord Lien. Let's go back."

"yes."

Sir Lien and I climbed through the window again as we heard the sound of countless footsteps approaching from a

distance.

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While Deon Hardt was struggling at the Salvation Church, Emperor Edoardo Desert, who had given him orders, was taking a late nap.

Originally, I didn't sleep unless it was a set time, but lately, my lack of sleep had become so severe that it was difficult to survive without even a short nap like this.

Sleep deprivation is not new. Edoardo had not been able to sleep properly even for a single moment since he ascended to the position of monarch.

How can he sleep comfortably when the people he killed come and harass him every night?

When he ascended to the throne of kings and during the eight-year war he fought to obtain the title of 'emperor', he killed countless people.

Perhaps, if all of those corpses were gathered in one place, there would be enough to build a mountain.

That's why so many people come to see it as a nightmare. Most people would have gone beyond insomnia and gone crazy right away.

But the emperor held on, and the dead seem to have been offended by him.

"!"

The emperor jumped up from the bed.



He sat there for a while, breathing heavily. After a while, he seemed to have calmed down a bit, sighing deeply and wiping his wet bangs. Cold sweat appears on my palms.

and.

The palm of my hand turned black in an instant—the entire hand was distorted and a strange human face popped out.

An angry face shedding bloody tears. A voice full of malice shouting that it hates and curses you.

[Emperor, I hate you.]

[Death, death, death, why are you the only one alive? I died like this, so why did you!!]

Now this is not a dream, but reality.

How angry would they be to come out and harass us in real life?

As the Emperor watched this in silence, a soft voice was heard, as if he was considerate of the man who had just woken up.

“There’s still time until dinner.”

The emperor just turned his eyes and looked in one direction.

As soon as his eyes met, Crown Prince Elpidius, who was leaning against the wall near the door, slowly stood up and approached.

“I heard that your food intake has decreased a lot recently. I was worried that you were unwell...” “

....”

“You seem to have had a nightmare again.”

Elpidius, standing in front of the emperor, checked his uncle’s condition.

Through the messy hem of the gown, you can see muscles glistening with cold sweat. Likewise, his golden hair, soaked in cold sweat, had a darker saturation than usual, and the subtle shadows under his eyes contained telltale fatigue.

The overall appearance was haggard.

It is dangerous if things continue like this.

There are so many enemies, what should I do if my physical condition deteriorates here?

“As expected, calling a congressman...”

“That’s done.”

“Uncle.”

Elpidius, who had called him to persuade the emperor, paused for a moment.

The focus of the emperor’s eyes is somehow strange.

His gaze was fixed on somewhere beyond himself.

I look back, but all I see is an ordinary room.

When I turned my head again with a puzzled expression, I saw the emperor pressing his eyes with one hand as if he were tired.

“Uncle...?”

“...You’re being annoying.”

...no way.

Elpidius’ expression became even more serious as he remembered the sense of discomfort he had been feeling for some time.

“No way... are you hallucinating now?”

“There are no problems in daily life.”

“Isn’t that the problem? Taeui right now!”

“Elpidius.”

“...Uncle...”

Edoardo, who seemed to have regained his composure and looked the same as usual, looked straight into his nephew’s worried eyes.

I’m sorry Elpidius, but he has no intention of chasing these nightmares and hallucinations.

Rather, if I said I was happy, would I really believe it?

“Recently, as I was processing documents related to the war, I felt tired and lost my mind for a moment. “It’s not a big deal, so don’t worry about it.”

“What the hell...!”

I was worried that I would forget my sins and live in peace, but if you come to me like this, I will never forget them.

Elpidius washes his face dry several times, as if he is trying to calm down. Even then, his emotions seem to be out of control, and his voice starts to fade away. It was only after a little more time had passed that it was difficult to come out.

“...even in this state, the war... Do you really need to do this?”

“I...”

“I am not asking ‘Your Majesty’, but ‘Uncle’.”

“...What answer do you think I will give?”

Elpidius’ face changed . It was painfully distorted.

“Then you’re going to memorize the list again!”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 59**

### 59. Fate or Destiny (1)

During the Eight Years' War, the emperor always memorized the list of fallen soldiers even though he was busy. It would have been enough to simply provide appropriate compensation to the bereaved families, but he took the time he didn't have and pondered over the list of our fallen soldiers and the faces of those I had killed.

"That's because they wouldn't have died if it weren't for their burden."

It was avoidable. The eight-year war was a war fought solely by his choice.

The position of a monarch is a position where the lives of countless people come and go with a single choice.

Edoardo did not want to easily forget those who had become victims of his selfish choices just because they were dead.

If the head of a country does not take responsibility for what happened based on his or her own choices, who on earth will take responsibility?

Responsibility for the consequences of my choices.

This was something that every person had to shoulder before becoming a monarch.

“Whether it’s an enemy or an ally, isn’t Jim a victim of the choices he made?”

Then, it came to me in the form of dreams and hallucinations. It was a happy thing for him.

Elpidius could not easily continue speaking.

In the end, after a long time had passed, there was only one word that came out.

“...You are foolish.”

It was something he should not have dared say to the emperor, but Edoardo just laughed.

Unlike usual, helpless laughter spread throughout the large room.

“I know. This too is a disease.”

The emperor muttered as he faced the people glaring at him from a corner of the room.

“I don’t have an appetite, so I’ll skip dinner tonight. Eat together with Alethea.”

I have to play with them.

After Elpidius, who hesitated, left, the emperor, left alone, engraved the familiar faces of those approaching him in his mind and slowly closed his eyes.

I must have been hallucinating, but even with my eyes closed, I could clearly see them approaching.

No worries. Because they can't harm themselves directly anyway. That's enough.

Even though he vividly felt the hallucinations strangling his throat, he just laughed as if it was ridiculous.

There were too many things he was carrying to just collapse over these things.

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After that, three damn days passed.

3 days cannot be considered too short. Who knows whether Cruel might have found a capable shaman in the meantime.

Actually, finding a shaman is not that easy. Ninety-nine out of a hundred shamans are from the south, but most of the empire's territory is in the north.

Except for the ninety-nine, the teacher of the remaining one was from the South, so they had to go to the South to find a shaman. However, Remember, a talented butler, did not complain at all in response to my unreasonable request to find the nearest shaman, and managed to pretend that there was a shaman. I found a nearby village and reported it.

Considering this, three days was an incredibly short time, but there was no way to know where Cruel was and what he was doing....

"...But Lord Lien."

"Yes, my lord."

"The back of my head is tingling..."

“It’s my mood.”

It’s okay to go on a hike that isn’t even in the middle of the mountain to find a village halfway up the mountain. It’s hard, but it’s bearable.

But I can’t seem to get this stare stuck in the back of my head.

“I’m fine.”

“I’m not okay. How dare you cause a situation by not even remembering the back of my master’s back. It shouldn’t happen. I’ll keep it in my mind this time and make sure something like this never happens again.”

“I just called you a backstabber...”

“And please speak in peace. The Count is my master.”

You changed your mind just now, right? I looked at her with a sullen expression and then turned my head.

‘Speak comfortably.’

She is noble. Unlike me, who holds only an honorary position, he is a noble from a high-ranking family that can be inherited. Although he is not the head of the family, that does not mean that the power in the family disappears, so despite the master-slave relationship, it was more convenient for me to just show mutual respect.

So, let’s compromise by speaking informally.

“I’m comfortable this way... Oh, there!”

“It’s a village. I heard it was small, but I never thought it would be this small.”



I internally nodded as I could see the size of the village at a glance.

Yes, that level is enough for a shaman to survive. Shamans are usually secluded beings. In that sense, that small town seemed very suitable for such a shaman to live in.

Remembert said he couldn't guarantee whether there would really be a shaman, but...

"Let's go quickly."

"yes."

After all, it is inevitable to have expectations. Lien and I hurried to the village entrance.

and.

"Huh fuck?"

"...."

"Oh, did I say that with my mouth? I'm sorry, brother. I was so shocked that I stopped."

Coincidentally, I ran into Cruel.

Can a coincidence like this even happen? At this point, I'm starting to wonder if he's stalking me.

But before I had such irrational suspicions, there was a solid reason to explain this encounter, so I kept my mouth shut and narrowed my brows.

'You came to find a shaman.'

According to what Remembert said, all the shamans except here, even the closest ones, lived far downstairs, so if he had any information, he would have had no choice but to come here.

But you can't help feeling bad.

So I close my mouth with a frown and glare at him, but for some reason, his eyes get bigger and bigger. It seemed like I could hear the wind blowing from somewhere... No, just for a moment. The sound is getting closer?

—Whoa!

My vision wavered. For a moment, my mind was blown.

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“Get the hell out of this town!!”

“Oh, calm down, grandma! Look at what they're wearing! They're high-ranking people! Hey, someone stop grandma!”

“Disaster, disaster has come! We must drive them out! No, we must kill them!!”

“Master! Are you okay... Ah, the blood...”

“...Ha.”

Deon, who had been motionless with his head down, raised his head with a short smile.

I laughed.

Lien, who had been staring blankly at the raised corner of his mouth filled with absurdity and absurdity, noticed his eyes and took a step back.

Those are the eyes from back then. Those eyes that were shining with madness during the attack.

“My lord...”

“....”

Deon looked down at his palm after wiping up the area where he had been hit along with his hair.

Blood soaked. Even now, I can feel the warm liquid flowing down my temple, so the wound must be quite serious.

The bright red eyes, which shine even more horrifyingly because of the blood shed, slowly roll towards the old man who is making a fuss. The old man was so strong that even though the men were clinging to him, he did not let go of the stone he was holding.

Deon, who was watching, roughly shook the blood off his hands and walked away.

As drops of blood splattered onto the dirt floor, the gazes inadvertently turned toward him froze, engulfed in anxiety and fear. I couldn't take my eyes off him.

Head messed up with blood. Eyes that shine with a slight spark of madness.

Even so, the faces of those who were weighed down by the strangeness they felt and the thick and damp atmosphere began to quickly grow tired of him when they saw where his steps were heading.

It was the same for Lien.

“Master...!”

“I won’t kill you.”

Anyone can see that it looks like they are trying to kill the old man, but there is no way to doubt the lord’s words. Lien stopped in place at the resolute words.

I tried to ignore the gazes of the villagers asking me to do something.

Since the lord has confirmed it, blocking him any further means doubting him, and it is unacceptable for a knight to doubt the lord.

Besides, she already made two mistakes.

One is the failure to protect the lord. The other thing is that he failed to immediately draw his sword and respond when he was hit by a stone.

What right does she have to stop him like that?

‘I was too focused on the confrontation between my lord and his brother.’

The discord between the superior and his family wastes his nerves in a different way.

As a result, external threats were overlooked.

Who would have thought that there would be someone in this rural village in the mountain valley who would pose a threat to the lord?

‘...No, this is an excuse.’

The previous excuse becomes useless in that the lord was unable to raise his sword the moment he was hit by a stone.

‘Even if the other person was an old man, he should not have hesitated...’

While Lien clenched his fists and broke out in a cold sweat, Deon walked slowly and stood in front of the old man, slightly bending his waist and making eye contact with the old man.

The act of bending down and making eye contact would have been enough to be seen as consideration, but for some reason it only seemed like a mockery, so Lien tilted his head for a moment and soon found out why.

The conversation started in an uneasy manner after the forced open eyes and creepy red eyes stared at each other without moving. In that conversation—

“Hey old man.”

“A disaster!”

“So you call me a disaster?”

Deon grins as he faces the old man glaring at him.

The sight of him laughing and bleeding from his head was so bizarre that everyone held their breath.

Amidst the subtle tension, a playful voice soon followed.

“No. I’m closer to a ‘sin’ than a ‘disaster’. Aren’t I?”

“this person...!!”

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I looked blankly at the grandmother who was yelling something and making a fuss.

You have a lot of energy for your age. This isn't just making a fuss, it's almost like using evil.

Meanwhile, my head hurts like it's going to break again. Not a metaphor, really.

Now that I think about it, I was hit by a rock. And this old lady shouted. I am a disaster and must be killed.

disaster. It's a disaster...

'Well.'

If I were to be honest, I think it would be closer to a sin than a disaster.

I turned my head and looked for Cruel. He was watching me from a little distance with complicated, incomprehensible eyes.

As our eyes meet, he naturally looks beyond me and approaches me. No, to be more precise, to the grandmother and the men who were making a fuss.

"I came to look for a shaman."

An extremely cold voice came out.

I didn't expect to see him worried about me getting hurt in the first place. I took the handkerchief Lien offered me and put it on my injured head and watched the situation.

"Actually, this old lady is a witch doctor... but she recently became senile..."

"Let go of this, you guys! I have to kill that guy!!"

"...So there are no more shamans in this village?"

“Oh, that’s it...”

Jang Jeong’s eyes roll. Before he knew it, his eyes caught sight of the woman who had approached him, grabbed his grandmother, and was gently persuading her.

“Grandma, calm down.”

“Ran, kill that guy. You saw it too, right?”

“Of course I saw it. But no. My grandmother always said, you shouldn’t treat people about something that hasn’t happened yet.”

Stand tall. The old man’s struggle stopped.

The old man, whose eyes were blank as if he had been hit on the head, muttered absently as if he had just gained enlightenment.

“...Yes, I did.”

The old man turns his head and looks at me.

I was weighed down by the force and tried to back away, but my weak reaction was canceled out by the old man holding my shoulder tightly.

it hurts! I recognized him from the time when the men were in trouble, so he is indeed a very strong old man.

“Oh my.”

“yes yes?”

“You should never hate anything.”

“...yes?”

“never. Do you understand?”

Earlier, he was making a fuss, saying that he should throw stones and kill him, but now he is holding his shoulder and gently coaxing and advising him. Is

this what you call senility? You should have seen a senile person to know that.

... No matter how senile it is, an unfair thing is an unfair thing. . There’s Cruel and Lien here, but why only me...!

‘Ahh! This old lady is real!’

That’s where the arrow hit me!!

When there was no answer, the hand holding my shoulder tightened.

After nodding hastily at the grip strength that couldn’t be ignored, the old man’s hand dropped as if he was satisfied.

I massaged my throbbing shoulder and said gruffly: “I came here because I needed a shaman, but this old lady is a shaman?” I

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n’t do anything like this old lady who not only tried to kill me but almost broke my shoulder.

I told you not to hate anything, right? Honestly, there’s no way that’s possible for a human being. Let’s start with the person I am now. ....

“....”

After taking one look at Cruel, he turned his head.



...Anyway, we need another shaman. Do we have no choice but to go down to the south? So how long will it take?

“Let me follow you. “

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 60**

60. Fate or Destiny(2)

“...Hmm?”

A young woman's voice. I was surprised when I unconsciously checked the other person.

Aren't there a lot of old shamans? I think she just turned 20.

Well, it was an unusual atmosphere. It wasn't normal to calm down the upset grandmother right away...

“Let me apologize first. I'm sorry for getting you involved in such an unpleasant incident.”

“Ah yes.”

“My name is Ran. I am the granddaughter of the grandmother over there. I also inherit my grandmother's blood, so I am good at magic. I don't know what you need a witch doctor for, but if you take me, you will be able to achieve your goal. I will.”

“He may not be trustworthy because he is young, but in this village, Ran is considered to have greater talent than his grandmother.”

I didn't have any other options anyway, so I was planning on taking him with me even if it wasn't enough, but hearing the villager's additional explanation was fascinating.

I quickly nodded, then noticed Cruel standing to one side and frowned slightly.

"By the way, the man standing over there is not part of the group. If you were thinking of being part of the group with that man..."

"I will follow you, nobleman."

The woman's eyes clearly focus on me, as if to reassure me.

I glanced at Cruel, who was observing the situation without much rebuttal, and slowly raised the corner of my mouth and held out my hand.

"Then please take care of me."

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It doesn't matter if you miss the Shaman. Aside from proving his usefulness, the duke hopes for his own victory, and to achieve that, he will end up having to find a new shaman or teach him other methods.

Cruel, who seemed to have something he wanted to do by staying here, did not bother to do anything and just watched the only shaman join Deon's group.

Now, it's time to accomplish the objective that was left here instead of going right away.

Cruel, who was staring at the back of Deon and his group as they walked away, turned his gaze. The eyes, which look

like they were carved out of rough green stone, embody an old man who was said to be a shaman.

There are many conversations I want to have with her.

Cries to kill the flying stone and disaster. Cruel, thinking that everyone was close to the edge, kept his mouth shut and took long strides toward the old man.

And the moment he spoke to her, who was breathing tiredly, with a rough tone, the old man suddenly raised his head.

Their gazes met and the old man's eyes softened.

"The baby is here too. He must be busy. Do you mind if I stay here like this?"

"...!"

The momentum that seemed to be swirling at any moment faltered for a moment.

An old man with clear, transparent eyes looks up at me, as if his treatment of Deon just moments ago was a lie.

The old man was said to be an excellent shaman, and as if he didn't know that he was Deon's older brother, he gently spread his arms in a virtuous manner. It looks like there are no boundaries at all.

"Come here. Let's hug each other."

"...."

"Come on."

I heard that I am senile, but is this appearance also a part of senility?

Cruel walked towards her awkwardly, as he had no intention of worsening the old man's condition for something that was not a loss.

The old man gently pulled the man's arm as he approached him very slowly and held him in his arms, whispering affectionately to him as if he were his own grandchild.

"You've been through a lot."

"...."

"You've really had a hard time."

Cruel quietly looked down at the old man's face, which was filled with deep regret. Even though he looked like he was about to cry, his eyes were still and motionless.

"Baby."

"...."

"You are the child who will become the beginning of destruction."

"...!"

"Don't worry."

Fearing that she might try to harm me as well, the old man continued to speak in a gentle voice as he held her tightly as he tried to retreat.

"I will never hate you. If I hate you too, there will be no one in this world who loves you."

I didn't mean to do this. I didn't send Deon first for this reason.

I feel like my head is spinning. All kinds of doubts and calculations appear in my head and then disappear again and again.

Why are you being so kind to me? Why is your attitude different from before? Is it really the same person? Was there such a thing as senility?

Is it possible that it was all an act? So what are you hoping for? What on earth is this old man, a former shaman, looking at?

Unable to hold his head in confusion, Cruel just slowly closed his eyes. The eyes, which had become harder than before, looked at the old man.

The old man closed his eyes and smiled, as if he knew what he was talking about even without looking.

“It is said that a living being that is not loved has a short lifespan. Shouldn’t it live a long time?”

—I have to win the implicit bet with my younger brother.

grasp! At that moment, Cruel grabbed the old man’s shoulders and roughly pulled him away. The old man’s body shook helplessly in his grasp.

Even though it was a very unpleasant scene, Cruel could not care less about it. His mind was filled with only one thought.

‘how?’

By what means?

As the old man said, he is in an implicit competition with Deon. No separate words were exchanged. There wasn’t any

signal.

This is what happened as we just ran towards our own goals.

A fight to see who can survive longer.

Deon is probably fighting a battle of 'who can kill the other person first?' It may be different if you look at it differently, but to me, it's the same bet.

In any case, when he dies, Deon will have already died.

"Please try to win."

"...."

"If you win, no disaster will occur. Then the beginning of destruction will never come. So, if you feel like you are going to die or want to die, kill that child first and then die."

"...under."

It seems that the saying that I am senile is not entirely wrong. When you see that you can't tell what to say and what not to say.

He was restless and pushed her roughly towards the village young man who was sneaking up on him. She, helplessly pushed away, lands in the arms of a young man.

Cruel looked at her coldly.

'Useless interference using unequal affection as bait...'

I was curious about what was being said and for what purpose, but I just watched it and never thought it would cross the line like this.

‘Should I kill him?’

The right hand hovers near the sword handle. Seeing this, the young man who was supporting the old man gasped slightly, but Cruel and the old man, who were actually involved, remained calm, without the slightest agitation.

There is a short silence.

The green eyes stared into the old man’s deep black eyes for a moment, but eventually Cruel let go of the sword and turned around.

He was not yet broken enough to swing his sword at the senile old man.

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“You said you had greater talent than your grandmother, right?”

I took a quick look at Ran, who had been silent the entire time we were going down the mountain, and cautiously set off.

It wouldn’t have been a bad idea to go down while maintaining this silence, but there was something that got in the way, so I had no choice.

After all, didn’t he call me a ‘disaster’? We can’t just ignore it since it’s been said that he should be killed.

I still want to live. Dying without knowing anything is a given.

Moreover, I feel uncomfortable because the person who said such a thing is a former shaman...



“You can’t know talent because it’s not something you can see with your eyes.”

“...Then let me change the question. Your grandmother once told you, ‘You saw it too.’”

“If you are talking about your destiny and future, then yes.”

While saying that, Ran looked straight at me.

“I can still see it.”

“....”

I slowly looked at Ran’s face. An expression that doesn’t look like a smile at all, and clear, clear eyes.

It doesn’t seem crazy at all. You mean it wasn’t nonsense?

“You might want to dismiss what I said a moment ago as simply the nonsense of a senile old man, but unfortunately, it was after seeing that future that my grandmother became senile.”

“...There’s no way I’m senile...”

Ran smiled bitterly.

“Knowing too much is not always a good thing.”

“...Did that old lady know me? How was she able to predict my future when I’d never even met her?”

“Actually, what my grandmother predicted was not a nobleman’s future, but the future of a village child.”

She slowly turns her head and looks somewhere.

“I had no choice but to see it because you were deeply involved in that child’s fate.”

As I followed the line of sight, I saw a man looking at me from behind a tree.

‘It’s a surprise! ‘What is that!’

By the looks of it, you’re 19? 20 years old? Anyway, I think I’m about the same age as the woman named Ran next to me, but she’s not my child, so I don’t know why she’s like that. It’s scary.

Even when we make eye contact, they don’t hide.

As a southerner is characterized by dark hair and eyes, the dark eyes look straight in this direction.

I froze for a moment as his gaze scanned this direction as if searching, and belatedly, I stammered and called Lien.

“...Lord Lien....”

“Yes, my lord.”

“Did you know?”

“yes.”

But why didn’t you say anything, man?

“My lord didn’t say anything, so I just left it alone. Is there any problem...?”

“No, no.”

That’s right, he also mistook me for an incredibly strong guy.

I couldn't bear to say anything and just sighed.

Anyway, so you're saying I was in that man's future? I didn't predict my future, I just saw myself in someone else's future, but that's how I reacted...

"...what on earth did I see?"

"You shouldn't talk about fate and the future carelessly. If you say it out loud, it could lead to the worst consequences."

"...."

"But I can tell you this much. To you, hatred is like a forest fire. It may not be a big deal at first, but at some point it grows rapidly and eventually engulfs everything. So, let us  
"Your grandmother would have told you not to hate anything."

I feel like things have become more complicated in my head, but I definitely understand one thing.

Fuck, I don't know what it is, but it doesn't mean I'm going to do anything big in the future.

I don't know why I, who strives to live as peacefully as possible, end up in such big trouble, but the culprit behind it is 'hatred'.

The only person I currently hate is Cruel, so maybe he will be the spark.

'As expected, I have to deal with Cruel first.'

Even if it wasn't, it was an eyesore.

Because he became a hero, it's impossible to guarantee whose side the emperor will take, and since he even has the duke on his back, and because of the attention from the social world, we haven't been able to touch him so far, but we have to find a way quickly.

'Assassination is likely to make a lot of noise, and maybe I should put a curse on it...'

Hmm? Not bad? Coincidentally, there is a shaman next to me.

I thought about briefly asking about the curse, but Ran, who I thought was finished, continued talking.

"And that child is close to an explosive that will explode at any moment."

"ah."

Is he still doing that?

I looked at the man who was still looking at me with trembling eyes.

Ran seemed to interpret my gaze as 'interest in men' or similar feelings, and muttered with a faint sigh.

"When an explosive explodes, a fire occurs, and conversely, when a fire occurs, an explosive explodes. Because of that, I hoped to avoid encountering that child as much as possible, but... Destiny isn't something that can be changed that easily."

...What are you talking about?

You've been talking about fate since a while ago, but the tone is a bit off.

Can't we just call it 'a relationship that happens to become properly entangled in the future'?

In the meantime, The man seems to have made up his mind as if he has made up his mind. At the same time, Lien puts his hand on the sheath of his sword and stands guard.

Before she can unsheath her sword, the man stops walking and looks directly at me and slowly opens his mouth. I was nervous on the

inside

. Words so absurd as to be shameless came out:

"Please take me with you."

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 61**

61. Fate or Destiny(3)

“Aaaah!!”

“grandma?!”

“Grandma! Come to your senses!!”

That was the beginning of this damn life.

It was just that I happened to get a fortune telling from an old woman who was a witch doctor. I didn't do anything, but I was so surprised when my grandmother screamed and fell from me.

And coincidentally, after that day, my grandmother became senile. It was also the beginning of misfortune.

Dan still remembers what she said.

‘Did you say he would be a strong supporter or stooge of disaster?’

How could I forget? After that, the villagers just whispered those words and avoided me.

The rumor spread quickly in this small town.

The village people hated Dan, and it did not go away easily even though the grandmother's granddaughter, Ran, tried to stop her. Rather, the negative emotions only grew and 'reluctance' turned into 'rejection'.

I was dumbfounded. I couldn't adapt at all.

Clearly, he couldn't accept the fact that the people he had laughed with and talked to until recently were rejecting him.

But the moment when no one spoke to him all day.

The moment when I had to stay up all night alone during the village festival.

At some point, various types of waste started to appear in front of the house.

Dan had no choice but to admit it.

'Just because of one prophecy.'

How barbaric is this?

A hollow laugh burst out. However, unlike his smile, his eyes were red and bloodshot, as if blood vessels were about to burst.

What am I suppressing right now: tears or anger?

What have I done with them so far?

It is natural for the life of an ostracized person in a small town to become difficult.

It wouldn't be a bad idea to leave this neglected village and head to the city, as he was already old enough, but Dan held on.

‘They said they saw disaster in me.’

He said he would be involved with me in the future.

So, if I just stay here, wouldn’t that ‘disaster’ come this way?

Of course, since our fates are intertwined, we will be able to meet each other even when we go to the city. But isn’t there a high possibility that I won’t notice the ‘disaster’?

Let’s wait here.

Even if you become senile, your skills will not go anywhere, so your grandmother will recognize the ‘disaster’ right away. Looking at their current personality, they will probably try to reject them.

If you stand on the side of disaster then, you will easily gain favor and trust.

The reason Dan wanted to stand on the side of disaster when it was not enough to try not to get involved with it was simple.

‘I’m so confident that I’ll be on the side of disaster, so I have to live up to that expectation.’

Dan is not a pushover who stands still after suffering. Especially if it wasn’t your fault.

Isn’t it so unfair that you are being ostracized even though you haven’t done anything yet?

So he held on and held on, but the moment he saw the face of ‘disaster’, he stopped laughing.

‘Was it you?’



What is fate?

White hair and red eyes. No matter how much time passed, there was no way I could easily forget his impressive appearance.

“It’s ridiculous that you suddenly asked me to take you away. Who is as suspicious as you...”

“Stop.”

The man who interrupted the wary escort slowly approaches. Bright red eyes looked up and down with strange interest.

Dan swallowed dryly and adjusted his posture as the atmosphere was completely different from before. Even though I was very nervous, I never avoided the eyes that seemed to be looking at me.

Even though Dan has only lived in a mountain village, he knows at least the identity of the man in front of him. There was no way I didn’t know.

Deon Hardt, a name that quickly became famous 10 years ago when the Eight Years’ War broke out.

‘During the war, he was famous as a ‘blood-crazed vanguard’ and ‘master of a murderous unit.’

After the war, he was famous as the last comrade of the last warrior and a hero of the empire.

Dan, who thought of his many titles, thought of the most impressive title among them.

‘The Vampire Count.’

Yes, the vampire count.

It is a title worthy of being a disaster.

Dan, who had thought that far, grinned.

A strange look appears in Deon's eyes when he sees him.

He slowly opened his mouth.

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After walking frantically, I eventually arrived at the mansion.

I raised my head and checked the sky where the sunset was setting.

I think it was roughly around 5 PM. Nothing good will come from procrastinating, so it would be better to get the work done today.

...however.

'Why did you follow me?'

Why is it that the man who was spying on me from afar just a moment ago has naturally joined the group?

"Lord Lien. That man..."

"Are you talking about Dan? I still don't trust him, but... the lord himself said he would take him away, so continuing to oppose would be disloyal as well. I will correct him."

Did you just say it out loud?! No, when?

Listening to what Lien said, it seems like I decided to bring him... but I don't remember at all.

I thought deeply about this and decided to think optimistically rather than complaining.

Even if I don't, I'm stressed because there are so many things to worry about. If something more is added here, it will be a headache.

'There must have been a reason!'

At the very least, they probably brought it because it was useful somewhere.

For example, whether he is good at fighting or knows a lot....

"Because he lacks learning, he knows little, and his fighting skills are not at a level that would satisfy the Master, who is a hero."

"...."

Why on earth did you bring him here? Why did he follow me so quickly? And what is the title 'master'?

I have a lot to say, but nothing I can say out loud. I looked at Dan with a complex expression and then turned my attention to the shaman.

It is absolutely not a departure from reality. I'm just putting it off because I have more important things to do.

"I'm planning to leave right away after completing the simple preparations. Is that okay?"

"There is no problem. Can I just point out one thing?"

"Just say it first."

“Do you intend to take the lives of not only the leaders but also innocent people?”

“What if they are innocent people?”

“This includes those who are simply bewitched by the masterminds.”

I was about to answer without thinking, but I felt something off and paused for a moment.

‘Did I tell you that I was going to Salvation Church...?’

There is no need to prove anything separately. This person is definitely a witch doctor. It couldn’t be otherwise. Ugh, I got goosebumps all over my body.

He nodded, wiping away his wrinkled arms. I don’t want to lie to someone like this, and even if I do, I’ll be found out quickly.

I plan to kill all the ordinary believers of the Salvation Church.

‘Can we really say that those who are possessed by the wrong religion are innocent people?’

A shaman might think so, but I don’t.

People who are crazy about religion literally don’t care about what’s going on. Is it for no reason that they are called fanatics?

If the religion they believe in collapses, they will probably go crazy in various directions.

They may try to kill those who destroyed religion, or they may create a second Salvation Church.

Taking one's own life out of frustration will result in reactions that can be considered tame.

So, it would be better to just kill them all without leaving any unpleasant consequences.

Shaman Ran's expression hardened.

"There's no need to shed a lot of blood already."

The tone is subtle.

I thought they would stop him by saying that innocent citizens of the empire should not be harmed, that life is precious, or that shamans often mention karma, but there is no need to shed a lot of blood 'already'.

Doesn't this mean that more blood will be shed in the future?

"...Do you know something?"

"I cannot answer. But this is also for your benefit. Please weed out those who are simply possessed. If you refuse, I will not provide any help to you."

Judging by the expression on his face, it seems like he wouldn't do it even if a knife was put to his throat.

This way you have no choice.

In the end, I nodded with a deep sigh.

"We need to increase the number of people we can take."

If you want to kill them all, it would be easier to take more people if you want to select and kill people.

“Thank you for accepting my unreasonable request.”

“No, well... By the way, about that...”

As soon as my gaze reached him, a man answered in an extremely polite tone.

“Please feel free to call me Dan.”

“Yes, Dan...”

“Can I follow you too?”

“no.”

The guy’s face falls gloomily. I was dumbfounded again.

Where do you follow me? They say you can’t fight. Didn’t you hear that I was going to kill you?

“For now... just wait at the mansion. I’ll tell Remember, so there shouldn’t be any problem.”

Even if a guy who can’t fight follows along, it’s just a burden.

Of course, it’s not for me to say, but... their status is different, right? I have an escort, but he doesn’t. Even if I give orders to protect this guy, it is natural that there will be limits.

For example, when me and this guy are in danger at the same time.

No matter what reason I brought this guy, I have no intention of letting him go in vain like that.

So no.

“It’s because I’m a burden.”

“....”

I understand.

I closed my mouth. The guy who read the affirmation there lowers his eyes and thinks deeply about something.

Then, as if he had decided on something, he raised his head and faced me directly.

“Can you teach me how to use a sword?”

“...I?”

“I don’t dare bother you Master. Just assign someone to teach you basic sword techniques and I will never disappoint you.”

I’m not asking you to teach me some family’s swordsmanship – I don’t have any family swordsmanship in the first place – but it’s not an unreasonable request.

Do you want to follow me that far?

I’ll let him go this time, but I can feel his determination to catch up next time, so I slightly avert my gaze and nod.

I can’t refuse it because I can even see visions of my eyes burning.

I feel like I’ve got a huge stalker, but it’s probably just my mood.

‘...however.’

Suddenly, I rolled my eyes at the rising doubt and looked at him again.

One question that even I cannot understand.

Why am I so obediently trusting this guy?

Why is this guy so suspicious no matter where you look?

‘We should at least have a one-on-one consultation soon.’

I need to find out for sure what his purpose is.

I’m busy right now, so we can talk as soon as I get back from work.

With that in mind, I briefly introduced Dan to Remember, who was already there to meet me, and said,

“We will be staying together from now on, so please give us a suitable room.”

“All right.”

“And aren’t there a lot of knights hanging out in the mansion right now?”

“There are so many.”

“Good. Tell the appropriate person among them to teach Dan swordsmanship.”

“all right.”

This is roughly enough.

“And Lord Lien.”



“Yes, my lord.”

“How long will it take to recruit at least 10 normal knights from among the idle knights?”

“It won’t take that long. If you enjoy a cup of tea and wait, I will finish it within that time.”

“Then I will wait.”

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Clink.

I looked down with nervous eyes at the teacup in front of me.

It was that tea again. The one who made me have a hard time going to the bathroom every time I drank it. Damn the car. Was it still there?

How much did the crown prince send? I want to burn it all down, but I can’t treat what the prince gave me carelessly. What I’m

more worried about is Dan.

I just told you to post an appropriate article, but it’s true. The only knights hanging out in this mansion are crazy dogs.

‘I’d be lucky if they didn’t at least recommend medicine...’

...No, wait a minute. Do you really think they would recommend it?

Those guys can do it. I jumped up with a thoughtful look on my face. .

“Count Bae?”

“...Go right now and tell Remembert. When the knights teach Dan, they should only teach swordsmanship.”

Don't let them teach useless things.

For example, medicine, medicine, medicine, etc.

Those around me. It is inevitable that there will be more crazy people.

‘There are still enough crazy people.’

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 62**

62. Sweeping (1)

"The Count said so?"

"yes."

"Okay, good job. You can leave now."

Remember sat down, hiding his rapidly racing mind with his usual expression.

He was trying to convey through himself something that could have been conveyed directly to the Knights or Lord Lien.

Remember is a capable butler and his master is a hero of the empire. He could immediately tell what Honorary Count Hart was giving instructions.

There's no way someone who went through war would spread the word through such an inefficient method for no reason.

So, his respected master is telling him to watch over a man named Dan.

'There's no way we'd let an outsider stay without any reason.'

This is probably to keep a close watch on suspected enemies.

There is sufficient evidence. At first glance, the saying 'Teach only swordsmanship' may seem like a worry that members of the Murderous Knights might try to drug Dan, but if you dig deeper, it can be interpreted to mean not to teach anything more than swordsmanship.

In other words, it could be an enemy, so be cautious.

'As the hero's butler, I should make sure the owner doesn't waste his attention on places like this.'

That is the duty of a deacon.

The old butler, who looked extremely ordinary, slowly stood up.

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"So... to be more precise, you want to become stronger in a short period of time? It's not that you want to learn swordsmanship."

"yes."

"Then we're perfect. We're lucky. If it were any other knightly order, it wouldn't have been possible."

General knights learn 'swordsmanship' through systematic training and education. That's why those who pick up the sword late are unable to become as strong as they intended.

Cleter, who was sitting on a tree stump in a corner of the gym, tapped the seat next to me. As he watched Dan obediently approach him, he spoke slowly.

“Do you know about our knights?”

“The Order of the Murderous Knights... A very strong order...”

“They know how to flatter children. Well, we are famous. It is true that we are somewhat strong. Then, most of us are ordinary people who were forcibly conscripted, and even from the poor. What is it?”

“I... didn’t know that.”

“Really? This is a pretty famous story. You might not know it. Anyway, what I want to say is this. We were ordinary people at first who didn’t know anything. And it was too late for adults to learn the sword.”

“That’s right! See that guy over there in particular? He’s 46 years old this year. He was 36 when he was drafted!”

“...Milan....”

Kletter wiped his face. For some reason, this guy said he was quiet, but it looks like he won’t last long.

I thought about kicking him out for a moment, but it was obvious that it would only make it louder and stickier, so I gave up and looked back at Dan. Milan’s words must have impressed him, as he muttered quietly, ‘Forty-six...’

“So...”

“...How.”

“huh?”

“How did you become so strong?”

“Well... actually, there’s no reason.”

Cleter slowly spoke, sitting back and looking into space as if reminiscing about the past. No, I tried to spit it out.

If it weren’t for Milan who intervened first.

“First of all, all the weak ones were defeated during the war.”

“Milan!”

“Why? That’s right.”

At first, they stood at the forefront as meat shields. Although there were words and instructions from Deon Hardt, who was the captain at the time, all those who could not abandon their humanity and did not follow his instructions eventually died.

Of course, Cleter didn’t mean to say this either. I was just trying to make things a little more mellow, but I never thought this bastard would attack a player.

He took a deep breath and started listing the rest of the reasons with an expression of giving up.

“And that’s because after the war, those who had a place to return to left. Don’t you think that number is small for a knighthood that was once a ‘unit’? The only people left here now are those who are not afraid of death.”

People who have a place to return to and something to protect will take care of themselves. They say there was only one way out on the battlefield and that I had no choice but to pretend I wasn’t afraid of death, but there was no need to do that now that everything was over.

Therefore, those who had regrets about life naturally left the Order and returned to their daily lives.

Of course, there were many who returned because they could not overcome the aftereffects of the war, but the reason for the majority of those who returned was simply because they had 'no longer had a place to return to or anything to protect' in the long period of eight years.

Now that I think about it, it's funny.

During the war, I was shaking so much because I was afraid of dying, but now I am shaking like this because I want to die.

'Well, let's say it's different because it was because he said he would never die during the war even if he actually died.'

Cleter's face, which had been laughing while thinking that, hardened for a moment.

I said I was anxious from the beginning, but Milan, this damn bastard—

"And the last reason is because we are wimps."

"...A drug addict?"

"Yes, I may have said it in a grandiose way, but in the end, we are half-penny who cannot properly kill a person without medicine. In that sense..." "

...?"

"Do you want to try one?"

"Milan!!"

There was no need to shout.

Almost at the same time as Cleter raised his voice, he shouted! Milan fell into the distance with a cheerful sound. The person occupying the spot where he originally stood is none other than general manager Lien Reiner.

Instead of saying something, she trudged up to Milan, stepped on his chest, and looked down at him with cold eyes.

Soon, a cold voice flowed from between open lips.

“I never thought you would actually recommend medicine. Are you crazy?”

“Ouch, ouch... I’m sick, leader. I’m dying...! Kahak!”

“It’s the leader, not the leader.”

“Everyone, Captain! Captain!”

“okay.”

“I’m dying!”

Tsk, Lien clicked his tongue and slowly bit his foot. Milan, who was coughing and breathing heavily as if he had been waiting for her, looked at her as if it was too much.

In the meantime, the body that was lying down was steadily being raised to avoid being stepped on again.

At that cute yet scandalous behavior, Lien snorted once and looked away. It wouldn’t be a bad idea to educate that irreverent bastard a little more, but now she had a clear purpose for coming here.



And I don't have to say anything now...

"Cleter."

"Yes, Captain."

"Get ready."

"Ah...! Yep!"

"Now, wait a minute! Captain! No, Captain! Aren't you picking someone to go on a mission? But why is he the only one...?! I'm bored too!"

As expected, I thought I would ask. Lien chuckled at the expected question.

She responded kindly with a sly look on her face, with a bit of cheerfulness and exhilaration, as if she had been waiting.

"Because the lord told me to select 10 'normal' people."

"Ah... damn it!"

There will be no rebuttal again.

Lien couldn't hide his absurdity and burst into laughter, but then his expression changed and he looked at a nearby tree.

I've been confused since I arrived here, but now I know for sure.

"Please come out."

There was no answer, but she was still confident. A business-like voice continued without any pitch.

“How long did you plan to just watch? The person you personally brought almost took the medicine, but you stayed silent.”

“...What power does an old man have to stop the young men? And before I could stop him, didn't Lord Lien stop him first?”

Clutter took a deep breath. Milan also seemed surprised and said, ‘Huh? ‘Huh?’ I made a dumb sound.

Still, since they had suffered on the battlefield for eight years, they were well-versed in detecting signs, but they did not notice anything at all.

I always thought he was not an ordinary butler, but I never thought he would be like this....

Lien, who completely ignored the reactions of his subordinates, opened his mouth to Remember.

“What brings you here?”

“I came to deliver a message from the Count. One...”

She noticed Remember's gaze and spoke to the members.

“Take Dan and leave the place for a while.”

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“Sorry, I'm late.”

“it's okay.”

Okay, so I was only a few minutes late.

Lien came to visit me shortly after I finished my cup of tea.

There wasn't a clear time given in the first place, and I drank my tea quickly, so it can't be said that it was particularly late, but that doesn't seem to be the case from Lien's perspective.

"I'm really sorry. What can I say..." "It

's really okay. There must have been a reason. For example, I was told to teach swordsmanship, and there was an article who recommended medicine first, so I gave him a little training..." "Oh, how did you do that

? ...!"

What was it real? I took a picture?!

By the way, if it's late for that reason, it's not something to apologize for. Rather, you should be praised.

"Good job."

"yes?"

"Did Dan take his medicine?"

"no."

"Then you did very well."

Lien prevented another crazy person from appearing in the world!

I contributed to peace on the continent, but it was too late. I emphasized it again with sincerity. Well done.

"Then let's go now."

I turned my gaze and scanned the faces of those standing in front of me. Mad Dogs, Lien, and Shaman Lan.

Well, it seems like no one is missing. But the number seems a bit high.

It is said that slums have little influx of new people. That's how familiar each other's faces are, so when a new person comes in, they will recognize it right away.

It might be just one or two people, but if new faces suddenly flock to a place like that, wouldn't the news quickly spread there?

"...I guess we'll have to split up and go..."

"It's a hassle to avoid getting caught, but I think it's safer to group them in groups of two or three."

I agree. Those three are a bit dangerous too. Wouldn't the two of you be safe?

But the problem is....

"Who doesn't know the geography of this place?"

"...."

"...."

There was no answer.

what? There's no way you couldn't hear me. Is there really no one who doesn't know?

Oh, that's ridiculous....

"Nothing."

“...hmm?”

“We are all from around here....”

“Considering the circumstances, we only recruited people from the poor in this area.”

A proud voice overlapped the voice calmly laying out the facts.

As expected, Lien. He’s competent. I have a lot of talented people.

‘I wish I didn’t have to go to that Injae-bok Demon World...’

I quickly dismissed the sad thought and nodded roughly.

“Then the knights pair up and take different routes. The gathering place is near Salvation Bridge. If you don’t know the location, ask Lord Lien and gather in a place where you won’t be caught.”

“yes!”

“Lord Lien and the shaman are moving with me.”

“All right.”

I watched them scatter in different directions and then quickly took a step back.

I feel like I can move a little leisurely, but I can’t do that when I think of Cruel.

Where is he and what is he doing now? Surely he didn’t move faster than me?

Maybe we should have gone together instead. No, but still...

....

It wasn't long before we arrived at our destination.

I wonder if it was a lie that they were from this area. All the knights arrived before me, even though they moved in different directions – one team even went back in the direction they came from.

I knew that a large percentage of the members of the Murderous Knights came from poor backgrounds, but I never thought there would be so many poor people from the same area rather than different regions.

“Ah, that's because this slum is the largest.”

“So, when it came to recruiting troops, the empire started from here.”

“Unless they were very old or very young, all men were taken away, but thanks to this, the size has decreased a lot. There used to be more people.”

Does this mean the scale has decreased? I can't even imagine what it was like before.

“Anyway, can I just charge now?”

“Guys, let's take some medicine!”

“...That's not it, so put the medicine down.”

# I'm Not That Kind of Talent

## Chapter 63

### 63. Clearance (2)

I quickly stopped them and looked back at Lien. Although I didn't say anything, she must have realized what I was trying to say.

just as expected.

'I told you to bring in the ones that were okay...'

'Those are the ones that were at least okay.'

The woman who was beating up the members immediately responded with her eyes. I immediately read the explicit look in his eyes and had a moment of doubt.

That's the only thing that's okay? really? Even so, wouldn't there be one or two people who can imitate a somewhat normal person?

As Lien said, I searched my mind for a moment to see if there was anyone better than those guys.

'...there is none.'

After seeing Cleator looking at the medicine lying on the floor as if it was a waste, he shook his head.

‘There really isn’t any.’

Aside from feeling miserable about my situation, I can’t just waste my time here.

When the commotion seemed to have died down to some extent, I glanced at Ran, who had been looking pitifully at the guys who had been deprived of their medicine and had become sullen.

She sensed my unspoken question as to whether I had still changed my mind and gave a small nod. damn.

“...You don’t have to kill them all, but you have to exclude those who are simply possessed. So medicine is not an option.”

“You’re too soft, but...”

“I understand why you brought us here. We would be perfect for distinguishing between the poor and the poor. However, it would be a confusing situation, so why bother distinguishing whether they are poor or not?”

I know it too. But it can’t be helped. If the shaman doesn’t cooperate, it’s the end of the plan and all.

“We are going to set a fire inside the building. Most of the people who come out at this time will be ordinary people who are possessed by religion. The four of you will wait outside and select and kill the suspicious people hiding among them—” There is no need to capture them alive

. does not exist. Even if he wasn’t an ordinary person, he would be a small child to run away like that. Even if you miss a few people, it probably won’t be a big problem.



Those in higher positions will probably have something to hide or take care of, so they will go deeper. I acquire the 'things that need to be hidden or taken care of'.

It doesn't matter if you don't have it. Because I already know where something like that could be.

“—The remaining six are going to mess around inside. Likewise, just kill the suspicious guys. You can go in when you see smoke. Oh, and if there's one moving in a different direction as if it's going somewhere, have some of you chase it.”

“Who starts the fire?”

“I.”

I deliberately brought ingredients that smoke well and last a long time. All you have to do is light it and throw it in a place with few people.

Of course, the shaman has to go with me, and Lien will follow even if I don't like it, so in the end, there are no people left. Well, it's neat.

“But...”

“Huh?”

“There seems to be something strange about your plan.”

Cleter tilted his head.

“It's not that I don't know what I have to do... It's just that...”

“Are you going to complain about my lord's orders now?”

“No, I have to do it when I’m told. But... “

He looked down at my knight’s uniform and looked at me with a confused expression.

Ah, I know what you want to say.

“I think you are confused about the fact that we are sending the poor to live, but the purpose of this matter is not to handle it quietly. So, you can tell the world that the murderous knights have messed up.”

No, I have to tell you. Only then will my merits be recognized.

Of course, if I just go out like this, the emperor, who is known to patronize me, will be criticized even more, but that’s none of my business.

I am not a person who cares about the emperor being criticized, and even if he wants to reprimand me, I am just following his orders, so there will be no major problem.

“Then find a suitable place and wait.”

“yes.”

Leaving them behind, I walked around the back of the building and touched each of the windows. I tried to go in through that open window last time... but it was all locked?

‘Well, it’s even more suspicious if the security is still there even though you made such a fuss...’

We’re in big trouble! I don’t know of any other entrances other than the front door!

I glanced back at Lien and the shaman. The two of them shake their heads as if there is no other way.

An embarrassing wind passed between us for a moment, and Ran slowly opened his mouth as if a good idea occurred to him.

“How about checking to see if any of the knights you brought know how to open a window?”

“Hmm?”

“I heard that all the knights brought here were poor. I haven’t been out into the world a few times, so I can’t say for sure, but most of the poor people I’ve met so far are learning various and interesting skills.”

aha. I know what you want to say.

Now that I think about it, there were quite a few members who had quite interesting dexterity. For example, pickpocketing or how to open a door...

I told Lien to go check without further delay and bring him in if there were any such members. But she, who would normally have listened straight away, shows hesitation this time.

“I can’t leave my master alone again...”

“You are not alone. There is also a shaman like this. I will wait quietly, so don’t worry and go.”

“....”

“...?”

what? I guess it’s not just that?

I looked at Lien's back with some confusion as he walked away, showing signs of reluctance.

Not long after, she returned with a member of the group, and

only then did I understand why she was upset.

'Lien was a knight.'

This situation of having to open a window like a thief must have been inconvenient.

The lord, who should always be prioritized, is not in danger, and I think I could have found another way if I investigated a little more, but I chose to open the window.

I knew I didn't have time, so I kept my mouth shut. If I had a little more time, I would have been careful and said, let's find another way.

It's not something I say that will make it happen. Pretending not to notice Lien's appearance, I looked away and looked back at the member who skillfully opened the door and was very proud.

"I never thought this would be used here like this...! I'm so moved..."

"Okay, good job. Go back now."

"Wow, you're so heartless. You could have praised me a little more..."

His mouth is grumbling, but his actions follow orders faithfully. I inadvertently let out a laugh as I saw the guy grunting and turning away.

I feel this every time, but those guys are just crazy talkers, but they are really good at understanding the situation. I wonder if he has any sense.

Actually, if I wasn't smart, I wouldn't have survived that battlefield, but it's still amazing.

Maybe that's why, with a slightly softened heart, I spoke to the back of his head.

"Go quickly."

"Yeah..."

As soon as the member walked away, we held on to the open window and crossed over. Oh, of course, I checked everything to see if there was anyone inside.

As if it were natural, my two companions followed me through the window without saying a word. Ran was a little tired, but thanks to Lien lifting her up, there were no major problems.

Since it wasn't the window I had passed through before, I stopped for a moment in front of an unfamiliar landscape and fell into a brief contemplation.

'Where would be better...'

It is difficult if the fire is discovered too quickly and the smoke spreads too late.

Just as I was hesitating because I had no idea if I even knew the geography of this place, Lien took the initiative.

"If you tell me where you think is suitable, I will guide you."

"Lord Lien? How...?"

“Last time, when I was looking for my lord, I visited most of the hallways and rooms. I have some idea of the geography.”

That’s so helpful. What a world...

I looked at her with subtle eyes and laid out the conditions I had in mind. She listened to me with a serious attitude, nodded and began to lead the way.

Thanks to Lien’s excellent sense of presence, she was able to navigate several crises without incident, and it may not be an empty statement to say that she had some understanding of the geography for a while, but she found a suitable location faster than expected.

“Here it is, what do you think?”

“It seems okay.”

“Then...”

“Yes.”

I set fire to the ingredients I brought with me. Wow, there’s already a lot of smoke...

Lien covered his nose and mouth with the handkerchief he held out and threw it on the floor.

My vision was already starting to get obscured, so it seemed like I had prepared an incredible amount of ingredients. I looked at the large amount of smoke spewing out with half anxiety and half pride, and then turned around.

From now on, it is a race against time. The leadership, who senses something suspicious, must steal important

evidence before they run away.

“Let’s hurry.”

Thanks to Lien’s guidance, it wasn’t that difficult to find the prayer room.

The interior still had a mysterious atmosphere with the white walls and purple fabric, but this time, instead of looking around, I led the shaman in search of a problem that needed to be solved.

There won’t be anything more to see anyway.

There was no one by the way. It couldn’t possibly be here. Is it already inside? Or is this a trap?

‘...Honestly, I’m not sure there will be any evidence left.’

Because Lien caused that mess. The leadership, alerted by the previous incident, may have already stolen important clues or evidence elsewhere.

Nevertheless, the reason I came back here was

‘It doesn’t matter anyway.’

In any case, Salvation Church will be destroyed due to this incident. This is true if you exclude the possibility of a comeback or a second Salvation Church.

If the leadership stole key documents, Cruel would not be able to find them either, so considering the situation, I will ultimately be the winner of this game.

Neither Cruel nor I could find the key documents.

What about the collapse of Salvation Church? I did it.

So who will be the winner?

It's just a thought in my head, but honestly, I feel like I want the leadership to steal the ledgers. If I find it, it will only be an element of bonus points, but if Cruel finds it, it will be an important hand that will turn the game around.

That's why they came up with such a reckless and weak plan.

'Anyway, you'll find out when you go in.'

I went up to the stage and removed the hanging purple cloth. Ran's eyes immediately fell on a certain point on the wall.

"It appears to be a spell using a jewel as the main medium. It seems to have a communication function that allows a signal to be transmitted immediately when it is destroyed, and also has a space distortion function..." "I see. All I have to do is pass through

this place. Is that possible? "

"...."

"...?"

"...Just a moment... Could you please give me a little more time?"

"Is there something wrong?"

"Something... something..."

His words trail off.



The initially calm gaze became serious as if sensing something strange, and the quiet black eyes were trembling. And it soon turned into astonishment.

“...Why... Here....”

“Why is that?”

“Why is there a spell here?”

“...yes?”

“This is not witchcraft. It is magic disguised as witchcraft.”

My head was blank for a moment. This was something completely unexpected.

Magic. Of course I thought it was witchcraft... but suddenly it was called magic? In the human world?

This is a serious problem. I don't think it will be long before I end up in the demon world again...

‘Ugh, my stomach...’

Just thinking about it made me feel stressed, so I tried not to think about it and looked back at the shaman and Lien.

As he was a shaman, the situation was serious . Ran, who felt this more clearly than anyone else, was explaining the device to Lien, who had a stern expression on his face and a question mark above his head. Although he was explaining, he seemed lost in thought.

“I was convinced after seeing the space distortion function. Do you know the difference between magic and witchcraft?”

“I only know that magic is breaking the rules of the world, and witchcraft is about paying a certain price and slightly twisting the rules to use it to your advantage... Is that right?”

“Yes, that’s right. If we take this space distortion as an example, it wouldn’t even be a distortion. This is a combination of a completely different space.”

“You mean grafting?”

“Yes, completely different spaces are connected through this gem. If you destroy this wall, there will probably be nothing behind.”

“That means that if you break the jewel...”

“It would mean that crossing into connected space is a long way off.”

Those words sting me for no reason. Good thing I didn’t break it.

Anyway, that’s not what I’m curious about right now. There are two things I’m curious about.

Who cast the spell?

Is it possible to move on to ‘that’ space through this?

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 64**

64. Sweep (3)

"I don't know who cast the spell, but I have a vague idea of the structure. Please wait a moment."

She places her hand on the jewel, as the woman once did. Unintelligible words continued.

I still don't know what he's saying, but as he murmurs, the wall becomes more and more flabby.

In other words, evidence that the structure has been understood.

I'm really glad that these aren't empty words... but I have some doubts. Is it possible for a shaman to have some reach into the realm of magic?

'I don't think he's an ordinary shaman...'

Did you say he was very talented? I had no idea that the scope of his talent would exceed my expectations...

but whatever.

"You can go in now."

On the contrary, it is beneficial, so there is no problem.

The shaman retreated and I stood in front of the wall.

...I felt really uncomfortable when I tried to go in. This won't suddenly become hard or anything like that, right?

I slowly stretched out my hand. As soon as my fingertips touch it, the wall shakes again.

'Ugh, I don't like the feel of it at all.'

Lien next to him says he will go in first, but if he backs out, his face will be lost. It's a face I might have to look at from now on, but I can't avoid her every time.

In the end, I closed my eyes tightly and pushed myself into the wall.

\*\*\*

"Fire!!"

"Hi! What kind of knights...!"

It was chaos itself.

The members in charge of causing trouble inside clenched their fists when they saw those coming out.

Children, the elderly, people who have lost a leg, people who are blind....

All of these people, even among the poor, have to live with an unavoidable penalty.

Only then did the members understand why the poor were fascinated by this pseudo-religion. No, it would be correct to say that he was bewitched.

The poor are just uneducated and not stupid.

Cleter laughed helplessly.

‘Tell them to make trouble...’

I knew it instinctively the moment I checked their faces.  
They won’t go away easily.

If they’re being reckless enough to kick them out, they  
should kill someone as an example. At least the arms and  
legs should be blown off.

The guards we killed upon entering were not enough. We  
must touch the poor.

‘But who?’

A child? Old people? A person without a leg? Blind people?

“Turn off the lights!”

“Stop the knights too! We must protect this place!”

A desperate move. As someone who was also a poor person,  
I could understand why they did that.

Walking down a path where you are likely to die is not  
because you are stupid.

It is the last hope. To the point where I thought it would be  
better to die if it ended.

To begin with, for the poor, life was no more than a stone  
rolling on the ground, so throwing one’s life away was not  
that difficult.

If it’s for their ‘salvation’.

“Please get out of here, Sir!”

“Oh please...!”

My jaw tightened.

The Murderous Knights are literally murderers. It killed countless people, including old people and children.

The enemy is naturally destroyed, and no matter what it is, as long as the order is given.

‘If I had given an order to kill them all...’

I would have taken medicine and wiped them out right away. At least if they were enemies, there would have been no hesitation.

However, the order this time was not to kill them, but to cause trouble, and the people in front of them were not enemies.

That’s why I couldn’t help but be agitated.

The only time the Murderous Templars become murderous spirits is when they take medicine. Those who did not take medication were merely weak humans struggling with feelings of guilt.

That’s why I try to show a more cheerful side, but...

“Get out!”

“...!”

“Shiia!”

...It was difficult to show cheerfulness even in a situation like this.

Cleter lowered his gaze blankly at the dull shock he felt on his waist.

A small girl was clinging and crying as if trying to stop her from walking.

“Please go out, please...!”

“Shiia! It’s dangerous! Come here quickly!”

A boy calls her from afar. Cleter suddenly came to his senses at the urgent cry.

The child cannot be left alone as long as he touches the body of a knight performing his duties. The atmosphere depends on even these little things. So let’s use this kid as an example...

“...Damn it.”

He swore softly.

‘Captain, I think you made the wrong decision this time.’

Her judgment was wrong.

Rather than members from the poor, people other than them should have come here.

If they were people who did not understand the poor, they would feel guilty, but the depth of their guilt would be relatively shallow.

The culprit was different, but it was a painful moment for those who were in trouble.

\*\*\*

Ah. iced coffee. ah.

Shiia's hands were shaking.

There is smoke. Evidence that there was a fire. Even a group of knights came in, killed the guards, and threatened the poor to drive them out.

Shiia could feel the poor.

If we get kicked out like this, this place will be a mess. It's just a mess. It may never come back again.

"Shiia, let's run away for now. I think people who run away are just let go."

It seemed like Paul was saying something next to me, but I couldn't hear it.

For Shiia, this was a sacred area. A place like a dream world full of only good people with no malicious intent or bad people.

A place where malice cannot or cannot invade.

That's why I was able to break down the strong boundaries and live comfortably here.

"Uh... why..."

Malice invaded. Bad people come and trample on sacred land. The building is filled with acrid smoke, and a glimpse of red flames shines through a window on one side of the building.



The moment the poor people who noticed the situation blocked the knights' path and begged her, she ran forward without warning.

No separate goal was set. They just rush at any of the 'bad people' they see in front of them.

'No no...!'

I had barely made a living, but now it felt like I was finally living.

"Get out!!"

"Shiia!"

He was holding on to a man wearing a white knight's uniform.

"Please go out, please...!"

"Shiia! It's dangerous! Come here quickly!!"

Wrong. No matter how much I scream, it cannot reach Shiia.

"That stupid kid...!"

Paul couldn't overcome his anxiety and bit his nails. Even in my hectic state, my mind was trying to figure out who the people in front of me were.

Knights in white livery.

Among the many knightly orders, as far as he knows, there is only one that uses white as a knight's uniform.

Murderous Knights.

Then, the person who sent them here....

‘The Vampire Count!’

Yes, Deon Hardt.

Far away – my teeth ground apart. Why does a high-ranking person bother to pay attention to a place like this?

Because the Salvation Church is a cult?

I’m not a fool and I know that Salvation Church is not as normal as I thought.

But what is it? The poor have to worry about what they will eat every day. For us, the Salvation Church that gives bread and water is really ‘salvation’ itself.

It could be an evil cult disguised as salvation. It’s okay to have a suspicious plan. Whatever it is, it will be less painful than starving to death.

So, if the Salvation Church falls, we will take revenge.

The opponent is of course—

‘Deonhart is the Emperor’s sword. Then, this current movement must also be an order from the emperor.’

—Emperor.

Was it an intended result or an unexpected move?

At this moment, the tip of someone’s sword was aimed at the emperor.

\*\*\*

The squishy sensation that weighed down my entire body felt like I was passing through a rather soft pudding.

For no reason, I raised my head while touching various parts of my body and couldn't help but be momentarily dazed by the scenery I saw.

“What? This place is the same as there before, right?”

No, it's a little different.

In the prayer room earlier, the chairs were wooden, but the chairs here are light purple. There's also a door in the corner.

But other than that it's the same. The white walls and the strangely hanging purple fabric...

“It's the same.”

“No, it's different.”

I heard two familiar voices. You came in. Instead of looking back or saying something useless, I scanned the room and asked back.

“Different?”

“Do you see this gold?”

As I move my gaze along Ran's fingers, I see a faint crack. It was engraved on the floor and widely engraved throughout the room with certain rules.

Anyone can see that it looks like it is a medium for witchcraft.

“There are Jin engraved all over the room. I think it might have something to do with that door...”

The door in the corner.

As soon as my gaze lands on that place, Lien goes straight to grab the doorknob. Contrary to expectations, the door opened smoothly and I was speechless for a moment at the view beyond.

“What... oh...”

I see a green tree. It's not just one tree. A lot.

Yes, beyond the door was none other than a forest.

“Similarly, it is magic disguised as witchcraft. It is a combination of other spaces, so if you open the door in a non-specific way, you will be connected to the outside.”

“If I open it using a certain method, it connects to the inside?”

“Yes, to be exact, you can move as long as you perform a certain action in this room without opening the door. When you come out, just open the door as usual and come out...”  
Have you already analyzed that far

? It's not even a spell, but it's fast.

“How long will it take?”

“Magic is an unfamiliar area to me... so I think it will take at least 10 minutes.”

At least 10 minutes. too long. Of course, I should be grateful that there was a way... but my heart was very urgent.

It's not a problem if someone comes in along the way. Since not many will be able to come in at once, it will be easy to suppress them.

But what if someone is already in that room? What if you're trying to take your belongings and run away through another passage?

As long as he runs away safely, he'll probably go out completely if Cruel catches him.

"shit."

There is no other way. Is there no way to just wait? Is that really all there is? really?

In my anxiety, I didn't even notice that I was walking in circles in this space.

The fact that I found out was when Ran, who was worse than me, opened her mouth.

"Calm down. Nothing can be accomplished by being so nervous."

Stop.

Was I nervous? No, but that doesn't mean you can do it as you want, right?

Anyway, I stopped because I had some respect... No, I thought I stopped, but why am I walking again?

Even though I stopped for a moment, at some point I was spinning along this space again. And this time in the opposite direction.

The moment I realized that fact and stopped, the scenery changed without me being able to do anything.

“...Fuck?”

“....”

“No, this is not because I was surprised.”

Why are you here?!

I was surprised that the scenery had changed in an instant, but I froze when I came face to face with Cruel holding a torch in a room full of documents.

\*\*\*

When ominous smoke came from somewhere in the building and news of intruders was heard, Saerin, the actual head of the Salvation Church, quietly took a step back.

This is Deon Hart.

Perhaps those besieging this building and those wreaking havoc inside are the famous murderous knights.

Other than that, there was no need to think of anyone else.

Aside from Cruel, the only person tasked with eradicating the Salvation Church is Deonhardt.

‘He may be unrelated, but he is also a commander.’

By setting fires, ordinary people are driven out and those who are deeply involved are singled out.

People who had something to hide would try to fight their way through the crowds and head somewhere, so it could

be said to be quite the problem, but unfortunately, Saerin's brain was much better than he expected.

She is from a commoner background and is the Duke of Illuster's servant.

There's no way a commoner woman would have had the brains to become a duke's subordinate.

As soon as she realized that this incident was related to 'Deonhardt', she obediently backed away. She didn't bother to run or rush somewhere to get the documents, but quietly, without holding her breath——abandoned the Church of Salvation

.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 65**

65. Clearance (4)

'Anyway, the purpose was achieved.'

The remaining work was left to Cruel Hart.

Unlike Deon Hardt, who knows nothing, he knows how to enter 'that room', so by the time Deon Hardt arrives, everything will have been cleaned up.

In other words, Deonhardt will have no way of knowing that the Duke is behind the Salvation Church, and Cruel will be responsible for the consequences of everything that happens after this, so all she has to do is take a step back and watch with interest.

And from her perspective, what Deonhardt did this time was...

'Step back.'

Soft. So much so that I doubt whether he is really the 'deonhardt' I know.

If it had been him, he would have completely sealed off the building, preventing even a single rat from escaping, and then killed everyone inside.



Isn't it possible for the enemy to escape by mixing in with the general public?

There is no way anyone who went through the war would not know that fact.

'...Are you saying it doesn't matter if I miss one or two people? 'Because it's going to be a small piece anyway?'

Well, if you predict his priorities, it's completely understandable.

Securing evidence is probably the most important. Only then will we be able to punish those behind it and completely eliminate the Salvation Church. Aiming for the head first is a general's instinct.

but.

Saerin slightly raised the corners of her mouth. A smile that was by no means innocent spread across the face.

'In the end, I'm the one who wins.'

Deon Hardt won't find out who's behind it.

\*\*\*

I see a mountain of documents piled up. There is a strange smell of oil.

Among them, Cruel was frozen with one hand in his bosom.

There was silence.

I quietly lowered my gaze and checked the man's stiff upper body in an awkward posture.

He must have been surprised, too, as his hand slipped out of his pocket, and what caught my eye were a few documents held at the end of it.

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

He blinked several times in that position, and as if he noticed my gaze, he packed the documents in his arms. Then, naturally, he took a look at me

and threw

the torch he was holding into a pile of documents.

‘...?!’

No wait. What does this do...!

In an almost unrealistic instant, all the documents were engulfed in flames.

I heard it smelled like oil, and this was it!

Damn it, nothing can be saved like this. How did we get here, but losing evidence right in front of our eyes is unfair, so I can't just leave it at that.

I quickly reached out for the burning document. Just holding it for a moment won't cause too severe a burn. All you have to do is catch it like this, throw it on the floor, and then step on it.

But my purpose was not achieved.

chin.

“Let go of this!”

“....”

“You crazy bastard! Why are you burning this!!”

Crazy bastard. You idiot.

As for the general public, I used the Templars to chase them out, and the leadership can't even tell where they are hiding. Probably got out of here. I won't be back for a while.

In other words, all that's left is to contact the imperial palace and have them take these documents... Why on earth!!

Although he struggled with all his might to shake off the hand, this weak body had no effect on Cruel's control. Instead, as I was struggling, my hand brushed against the burning document, and he immediately picked me up and threw me around his shoulder.

“Fuck!”

I'm so fucking annoyed and so fucking angry.

Cruel is blocking me, and my weak body can't do anything about it. I was wheezing with complex anger towards both of them, but a specific thought that briefly crossed my mind made me stop all my actions without realizing it, like a doll with its strings undone.

I feel Cruel glancing at me, wondering if I'm strange, but...

“...Duke.”

Stop.

Just like I did a moment ago, he also froze in place.

I started walking again as if I hadn't heard anything, but it was already too late. I had already gained confidence.

Yes, it is a peacock.

Salvation Church, which is presumed to have a huge background. A purple cloth used only here. Cruel burning documents.

Who did Cruel follow?

Whose symbol was purple?

Excluding the royal family, who was the most powerful person?

‘—Starbe Illuster.’

The leader of the noble faction with purple hair and eyes, followed by Cruel.

“This ...”

“....”

”

Anger exploded.

\*\*\*

Honestly, I don't remember much after that.

According to Lien, smoke came out of Jin, then the door in the corner opened, and Cruel came out along with thick smoke.

Cruel was carrying me, and when I tried to plunge the dagger into his side, he immediately threw me at Lien and disappeared.

“I’ve never seen you so angry.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes, he got so angry that he even vomited blood. I was so surprised at that time...” ”

I see... that’s right...”

He was definitely very angry. I wonder if my reason was lost in anger.

No, even thinking about it again makes me angry. I’m not saying you played with people. There is no fucking place to talk about.

Telling the emperor would be of no use unless there was evidence. It would be nice if they didn’t see it as just a dirty plot by a loser.

‘Fuck Cruel...’

Since he got the documents that I couldn’t, he will be the winner of this competition. What on earth are you trying to ask for? I don’t know what it is, but I just hope it has nothing to do with me.

“Oh, what about a shaman?”

“I went back.”

“...yes?”

“He said he had nothing more to do and would go back.”

No, since there is no reason to hold it, it is right to send it...

“Well...”

“Ah, it is said that the reason the master was moved to that space was to go around the room.”

“No, that’s not it... okay? I beg your pardon?”

“They say that if you circle it in any way, three times to the left and twice to the right, it will move. Perhaps the idea was to conveniently draw and move it with a finger, but who knew. “I didn’t expect the Count, who was moving around the room, to be moved.”

“....”

“That’s great luck.”

I was at a loss for words. So was that why I was moved?

No, that’s not important now...

“You really just sent the shaman? “Empty-handed?”

Shamans are rare beings, so it is better to be remembered fondly. But what if you worked hard and sent it away without any compensation?

“The deacon gave us a reward and a carriage.”

“Oh, that’s it.”

As expected, Remember. Thanks to this, I won’t be remembered as shameless.

...Anyway, it’s a little disappointing. I was going to ask you about the curse.

“Lord Lien. There is one thing I am mistaken about, but the reason the Count vomited blood was because he received strong pressure on his abdomen while being placed on his shoulder.” “...?” He raised his head in confusion. He

grinned

. Silver-blue hair that was slowly changing came into view.

Naturally, Remember passed me and put down the tray he was holding on the table. I looked at him with a dumbfounded expression, but a voice that seemed to completely exclude me was heard. “Ah... It’s because of anger

. It wasn’t. I guess I was wrong.”

“I can’t say that anger had no effect at all, but that was the biggest cause. There is no need to be embarrassed if you misunderstand one thing. It’s just that the Count was in a glass body.”

“Glass body...”

Why are you muttering that again?

The word competent is a cancellation.

In the end, I couldn’t hold back and said one word.

“No, Lord Lien. Why are you repeating that over and over again? And what does Remember mean when he comes in...”

“Oh, sorry.” I knocked,

but there was no answer.

Remember bowed curtly, leaving out the 'glass body' thing I wanted to point out the most.

I couldn't say anything more about his polite and impeccable behavior, so I clicked my tongue and looked at the tray on the table. On the tray, there was a decoction and a note. Ugh, decoction... that was still there

. ?

"...What is that note?" It was

an unsightly note that looked completely different from the invitations he had occasionally seen.

Remember's eyes narrowed.

You noticed! I didn't want to take medicine, so I changed the subject! That's my age. Is he doing it?

I was just staring at him because I was being pricked for no reason, and he shook his head as if there was nothing he could do. The answer came back with a faint smile.

"It's a note from a shaman. Before I left, I left a message asking you to give it to the Count."

"Are you a witch doctor?"

I muttered in confusion and reached for the note. Before opening the note, I hesitated for a moment, wondering if I had used a suspicious device, but my hesitation was short-lived.

At least in my memory, I have never committed any major disrespect to her.

The contents of the note were not as long as I thought.



[A curse is not something that can be taken lightly. In order to kill someone, it is essential to kill someone with the greatest value to the caster. I have to sacrifice it. Would you, a nobleman, be able to sacrifice your life to kill someone?]  
Gugit. My

hands were tense. I calmly crumpled the note without any change in my expression and dropped it into the decoction right next to me. It was pure white. The note soaked in black water and became stained black.

I watched it quietly and slowly pondered the last sentence of the note.

‘Can I sacrifice my life to kill someone?’

That’s bullshit. Of course, my answer is ‘no’.

I guess they even predicted my answer and didn’t write down the method for casting the curse. How did they know I was going to ask this question before? ‘

What is a shaman?’

While I was engraving that name firmly in the corner of my head, Remember called me carefully. When I raised my head, a black decoction filled my vision. No, they had dipped the note into it so I couldn’t eat it?! “I had an attendant bring me a new

one

. It’s no use trying to avoid it like this, so stop rotting old man and eat it now.” ”

....”

This really tastes bad.

I took the decoction with trembling hands. Under the unspoken pressure from Remember's gaze, I couldn't help but open my mouth. I put it on it. Just as I was about to open my mouth to swallow this terrible liquid,

it clicked.

"Come in!"

I gently put the bowl of medicine down on the table. Remember was probably so happy that he narrowed his eyes and looked at me. Either

way, I was happy. I greeted the servant who came in.

"What's going on?"

"Someone from the imperial palace has arrived."

"Ah."

...Ah?

My head, which had been frozen for a moment, turned around at the news on a larger scale than I expected. It was

a person who wasn't even an invitation. My impression of the attendant's words that he had come personally was simple. It

had come.

\*\*\*

He had refused the call several times, using the excuse of fainting, so in a way, it was something that had been

predicted. However, by

sending people and a carriage like this, there was no other option. I never thought they'd bring me here.

Besides...

"...."

"...."

I wonder if they were seeing Cruel together as well. What would be the difference if we met separately?

'Ugh, it's awkward.'

I closed my mouth and fixed my head straight ahead. Not only did I not like this situation, but the bitter taste was still lingering in my mouth, so my expression was not very good. Damn butler. I never thought I would give you medicine and send you away. I have to hurry to get to the imperial

palace

. Remember grabbed me as I stood up and the decoction was held out in front of my nose. And when that horrible taste comes back to me, my face inevitably becomes distorted.

However, it only lasted for a moment. When I felt the gaze next to me, I immediately changed my expression and fixed my gaze on the door.

'Let's see what's engraved on this gorgeous door...' There are

jewels and magic stones embedded in them, and their gaze is focused on me.

...The side of my face feels hot. Are you looking at me like that because you think there is something to see?

The gaze that was on the face slowly lowered, hovered around the shoulder, and then lowered further and stopped at a certain place.

I noticed where his gaze was directed and turned my head to glare at him.

Yes, I bandaged my hand. I made a fuss about catching the documents you burned and ended up getting burned. Fuck, I'm still pissed. You damn bastard.

"What do you see?"

"...."

He was looking at me blankly and slowly opened his mouth as if he wanted to say something.

But even before the first word was said.

"Your Majesty wants you to come in."

As the throne room door slowly opened, both he and I turned our heads forward as if nothing had happened.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 66**

66. Declaration of War (1) When

the door was fully opened and I entered, the gorgeous interior caught my eye.

'I guess someone would say it's not an empire.'

I thought there was a risk that the emperor's eyes would wander elsewhere in the magnificent and splendid interior, but he quickly shook his head and dismissed that assumption.

Who would dare to leave him behind and look elsewhere? The intimidation of the man sitting at the head of the table at the end of this road extends all the way to here.

Edoardo Desert. The one and only emperor of this land who no one can refute.

Perhaps because it was a public place, he was right there, displaying an even more insurmountable dignity.

While I was lost in thought for a moment, Cruel, who was standing next to me, took the first step. Not to be outdone, I quickly came to my senses and started walking towards the emperor.

Soon the steps stopped and Cruel's and my mouths opened at the same time.

"Blessing the Empire."

In times of war, 'Glory', and in normal times, 'Glory'.

"New Cruel Hart meets the present-day Empire."

"Syn Deonhardt behold the present Empire."

And after that it's the same.

As I waited politely, the emperor's voice fell over my head.

Perhaps due to his mood, his voice did not sound very happy, as if he was singing for a public official. Rather...

"Raise your head."

Oh, it's not my fault. Look at that face. Where is that happy face? There are wrinkles between my eyebrows.

'Why? Is it because of me? 'What did I do wrong?'

Now that I think about it, I've done a lot of untrustworthy things.

I sent away people who were possessed by a pseudo-religion, and because of all the fuss I made, I couldn't even bring a single document... I

guess they realized that I wasn't a very useful person. I quietly rolled my eyes and looked around.

'Seeing as I can't see anyone other than Cruel and me, I guess they don't plan on officially reprimanding me...'

Then wouldn't I have a chance too?

First, let's do our best and if it doesn't work, we can run away.

Of course, the option of attacking the emperor was not included.

Not only is there no way I can win against those protecting the emperor, but I also don't want to fight General Nemeseus.

And above all....

'Because the emperor is a hero with the fragments of a warrior.'

How could the nine princes, who had no foundation, kill everyone and ascend to the throne of kings? How did he become an emperor recognized by everyone just eight years after ascending the throne?

This is because there is overwhelming force.

He is the one with the greatest warrior fragment among the heroes who have appeared so far. The size of the fragment was unknown, but everyone thought so.

That's because no hero showed as much inaction as the emperor.

There's no way I could kill him like that. This is a dangerous level even for the general public.

'Let's just pray.'

You don't know, right? Considering the affection we have had so far, we may save it.

No, no. Against the emperor, it would be much more likely to bet on his still usefulness as a 'spy' rather than on 'love'. Because I am the only human who can be by the Demon King's side.

While my mind was filled with various thoughts, the emperor's public affairs continued.

After the formalities were over, he finally got to the point.

"Empire Count Deonhardt showed careless behavior, such as letting ordinary people who were possessed by a pseudo-religion go, but he took active action and opened the way to catch the mastermind. Although it is unknown how Cruelhardt moved, he found out the mastermind and obtained the evidence. I brought it."

Is it an illusion that the voice seems to have added strength in 'I don't know how it moved, but'?

The emperor continued speaking with a more uncomfortable expression than before.

"I would like to give the right to wish to both of them for their hard work, but since there is only one right to wish, I have to choose only one person. So, after much consideration, Jim decided to side with Cruel Hart, who played a more decisive role."

"I'm so sorry."

Sheesh. Is it really me?

Here, that bastard burned the papers! I can't shout that.

The good news was that the emperor didn't think the papers were burned because of the fire I started.



Maybe you thought about it, but as long as you don't say it out loud, you won't be disadvantaged for it, so that's somewhere.

"So what do you want?"

A lower voice than usual asks.

Cruel bowed deeply once more and answered calmly.

"I dare ask you to give me the Hart estate, currently owned by Honorary Count Deon Hart."

...what?

"...What do Honorary Count Hart think?"

No, wait a minute. Hart Territory is my land!

Of course, I said I didn't want to have it, so I did everything I could and ran to the emperor to argue...!

Still, it feels bad to be taken away like this. In fact, isn't the transfer of ownership of the territory without consideration of the parties' consent?

He quickly turned his head and looked at the emperor. Our eyes met with unwavering eyes.

'ah.'

There is no choice. If I refuse here, it will only hurt my face. No matter what I say, it's Yeongji who was making such a fuss about not wanting to have it, so if I just reply that it doesn't matter, it will completely collapse.

The emperor knew that too, so he pretended to give me a choice and asked what I thought.

“...Even though it wasn’t like that, it was a burdensome territory. I’m just grateful.”

I gritted my teeth and glared at Cruel. He must have sensed my gaze, but he didn’t turn his head in this direction.

There is no way the emperor does not know about my discomfort. He pretended not to notice and lightly tapped the armrest to draw attention to himself and opened his mouth.

“There is a problem that needs to be resolved before handing over the ownership of Hart’s territory to Cruel Hart. You need a title to have a territory.”

My body and Cruel’s bodies trembled at the same time.

‘...huh? ‘Why is he falling?’

No, it’s me. I feel threatened by the fact that he even has a title. Even so, why are you, Cruel?

“I said it before, Cruel Hart. Are your thoughts still the same?”

“...Soshin neither wants to continue the Hart family nor change his last name.”

“...!”

Ah, I realized what you were saying. Because I also rejected the emperor’s offer for the same reason.

The direct reason why I stopped being just an ‘honorary count’.

When I first met the emperor after the eight-year war, he praised my merits and told me that he would support me

and that I sit as the head of the Hart family.

Not the current honorary count, but the head of the 'real' Hart family with a long history.

If it were normal second sons, they might have been a little greedy. But at that time, I hated the Hart family to the point where I was sick of hearing their name.

There is no way I would sit in a position that I hate so much.

When he flatly refused, the next thing the emperor recommended was another title. It was said that the basic title of marquess could easily be obtained if the emperor used more effort.

Of course, it wasn't a bad offer.

'If I hadn't had to give up the last name of 'Hart', I would have easily accepted it.'

Either you build a new castle yourself, or the emperor grants you a new castle.

Anyway, after hearing that since the 'Count Hart family' already existed, no other titles with the same surname should appear, I neatly gave up the title.

What the emperor gave me was the title of 'honorary count.'

Since the title of honorary count is a single-win title, it will naturally cease when I die. In other words, there is no room for confusion to arise later due to the creation of two 'Hart families'.

Originally, the emperor wanted to give him the title of honorary marquess, but in history, 'honorary' titles were only given up to the title of count, so the emperor, who often had to fight with his ministers to clean up after the war, had no choice but to step down due to the circumstances.

'Cruel also received a similar offer.'

Of course it is. He too is a 'hero' now.

Now that I think about it, among the official heroes that currently exist in the empire, there is no one with the title Cruel Hartmann.

If the reason I don't want to give up Hart's castle is because I don't want to forget my anger and revenge, is it because he misses me?

Maybe that too was due to a desire for revenge. A desire for revenge against me, who killed my family in front of my eyes.

It is somehow understandable that he refuses to become the head of the Hart family.

Probably because it's painful.

"It's difficult. The title of honorary count already belongs to someone with the same last name. But that doesn't mean we can't make you, who hasn't done much more, an honorary marquess, and we can't even make a hero an honorary viscount or baron."

It's a lie. I just don't want to give it to him.

Even so, it's better to have a title than not have one at all. Because of that, there were several protests from the noble faction about this issue, but the emperor simply ignored them each time. It was probably a deal that could be wielded against the duke

. It must have been because he didn't want to hand over more.

Strangely enough, the duke wasn't very proactive about this issue, so he was able to ignore it... but

the emperor spoke with an uncomfortable expression towards Cruel, who was silently waiting for his next words.

"Let's hand over ownership of Hart's territory to Duke Illuster. What do you think?"

You are the duke's subordinate, and if you wish, the duke will gladly appoint you as the manager of the estate.

Somehow, it seemed as if he could hear your true thoughts.

Cruel, who was silent for a moment, slowly lowered his head.

"...Your Majesty's consideration . Thank you."

"Then it's resolved. Everyone, except Honorary Count Hart, leave."

Cruel glances at me and walks away. My wide-open eyes show that he doesn't care.

Damn you. What on earth are you planning?

No, rather...

‘.. .Why did you leave me alone, Your Majesty? It’s scary.’

Has it finally come?

The moment when it was revealed that I was not a talented person.

I put off the matter of Hart territory for now. For now, I just have to think about how to relieve the emperor’s anger.

I exhaled quietly and slowly closed my eyes. \*\*\* Anyway

,

both brothers are stubborn. Even if they die, they do not want to continue the Count Hart family...

Do they know that the ownerless Count family is on the verge of ruin? Collaterals who are almost like strangers have gathered together to claim the owner. He’s barking like he’s supposed to.

But there’s no way he doesn’t know. He just doesn’t care.

The Emperor sighed and looked at Deonhardt, who was left alone.

‘You don’t look good.’

It must have been because the Hart Territory was taken away.

Since he had no intention of causing trouble by mentioning it, Emperor Edoardo obediently brought up another topic. A topic

so strong that the Hart Territory would be forgotten in an instant.

"After the audience . We're going to have a meeting right away, so you'll find out soon, but I'll tell you in advance now. I plan to go to war."

"...!"

He seemed quite surprised. After all, it has only been two years since the war ended.

The emperor smiled slightly as he faced the enemy's fully exposed eyes.

"The elimination of the Salvation Church is very important. It ended at the right time. At that time, the Kingdom of Ireon was barking at me to the point that I couldn't stand it."

"Are you going to go to war... with the Kingdom of Ireon?"

"That's how it will start." That's the beginning

.

The end will be the unification of the continent.

That's what I meant . Deon's expression darkens as he notices. He must be thinking back to the terrible eight years of war.

However, he himself is not so heartless as to send the wounded to war. Oh, right. To be honest, I just don't want to lose talent like that.

If he had just wanted to order preparations for war, he could have said so at a meeting a little later, but why did they have to meet separately like this?

"I would like to ask you for the Demon World."

Conquering the continent itself is no problem, but the Demon World is annoying.

There's no way the Demon King would just watch obediently as the empire devours the continent.

In that sense, Deon Hardt has very high utility value.

He is the hero of the empire and the commander of the Demon King's army. He is the only human who can stay by the Demon King's side and gain his trust.

"Stay by the Demon King's side and do your best to prevent the Demon King's army from getting involved in this war."

"...I will follow your orders."

"I will take charge of the Lofty Knights until you return. If you leave them in the mansion as is, one day, even the Count may be overthrown."

"...."

"And."

Even though fall is approaching, summer is still summer, so my eyes were focused on the collarbones exposed through the light clothes.

To be exact, on the black stigma just above the collarbone.

[The Devil's Curse.]

I stretched out my hand, repeating the words that made me laugh bitterly just by rolling them around in my mouth.

"...I hope next time we meet with this thing gone."



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 67**

### 67. Declaration of War (2)

It was a slow touch, as if caressing a wound.

But for some reason, it felt like it was going to grab my neck at any moment, so I had no choice but to remain still.

Besides, this stigma...

'It's not like a curse.'

Of course, it is true that the devil did it. However, it was not for the purpose of weakening the body and other cursed purposes as the people in the empire thought.

As I have said time and time again, my body is not weakened by external influences, it is just inherently weak.

So this brand is a 'location tracking' spell.

Think about it. Why would the Demon King trust me to obediently send me to the human world?

No matter how good I am in the demon world, in the end, I am a human whose hometown is the 'human world.'  
Although he stays in the demon world obediently without any complaints, isn't it easy to be shaken when he sees the human world?

That's why the Demon King always used a location tracking spell on me whenever I went to the human world.

'It was like that when I first accepted the Demon King's offer and went to the empire.'

When I said that I would carry the hero's body with great difficulty and return to the empire, the Demon King cast a location tracking spell on me.

They say it's for my safety and to prepare for an unexpected accident... but in the end, it means that if I don't come back, they'll come find me.

With my nose completely pierced, I couldn't say anything and just dragged the hero's body back to the empire. I was in front of the emperor and other important figures of the empire without realizing that my clothes were disheveled from covering the hero's body. Arrived.

And because he had spent too much stamina, as soon as he put down the hero, he burst into tears and vomited blood.

At the time, I was so focused on getting my body in order that I didn't even notice that their gaze had moved away from my face and stopped a little lower.

An unprecedented black stigma and hemoptysis. The warrior's cold body and his colleague who collected it.

In a way, it was natural that their thoughts were influenced by the 'Demon King's Curse'.

'I didn't listen even if they said it wasn't like that, and I couldn't say out loud that I was the commander of the Demon King's Army, so I kept my mouth shut...'

Now, I just hope I don't get caught.

There was a good reason for deceiving even the emperor.  
Because I needed an excuse to go back to the demon world.

What on earth would they think if I, a person with all four limbs intact, had to go back to the demon world? Of course, 'This bastard is going to betray you outright, right?' Shouldn't you start thinking about it?

Therefore, I implicitly acknowledged that it was a curse and slightly added a setting that required one to stay by the devil's side to break it.

Therefore, it is too late to explain. The moment he finds out the truth, the emperor, who has been fooled, will cut off my head himself. I guarantee you.

So my answer was already decided.

"...I'll try my best."

A person who has never been cursed in the first place responded to the person who said that he would like to meet the person next time when the curse has been lifted.

\*\*\*

"Hart Territory... That's surprising."

This land is of little use to me. Of course, if you look at the profit and loss, it is closer to a gain than a loss...

Duke Starbe Illuster glanced at Cruel, who, as always, did not respond.

"...Now that I think about it, when I met Honorary Count Hart in the corridors of the imperial palace not long ago, he

said he came because he wanted to return his territory.”

Cruel Hart was also there at that time.

No. He was there first and he arrived late. And I had a conversation with Deon Hardt.

[I heard that the Count also came to see Your Majesty. May I ask what purpose you came for?]

[Oh, there is something I would like to ask about the territory I recently received...]

[Is it because it is not enough? It's small or the land is barren.]

[No, I just want to return the territory.]

[That's interesting.]

I only said it was interesting, but I didn't really investigate what the territory was, but Cruel wanted to personally investigate it. If you did, there's nothing you couldn't figure out.

Couldn't the 'territory' in that conversation at that time be this 'Hart territory'?

The Duke, who narrowed his eyes and carefully examined Cruel's expression, soon smiled and shook his head.

No way. It seems that he has become sensitive due to the meeting that will be held a little later.

I guess it's just that I was displeased with the Hart estate being in the hands of the person who destroyed my family.

'Surely it's for Deon Hart?'

After thinking that far, the Duke grinned at Cruel.

As always, he looked kindly in his eyes and then spoke soothingly in a soft voice.

“I didn’t mean to reprimand you. This was simply a light event to reward you.”

“ .... ”

“Is there anything else unusual?”

[You bastard!!]

Recalling the shouts and Deon’s attitude at the time, Cruel slowly removed his lips that seemed to have hardened. Green eyes turned to the floor and an unwavering voice came out.

“Nothing in particular.”

“Is that so?”

“ .... ”

“I understand. I will gratefully accept the gift. If you wish, I will hand over all management authority of Hart Estate to you.”

“...thank you.”

Cruel quietly closed his eyes. 들끓는 분노가 압축된 ‘개새끼가’라는 거대한 외침이 고막을 뒤흔드는 듯해서 그는 무심코 데온이 배후를 눈치챈던 그때의 그 상황을 다시금 떠올렸다.

[You must have had fun just playing with me? is not it? 이 개새끼야!!]

온갖 욕설이 쏟아진다. Cruel had been frozen for a long time from the moment the word 'peacock' was said.

I noticed.

I didn't open the window like this. I was just hoping to get a moderately satisfactory result and leave, but I never expected to be able to guess the identity of the person behind it.

'Now that I think about it, I was quite clever when I was young.'

I'm not happy at all.

Still carrying the child with one arm, he reached around his waist with his other hand and grabbed the handle of his sword.

'If you're a duke...'

You'll want to kill this kid who found out who's behind it.

Kaang! Sparks flew.

Cruel, who managed to block Deon's attack from an uncomfortable position, glanced back and forth between the red-hot interior and his younger brother, then hurriedly walked away.

Cruel quietly whispered to Deon as he increased his speed to escape this hot space as quickly as possible.

Deon was still struggling and swearing.

"If you want to live, don't speak out about what you learned here."

You're smart, so you can tell what things shouldn't be said.

And just as Deon's dagger was about to hit his side again, Cruel, who opened the door and went out, saw his younger brother's knight named Lien in front of him and immediately threw Deon.

'....'

Duke Starbe, who had been quietly examining Cruel, who was speechless as to what he was thinking, turned his gaze with a natural smile. The same soft voice as always filled the room.

"...and Saerin."

"Yes, Duke."

The woman who had been waiting in the corner for their conversation to end, as she had once done, looked up.

A woman who willingly took on the tiresome task of overseeing the Salvation Church. The duke looked sweetly at her.

"Thank you for your hard work."

"...I just did what I had to do."

The answer came a beat late. The duke continued speaking regardless.

"From now on, move very secretly under the water. "The emperor must not get caught."

There are words that are filtered out from the Salvation Church and taught to the remaining true believers as if to brainwash them.

The emperor is sin, the duke is salvation.

Peacock is salvation.

‘Stabe Illuster is salvation.’

This is the purpose of the Salvation Church.

Making people blind to Duke Stave Illuster.

At the same time, it worsened public sentiment towards the emperor.

“Please leave it to me.”

“I feel reassured.”

After smiling once, I turned around.

I erased the woman’s existence from my mind and spoke to Cruel, who was waiting behind me.

“Then let’s go. I’ll be late for the meeting.”

I started walking. You can hear a sound following you at a certain distance from behind.

The eyes of the Duke walking ahead were so cold that his previous appearance seemed like a lie.

\*\*\*

When the duke entered the conference hall, everyone except the emperor had already gathered.

The noble faction and the imperial faction. It looks like they are sitting perfectly divided into two groups.



Although the sight was quite funny, the duke naturally calmed down his expression and gave a soft greeting.

“I guess I’m late.”

These words were spoken by the head of the noble faction and the second most powerful person after the emperor. Those from the noble faction began waving their hands.

“No. Your Majesty hasn’t come in, so the meeting hasn’t started yet.”

“You came at just the right time.”

“There isn’t even an agenda yet. Please sit here.”

The duke follows the instructions and sits at the head table, which is the seat closest to the emperor among the aristocratic seats.

The faces of the emperor faction frowned at their confident and natural attitude, but they did not say anything.

Because according to principle, it is right for him to sit there. It’s just that the person himself is so unlucky that no matter what he does, he just looks disapproving.

“...Sudden meeting. I’m worried about what’s going on.”

“I don’t know what it is, but it must be important. There’s no way His Majesty would have held such a large meeting without thinking.”

“What on earth is going on?...”

That’s war.

I can't believe I still can't get my head around the subject I've been watching the emperor for so far. The duke suppressed the laughter that was trying to escape his mouth.

I had fully anticipated this situation from the time I prepared a separate budget plan.

Even if he had not been aware of the preparation of the budget, he would have fully predicted that the meeting would be related to the 'war' since the meeting was convened.

Isn't he 'the' emperor?

The easiest way for someone who has cut off all of his blood to prove his qualifications as a monarch is to turn the tip of the sword he is holding outward.

Proving your worth by conquering.

'That's what he can do best and-'

-Because it would be much better to be remembered as a conquering emperor rather than a corrupt emperor.

'The conquering emperor still deserves praise for expanding his territory...'

"What do you think, Excellency the Duke?"

"You mean what I think?"

I raised my head and looked around at the question that suddenly occurred to me.

Not only the noble faction, but even the imperial faction had their eyes fixed on him as if they were curious about his

answer.

“Yes, I wonder what your Majesty will say...”

“Well, how can I know your deep thoughts?”

“Ah...”

I guess I was secretly looking forward to it. Contrary to his vague gestures as if he knew something, when the answer came back that he didn't know, sighs broke out here and there.

These are not people who will literally believe what comes out of their mouth. There was a subtle confidence and doubt in their eyes.

I guess I should respond appropriately at this point.

The duke added, still showing a suspicious smile.

“However, I heard that the Kingdom of Ireon has been causing controversy recently. It might be related to that.”

A cold silence fell in the conference hall.

I was glad for the silence, so I leaned back in the chair and closed my eyes for a moment. At the cautious call, the Duke slowly lifted his eyelids.

“That means... Are you saying that there might be a war?”

“It's just a guess.”

It wasn't an outright affirmation, but it was definitely not a denial.

The moment the people in the meeting room fell silent at the answer full of affirmation, a voice was heard outside the door announcing the emperor's appearance. .

As soon as everyone stands up, the door opens and the emperor, accompanied by Nemeseus, walks in. He strides forward

as if there is nothing to get in his way, and everyone flinches at his ferocious force for a moment, then a unanimous greeting comes out of everyone's mouth. came out.

"Bright on the empire."

"Everyone, please sit down."

A low voice fell.

Those sitting in their seats reflexively looked at the emperor's expression as the voice was uncomfortable to even pretend to hear.

Expressionless, but expressionless with a cool feeling somehow. This is it.

All of those who are here now are people who have survived so far in the imperial palace, where if you lose your head, you will be blown off your head. They have been able to sense the emperor's mood and have calmed down. If you open your mouth incorrectly, you will die. Let's keep it as close as possible. "First of all, even in the midst of being

busy

, I would like to express my gratitude to all of you who participated in the sudden meeting."

Of course, a few years ago, one person lost his title after failing to attend due to being busy

... “I’ll get to the point quickly.”

“....”

“Three days from now, Jim is planning to declare war.”

“...!”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 68**

### 68. Declaration of War (3)

This was not a meeting but a declaration.

That alone is outrageous, but even three days later. What nonsense is this!

So many words started pouring out that it was meaningless to promise to keep my mouth as quiet as possible.

"It was only two years ago that Your Majesty declared the end of the war. Why are you going to war again?"

"The reason I declared the end of the war was because there were no more kingdoms to rise up. But it seems that in just two years, a kingdom has been created that has forgotten the horrors of the empire."

Kingdom of Ireon.

When the emperor snaps his fingers, a waiting servant places documents in front of each noble. Those who read this groaned softly.

There is certainly nothing the Empire can do wrong. But it's still not war. Isn't there more to lose than to gain?

While they were gritting their teeth and thinking about how to persuade the emperor of a foolish kingdom blinded by profit, a story even more shocking than before was heard in their ears.

“And since we are already going to war,

I am planning to move with the goal of conquering the continent.

”

“!?”

“It’s something I’ve been thinking about for a long time. It would be better to finish it all at once while wiping out the Kingdom of Ireon.”

“Your Majesty! What is that...!”

It is a goal that was set from the moment he ascended to the position of monarch a long time ago. No matter what the ministers said, the emperor had no intention of backing down.

Besides, it’s not just the Ireon Kingdom that’s arrogant in the current situation.

After the news of Deonhardt’s injury spread quietly behind the scenes, other kingdoms’ attitudes toward the empire became more relaxed.

That’s about it. The weight of the name ‘Deon Hardt’.

‘It’s worth it.’

Troubled times give birth to heroes.

During the long eight-year war, many 'heroes' were born and their fame died in vain to the point where it was meaningless.

At the end of the war, there were only three people left alive.

Deonhardt was the last of these to rise to fame as a hero, and the most famous.

This is because, unlike other heroes who each had their own area, he traveled around various areas throughout the war and played an active role as a vanguard.

Originally, this was implemented because it was the best way to utilize Deon Hart at the time, but it soon revealed unexpected effects.

The fear of none other than 'Deonhardt'.

Even so, he has a unique appearance with red eyes and white hair.

As the rumor spread, this changed and became known to enemies as the devil itself. The bonus is that he is not only unique, but also has a warm appearance that makes him famous in many ways among his allies.

Whatever the meaning, his 'fame' broke the enemy's momentum by half with just his presence, and made most people unconsciously think that 'most of the Empire's power is held by Deonhardt.'

Therefore, it was natural for other kingdoms that had been keeping their heads down to the news of Deonhardt's injury to slowly raise their heads.



‘It doesn’t matter because it’s not true.’

it’s bothering.

Every time his energy comes back to life, he tramples it down, raises his head again and presses it down...

After all, the goal is to conquer the continent, so is there any reason to do this?

So let’s end it all now.

That was the conclusion reached.

Naturally, other ministers were flagships. What does that mean! Isn’t it the same as saying that while you go to buy things, you also buy a building!

It must be dried.

My thoughts changed. Even if war with the Kingdom of Ireon is unavoidable, the conquest of the continent must be prevented.

The pale-faced nobles began to rush to speak.

“It’s still too early to conquer the continent! There’s a lot to prepare and the budget...!”

“All the basic preparations have already been completed.”

A budget plan, neatly organized and unclear as to when it was prepared, was placed in front of each noble.

“War will cause great damage to the empire! Damage does not necessarily occur if enemies enter our territory and trample on it!”

“You don’t have to worry about the Empire. I don’t think Jim would have considered that either.”

“We haven’t eradicated the revolutionary army yet! It’s dangerous to go to war with the enemy inside!”

“That’s why Jim called you. Shouldn’t we come up with a plan?”

“The aftermath of the Eight Years’ War has not yet been completely resolved. The people of the empire will be anxious. Even if you think about the stability of the empire...” “During the Eight Years’ War, did the enemies ever invade the homes of the

people of the empire? This time too. They will be safe.”

“Ha... psychological anxiety...”

Most of the words that came out after that were similar.

For the sake of the people of the empire, please hold off on conquering the continent, etc. For

nobles, the emperor takes priority. I know very well what this means.

Responsibility.

Edoardo Dessert values duty and responsibility. Since becoming emperor, he has never neglected to take charge of the empire and take care of its people, even if he does not feel like it. Calling himself a tyrant

and It was an unsuitable move.

So, I thought that if I brought up the empire and its people, they might reconsider a little, but the emperor was a strong

enemy as expected. “

For the sake of the empire?”

A cold voice fell.

The voice, which had been rising to the sky without realizing it, suddenly disappeared. It fades away and the emperor slowly stands up. His golden eyes, looking around at the nobles, were shining fiercely like a beast whose pride has been touched. The

moment he felt and realized that something was wrong, the emperor growled and called out to the duke.

“Lord Illuster. ”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

“What was your greeting to the emperor?”

...Ah.

The corners of the duke’s mouth rose.

‘I can’t believe you’re trying to resolve the matter this way.’

If you come out like this, you should be taken advantage of.

He stood up gracefully, placed his hand on his chest, and bowed towards the emperor. A voice mixed with a faint smile flowed softly from his mouth.

“New Starbe Illuster is the ‘current empire’. See you.”

“Yes.”

As if it was obvious, the emperor took his gaze away. He looked around at the frozen nobles and spoke strongly, as if repeating it in his head.

“The burden is the empire.”

“....”

“Who cares about the empire? Does the fact that you keep mentioning this even after hearing Jim’s answer mean that what he said doesn’t make sense?”

“It’s all ridiculous!”

“We’re just being loyal...”

A tension that felt like it was going to explode at any moment filled the meeting room. As I pressed down on him, desperate answers came back from all over the place.

When the emperor explodes in anger, someone is sure to die. This is not a metaphor, it’s real. The

emperor looked like he was afraid that his head would be blown off, so he closed his mouth for a moment and then slowly opened his mouth with a more subdued expression. “I know the loyalty of the nobles. However, if you don’t want to insult me, it would be better to refrain from saying more than this.” “I will keep that in mind.” The

nobles

bowed their heads and sighed inwardly. They were completely caught up. If this happens, they will

not

be able to persuade the emperor. That would be a mistake. The emperor must know this very well.

As expected, the emperor said everything he had to say, so he stood up and said as if he was going to end the meeting.

“War is confirmed. We will hold another meeting later, so you can come up with a plan to deal with the revolutionary army by then.” ”

...I will follow your orders.”

“And Lord Illuster.”

The Duke shouted, meeting the Emperor’s gaze towards me. He raised the corners of his mouth without saying anything.

The meeting was over. The nobles who had gathered dispersed with serious expressions on their faces, and the conference hall was empty.

The duke, who was supposed to be among them, was facing the emperor in another room.

Still with a smile on his face. The emperor, who was looking at the peacock with fierce eyes, slowly opened his mouth.

“Duke.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

“Thanks to you, I was able to catch the mastermind behind the Salvation Church. For this, I would like to express my gratitude.”

“It was not me, but Sir Cruel.”

As expected, it was not so easy to let go. The Emperor quietly frowned and glared directly at the Duke. The Duke also did not lose and faced him with a smiling face.

The two gazes collided in the air.

The emperor was still glaring at the duke for a long time, assuming that no one was looking away, and spat out the words as if he were chewing on them.

“As it happens, the person behind it was someone who was in conflict with the duke within the aristocratic faction.”

“But the aristocratic faction is an aristocrat. It’s green onion. Who would welcome a loss of power? As members of the same aristocratic faction, it’s just a pity.”

That’s funny.

The duke won’t let anyone who goes against him. Since he can’t openly target the emperor faction, he must have picked someone who is annoying within the noble faction. It’s obvious. A little more

. Let me try.

Depending on the person, it may be like pushing them, but if you are a duke, you will definitely get away with it. No matter how much you push them, it will only be like trying to push them.

But even pushing them is helpful now.

“There is an interesting story recently . “I heard that.”

The emperor opened his mouth.

“The emperor is ‘sin’ and the duke is ‘salvation.’”

“It’s nonsense from ignorant people who don’t know anything. The Salvation Church has been wiped out, so do you really need to worry now?”

Chaang!

It was just a moment. The duke closed his mouth and quietly lowered his gaze to see that it was aimed at my neck, then looked back at the emperor. The emperor pulled out the

sword of Nemeseus from behind me. He was aiming at the Duke’s neck.

He raised the corner of his mouth in a rare sarcastic way and raised his sword slightly. At the same time, the Duke’s head also rose.

“It’s definitely nonsense. The burden would be closer to a ‘disaster’ than a ‘sin’. Isn’t that right, Duke?”

“....”

As he closed his mouth, the emperor’s expression changed for a moment. He had

a murderous expression on his face, as if he had never laughed before, as if he were about to kill him.

“Does he look so funny?” A

gloomy voice full of anger falls. . The air was oppressed by the murderous

blood coming from the emperor’s body.

Blood was flowing from the wound where the sword had penetrated. The purple eyes went down to check it and then

immediately fixed on the emperor. The duke was still smiling.

“Your Majesty is looking at me . You cannot kill.”

Disaster does not discriminate between people. But the emperor in front of you does.

Therefore, you are not a disaster.

That is why I covet your power. Conflicts of conflict are of no use against disaster, but they can against you. “...the Duke often seems to forget that he has already pushed out one duchy.” “Is

that possible?”

“

Do you think he would hesitate just because he is the last remaining duchy?” “

That You probably don’t hesitate because of that reason. But even so, Your Majesty cannot kill me. “Even if it’s

not that reason, you have many reasons not to kill me.

‘Do you think you can’t kill me?’

‘I can’t kill you.’

Countless glances exchanged. Facing golden eyes full of anger, the Duke smiled proudly. If you

kill me, you will be quite troublesome. You will incur opposition from numerous nobles. There is a limit to using force.



You will want to go to war. You want to conquer the continent. To do this, we must first seek internal stability.

There's no way you could kill me like that.

'Even if you aim for it, you'll probably aim for it during war.'

Of course, even that won't be easy.

Do you withdraw your sword or cut it down?

After a long fight, it was the emperor who finally retreated first.

He took the sword away, handed it back to Nemeseus, and chewed it out.

"They said it was a sin, but there was a separate sin."

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 69**

69. Rolling Wheel (1)

Emperor War Conquest of the Continent Demon World  
Watch Sibaal...!

When I returned to the count's residence, I put my face down on the desk in the office and cursed repeatedly.

I can't believe I have to go back to that place full of crazy people!

I couldn't disobey the emperor's orders, and my resolve wasn't strong enough to run away from the hands of the emperor and the devil for the rest of my life, so in the end I raised my head with blank eyes.

'I need to pack my bags.'

I already feel sick to my stomach thinking about having to live with people like time bombs around me again, but what can I do? The opponents are the Emperor and the Demon King. ha ha ha. Ha ha ha ha ha.

...Fuck.

"Ugh..."

"That master...?"

“...?”

“I came to see you after hearing that you came back. Are you hurt?”

A man with an appearance that is not easily seen in this area sticks his head in outside the door, observing.

Black hair and black eyes. Looks closer to a southerner than a northerner.

So... your name was Dan? He followed me from the shaman's village and learned the sword... But why? Is there something wrong?

“No, it's okay. What's going on?”

I immediately straightened my back and responded as if nothing had happened. He was silent for a moment, probably because my attitude was absurd, but then he slowly opened his mouth.

With a bit of hesitation, the opened lips hesitantly spat out the words.

“I...”

“Count!”

Oh my. It seemed like he had made up his mind and opened his mouth.

I clicked my tongue inwardly at him, who had suddenly cut off his words, and then looked at the servant who suddenly barged in.

No separate reprimand was given. Even if it wasn't, that white face is very pitiful. If they scolded me here too, I think

I would die of a heart attack.

Moreover, we, the people who use the count's mansion, try to strictly maintain courtesy towards me.

So, it probably means that something big has happened to the point where even etiquette is forgotten.

...shit.

“Wha-hwa-hwa-hwa-hwa....”

“Wha what?”

“His Royal Highness the Crown Prince has come to visit!”

Oh, His Highness the Crown Prince? Look, it's a big deal.

No, wait a minute.

...The crown prince?!

“Why again!!”

“Hi!”

Why did you come here without any message again?

I jumped up and hit the desk. As I put on my coat to show minimal courtesy, I glanced at the servant next to me who was panicking and chanting ‘I'm sorry’ like a mantra.

“Where is His Majesty the Crown Prince?”

“I'm sorry! Yes? No, he's in the parlor. The governess is serving him...”

For some reason, someone other than Remember came to report, and it turned out that it was because the other person was the crown prince.

Without even hearing any more words from the servant, I hurriedly walked away.

I had completely forgotten about Dan, who was just rolling his eyes and watching me behind me.

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“Cyn Deonhardt beholds the Empire of the Future.”

“Okay, I’m sorry for coming here so suddenly.”

“no.”

Crown Prince Elpidius smiled faintly as he looked at Honorary Count Deonhardt, who greeted him calmly even though it was a sudden visit.

He was also calmer than usual today.

That’s inevitable because what I’m going to say now is a bit sensitive.

“You’re going to the demon world?”

“ .... ”

At that moment, Deon’s eyes quickly scanned the room.

After confirming that no one was there, the eyes immediately looked directly at the crown prince. Bright red eyes and golden eyes met.

It wasn't until a moment before I looked at the red eyes full of caution that the golden eyes gently opened.

"There's no need to look at it like that. Did you really think I didn't know the secret about you?"

"...."

"I am the next emperor. Given my age, if I become emperor, it will not be through the due process, but rather suddenly taking over the position because Your Majesty had an incident. So, no matter when or when I become emperor. "Isn't it natural to make all preparations thoroughly so that you can lead the empire without any problems?"

In other words, this means that the emperor is sharing all important information.

"...Excuse me."

"No. It's strange that you're not on guard."

Anyway—

I leaned against the back of the chair and crossed my legs.

"The reason I came here is to tell you what Your Majesty couldn't say and to see your face."

"...."

"Shouldn't we take a good look at the face we won't be able to see for a while?"

It may seem like I'm saying the opposite, but it's true.

Honorary Count Hart would have taken care of it without having to tell him this.

Elpidius, who knew that his brain was larger than average, opened his mouth leisurely, confirming his thoughts.

“You may already know, but His Majesty said that if the Demon King decides to go to war, you should return immediately.”

“All right.”

“No matter what happens.”

“....”

“You told me to definitely return.”

Deon looked at the prince blankly.

It's impossible to tell what he's thinking, and his red eyes, which are almost eerie, look motionlessly at Elpidius.

Even Elpidius did not avoid this time. Golden eyes resembling those of a wild beast without any smile meet their gaze.

After a period of silence, it was Deon who retreated first.

“...I'll keep that in mind.”

Contrary to his obedient answer, his eyes shine strangely.

The crown prince quietly watched the eyes that were lowered and hidden silently, then stood up.

“I am always grateful for your hard work.”

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Elpidius is very interested in Honorary Count Deonhardt.

It has both positive and negative connotations.

Who is Deonhardt?

It is never good. Isn't he the one who had both the title and the title 'Hero' and stopped the Demon King and collected the body of the hero? 'He is

also'

the corps commander of the Demon King's army.

Yes, he is a hero of the empire and the corps commander of the Demon King's army at the same time.

That's why he is the next leader . As the emperor, Elpidius had to know more about him.

If I swung the sword without knowing much about it, I could get hurt again.

'I want to have a friendly relationship rather than a coercive one.'

The bond becomes a stronger shackle than anything else.

I don't know what the Emperor thinks, but Elpidius always had Deonhardt's betrayal in mind.

As most of the base is here, it is unlikely, but if there is a 'human world' from over there, 'If we provide an environment and benefits that surpass the advantages of....

"Brother! Did you have a good time meeting Count Hart?"

"...Alethea."

"Except me." I also



want to see the Count... but my

thoughts stopped there. Immediately, Elpidius with a friendly smile approached my younger brother. .

“I had no choice because I had to talk about something important. “Isn’t that why you became the crown prince?”

“I don’t want that kind of annoying position. “Just do it, brother.”

He ordered the attendant who followed him to prepare a tea table in the garden, and turned to the garden, walking at the same pace as Alethea. He naturally guided her steps and

confirmed that there was no one around. He lowered his voice and opened his mouth softly.

“After Uncle Alethea and I, you are next.”

“I know. So, I’m learning everything I need to learn. Brother, why are you so impatient?”

“....”

Was I impatient?

Elpidius fell silent, feeling as if he had somehow hit the nail on the head.

Thinking about it, he had been impatient recently.

The revolutionary army led by Honorary Count Hart previously. In the end, he died without even being able to conquer his stronghold, so he failed to achieve any significant results, and while the revolutionary army was still holding on, my uncle even declared war. Moreover... The

silence seemed to be longer than expected, and we arrived at the garden before we knew it. The tea table

was

prepared

. Elpidius, who sat down and neatly bitten his surroundings, slowly opened his tightly closed lips.

The biggest problem that made him impatient.

“Your uncle is hallucinating.”

The emperor’s condition is not as good as expected.

The emperor is having a nightmare. I knew it right away. I tried to call Tae-ui, but my uncle’s firm refusal forced me to wait and see. I never thought it

would lead to

hallucinations. In fact, I’ve been having nightmares for quite a long time, so maybe it’s only natural.

The emperor’s nightmares are It started when he ascended to the position of monarch. It became extremely severe during the 8-year war. ‘

In the end, like this...’

When on earth did it start?

No, ‘when’ is not important. The important thing is that even though we know, we do not It was my own ‘action’ of not calling him.

I felt guilty. But I still couldn’t call Tae-ui.

“Huh? No, since when... or before that, did you call Tae-ui?!”

“Your uncle refused.”

“But I can’t just leave it as is!!” ”

How can I break your uncle’s stubbornness?”

What are these people who are already dead?

Since his living uncle was several times more important to him, he visited him again during the day and tried to persuade him again. I mean, I did it right away.

But my uncle was adamant.

“There’s nothing I can do about my uncle’s pathological sense of responsibility.”

“You have to say it right away. “It’s not responsibility, it’s guilt.”

“Yes, guilt.”

To be more precise, it could be said to be a terrible combination of guilt and responsibility.

Elpidius, who remembered his uncle who tried to take responsibility for the dead, sighed quietly and looked at Aletea with a rare, stern expression.

“Okay, Alethea? We don’t have time.”

There are big problems that will arise if you do not rush, but there is no harm in rushing.

From the day he noticed the hallucination problem, the crown prince completed almost all handovers from the

emperor. So that if a problem arises, you can immediately take over and continue working.

—At least so that the emperor can run wild on the battlefield to his heart's content without worrying about other issues.

Now all that remains is the question of Deonhardt.

At first, not knowing anything, I approached him thinking I was simply trying to gain my uncle's trust. There would be no harm in building a friendship with him as the crown prince.

However, now that all information has been shared, perspectives have no choice but to change.

'After all, he is a corps commander. A double agent.'

Of course, after that, I approached him casually as usual, but...

today, when my gaze changed and I began to look at him more closely, something subtly bothered me.

'Actually, I should say that I discovered it.'

Elpidius concluded his speech in a muttering manner, thinking about the person whose identity he could not confirm and who had not yet been completely defined, as there was a strange feeling about him.

"...So, Alethea, focus on what you are learning now. I will do my best."

"The situation is such that we must at least stop the war..."

"Has our persuasion ever worked so far?"

“....”

Definitely.

As they said, the two had tried to stop the emperor's actions, which bordered on self-harm, several times.

If I had succeeded back then, things wouldn't have ended up like this.

Alethea's shoulders slumped.

“...I'll try my best...”

If you can't help your uncle directly, you can help him indirectly.

For Aletea and Elpidius, Edoardo Desert is such a precious family that they don't mind turning the world against them.

[I'm sorry.]

I raised my head, remembering my uncle's voice still vivid in my ears.

Unlike that day, an extremely clear and clean sky filled my view.

[It's my fault. I will take full responsibility.]

'No, you don't have to do that.'

What difference will it make if I answer in my mind now?

Elpidius calmly raised the cooled teacup, finally answering in his mind to his uncle's voice, which was apologizing for things that did not need to be apologized for and taking responsibility for things that were not necessary.

A lot of time has passed since then, and while trying to take responsibility for things that their uncle should not have been responsible for, they ended up taking on even bigger responsibilities.

Everyone was young back then. It was just a crime to be young in the imperial palace.

—The tea is bitter.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 70**

### 70. Rolling Wheel (2)

The crown prince left, leaving behind only meaningful words.

After seeing off the crown prince and returning to his office, Deon sat down at his desk and picked up documents as if nothing had happened. Contrary to his calm demeanor, his gaze as he looked at the documents was slightly out of focus.

Deon thought as he stared at a corner of the document with his shiny bright red eyes.

‘What do you know?’

And how much do you know?

What did the emperor intend to convey such words?

“...master?”

“ ... ”

He stiffened for a moment at the voice that broke his thoughts, and then put down the document he was holding with a small sigh.

How preoccupied would I have been to not even notice its existence?

I looked at Dan with an expressionless face.

As his dull gaze was directed straight in this direction, Dan, who had been standing up from the sofa and carefully examining him, flinched slightly and took a step back.

“...Are you okay?”

His voice was trembling slightly.

While I was staying at this mansion and learning various skills, I was familiar with the story about the owner's personality going back and forth between extremes.

In fact, I saw that side of me firsthand when I immediately asked him to take me away.

‘What on earth happened?’

But now it is on a different level than then.

The atmosphere that was secretly flowing out as if I was feeling uncomfortable was sharpened and aimed in all directions as if it would tear everything apart.

How else can I explain the feeling as if countless blades were pointed at me as soon as I could speak?

“...I thought you said you had something to say.”

“yes yes!”

“say it.”

“It's no different...”



Is it really okay to say this to him in this mood?

Dan, who had been pondering whether or not to say the words he was going to say over and over again in his mouth, eventually couldn't resist the glare from Deon, so he closed his eyes tightly and opened his mouth.

"I need you to lend me some money."

"...what?"

A voice full of absurdity returned.

What happened like this must definitely come to an end. If we stop like this, we will only end up with a huge misunderstanding.

Dan added hastily.

"It's not that I'm greedy for money. I just..."

"...?"

"...I want to make money."

Deon's head tilted.

He slowly got up from his seat while silently listening to Dan's words that he would give me all the profits he received by rolling the money.

He walks around the office desk, sits down on the sofa across from Dan, slowly crosses his legs, tilts his head, and touches the corner of his mouth.

It was an action that seemed innocent at first glance, but the voice that came out next was so low that it gave me the creeps.

“Did you know how to make money from the beginning?”

“...no.”

“That would mean you learned it here. Isn’t that strange? What you wanted to learn must have been swordsmanship. Did I mishear, or did the butler disobey me?”

Bright red eyes shine blood red.

Dan stopped breathing for a moment at the unique look in his eyes that was secretly revealed by a crazy person.

Eyes that are a mixture of all kinds of dark, thick, and creepy emotions that make you feel like your breathing is constricting just by looking at them.

Even though he stopped breathing, a smile began to bloom on his lips.

It’s not a fake smile. Deon’s eyes narrowed at the sincere smile, but Dan couldn’t pay attention.

Because I was really happy.

‘If it’s a disaster, it has to be like this.’

After all, I wasn’t wrong.

As Dan, who had blown away any remaining doubt, was trembling from uncontrollable emotions, Deon uncrossed his legs and leaned forward.

Like a wild beast heading towards its prey, I lean on the table and push my upper body beyond it, bringing my face close to Dan’s face.

The red eyes that filled Dan's field of vision slowly hid between his bent eyelids.

"I wondered what your purpose was. You said you would follow me, but you didn't expect anything from me."

"...."

"It's the same even now. All you asked me to do was to make some money? Are you giving me all the profits you make from it?"

This does not even fall into the level of 'desiring'.

I liked the emotion in his eyes and accepted it, but that didn't mean I thought nothing of it.

There is no way you would follow a complete stranger without any reason.

Deon knew this truth very well, so he made two assumptions.

"There are two guesses so far."

"...."

"What you are asking for is so great that you may be trying to build trust first—" "...."

"

"Or perhaps following me itself is your goal."

And now I could vaguely feel his smile.

Deon slowly straightens his lowered upper body and returns to his original position, leaning against the back of the sofa.

There was a meaningful smile on his lips.

“I won’t pry into how you tricked the residents of this mansion and what you learned from them.”

“...!”

“You said you wanted to make more money than that, right?”

\*\*\*

Remember came in, carrying papers at his side.

He greeted me in an uncomplicated manner, as I was in a daze as I had not yet recovered from the shock of the sudden visit of the crown prince, and then suddenly said something out of the blue.

“Calling this old man means that a conclusion has been reached.”

“?”

“I think the conclusion was made to invest, is that correct?”

“...invest?”

I feel like the spirit of running away from home has come back. Are you suddenly investing?

While I was losing my mind about this, I was suddenly struck by lightning.

Even I, who am not interested in investing, know very well that if you make a mistake in investing, you will end up in trouble, but what is this?... I

was about to ask in more detail, but someone interrupted me.

“Yes, Master said he would entrust the money to me.”

It’s a surprise! Did you say Dan? Since when have you been here? Or rather...

I said that?!

“I see. It’s not a bad decision. I personally confirmed Dan’s skills.”

These people are talking about something that seems very important without me. Should I act like I’m crazy and step in and stop him right now?

Just as I was rolling my eyes trying to understand the situation, something caught my eye.

This is the document stuck to Remember’s side.

It’s not because the amount is crazy large. Rather...

“That document... seems like a small amount...”

“Ah, this is what you mean. It’s all thanks to that man named Dan.”

It’s Dan again.

Unlike in the beginning, when he was quite wary of what had happened while I was away, he looked at Dan with warm eyes and started saying things that Remember had not asked him to do.

“After looking at the backlog of documents, he said he wanted to help and asked for guidance, so I only taught him

the basics and he did the job very well.”

As he says that, he looks at me for some reason.

For some reason, I feel like I can hear a voice saying, ‘More than the Count.’ I guess it’s just my mood.

So was it favorable?! Because there are fewer documents to process?

“We even went so far as to pick out inefficient systems and change them to be more efficient. This is the result.”

His finger pointed to the stack of papers in front of me.

Unlike before, there is a large amount of documents that can be easily processed in 4-5 hours.

...no way.

I raised my head. I made eye contact with Remember, who had a happy expression on his face.

Instead of asking directly because I was worried that I might be disappointed if I had expectations, I asked cautiously with my eyes.

‘Is this really the end?’

‘Yes that’s right.’

“...pass.”

Those words just came out of nowhere.

I understand why Remember was so friendly.

This guy must be caught! Anyone who misses has to catch him and beat him up.

“So... do you want me to leave the money to you?”

“yes.”

“Okay. Do whatever you want. Remember will allocate the budget.”

“Ah...! Thank you. I will never disappoint you.”

“Then go out.”

It doesn't matter whether you succeed or fail. Remember will give you enough money that you won't suffer even if you lose it.

Rather, seeing as Remember isn't leaving, I feel like I have something to say.

Sure enough, no sooner had Dan left, saying thank you until the end, than Remember put down the thinly-organized documents on the desk in his office.

Even though the amount has decreased, I still hate paperwork. I sighed softly and sat down in front of him.

As I picked up the top document, I immediately heard Remember's explanation.

“The handover of Hart territory has been completed.”

“Ah...”

Is this what you wanted to say? Immediately my expression darkened.

From the subject of being taken away to the handover being done according to the procedures. I feel dirtier. It's as if I agreed.

'No, it's true that I agreed, but still.'

I didn't want to hear any more, so I just nodded and changed the subject.

Still, since I am a butler, I have to tell him where I am going.

I can't say I'm going to the devil world, but I also can't just disappear without a word.

"I'm going to be away again for a while."

"Is that so? It seems like you've finally regained your former self, but it's a shame."

You say that, but why are you looking at my dark circles? Is this fatigued look my true self?

Still, considering they didn't ask me where I was going and for what purpose, I should say I was glad.

I touched my darkened eyes again and sighed.

"We will leave as soon as we are ready. So please get ready as soon as possible."

"Can I keep the estimated travel time the same as last time?"

"yes."

"All right."



Remember, who was about to leave, let out an exclamation of 'Ah' and turned back, as if he had forgotten something.

"And that man named Dan whom the Count brought in."

"...yes."

The one that made me invest.

He said you only learn swords, but he also taught you paperwork, and if that wasn't enough, he made you invest.

Of course, I'm not saying that it's a bad thing that he learned accounting, but when I think about it again, I feel like I was hooked. Anyway, it's a bit of a strange feeling.

"As the Count ordered, we monitored him to see if there was anything suspicious, but we didn't see any unusual behavior."

"yes?"

"I'm not sure if it's because we're still building trust or if there really is nothing..."

"Yes?"

"In this old man's personal opinion, I think it's probably the latter."

No, wait a minute. I ordered it? Surveillance? whenever?

And the deacon's 'personal opinion'. This is literally just my personal opinion. The goodwill is dripping from your eyes.

"He's quite talented in swordsmanship. I heard he's not a genius, but he's a genius."

This is almost like a grandfather who is infatuated with his grandchild.

How could Remembrance be made like this with just paperwork? Is he that great or am I just that bad at doing paperwork...?

"Above all, where he clearly excels is in paperwork. I'm sure you know this."

"Ah yes."

After seeing the reduced documentation, I even invested.

It's a bit uncomfortable, but I have no regrets. We must capture these talents. Especially if all he wants is to entrust a portion of the money to him.

...But a little while ago, I thought Remember would be able to sort things out on his own...but now that I look at it, I feel a little uneasy.

"Anyway, so this guy named Dan seems like a pretty nice kid."

"...."

They're not giving you a lot of money just because you're pretty, right...?

I couldn't help but look suspiciously at my foolish grandson, who was late.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 71**

### 71. Rolling Wheel (3)

It's a bit unsettling, but Remember is undeniably a great butler.

I packed my luggage that the butler had secretly and quickly prepared for me, put on my travel robe, and went down the stairs of the mansion.

When we arrived at the first floor, Remember, who was waiting at the entrance holding the reins of a horse, handed us arrows and a bow with a rubber ball instead of a point along with the reins. I accepted it silently.

If you suddenly use a bow and arrow, you're going to be in a lot of trouble from now on.

As expected, it was when I had just gotten on the horse.

"Count niiiim!!"

"I heard you're leaving? You're leaving us behind?!"

"Isn't it too much for you to leave without even saying goodbye!!"

"No, more than that, I heard that His Majesty is taking charge of us again. Can't you at least prevent that?!"

Guys dressed in white knightly uniforms are rushing in from afar.

...Let's bounce.

That's a crazy dog. I don't even want to imagine being bitten by a crazy dog.

I quickly kicked the horse in the stomach. Since the front door was already open, there was no difficulty in escaping. Thank you Remember!

But they are not the ones to give up here.

I left the city smoothly and was running through the fields when, as expected, I began to hear the sound of several horses' hooves behind me.

"Bag's agniyyyyyyyyyy!"

"Stand there!"

"If we stop obediently now, there will be no bloodshed!"

"Catch it!!"

"Get the fuck out of here, you crazy people!!"

A thick layer of dust rises from behind. I screamed inwardly at the sight that resembled a puffy cloud.

Those crazy people! Where is Lien doing? Your master is now in danger!

"You guys! Don't you stop right now?!"

"...ah."

It was there. They just didn't listen.

I looked behind me with a tired expression as I saw the horse chasing me with fearsome force at a little distance from the stampeding herd of horses.

I touch the quiver of arrows I packed a little while ago. From there, I took out an arrow.

I put an arrow on the bowstring, and without slowing down my running speed, I turned my upper body and aimed at the head of the horse running in front.

Since there is a rubber ball instead of an arrowhead, there shouldn't be any problem. If you're not careful, the guy above you might fall off the horse, but considering how monster-like they are, I don't think it's that dangerous.

Either you will avoid danger on your own, or other people will take care of it.

"Count!! I don't like the emperor or the imperial palace! I'm scared of both your majesty and the general!"

Who is that guy going to kill along with him?

'Oops, I made a mistake!'

I tried to hit the horse's head, but I ended up hitting the guy's forehead!

The head of the guy who could have been accused of insulting the imperial family was thrown back. The hand that was tightly holding the reins suddenly loosened and the body fell to the side.

It was a dizzying situation where he could have been trampled by the hooves of a horse coming right behind him, but there was a hand who lifted him up before he fell to the ground.

“Wow! Gotcha!”

“Oh nice!”

“Haha....”

“Haha....”

“...It’s disgusting, so why don’t you get out of the way now?”

“Do you think I like being on your lap?! Get out of the way! I’ll take the reins!”

While one side was having a sweet relationship(?), the other side was in chaos.

The path of a horse that lost its owner became entangled with that of other horses.

Sometimes they get caught in front of a good horse running in a straight line, and sometimes they collide with another horse and fall, so it was natural for the other horses following them to fall at the same time.

“Uggyaaaaa!!”

“Whoo! I dodged it!”

“Did you see? My falling technique skills?”

On the floor, those who landed safely are proudly avoiding those who fall on top of them, shouting,

“Idiots, I’m going first!”

“Ugh!”

The other guys holding the reins jump over them and continue to chase me.

If it were the guys I knew, the moment one of them fell, they wouldn’t have been able to think of any other way and they would all have fallen together, but to be able to react like that...?!

Of course, it’s only a small part of it, but still. What on earth did the imperial palace teach you?

I’m glad Remember brought plenty of arrows.

Praising the deacon’s excellent preparation, I pulled the string again.

\*\*\*

Deonhardt secretly received royal orders and left the Count’s residence.

Duke Stave Illuster, who heard this news through an informant during the conversation, glanced at the other person.

I suddenly heard the information in front of him. If your prediction is correct, your reaction will probably be right now....

“You said it was Deon Hart. I guess we can use this opportunity to find out where he is going.”

also.

“I’ll have to add four people.”

“We cannot afford to cause trouble to you, Your Excellency. Since you have been indebted to us so far, we will assign someone from our side this time.”

The Duke’s eyes widened at the intended reaction. Sinister purple eyes were hiding behind the eyelids.

“I’m sorry. I don’t remember doing anything worth talking about.” “Now

that you say that, I have nothing to say. Anyway... I was getting on your nerves a little while ago. Can I ask how you got that wound on your neck?”

“Ah.”

I reflexively touched my bandaged neck.

“It’s nothing. I have a child who was a bit irritable.”

“Do you have a nephew?”

“Well, I’m talking about what you said earlier.”

A topic that is not nutritious . There was no reason to continue. The duke blatantly changed the topic.

The other person was not particularly interested, so he obediently followed the changed topic.

“Ah, you mean the story about the emperor declaring the conquest of the continent? I don’t dare doubt your Excellency, but I still have to ask you why.”

“ .... ”



“Why are you telling me not to move?”

The man sitting across from the duke asked, adjusting his posture as if he would listen if he told me the reason.

As if he is not the leader of the revolutionary army for nothing, the solemn atmosphere characteristic of a person leading people dominates the room.

The kind of atmosphere I was familiar with from the emperor.

The duke, who narrowed his eyes at the very atmosphere he could not achieve even if he tried hard, soon smiled and began to sing in a soft voice.

As if he was trying to regain the initiative he had lost, the duke's unique atmosphere began to gradually encroach on the entire room.

“The revolutionary army must not move in earnest until the Emperor has eaten half the continent.”

“So why on earth...!”

“When war is ripe. So when the emperor can no longer stop the war at will, that is the right time.”

The position of leader of the revolutionary army is not something that can be held by a fool. The man, Daniel, kept his mouth shut.

By the time the empire has consumed half of the continent, other kingdoms will have already moved on. Even if you were slow to make a decision and stayed still, the situation would have started to move at that point.

Because he must have felt threatened. There is no way we can just ignore this situation. This means that even if the emperor is satisfied and wants to step down, he will not be able to do so easily.

In order to replenish the troops lost in the previous war, the emperor will draw most of the troops except the minimum troops to protect it from various places, including the imperial palace.

At that time, even if revolutionary forces run rampant within the empire, they will not be easily suppressed. Because there won't be enough people to stop them.

"...As expected of you, Duke. Please excuse me."

Daniel, convinced, took a step back and Starbe moved immediately.

There must be a revolutionary army following Deon Hardt by now. It would be nice if it ended well like this, but the emperor can't be that easy.

[Did you say you were leaving now? No matter what, flies will be attracted to it. Take care of them and come back. Instead of chasing after Honorary Count Hart, you should just kill the flies and come back.]

He did not induce the revolutionary army to move for no reason. The revolutionary army that follows Deonhardt will soon die.

I feel sorry for the soon-to-be-dead revolutionary soldier, but there is no grand reason for doing such a meaningless act.

What he is aiming for is none other than screwing over the emperor.

'I'd be quite upset if the person I sent to clean up didn't come back.'

Dead or alive? If he lived, he would have betrayed him, so even if he was rejected, if he died, he would have died after completing the matter, or he would have died before that, etc.

The Duke grinned, thinking of the emperor who was quite upset, and gave an order to Cruel.

[If you follow the traces of the revolutionary army, there will be someone who receives orders from the emperor to watch over Deon Hardt. Kill him. And if you are in a position to chase after Deon Hardt, check where he is going and then come.]

Pugh!

Since the revolutionary army was being killed in an ongoing manner, it was not difficult to find the 'man who was watching my back'. Cruel, who killed the masked man as instructed by the Duke, raised his head.

As a result, the blood that splattered on his cheek rolled down his jaw line and fell on the floor, but his gaze remained unwavering and focused on one place.

In the distance, Deon can be seen walking into the forest after returning the horse he rode.

Is it because they are afraid that traces will remain?

Cruel, who had been staring at the back for a while, stepped into the forest just before Deon disappeared between the trees.

With just enough distance for Deon to come into view, Cruel also disappeared between the trees of the forest and I wonder

how long it would have been since then

...

Cruel came out of the forest.

The same attitude and expression as usual. Green Eyes, not knowing what he was thinking, glances back at the forest I came from.

And for a moment, Cruel turned around. He finds a horse that was tied up some distance away, mounts it, and runs towards the place he needs to return to.

Perhaps because autumn had arrived, the wind became sharper and hit him harshly.

....

"You're here. Did you handle your work well?"

"yes."

"So did you find out where Deonhardt was headed?"

" .... "

" .... "

"...By the time I finished the job, Deon Hardt had already left. I'm sorry."

\*\*\*

“He left.”

“huh.”

“He left.”

“They abandoned us.”

“I even have a bruise on my forehead!”

“Looking at your mouth, it looks like you have some time to spare. Let’s add 10 more laps of the training ground.”

“Ah, Captain!!”

“We’re going to die!”

“It’s noisy! If you keep talking like that, we’ll add 10 more laps, so shut up and run!”

Lien, who spoke fiercely to silence the knights, sighed and looked up at the cloudy sky.

The dark sky, which looks like it’s going to rain at any moment, seems to represent her feelings, making it even more depressing.

Lien sighed again and lowered his head. The two clear eyes, as if they had been depressed for a while, were filled with solemnity and shined resolutely.

The reason my lord left without saying a word of greeting was because I was so untrustworthy.

So....

‘I will become a more trustworthy knight until the day we meet again.’

The firm resolve of a knight that no one could hear was scattered silently in the air.

\*\*\*

Salvation Church collapsed. There was no salvation.

Shiia sat down in front of the empty lot that had burned down, leaving only the remains, and stared into space in confusion. His eyes were blurry, as if he was drawing the Salvation Church when he was fine.

Tuk. Fighting.

Cold raindrops hit her body. The rain that fell one or two drops soon became a torrential downpour, hitting my entire body violently, as if to remind me to come to my senses.

Even in a downpour that felt like a torrential downpour, Shiia could not easily come to her senses. Because Salvation Church was going to be her first and final resting place.

There existed a world where warm bread and clean water were provided consistently and people did not have to be wary of those around them.

I feel like I had a warm dream for a moment. It would have been better if it had been a dream. Shiia couldn't help but despair even more because the remnants in front of her were showing her that it was not a dream.

Because now I can't even dream.

I don't want to do anything.

I wish I could just die like this.

A child who had let go of everything saw someone's legs stopping.

"Sia."

"...."

"How long will it be like this?"

"...."

"...Please Shiia."

Please at least give me an answer.

A squeezing voice came out as if pleading.

Looking at Siia, who was still silent, Paul squeezed and released the collar near her thighs with a dark expression.

An overwhelming feeling of regret came over me. At that time, Salvation Church should not have been introduced.

It might have been best to just live life as usual. Such meaningless assumptions run through my mind again and again.

'...No no.'

Those bastards of the Murderous Knights, not Deonhardt, not the Emperor...!

Yes, if it weren't for the emperor. If he hadn't meddled, the current situation wouldn't have happened.

In the end, the emperor is the problem.

The problem is high-ranking people who clumsily intervene without knowing anything about slums.

Anger appeared in Paul's eyes. The anger grew deeper and turned into fierce hatred, which soon became cold and hardened with a sense of duty.

"I joined the revolutionary army."



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 72**

72. Rolling Wheel (4)

Only then did Shiia raise her head.

Paul bit his lip once, looking at me with empty eyes that seemed to be looking at me but not seeing me, and a distorted smile appeared on his face. A bright voice came out with effort.

“come with me.”

Be friendly, but don't become attached. Was it?

Paul sneered as he remembered the unspoken rules that circulated in the slums.

‘It's already too late.’

A kid younger than me who I first found in the slums.

At first it was curiosity and interest, but soon it turned into a specific emotion that stuck to a corner of my heart.

Is this what it would feel like to have a younger sibling?

Dangerous. Even before I could define what I was feeling, Paul could instinctively feel it.

That's why I kept my distance. Remembering the rule of not giving affection to others, I hovered around them and only occasionally helped them when they seemed dangerous.

Even if that were the case, what use would it be?

Now I know. What is this feeling?

I had already become attached to this child even before we distanced ourselves, but now there was no reason to ignore this child.

I extended my hand to Shiia.

"Let's go together, Siia."

"...."

"Please...."

" "...."

There is no answer. Paul met Shiia's eyes and slowly withdrew his hand with a stiff expression.

He lowers his head as if trying to hide his expression. My lips, which I had bitten hard to control my emotions, slowly softened after a few seconds.

"...okay."

"...."

"You can either keep living like that. If you don't go, you'll only lose out."

The voice could not be raised in the end and came out as a muttering.

After finishing speaking, Paul turns around. I walk as if I'm angry like I once did.

Unlike back then, Shiiia didn't chase after him and he never came back to help him.

Paul, who was walking slowly until the end, stopped in front of a man. As I was staring at the nose of my shoe with my mouth shut, a friendly voice fell over my head.

"You came alone? "Didn't you say you were bringing your younger brother?"

Not being immune to affection, I eventually raised my head. When I met eyes that were as kind as my voice, tears poured out like a lie.

"Neuung..."

"...Oh my."

Clear liquid drips at my feet. Daniel, startled, quickly took out a handkerchief and wiped Paul's face.

He felt so bad that the child, who was still so young, had already experienced so much in this world and was quietly shedding tears without making a sound, so he couldn't say anything and just wiped away the child's tears before gently hugging the child.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry." I said something wrong. I made a mistake. "I should have asked the question wisely, right?"

"Sob!"

"It's okay, it's okay..."

I slowly patted the back of the child who was shivering as if he was unfamiliar with someone's warmth. The tremors are gradually subsiding, as if it is ineffective.

"Yeah, yeah, it'll be okay."

"...Ugh."

"What if your younger brother doesn't follow you? You can become stronger and protect him, right?"

"...Yes...."

A voice that seems to be crawling.

Daniel, who checked Paul's face to see if he had still not calmed down, smiled and took a step back.

It seems like shame is coming to me later. After checking his bright red face again, he held back his laughter and opened his mouth.

"Then shall we go?"

\*\*\*

As always, under the dark sky with three moons, Lirinel, commander of the 11th Corps of the Demon King's Army, was sitting on the castle wall, shaking his legs with a sullen expression.

Unfortunately for the adjutant, her frustration was now at its peak.

That's because no one who wants to come is coming, and only other people are coming in droves!

In the first place, the entrance to the Demon King's Castle is rare and even regular.

Unscheduled entry means that the person is either an intruder or a high-ranking official who is allowed to freely enter the Demon King's Castle.

A representative example of a 'high-ranking position' would be 'corps commander', so he rushed out whenever there was a reaction to the barrier erected around the Demon Castle... '9th corps commander Trover and 5th corps commander Orel

. And Orel's adjutant Dernivan... was.'

I was still disappointed, but I was even more upset when Trover broke the castle wall with his body and entered without even opening the door, saying he would use magic to get through.

Damn you, that's magic! They just broke it in with force! I definitely said that if you can break through my barrier with 'magic', give it a try!

'Oel brought something strange from somewhere and tried to talk to me, so I ran away first...' It's

okay to list out interesting information I learned, but if I say something wrong, I keep asking 'Why?' Because you will have to be baptized.

Also, the conversation with her never ends.

'Dernivan doesn't know how to accept that personality.'

Ah, I miss you, Demon....

I was just looking up at the night sky while drawing a picture of Demon like that. At some point, Lirinel widened her eyes and jumped up.

There was a reaction to the barrier. The direction is North Gate!

The place where you are now is the western wall, so it's not that far away.

No matter how many times she tried in vain, she couldn't help but feel the glimmer of hope that had come back to life. Lirinel immediately grabbed the broom next to her and jumped down the castle wall.

A strong wind greets her, and her small body approaches the floor at an alarming speed.

Just before colliding with the floor, she got on the broom, quickly turned around and flew up.

'That's right, I was scolded by the Demon King for using magic carelessly.'

Even when greeting Orl and Trover, I flew away with magic and got scolded.

Because the reaction of the barrier is not only known to the caster, but also to the guards. If you wait a little bit, the other person's identity will be reported anyway, so it's a waste.

Magic is breaking the rules of the world. A world that cannot tolerate blatant violation of rules sends a hero.

In the end, the more magic you use, the closer you get to the time when the hero is born, but only the Demon King

knows how much is left.

The Demon King probably felt that time had shortened a little with this magic.

Lirinel, remembering the cold expression of the Demon King, shrugged her shoulders and then straightened them as if she had never done that before.

‘So this time I used a broom as a medium!’

If the opponent this time is Demon, wouldn’t it be okay for the Demon King to get over it?

While I was thinking about this and that, I arrived at the North Gate.

A little further out of the Demon King’s Castle from the North Gate, Lirinel busily looked around to find the person to whom the barrier had responded.

There was no need to wander around for that long.

In the distance, from the direction of the forest, someone strides towards the castle gate in a straight line.

It was not a black robe, which was someone’s symbol, but a common travel robe, but it was not difficult to think of it as someone.

It was the same for the gatekeepers.

“No way...!”

“Don’t panic, just relax! If you make a mistake, we will die today.”

There were more than a few people who died because they were offended while interrogating the corps commander.

Even if it were other corps commanders, it would be serious, so why is it that 0 corps commander has the least amount of information?

Of course, since he is wearing a robe, it is still only an estimate, but his one and only life is too dangerous to leave everything to such a flimsy hope.

If the author is really Commander 0, I have no idea how to deal with him, so in the end, there is only one thing I can do.

Let's act wisely!

First of all, follow the rules so that no flaws are found, and if that person shows even the slightest sign of discomfort during the inspection, just let them go.

'But please, if it weren't for Commander 0...'

In the meantime, he reached in front of the gatekeepers and pulled back the hood of his robe.

As a result, their simple wishes were cruelly trampled.

White hair is revealed under the moonlight, and blood-red eyes look directly at them.

I've never seen it before, but it looks familiar.

Even in the Demon King's Castle, he only stayed in the inner city, so I had never seen his face in person, but I had heard of his appearance so I could not help but notice him.

"Daemon Arut."



“I confirmed it.”

0 Corps Commander Daemon Arut.

For the demons, the object of respect and fear has returned.

And there was someone screaming silently in the sky.

‘Demonnniiiiim!!’

\*\*\*

There was a bit of trouble with crazy dogs when we left, but we arrived at the Demon King Castle safely.

As expected, as it was a demon world, the corps commanders were constantly hunting monsters, and yet I had to encounter numerous monsters... With my

fingertips, I gently touched the brand on the side of my neck above my collarbone.

A location tracking spell engraved by the Demon King himself.

In a way, it is natural that the demons avoided it thanks to this magic imbued with the demon lord’s energy, so I think it can be seen as a kind of extreme pass.

‘Anyway, I think I felt eyes on me before I entered the demon world...’

It seemed like there was a bit of noise in the back...

‘Is it because of my mood?’

I arrived at the Demon King’s Castle safely without any major incidents, so it was probably just my mood.

It's been a while since I've been to the Demon World, so I guess I'm really nervous.

Now that I think about it, I was so nervous that I spoke informally to the gatekeepers a little while ago. Fortunately, I moved on without complaining... but honestly, I was nervous.

However, speaking without shaking your voice was the limit.

The demon world, which I had barely gotten used to while I was in the empire, became awkward again. No, I got scared!

'It will probably take some time to get used to it, so don't encounter the corps commanders for the time being...'

"Daemon!!"

Hey! It's a surprise!

A little boy fell from the sky with a broom.

I was secretly frustrated by the appearance of a familiar face. Why? The only faces I'm familiar with in the demon world are dangerous people.

'No, there's no way there are people in the demon world who aren't dangerous in the first place.'

11th Corps Commander Ririnel.

Feeling fortunate that she was the least fearful of all the corps commanders, I opened my mouth to her as if nothing had happened.

"Long time no see."

“Yes! It’s been a while! It’s late, but I heard that when you were dispatched to defend the city, you not only did it perfectly, but even completely wiped out the monsters! You’re a demon after all!”

“Ah yes.”

I heard so.

I’ll tell you, my memory was gone at that time. I lost my memory after drinking, and when I came to, I found myself vomiting blood.

According to what Ed, the adjutant, and Ben, the doctor, said, he was attacked while trying to fight his way through the monsters and was blown 2 meters away.

“Oh, that’s right! Are you any more injured than that?”

“...?”

“Well... I was worried when I received a signal that the necklace I gave you was broken. I’m glad you’re safe.”

“Oh, I see... not yes?”

necklace?

“Ah ah! Of course, I didn’t doubt Demon’s skills... I just...” ”

No, that’s not it...”

Now that I think about it, the necklace that Lirinel gave me disappeared at some point, right? If you look roughly at the time, it seems to have been before we even went to the Empire...

probably at the border with the human world, where we went because a new hero had appeared. It looks like it was lost in the chaos there.

But it was broken. Didn't they say that it would definitely save their life at least once? There's no way it could break that easily.

...Anyway, it's better than saying I lost it.

"...It was very useful. Thank you."

"Go... ahhh no! !! Jejeje! I'll make it again! If you need anything, please tell me as much as you want!"

What

are you scared of? I guess I took a step back without realizing it. Ririnel, who had an expression of "Oops," quickly gathered her emotions, cleared her throat, and changed the topic. "How was the mission

? Oh, this is just asking for your thoughts. Trying to find out what mission you were given..."

"I was tired."

"Huh?"

I was tired. In particular, the eradication of the Salvation Church was truly terrible.

"They created a fake religion and tried to do something. "I met people who blindly believed in that and put it out there."

"...?"

Ah, the demon world doesn't have the concept of religion?

Actually, demons only believe in and follow their father, the demon lord...

It's not really a secret that I went to the human world. It doesn't really matter as long as you don't know that you're on a mission, but it's a hassle to explain.

However, looking at this child's questioning eyes, it's not easy to

explain it. In the end, I couldn't help but explain it in an easy to understand way, and she nodded. He said,

"Ah... that's stupid. Rather than trusting such meaningless things, it would be better to trust Demon..."

"Yes... yes?!"

"Huh...? Now that I think about it, I guess this is good? Demonism... Demonism..."

"Hey...?"

I think you're muttering something very ominous just now.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 73**

73. Back to the Demon World (1)

“Lirinel...?”

“Oh yes! It’s nothing, Demon!”

“It doesn’t seem like it’s nothing...”

“Hehe, but what is that?”

“ .... ”

“Oh, of course, if it’s mission-related, you don’t have to say anything...!”

I’m not shutting up about that right now, am I?

But what can I do against a corps commander? In the end, I sighed and unpacked the luggage I was carrying.

To be honest, I was quite surprised when I unpacked my luggage to take out food.

What on earth does Remember know?...

“Wow, it’s a cookie?! I’ve never seen anything like this before!”

They even brought me some pretty nice souvenirs.

Except for its shape, it is a cookie that can be easily eaten even in the Demon King's Castle. Lirinel's eyes sparkle as she looks at me, as if she is fascinated by the fact that this is her first time seeing it.

Well, it's not that I don't understand that reaction. I guess so. It's a very pretty flower-shaped cookie that doesn't exist in the Demon World.

To get some favor, I handed the bag of cookies to Lirinel.

"It's a gift."

"Oh...? Really?! Thank you!"

At times like this, I really feel like a helpless child.

"Oh my god, what a tribute...! I never thought a day like this would come in my life.... "

"?"

Although it seems like I say strange things sometimes.

He looked so pure and happy that it was hard to believe he was the commander of the Demon King's army. He took out a cookie and put it in his mouth, and then he started walking.

The nearby gatekeepers had been keeping an eye on us since earlier. It's probably not because of me, a human with no magic power, but probably because of Lirinel. Although he may seem like a child at first glance, he is ultimately a corps commander.

True to my intention of leaving the spot, Lirinel immediately followed me.

“Are you going straight to the Demon King?”

“...I guess so.”

I don't want to go, but what can I do? I have no choice but to go.

Lirinel, unaware of my speed, smiled brightly and nodded as if everything went well.

“I'll guide you to the shortest route!”

\*\*\*

Unlike the other gardens of the Demon King's Castle, access to the central garden is always restricted. The only people allowed to enter are the Demon King, the corps commander, and those permitted by the Demon King himself.

However, for a long time, someone visited the central garden, which had been neglected because neither the Demon King nor the corps commanders visited often.

“The Empire attacked the Kingdom of Ireon?”

The Demon King asked as he sat in front of the table in the middle of the garden and lazily lifted the tea.

“It will not simply stop there. The Emperor's goal is to conquer the continent. The Kingdom of Ireon is only the cornerstone for that.”

A man with golden hair as brilliant as the sunlight, with pointy ears and pure white skin, answered. Blue green eyes looked directly at the Demon King.



As anyone would expect, the person in front of you who does not look like a demon is a completely different race from demons. The same was true for everyone else here.

Races that are neither demons nor humans but only appear in books somewhere.

Let me clarify one thing at this point: the original name of this place where the devil exists and where three moons rise is not the Demon World. 'Demon Realm' is simply a name given because demons are most widely distributed and occupy the largest area.

A long time ago, before the 'demon race' was even born—numerous races lived here. The name of this place at the time was 'Abyss'.

The name that seemed to have been forgotten is still alive. What does that mean?

—There are still other races remaining in the Demon World, or rather, the Abyss.

"What do you like?"

The demon king raised his eyebrows slightly as he put down a sip of tea on the table.

"There's no way someone like the Fairy King would come all the way here and lie, so let's believe him. But what I'm curious about is why you came to me and said that. Aren't you obviously not interested in the human world?"

"...don't think that we are stupid just because we have recently changed generations. We are responsible for each

clan. We know that once the empire conquers the continent, this will be the next place.”

To be precise, they will be targeting the ‘demons of the demon world’.

If humans begin to set foot here in the name of extermination of demons, it will only be a matter of time before other races become aware of their existence.

In that case, they will be next after the demons.

From the perspective of the Fairy King, who values the flow of the world and nature, he cannot be pleased with the demons, who are nothing more than an ‘error in the world’, but the stability of the clan is more important than his disgust for them, so he had no choice but to come here like this.

“So don’t die?”

“It means don’t cause harm to my clan by dying needlessly.”

The Demon King chuckled at the cold words.

However, even for a moment, the laughter disappears and a strong pressure weighs down the entire garden.

“Okay, that’s all good, but can’t you speak more politely? I know that the fairies hate the demons, but even so, there is no blood on his head—” The

120-year-old fairy king, who had no blood on his head, gently bit his lip. The Demon King, who was looking at him with emotionless eyes, turned his head.

Dwarf Chief, Mermaid Queen, Vampire Queen.

The leaders of each tribe, who were 700 to 800 years old, were struggling to survive under extreme pressure.

“Since I am in the position of an equal ‘chief,’ I don’t want any honorifics. Can’t you just stop talking in such a cocky way? Anyway, things these days are...”

“....”

Clicking his tongue and shaking his head, the Demon King glanced at those who were unable to respond due to the pressure and sighed. “...That’s it

. What are we going to do with children?”

The pressure disappeared.

The Fairy King frowned as if his pride was hurt, but the Demon King pretended not to notice and stood up. There is more important work right now than educating foolish children. Because it just appeared.

“You said the empire attacked the Kingdom of Ireon, right? That’s good.”

The location tracking brand I engraved announced that ‘he’ had arrived here.

“The informant who was dispatched to the human world has just returned.”

“I know that ‘informant’.”

Racial characteristics . As if he wasn’t going to disappear easily, the Fairy King continued to maintain his cocky tone and continued,

“He’s from a human. It is very suitable to be used as a spy, but before that, there is one thing I would like to point out.”

....”

“Is that person trustworthy?”

“...Well.”

I walked leisurely and entered the garden entrance door. The Demon King smiled while putting his hand on the.

“As long as he is here.”

“....”

“He will be very reliable.”

\*\*\*

“Welcome. Even so, I had a lot of things I wanted to ask, but I’m glad you came.” The Demon King welcomed Deon with open arms and touched his collarbone as if brushing against him, and naturally began to lead him somewhere. Deon’s eyes were obediently drawn into his hand, touching the missing brand. At some point, it became thinner.

The direction he was heading towards was none other than the central garden.

The central garden is close to a greenhouse in order to easily control the entry and exit of outsiders. Unlike other gardens, access is controlled, so it is a place where even the devil himself does not often walk. Heading.

Deon, who was staring at the back of the Demon King at the rare sight, immediately lowered his eyes without saying anything. Eventually,

in the garden where he arrived, the Demon King offered another chair and immediately began asking questions.

“The Empire is the Kingdom of Ireon . I heard it was attacked. The Emperor’s goal is to conquer the continent, right?”

Deon, who was standing quietly without sitting on the chair given by the Demon King and looking around at the different races around him, nodded slowly. “Yes.

” He

wasn’t worried about whether they would hear.

Even though there was an opportunity to talk, there must be a reason for bringing him here and asking questions in front of others.

“What was the order the emperor gave you?”

“[Monitor the devil and prevent him from getting involved in this situation. ]”

“And?”

“If the Demon King decides to go to war, he told me to come back no matter what.” ”

Hmm, I

guess that’s me.” In any case, we’ll wait and see until the emperor devours more than half of the continent, so we don’t need to pay much attention right now. Probably not.

The Demon King, who was pretending to be worried by stroking his chin, soon raised his head and faced Deon. The Demon King's characteristic dark eyes gently curved and a friendly voice came out. "Is there anything else you want to say to me?" "The human

world

. 'Magic' was discovered in."

"Huh?"

The Demon King's eyes widened as if he had heard something unexpected.

Deon could easily read the emotions openly revealed in his wide-open eyes. Embarrassed

.

That's right, embarrassed. . That was all. Pure bewilderment, without any hint of 'anger that someone used magic in the human world' at will.

Deon, who was carefully examining it, slowly opened his mouth.

His red eyes were aimed straight at the Demon King, and his voice was calm as if he had not noticed anything. came out.

"In one building, magic, not witchcraft, was used."

"Ah, really?"

"...."

"Okay. Let me investigate."

Stop.

The Demon King calmly holds out his hand. Deon's gaze was persistent as if he sensed something, but no words came out from his tightly closed lips. He couldn't hold on any longer, so

Deon eventually turned around. Deon's lips, which had not opened until he headed towards the entrance to the garden, slowly opened once he stood in front of the door.

From his leisurely open mouth, something completely unrelated to the previous conversation came out.

"The movement of his left arm seemed unnatural, Ben. Let me see it."

A voice that was extremely friendly.

"...I understand."

The red eyes that glanced at him obediently withdrew their gaze. Instead of saying anything more, Deon opened the garden gate.

Deon disappeared and there was a short silence. The person who broke it was none other than the Fairy King.

"You want to investigate?"

A cold laugh pushes away the silence and spreads low throughout the garden.

He, who was laughing so coldly that it was so cold, glared at the Demon King with a straight face, as if asking when he had laughed before.

"In the human world . Who else can use magic?"

The demons basically follow the demon lord. It would be absurd for them to think something absurd and not even a minor deviation.

“You, right?”

“A habit of speaking.”

“Is that important now? !”

“But that doesn’t mean it’s your job to interfere.”

“Aren’t you afraid of the future!”

The Fairy King couldn’t overcome his frustration and finally screamed.

As someone who sensitively feels the flow of the world, he can’t know for sure. There was.

—The world is preparing.

Sooner or later, the world will send a hero. Unlike before, it will send a hero who is very threatening to the Demon King. No, if it is prepared to this extent, it may send a hero who can ‘definitely kill’ him. However

, The Demon King may or may not be aware of this situation.

“Why should I be afraid of the future?”

“...What?”

“There is no reason to be afraid. Anyway, the hero will appear and I will meet him. This is what has been happening until now. There is no reason to be afraid now.”



“Ha...”

A laugh broke out, but it was short-lived.

The Fairy King, with a cold face, stood up without hesitation.

“Yes, it is none of my business. Long lower limbs. Do whatever you want. I won’t care anymore.”

The meeting ended here.

I didn’t like it, but I still thought of it as the head of a race that was acting as a kind of first line of defense. I thought

about the people who would rush in here with a sword in the heart of the Demon King. The Fairy King left the room without hesitation to come up with a solution.

The others also stood up obediently without saying anything, even though they looked dissatisfied because the Fairy King had already said what they wanted to say or needed to say

. Let’s go. Oh, and I hope we manage the monsters properly. Recently, they have been wandering around near our territory.”

“...I’ll take care.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 74**

### 74. Back to the Demon World (2)

I was crossing the hallway of the Demon King's Castle and heading toward my room.

Although it's been a while since I've been to the Demon King's Castle, I have no intention of wandering around for no reason. It would be troublesome if I were to wander around and run into strange people.

For example...

"...Daemon...?"

"ah."

...Hien or something.

There was silence for a moment, as if time had frozen. Unable to overcome the awkward silence, I carefully raised my hand to say hello, but...

Clink!

Hien absentmindedly dropped the flower pot he was holding and instead of saying hello, he was inwardly horrified and had to take a step back.

A strange plant wriggles and dies among the broken flower pot fragments, accompanied by a helpless sound like “Kieeee.”

‘...’

Yes, the Devil’s Egg was a place like this. Why did I come back here to enjoy wealth and fame? Can’t I just jump out into the human world like this?

I was frozen and just stared at it, but suddenly a shadow appeared in front of my eyes.

“Demon! You’re back!”

“Oh um... yes.”

I know that you’re happy, so can you please get rid of that face? Is there a huge sense of disparity now?

I must have been in a state of mental shock as I looked back and forth between the strange plant on the floor and Hien’s bright face...

“Cough.”

I ended up coughing up blood.

“Dededeeddaemon!!”

Hien makes a fuss. I can’t bear to touch my body and am fidgeting in front of it. If it were just this, it would have been okay.

But the problem is,

“...Daemon?”

My adjutant Ed, who was passing by, noticed me like this and said,

“Demonnniiiiim!!”

“....”

“I finally found it! Are you okay?! Why can’t we meet like this...! Oh, first, let’s start with dental treatment...”

My doctor, Ben, came to visit me.

The quiet corridors of the Demon King’s Castle suddenly become noisy, and the occasional passerby pays attention and whispers.

This beautiful event is waiting for me as soon as I arrive.

‘Haha fuck.’

I want to hide anywhere.

My feelings reached their peak when Ed suddenly grabbed Hien by the collar.

“What have you done?”

Why are you doing this to such a cute kid? He didn’t do anything.

“I’m sorry...”

“!?”

Why are you apologizing?!

The moment I saw Hien lowering his head somberly as if he was sincere, I thought back for a moment to see what he

had really done to me. All that was gained was confidence in Hien's innocence.

"Hey, Ed! Cough!"

"Daemon!!"

"Don't talk!"

For your information, this is a scam. I foolishly forgot that there was still blood in my mouth. I swallowed blood by mistake.

So what happened?

The blood that had entered the airways flowed back and came out of the mouth again along with a cough.

With the catastrophe unfolding before his eyes, Edgar let go of Hien's collar and hurriedly approaches me. A careful hand touched me.

"Don't force yourself to stand, lean on me. Breathe slowly."

"Cough... loud"

"Yes, like that..."

"... Cough."

Ah, I barely calmed down.

I feel embarrassed to see such a rude attitude after meeting after such a long time.

Because of that, I couldn't raise my head and was just looking at the floor. Ed, who was looking at me like that, called Ben in a quiet voice.

“...Did you know what caused the burn?”

“Same as always. Aftereffects.”

“Tsk. Then that means there is no other way.”

“Yeah, I don’t know exactly where, how or why it hurts, so I’m just upset.”

Of course... I was poisoned, so I don’t know where or why it hurts.

“Rather, please help Ed Demon. I have to do the rest of the treatment in the room.”

“What? What else is left?”

“Uh, you also got an injury on your arm.”

“!”

Ed was shocked and let go of my arm to support me. Because of that, I stumbled because I couldn’t keep my balance, and I got startled and quickly stretched out my arms to support my waist.

His hand supporting her waist was shaking.

“I’m sorry. Did I grab your arm that was uncomfortable? If that was the case...”

If that was the case, well.

My senses sound an alarm. A warning that if you listen to the backstory, you might not get any sleep tonight.

Fortunately, he was holding my good arm, so I quickly opened my mouth.

“No, I grabbed your healthy arm. So you don’t have to apologize.”

“ah...!”

“That’s good. Then, why don’t I help you quickly? Are you planning on spending all your time here? Are you not going to treat Demon?”

“I have to! I’m sorry Demon, please excuse me for a moment.”

Ben rummages around looking for something in the bag he always carries, and Ed walks along, supporting me as if he were holding me.

So what about Hien?

When I glanced back at Hien, who was looking depressed and drooping, Ed caught it again without missing a beat and turned his head to show his teeth at Hien.

“See you later.”

No, I mean... he didn’t do anything.

....

“Are the injuries serious?”

Ignoring my opinion that it was okay, he eventually helped me to the room and sat me down on the bed. He helped Ben take off my outer clothes and asked.

This time too, my intention to take it off on my own was ignored.

“No, I’m moving along smoothly. It’s just the slight pain that comes from time to time. If you’re Demon, you’ll ignore it, so as long as you don’t move roughly, you won’t feel any particular pain....” There was something in the middle that didn’t seem very serious, but

I I couldn’t deny this. Ben, who had unbuttoned all his shirts and exposed his bare shoulders, paused for a moment.

His brow furrowed rarely.

“...Are you trying to add more?”

“....”

“But why is the signal....”

Ben looked at the magic stone around his neck in annoyance and glared at it for a while, then muttered, ‘Is this an error?’ and changed the subject.

As I looked at the magic stone for a moment, I heard him mumbling, ‘I guess it’s just my mood,’ but since he didn’t think it was a big deal, I just ignored it.

“Demon, wasn’t there a battle before you came here?”

“Huh? I don’t know...”

I don’t think there was anything that could be called a battle...

“Ah, there was something similar to a battle.”

“Of course! How intense. If I had...”

“Yes... well...”



It was intense. For me, it was like a life-or-death struggle. The chase with the mad dogs.

When I thought about it, I was pulling the bowstring like crazy. At that time, I was mentally unstable. I didn't pay much attention to it because I didn't have it, but even so, I was overworking my weak arms, so it wouldn't be surprising if the wounds got worse. "If

Demon-sama himself had come forward, he wouldn't be alive and well by now." "

Probably all over the ground . "Wouldn't the fragments of his body be scattered in pieces?"

"I guess so."

...How on earth are they looking at me? I

was so shocked that the conversation that was painful to hear between the two continued even when I was silent. It was only after the treatment was over. The curtain finally came to a close.

Ben, who had put on a new bandage, lightly tapped my shoulder as if giving advice and said,

"The treatment was completely completed, but I think it would be a good idea to remain alert and wear a bandage for a while. Since the use of magic was kept to a minimum, you never know what side effects might occur if you move roughly for no reason."

"Yes."

"Then I'll just leave..."

Knock –

For a moment, everyone's heads in the room turned toward the door. . Even me.

... It's strange. Why does the sound of a knock on the door sound so scary?

This is the Demon World. Unlike the human world, in some ways there are very few people who will come to visit me, and in other ways, there are countless people. I can't tell who

is standing outside the door. It's even scarier because it's unpredictable. Who on earth is it?

'No matter who is there, to me, it's still a scary opponent that I have to be careful of...'

While I was lost in thought for a moment, Ed opened the door slightly and looked outside.

Then, he checked the opponent . Seeing his face suddenly contort, I was strangely relieved. The

fact that Ed was frowning so openly and mercilessly meant that he was at least a lower-ranking demon!

Now that I thought about it, there was one guy who came to mind... No way. ...

"What's going on? "Hien."

I heard you can catch people.

He tightened his nerves and focused on their conversation. Ed, who noticed this, stopped what he was going to say and

pushed Hien out the door. Even though he was pushed away restlessly, he seemed strong in a strange way

. Hien finally opened his mouth, but said

, “I...”

“Before that, you have something to say to me.”

Ed coldly pushed him away, so I had no choice but to be helplessly pushed out into the hallway without even being able to have a single conversation with him.

Ugh, come on . Isn't it dangerous? It looks like Ed is trying to do it.

I'm sure they won't kill him, but Hien is basically looked down upon in the Demon King's Castle.

From my perspective as a human, all demons are the same, but what is that damn incubus succubus

? Thinking that I might break it, I quickly opened my mouth.

“I'm sorry, Demon....”

“Ed.”

“Yes?”

“Hien did nothing wrong.”

“Ah...”

There was something about the reaction that was subtle. Isn't this the reaction I expected? Feeling

uneasy for some reason, I added, just in case.

“Really.”

“...Yes, I understand.”

“Yes....”

But why are you leaving? Do you really understand?

Uneasy. I was looking at the closed door with my heart full. Meanwhile, Ben, who had finished organizing his luggage, took a step back from me, holding his bag. “As expected, Demon-nim, you have a big heart.” “Yes?” “That gardener is going to die right

now

.

” Aren’t you being considerate?”

“That’s not true, because you really didn’t do anything...”

“Yes, I know. There is no way a mere gardener would dare harm a corps commander. You couldn’t have done that in the first place.”

What did you really know? But why...

“For other corps commanders, just because they saw their weak side is enough to constitute a deadly sin.” ”

....”

“Incubus and the like. Because it’s not something you dare to look at.”

Oh my god.

I quietly despaired at the unimaginable answer.

From now on, I have to live among those guys again.

“Then Ed...”

“He probably already knows. I will. There’s no way you wouldn’t know. I just needed an excuse.”

An excuse...?

I quickly stopped what I was trying to reflexively ask. I thought it would be better for my mental health if I just didn’t ask.

But despite all my efforts, Ben kindly gave me the reason. He even added:

“It doesn’t make sense for a guy like that to be around the commander of the 0 Corps in the first place.” “....”

”

Of course, with Ed’s personality, he wouldn’t go against Daemon’s words, so Daemon would go that far. As you said, I won’t kill you or anything. I’ll end this by warning you not to approach me carelessly again.”

“Never again...?”

Hien doesn’t approach me.

It’s something I was hoping for, but I feel a bit uneasy. Is it because the method doesn’t seem right?

I have a subtle feeling. Ben dealt the final blow to me as I remained silent.

“Didn’t it bother you too, Demon?”

“ ....”

“...I’m sure you were tired from the long journey, so please excuse me. I’ll just leave.”

After Ben left and I was alone, I slowly laid down on the bed. The familiar ceiling came into view at a glance. I’m tired. I’m tired physically, but I’m

also mentally tired.

I raised both hands and stroked my face.

“Oh really...”

Ed and Ben were mistaken. It’s

not that I’m bothered by Hien, it’s that I’m scared of him.

He’s a demon. It

’s something I can’t help as I’m a weak human being, not a warrior or a hero with the fragments.

‘But...’

I thought of Hien approaching me with pure kindness. It

was literally pure kindness, not with any disrespectful intentions. Of course, that kindness came across as scary to me... but it wasn’t intentional. Above all,

Ed . Wow, every time Ben treats Hien like that, his resentment towards him will definitely pour out towards me.

It's the demon's grudge. I don't have the confidence to survive without receiving something like

that .

I'll tell you when it looks good. I've already warned you not to approach, so I don't have to rush over and stop you right away.

But right now, I want to rest.

I couldn't overcome the mental fatigue, so I sighed. I slowly lowered my hand and lifted it to the ceiling. While watching....

'...Shibure.'

"Why won't the world let me rest?

If I move carelessly, I might get cut. I rolled my eyes, checked the sword right next to my neck, and looked straight ahead again. In front of me, the

demon holding the handle of the sword was smiling with the corners of his mouth stretched out as if he was happy to see me.

" Hello, Demon."

" ...."

"As expected, you are Demon. Are you saying my sword isn't even worth reacting to?"

"D'Vellania."

"Yes, I'm glad to meet you too. I don't even know how long it's been since we've met-"

2nd Corps Commander D'Vellania.

The being who I find the most terrifying slowly smiles and greets me. It was handed over.



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 75**

### 75. Back to the Demon World (3)

Demon Arut. We don't know who he is, what he looks like, or what he does, but his name is widely known throughout the demon world.

If even demons in distant areas whose faces I don't know know each other, what would it be like in the 'Demon King's Castle'?

There is no way that the movements of a person who is treated as a being second only to the Demon King will not be known. Since he rarely moves, even if his actions are trivial, they spread throughout the Demon Castle in an instant, and the long-awaited news of his return naturally reached the ears of the 2nd Corps Commander Develania.

"Hmm, Demon-nim has returned?"

Even so, I was upset about not being able to see each other for a long time, but it turned out okay. I happened to go to the second city and buy some clothes.

As soon as I thought about it, I took action immediately.

Devellania quickly began to pack up the luggage that had been stored in one place without even unpacking it, as if possessed.

“I’d like to say hello to you at this point” and

also give you all the clothes that I couldn’t give you because the timing was different.

She grabbed the ‘gift for Demon’ and moved without delay.

....

It wasn’t that difficult to sneak into Demon’s room. Because Demon’s lieutenant took advantage of the altercation with the gardener and sneaked in through the open door.

I thought it came in secretly, but it seems like Demon noticed it from the beginning.

While lying down on the bed, he looked straight at the ceiling where I was hiding, then raised both hands and swept down my face as if it was not worth dealing with.

Not only was he lying down defenseless, he was even blocking my view.

As the commander of the 2nd Corps, who is mainly responsible for stealth and assassination-related work, this honestly hurts my pride. So, without realizing it, I ended up moving a little too much.

Puuuk –

The sword sinks into the bedding without a sound. To be exact, right next to Demon’s neck.

Nevertheless, without any sign of surprise, Mr. Demon slowly lowers the hand that was covering his face. Red eyes glanced at the sword and then looked straight at me.

For a moment, I was startled by his eyes that seemed to be asking me what I was doing, but then I slowly smiled and opened my mouth.

“Hello, Demon.”

\*\*\*

“I really missed you. I had a lot of gifts to give, but the person I was supposed to receive was not there...” “....”

”

Anyway, was my sword really not worth reacting to? I thought I trained hard. I mean.”

“....”

“Huh? Demon? What?”

“Sa....”

“Sa?”

Save me...

I barely swallowed the words that were about to come out of my mouth.

I was so shocked that I froze, so fortunately I didn't scream out loud, but as a side effect, my heart felt like it froze for a moment. I almost died of a heart attack.

D'Bellania's eyes shine as if she is curious about the words she barely swallowed. There was an interest that could not be hidden in the two drowsy downcast eyes.

“Sa what?”

"...."

I was impressed by the tenacity of biting on something that was nothing special for a moment, but before I could answer, Develania clapped her hands as if she understood.

"Ah! Because there was no life in it?"

"...!?"

No, I haven't said anything yet.

"But how could I dare to show my life. The moment I show signs of survival, he will turn and try to kill me."

"...."

"It's not that I don't think life is a waste or anything, but the extreme Demon-sama is cool, but I like the moderate Demon-nim better. "I don't know if Silua is a pervert, but I like gentle men."

I don't know what he's talking about, but I definitely understand that Silua is a pervert.

Is it okay to call the 7th Corps commander a pervert? Then, the corps commanders fight again. What should I do if this happens? Of course, Silua is a pervert.

"Oh, more than that, I've been going around a lot and buying clothes that would look good on Demon-"

But you seem to be just as perverted as her. The way you look at me now is very similar. I slowly stood up, looking away from the uncomfortably sparkling eyes.

I wanted to run away if I could, but whether it was by accident or design, D'Vellania was blocking my quick escape

route, so I gave up on pointless resistance and obediently took the box she held out .

I accepted it.

Well, if it's just this one thing, it's fine. Usually, I bring a mountain of clothes and pile them in the corner of the room. "Of course,

this isn't everything. I just gave it to you first because it was the one I liked the most, but I piled the rest over there. "Try this first, and be sure to wear the rest at least once."

"...."

Did you get that again before you knew it?

That's right, there's no way I could give you just one. I was too naive. I

sighed and opened the box. A blue, flowy dress appeared.

"This is...."

"I heard that it was inspired by the clothing of the southern part of the human world. I don't like humans, but their culture has a lot of interesting things."

"But..."

"Oh, by the way, the top and bottom are matched, so wear them with the pants below." "

So, I understood that... "

It's definitely a design I've seen before, whether or not it's a lie that it was inspired by southern clothing. It's a little

different, but I think it was probably called a durumagi? But wasn't the

most important thing overlooked?

"Isn't there anything to wear inside?"

Yes, clothes to wear inside! Usually, if they even match the pants, don't they always try to bring clothes to wear underneath? As far

as I know, this is an outer garment. Perhaps because it has been improved, there is no knot to hide the gaping front.

Of course, this could mean that you should wear the clothes underneath yourself. But, as someone who experienced Develania's infinite clothing hell, I had no choice but to shake my head.

Due to Develania's personality, if I had given her outer clothes, she would have also given me clothes to wear underneath.

Could it be that I forgot...?

"Oh, that was originally the case. That's how you wear it."

"...Originally?"

"In the human world, you might have worn it a little differently, but in the demon world, you wear it like this-."

Crazy.

"Now, would you like to try it on?"

"Ah...."

Damn. This is why I have 2. I was avoiding the corps commander. I looked at the clothes in my hand, sweating profusely. I do

n't want to wear them. No, I should never wear them, even if it puts aside exposure and my taste. If it's the Develania I've experienced, I'm sure I'll be fine if I wear it at least once. They'll try to wear everything, even things you didn't plan on wearing, just because they say it suits you. It's obvious that the end result will be an appointment to go out to buy clothes. But the person you're dealing with is the commander of the 2nd Corps. It was a time when you were hesitating, unable to firmly refuse.

Knock

.

" This is Daemon Ed. What do you do when the 8th Corps commander and his adjutant request a meeting?"

"Oh."

As expected, Ed! He looked back at Develania with a smile

on his face. He couldn't tell him to get out of the way out loud, but as he just heard, he was busy, so he silently asked him to leave quickly. I'm looking at him...

"Tsk."

"...!?"

Did you just... click your tongue...?

As soon as my surprised gaze reached me, Develania grinned and sat down as if asking me when I had clicked my

tongue. She stood up. Her eyes were fiercely focused on the door.

If it weren't for the scary look in her eyes, I would have thought what I had just heard was a mistake. Her voice sounded as usual as usual.

"It's a shame, but I guess I'll have to postpone trying it on until later.

" "Okay..."

"If you don't like the design, please tell me. Later, let's go to the second city together to buy clothes that you like, Demon." "

...Yes."

You should never say anything. Whether you like it or not, let's never say anything.

Meanwhile, Develania approached the door and grabbed the handle. I yanked it open. Edgar, who had raised his eyes indifferently as he prepared to show politeness, as if he had expected me to tell him to come in or come out in person, soon shrunk his pupils to a small size. "Mr. Develania?"

"Hello?" "I didn't know you

were

there

. "I'm sorry if I interrupted you."

"No, it wasn't important. Our 8th Corps Commander's business is more important than mine. Isn't that right?"

"...."



It seems like the commander of the 8th Corps is answering something, but the sound is so low that I can't hear it. Moreover, my eyes were busy looking beyond them rather than at

them

. You didn't bury it in the garden, right...?

"Anyway, I'll go. Good work..."

Ah, it looks like we're finally leaving.

After confirming that Hien wasn't behind them, I inadvertently turned my gaze and stopped looking. As

Develania passed the 8th Legion commander with a weapon draped behind his back, he loosened the strap holding the weapon. Because of that,

the two long, vertically intersecting windows slid as if lying down and widened horizontally. Without knowing

this, the 8th Corps commander steps inside the door.

And tick.

"Ah."

The width of the door opens . A spear that was longer than the width got caught in the entrance.

As if he had been caught by the back of his neck, the 8th Corps commander was frozen with his legs outstretched before he could even step inside.

His adjutant, who had witnessed the scene from the side, sighed as if he had gone crazy. Kigo—

“I...”

“Oh my gosh.”

—The 8th Corps commander sits down.

With his face buried in his hands, he mutters in a voice that sounds like he is digging a tunnel.

“Why do I live... I am also an idiot. It’s trash that has no use at all....”

“No, Hel! That’s a mistake everyone makes! Besides, Hel carries a lot of weapons...”

“I’m not worth breathing when I carry a lot of weapons that I can’t handle...” “That

’s absolutely not what I meant! Oh my...”

“I’m the one who hurts the adjutant’s head...”

“Oh no! It’s not because of Hell that I’m having a headache. It’s a chronic headache! Hel, you did nothing wrong!”

Why are those bastards making such a fuss here?

I stared blankly at the scene unfolding in front of me with dead eyes. And then I thought to myself,

‘What did Ed and Hien talk about? ‘

...I guess I’ve adapted to this crazy place, too.

\*\*\*

Ed and Hien didn’t have a conversation as special as Deon had expected. The bloodshed he was worried about didn’t

happen.

Ed's sharp words just left Hien one-sided. "... So  
, don't approach Demon ever again."

It was an arrogant voice befitting the top candidate for corps commander.

Hien, who had been listening in silence due to his low status, suddenly raised his head.

When his eyes met his , Ed's face distorts and he takes a step back. Although at first glance, his expression and actions seemed to be disgusting, Hien could tell.

That demon does not hate him. It just pathologically 'avoids' him.

'...Now that I think about it.'

I've encountered him countless times and received countless amounts of hostility, but I don't think I've ever felt anything more than disgust.

'Why?'

"What are you looking at? Get rid of your eyes."

As expected, I don't feel any disgust.

Hien has received a lot of hate for being an incubus who lives as a parasite on others all his life. There was no way I could distinguish the disgust directed at me and not at anything else. So I mustered up the courage to open my mouth

.

" Ed doesn't hate me, does he?"

"...!"

"I'm sure. Ed, you don't hate incubus and succubus. But why... big!"

I guess I touched him wrong. I

instinctively tried to grab the hand that was strangling me, but when I realized the situation, I relaxed my body. Colorful. I let out a faint sound of strangulation and looked at the face of the person who had strangled me.

Even in this situation, his expression showed no sign of disgust.

Instead, what was revealed was anger and...shame from not being able to avoid something that one wanted to avoid?

'Tsk.'

The strangling force becomes stronger.

Although he may not have a moderate temperament, I said this because I thought he was someone who respected Demon's opinion above all else, but was I mistaken?

At that moment, there was a hand grabbing Ed's arm.

# I'm Not That Kind of Talent

## Chapter 76

### 76. Demon Realm Again (4)

"If I keep doing this, I'll catch a mysterious demon. "There's no way that Demon doesn't know that he cares about that guy."

"...Ben."

"I guess he really didn't mean to kill me. "This guy didn't do anything wrong."

"What about Demon?"

You talk back. Should we consider ourselves lucky that we didn't kill the gardener?

Saying nice things to a guy like this doesn't work.

Ben let out a deep sigh and immediately spoke bluntly.

"It seems like Demon doesn't like it."

"...."

"I told you that I would never let that incubus approach you again, but you didn't seem to like it."

Suddenly, the grip on Hien's neck loosened.

Hien sits down on the floor, covers his throat and coughs. Ed, who was stroking his hair, clicked his tongue in annoyance.

Ben, who ignored Ed and passed by, sat down in front of Hien with his legs bent and lifted his chin with his finger to check his condition.

“...Luckily there are no problems.”

I let go and stood up. Ben glanced at Hien looking up at me and immediately laughed. A faint laugh dispelled the subtle silence.

“Understand. “He has bad memories of incubuses and succubi.”

“yes?”

“Ben.”

“He was originally an unbiased guy.”

Unbelievable. Hien opened his eyes wide and looked at Ed.

There are two main standards by which demons treat others. ‘Powerlessness’ and ‘a method of supplying energy necessary for biological activities’.

In the latter case, most demons gain energy through meals, and some demons do not need to do anything special or gain energy through something else.

It doesn’t matter how energy is obtained, but if energy can only be supplied through someone else, that demon will be looked down upon.

‘A disgusting and vulgar demon that barely survives by living as a parasite on someone. That’s the incubus and the succubus...’

I looked at Ed’s annoyed expression. The face immediately distorts as soon as our eyes meet. Hien swallowed the words floating around in his mouth.

...It seems full of prejudice.

“It seems incredible.”

“...I believe it.”

Regardless of whether I don’t understand it or not, I believe it. That way, you can understand him showing his irritation but not showing his disgust.

‘If you say that right... I’m not the problem, it’s the ‘Incubus’ that’s the problem, right? That’s also because of Ed’s personal feelings.’

Then, Ed, you just have to keep it out of sight!

A hopeful conclusion was reached.

It may be that Daemon himself ordered us not to be seen, but didn’t he say that he wanted us to keep seeing him?

If Deon heard, ‘I never said that?!’ Thinking about jumping up and down, Hien called out to Demon-sama with a once again moved expression.

Of course, if you say it out loud, the attention of those two will be directed towards you, so just keep it to yourself.

At that time, a boiling voice was heard.

“Ben, turn it off right now... no, no. “You go back.”

“yes yes?”

“Yes, gardener. “Nothing good will come of staying here, so I’d better go back.”

They’re staring at each other without even casting a glance, but I’m sure what they said to me was clear.

Since the two demons had the same will, there was nothing to worry about. Hien, who was watching the confrontation between the two with a bewildered expression, quietly retreated.

Ben, who was watching the back moving away, turned his head and made eye contact with the gaze glaring at me.

“Your facial expression is scary. “If you do well, they will try to kill me.”

“If I had said more there, it really would have happened that way.”

“more? what? This refers to a case where a succubus is mistaken for an incubus and a confession is made incorrectly...”

Boom!

The spot where Ben was standing caved in.

“shut up.”

“...This shouldn’t be a training ground.”

Ben, who had already moved to avoid the spot, mutters as he looks at the floor where the harpoon was placed. When I



looked up, I made eye contact with Ed. A rare open face caught my eye and I burst into laughter.

“calm down. “Do you know what you’re like now?”

“....”

“It’s ugly. I’m sure you know that you can’t mess with the gardener unless you know that Master Daemon doesn’t want you to. Besides, the gardener didn’t do anything terribly wrong.”

“....”

“Why don’t you calm down and go to your place. By now, news of Demon’s return should have spread throughout the Demon Castle. “I guess there are a lot of visitors.”

“....”

It was too much. I was so embarrassed that I overacted.

Ed remembered the incubus running wild in strange places and sighed, filled with self-pity.

I know there is nothing wrong with the gardener. However, as a perfectionist, he just didn’t like it because it reminded him of the most shameful memory in his life.

I wanted to avoid it, but I couldn’t because of my position as Demon’s lieutenant. So I tried to take advantage of this opportunity to get rid of it.

I knew implicitly that Demon-sama didn’t want to get rid of him completely, but I pretended not to know, using the excuse that it was for his sake.

Even excluding personal feelings, the existence of the Incubus was a factor in disparaging Demon's name, so there was no hesitation, but 'I never thought I

would say such a thing...'

He was the adjutant of the commander of the 0 Corps.

Considering that you should not put your personal feelings into acting for him, your current actions are disqualifying.

Ed, who had thought that far, raised his hand and wiped his face to come to his senses.

'Let's go back.'

In the past, whether the incubus played with his mind by lying about his gender or made him a laughing stock by publicizing his confession, that is just the past and has nothing to do with the gardener.

Let's forget it. The more sensitive you are, the more ridiculous you become.

I quickened my pace, thinking of Demon, who was waiting for me as he had done until now, covering his memories.

It was right in front of Deon's room that Edgar met the 8th Corps commander.

"Is it okay for me... to steal Daemon's time...?"

"Why do you say that! Hel is a worthy corps commander! "I wasn't able to greet you properly last quarter, so I need to do it right this time!"

"But..."

The quarter refers to the time when Demon goes out on a mission and the time he returns and stays in the Demon King's Castle.

Since they are demons who don't have any special seasonal changes and basically live a long life, their concept of time is poor, so I roughly divided them by watching his movements. After listening to the conversation, I think I know who that black figure is.

A corps commander who was unable to say hello to Demon during the last quarter.

Various weapons hung not only on the back but also all over the body. And a black figure from head to toe.

"Commander of the 8th Corps?"

"...!"

I knew it.

Ed, who was convinced that the opponent's identity was the commander of the 8th Corps, immediately bowed.

"The greeting was late. This is Ed, the adjutant of Corps Commander Daemon Arut. "Commander of the 8th Corps, what are you doing here?"

\*\*\*

The commander of the 8th Corps, squatting in front of the door, blames himself as if he were going to fall into the ground. Next to him, his adjutant enthusiastically cheers him up, and Develania, who caused this situation, giggles under his breath.

‘...haha.’

This is shit.

I quietly watched the scene in front of me, then turned my head and looked at Ed.

The intention was to try to sort out this mess, but Ed just lowered his head further and didn’t do anything.

‘Bad guy...’

After Ji brought him in.

I looked at him with cold eyes and then turned my head. The priority is to resolve this crazy situation.

Clap –

The two hands lightly touched each other. As if by magic, everyone’s attention was immediately focused and silence came.

So....

“That’s shit.”

“It’s not... you’re the devil?”

I was startled and stood up from my seat.

What, why is the devil here?! There is even Lyrinel behind him.

After being the commander of the 2nd corps and the 8th corps, now the devil and the 11th corps commander. What is this?

“Master Demon....”

“...?”

Unlike the Demon King’s calm expression, Lirinel stamps her feet nervously with anxious eyes.

I was so nervous that I looked at her, and when we made eye contact, she was shocked and then started crying.

“I’m sorry...”

What what?

“Oh, it’s none other than Lirinel, who received something interesting. “It was a unique-looking cookie.”

The Demon King, with a fox-like grin, shakes something.

What was in his hand was none other than a bag of cookies. It was obvious without having to ask where it came from.

But why is that? I thought I gave something quite ordinary. What are you trying to say for giving something strange to the commander? Because you can’t trust cookies given by humans?

“Sin....”

“Why don’t you give me something like this?”

“Song... yes?”

“It’s too much. “You can’t believe you only give this to Lirinel.”

“That’s right, Demon Nim, you didn’t even say a word to me, but you only gave that to Lirinel? “You’re doing it too

much-.”

“....”

Before I was relieved, I was at a loss for words.

So you came to me now because I didn't give you a gift?  
The devil?

Even the commander of the 2nd Corps, who had been exposed by the Demon King, began to wish for a souvenir. It seemed like he was trying not to show it, but Ed was also staring at me, and even the 8th Corps commander had stopped blaming himself and was looking at me with an expectant look in his eyes.

‘...Why do you just keep blaming yourself?’

“Daemon?”

“Ah yes. “For a moment...”

I quickly looked away and started rummaging through the luggage I had brought with me when I came here.

What was in it? There has to be something good. If you don't give me something, I don't think it will continue like this.

On the way here, I roughly checked what Remember had brought for me, but I couldn't take a closer look, so I was a little worried... ‘

Wow... unexpected...’

In the end, it was a useless worry.

Silver pocket watch, white gloves, cookies. Somehow, if I put the meaning together, items that seemed to roughly resemble a gift caught my eye.

‘Besides, it’s new.’

It is perfect.

It’s a bit odd that I don’t use a pocket watch, that gloves are stuffy so I don’t wear them unless it’s a formal event, and that the cookies are shaped like flowers and hearts, unlike the ones he usually serves.

What could Remember have known? I guess I kept it there just in case.

‘...Then you don’t know this either...?’

Are you preparing for when you return to farming...?

When I found a flower seed in a corner of my bag that I didn’t even know was there, I made a subtle expression, forgetting to control my facial expression.

“Pocket watch?”

“yes.”

“I don’t know if I can accept something this good.”

The Demon Lord smiles and puts the pocket watch in his pocket. My cold, narrowed eyes followed the figure.

The words I couldn’t say lingered in my mouth.

As Ji looked at....

“I was thinking about cookies. But I never thought they would give me something this good. Anyway, thank you.”

“...!”

Did I tell you what was on my mind?

Looking at the Demon King turning around, I don't think that's the case. As I watched him leave, saying he had a lot of work to do, I made eye contact with Lirinel. He still has a tearful expression on his face and his mouth is open.

‘really sorry.’

It's not okay, but it's okay. It's obvious to me that it wasn't intentional, but I can't say anything.

When she roughly expressed her intention that it was okay, her face brightened, she bowed, and quickly disappeared after the devil.

I turned my gaze and caught Ed in my eyes. He was changing his gloves.

‘It's the same shape and the same color, so why bother...?’

The black and strange patterns on the backs of the hands, always hidden by white gloves, are revealed and then disappear.

I felt a little scared for no reason, so I slowly averted my gaze, and I heard Ed's satisfied voice.

“Thank you, Demon.”

Well... if you liked it, that's fine. I nodded roughly and took out two bags of cookies from my bag.



Of course, this belongs to the 2nd and 8th Corps commanders.

There were only two bags of cookies left, so it was a shame. If I wasn't careful, I would have been in big trouble. My liver is still too small to listen to the corps commander's complaints.

However, the expression on Develaina's face as he looks back and forth between Cookie and the 8th Corps commander is strange.

How can I say it, it feels like a mix of grumpiness and playfulness?

"Huh-."

"...?"

"Hey, Commander of the 8th Corps."

There was no answer, but Hel responded to the call and raised her head. Develania smiled sinisterly.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 77**

77. Back to the Demon World (5)

“In the first city, there was someone who was talking about Demon to outsiders.”

“!”

“Oh no...! Hey Hell!!”

Before his startled adjutant could say anything, Hel disappeared. As if it was literally falling to the ground.

Although I was surprised for a moment, I quickly nodded.

‘That’s right, he was from Shadow.’

A literal shadow, not a metaphorical expression.

The power of the Demon King does not purely unite among itself to create demons. If you inhabit an ogre, a demon of ogre origin is born, and if you inhabit an object, a demon in the form of that object is born.

Hel, the commander of the 8th Legion, is a demon born with the power of the demon king imbued in his shadow.

Maybe that’s why the shadow, which can’t even see its face, appears to have a three-dimensional effect, but I never

thought it would have had such an ability.

...But why did it disappear?

“A guy who couldn’t even fulfill his duties doesn’t deserve to eat Demon’s cookies. So, Demon.”

“yes yes?”

“Can you give me both of them?”

“Dvelania!”

Before I could answer, the adjutant who was kneeling where Hel had disappeared and looking at the floor in confusion shouted. Actually, I was the one who was scared by him.

The adjutant shouting loudly at the corps commander. It is also a corps commander who is not my immediate superior.

Is he really crazy?

‘Don’t do this here, go out and fight, you bastards...’

Don’t spill blood in my room.

\*\*\*

Deon must have been very uncomfortable with the two demons roaring in his territory, so he handed each bag of cookies to Develania and Hel’s lieutenant, Nine, and sent them out.

No, to be more precise, it was closer to the fact that the two noticed the discomfort of ‘Demon Arut’ and took the initiative to back down.

If I had done more here, there would definitely have been a disaster.

I know very well how scary his anger is. The two were not foolish enough to look down on someone who was normally a moderate person.

However, a fight that temporarily stops because of one person cannot end just like that.

As soon as he came out of the room and the door closed, Nine held the cookie bag tightly in his arms and glared fiercely at Develania. Interest arose in Develania's eyes.

"Oh, are you staring at me now?"

"Stop harassing our Hel!"

"I? "Why did I just say the right thing?"

"Even so, your self-esteem is at rock bottom, so do you have no conscience?! "It's too much!"

8th Corps Commander Hel. A person who has mastered the art of weapons to the extent that he handles all weapons as if they were his own body.

Coming from the shadows, his unique abilities seemed to be suitable for missions related to infiltration, so at first even the Demon King wanted to appoint him as the commander of the 2nd Corps, but he had one fatal flaw... his self-esteem was ridiculously low

.

'There is no way you would entrust me with such an important task.' 'There is no way someone like me could do

something like this.' 'Is it really okay for someone like me to do something like this?'

But if you fail just a little bit, you'll think, 'After all, trash like me should go out and die.' 'Why do I live?' 'After all, I am trash, not worth breathing...'

"Trash... I am trash after all..."

Nine was confused as he looked at his superior, who suddenly popped out from the shadows at his feet and sat down, covering his face with both hands. He made an expression.

Blood was dripping from the edge of his clothes, as if he had just finished taking care of his work.

I explained several times how amazing it was that they got the job done so quickly...

"No! How did you come to organize things even now? Everyone makes mistakes. How you handle it is important. In that sense, Hel did an excellent job cleaning up the mess! "You did a great job!"

"...really?"

"of course! If Hell had made a really big mistake, Daemon wouldn't have given him cookies like this! "Look at this."

"Is that really mine...? "Demon-nim gave it to me as my share...?"

"yes!"

Actually, I got it through a war of nerves with the 2nd Corps commander.

Nine, who had lost his cool, waved the cookie bag as if to show off, attracting his attention.

“So don’t act like this here, get up quickly. “Let’s eat some of these cookies in our room and relax.”

Looking at this scene, some may wonder why the 8th Corps commander blames himself when it is just news that the story about Demon is circulating outside.

But this was natural.

Until the uproar caused by the monsters, the 8th Corps commander’s current external mission, which seemed to exist as if he did not know what mission he was in charge of and no one was interested in it, was ‘bordering major cities in the demon world.’

However, there is a secret mission he has been carrying out even before that.

A mission that Demon Arut took on from the moment he joined the Demon King’s army.

[To prevent information about Demon Arut’s appearance from leaking out to the human world.]

Why is the story about Commander 0 not widely known?

Why can’t the empire even figure out what the commander of the 0th Corps looks like?

Did all of this really feel like a coincidence?

Hel moved steadily from the moment she received the mission.

When a worker on vacation outside the Demon King's Castle tries to tell an acquaintance about the appearance of 'Demon Arut'. When a demon goes out on a monster hunt and is revealed with his bare face at a gambling house in the first city. A hero at the border with the human world. Even when fighting with.

He steadily followed the trail, killing and silencing it.

Contrary to his low self-esteem, it was excellent workmanship without a single mistake.

Even now, as soon as the 2nd Corps commander received a tip-off, didn't he move immediately, deal with the enemy, and return? If you think about the amount of time it took to get all of this done, it's ridiculous that people who heard the story would have dealt with it as well.

'I just need to do something about his self-esteem... Sigh.'

While Nine was sighing, the true Hel barely got up from her seat. As if to reassure him, Nine smiled and politely held out her hand, and Hel was about to take it.

"Isn't it important not to make mistakes in the first place?"

"...!"

"Dvelania!"

Hel collapses again like a sand castle. Develania giggled at the immediate response.

This is why I can't stop harassing the 8th Corps commander. Because it's fun.

It has nothing to do with Develania, so I turned around, leaving behind Nain, who was talking about how he kept arguing, asking why the demons could make a mistake, asking why my child... was so upset, and saying that he was going to go to the demon lord.

‘If this continues, I won’t even dream of disturbing you for a while.’

I plan to persuade Demon to go to the second city to buy clothes soon, but it would be difficult if there were disturbances even then.

Deon had no intention of going, but De’Vellania was already happily thinking about what clothes to buy, and took a brisk step forward.

I burst out laughing happily at the shout of the cocky 8th Corps commander’s adjutant coming from behind me.

\*\*\*

The Kingdom of Ireon was in chaos.

“They say the imperial army has already trampled a city and is advancing towards here! You say you’ll be arriving in the next city soon, but what on earth have you been doing to get to this point? “There is no need to come up with any countermeasures!!”

“How can we come up with a solution that even you can’t come up with!!”

“So you’re saying we should all die together like this?!”

People who can’t do anything other than sit in front of a table and raise their voices are shouting loudly, saying that



their lives are not worth it, while innocent people are dying outside.

The conference hall, which should have been sacred, has long since turned into an arena for fighting rather than a place for preparing countermeasures.

‘That’s bullshit.’

The King of Ireon, who was sitting on the throne, gently pressed his eyebrows. Even though I took the medicine, my head is already pounding as if I’m getting a headache.

That’s why I said, don’t mess with the emperor. Because black flames were flickering in his eyes that I met by chance.

It’s not a red flame. It was not burning on the basis of passion, anger, hatred, and revenge, which are common fuels.

A flame that is empty but burns relentlessly without losing the will to live. If I had to give it a color, it would be closer to ‘black’ rather than ‘red’.

Yes, it is a black flame. I still didn’t know for what purpose it was burning, but I instinctively knew that nothing good would come of touching it.

‘I thought this country was in good shape before...’

This is how it falls apart.

The king’s words do not work. The king’s authority has fallen to the ground, and the nobles are too busy serving their own interests and do not take care of the people.

Nevertheless, perhaps because they are politicians, they were not stupid at all, but this time it was a miscalculation.

The nobles were not blinded by money and demanded compensation from the empire. Underlying their actions was the expectation that, even if the empire would not immediately grant their demands, they would at least attempt 'negotiation'.

Think about it with common sense. In any case, it is true that there was a small battle near the border, and depending on one's perspective, this is enough to be felt as a threat to the Kingdom of Ireon.

In addition, wars cost a lot of money and manpower. Only two years had passed since the end of the Eight Years' War, so it was difficult to imagine that the empire would easily take the call of 'war' in this situation.

Even Deon Hart, who was a great vanguard during the 8 Years' War, had to rest due to injury, so who would have expected war?

Of course, only based on 'common sense'.

'The fist that I touched with all my might came back to me with a timid touch.'

The king covered his mouth, leaving the embarrassed nobles alone.

I felt like I knew what the emperor was hoping for, so I felt like I would start crying.

'...Did the emperor want war from the beginning?'

A cautious guess soon became a certainty.

The emperor was waiting for a 'justice' to wage war. The Kingdom of Ireon has diligently provided him with the opportunity to draw his sword, and he will become the first victim of that sword.

If I had known this fact earlier...

'...it would still have been the same.'

Even then and now, he is a powerless king and his voice will be drowned out by the remarks of the nobles.

"How about... surrendering?"

In the chaotic conference hall, one of the nobles spoke cautiously. The king quietly closed his eyes as he looked at the other nobles, whose eyes were shining as if they were waiting.

This was also expected.

Those who have much to lose are afraid to fight. Loyalists died or disappeared without anyone knowing, and even those who were clean were stained with mud.

There are only traitors left here. I knew very well that those who put their own interests first could not serve the country.

But why is my appetite so bitter?

"What do you think, Your Highness?"

The King of Ireon smiled helplessly as he faced the eyes that were looking at him with one mind and one intention, as if asking when they had fought.

"Let's prepare for surrender."

\*\*\*

A month has already passed since I arrived at the Demon King's Castle.

And I was able to recall a very important fact that I had overlooked.

"I'm bored...."

The devil's castle has nothing to be dirty about! I should have brought something fun to play when I came.

snap. I threw the cube I had just solved onto one side of the bed and flew to the side. I turned my head, buried half my face in the pillow, and looked down at the floor.

There was a large, completed puzzle sitting there.

There's one more thing to decorate the wall of your room. It was a few pieces long. Was it 6000 pieces?

That's probably about it. I vaguely remember it because it was a puzzle I once threw out of self-destruction. It's so hard for me to guess that in the end...

'Oh, I don't know.'

Thanks to a month of rest, the shadows under my eyes that had formed in the human world have disappeared, but I feel like I'm going crazy because people don't do anything.

"...I guess I should at least go outside."

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 78**

78. Again, the Demon World (6)

is full of monsters that I can't do anything about, but I think it's better to move than to stay locked in my room.

I quickly got up from my seat and put on my coat.

Since I wasn't planning to go out of the Demon King's Castle and only wanted to look around, I didn't need to prepare in detail and just took the basic things I needed and stood in front of the door.

Before opening the door, I glanced back. What you see is the completed puzzle scattered on the floor.

I wondered for a moment if I should clean it up, but there was no place to put it away...

'If I leave it alone, Ed will clean it up on his own.'

As always, I will frame it and hang it on the wall.

After confirming that there was nothing more to worry about, I opened the door and went outside without hesitation.

....

“Ah, Demon!”

Yeah, it seemed like that for some reason. I was expecting that we would meet roughly... but I never thought we would actually meet.

I vaguely knew that my liver was unnecessarily large, but I never imagined that it would be this shameless.

Hien approaches, smiling as if nothing had happened, as if Ed had dragged him aside to warn him not to approach him again.

I secretly took out the secret weapon I had brought with me in case I met him.

I can't be swayed by him forever, right? It's not like Remember gave it to me to use it for this purpose... However I choose to use it, it's up to me.

'I couldn't believe it, but I brought it out like this... but I can't believe I actually ended up using it.'

As expected, Hien immediately showed interest in what I had in my hand.

“Daemon? What is that...? It looks like a seed...”

“It's a flower seed.”

“Flowers? What does the flower look like? Does it have eyes or a mouth? Or tentacles? If nothing else, do you have the ability to possess creatures or emit poison? What about feeding? Do they eat humans or demons and monsters? Or both?”

What is he scared of?

His eyes flashed, and he slowly put his head back to avoid Hien, who was right in front of his nose, and quickly spoke.

“I don’t know either.”

“...yes?”

“I know that it is the seed of a special plant that is different from the normal demon world plants, but I am not sure about the exact details.”

You can’t say it’s the seed of the human world. No, there won’t be a big problem if I say it, but it would be difficult for me if I revealed it in this situation.

I plan to use this as bait to send Hien back.

If I send you this, you won’t appear in front of me for a while because you’ll be busy germinating this seed. This is the distance I set between him and me.

‘I can’t keep him around or completely kick him out, so what can I do?’

I have to keep my distance at least in this way.

“Would you like to grow this?”

“yes? “Me?”

“yes.”

“Can I really raise this precious thing...?”

I nodded.

It’s not particularly precious... these are rose seeds. It’s just that you can’t raise it in the demon world.

Most plants in the human world basically require sunlight. It would never be possible to raise it in a demon world where the sun never rises.

When I think of Hien, who will appear with a sullen face later, my conscience pricks me a little, but if I can quickly send him away in front of me with this, then pricking my conscience is no big deal.

Hien takes the flower seed with his hands shaking. With a face filled with emotion, he held the seed tightly in his arms and bowed down.

“thank you! “I will make sure to make a flower bloom and show it to Demon!”

“Um... yes, I will support you.”

As if he wanted to start right away, Hien nods and quickly runs off somewhere.

Okay, I killed it.

Praising myself for killing a time bomb so cleanly, I picked up the pace I had stopped and leisurely crossed the hallway.

There’s nothing to do. Let’s go down to the first floor. If I have time, I should go outside and look around the building.

I postponed going down to the first floor for a while. On my way down, I found a library.

I raised my head and saw a huge door showing off its immense grandeur.

‘Now that you think about it, have I ever stopped by the library?’



I remember it wasn't there. Let's go in now. But is it okay to go in...?

As my worries were for naught, the two demons guarding the entrance to the library immediately stepped aside and made their way as I snooped in front of the door.

Stiff eyes follow my actions. I was confused as to whether they were telling me to go in or not, but I decided to trust their actions rather than their eyes.

As I entered, the first thing I saw was not a book, but a librarian. The librarian who was sitting down reading a book glances at me as if checking on the other person, then fixes her eyes on the book again.

“....”

“...!”

Jump up! Craddangtangtang!

The book fell to the floor and the chair fell backwards.

“De... Dedededemon! “What’s going on here...!”

Ah, I was slow in understanding the opponent. Are you surprised that someone you didn't expect to come came?

Maybe they were surprised by someone who wasn't supposed to come. Even though I am the devil's army and the army commander, in the end, I am still human.

“I just wanted to look around... can't I?”

“No way! Feel free to look around as much as you like! If there is a book you are looking for, please let me know.”

The librarian hurries away. As I watched them go back to their seats and clean up after themselves, I turned my head and looked at the numerous bookshelves that occupied the large space.

Since I'm just there to look around, I don't have any intention of wandering around this space. I roughly reached for the bookshelf near the entrance. I took out the book I could reach and looked at the cover.

[Information on the heroes of the current empire]

[Author: Idelia D'Vellania]

'Current empire?'

If the 'current empire' is the 'current empire' I think of, it means that content is added immediately whenever new information comes in. So this book was nearby.

I opened the book. My eyes met a familiar portrait.

[First hero. Nemeseus.]

[...He became a count for actively helping the current emperor Edoard Desert, who was the 9th prince, during his rebellion. Afterwards, he served as commander-in-chief during the 'Eight Years' War' and received the title of marquis. Among the current empire's nobles, he is the only one without a 'surname'.]

[He was a commoner and, in need of money, worked as a gladiator in a gladiatorial arena and met the current emperor, Edoardo Desert. Edoardo, who was the 9th prince at the time, praised his sword skills and generously supported him on the condition that he become his master...]

I feel like I am prying into someone else's private life. I quickly turned to the next chapter.

Information about the general is still coming out. I turned the page again.

'How much research did you do... Why do you even know the general's tastes?'

My hands became faster as I flipped through the pages.

My busy hands stopped moving when a new character appeared. A portrait with bright eyes was glaring at me.

[Second hero. Stigma Primiro.]

[Viscount Lowfel's illegitimate son. In recognition of his contributions during the 'Eight Years' War', he received a new title and a marquess. We are focusing on eradicating barbarians from the southern border of the empire, using overwhelming force...]

Uh... Wait, if it's like this, it'll also write about me, right?

I quickly turned the pages of the book. After the information about stigma, my name appeared.

There was no portrait there.

[Third hero. Deon Hart.]

[Investigation is prohibited by order of the Demon King.]

[Do not be curious.]

The tension was relieved.

yes. There is no way the devil would handle things sloppily.

thank god. I sighed in relief and turned the empty page, and the portrait appeared again. Black hair and green eyes. An expressionless man wearing a cold aura and staring straight ahead.

[Fourth hero. Cruel Hart.]

[Known to be related by blood to the third hero, Deon Hart. Although he is known not as the emperor's person but as the person of the duke who opposes him...]

Just looking at it made me so irritated that I closed the book. As I was about to put it back in its place, there was a book that caught my eye.

A title written in old-fashioned handwriting, as if someone had written it by hand.

[About the Hero and the Demon King]

[Author: Caber]

Without thinking, I reached out my hand and took out the book.

[Hero.]

[A human being chosen and given power by the world to kill the Demon King.]

[Talent in weaponry, innate strength, brain, and even lifespan. Everything that makes up the object is far beyond human standards.]

[A hero has two choices when he dies...]

I thought there was something special, but what is it? You know everything, right?

I turned the pages roughly, turning two or three pages at a time. After flipping the page a few times, an explanation about the 'hero' appeared.

[...the dregs of a hero. What is called a warrior's fragment in the imperial language can be called a 'fragment of talent' in other words. The fragments that were floating around, invisible and undetected, are absorbed into humans by pure chance, without any foreshadowing or reason, and these are the 'heroes' who possess the fragments of warriors. Although he is not as good as a warrior, he surpasses the average human....]

[※ Originally, humans with warrior fragments were called 'heroes', but in the empire, 'heroes' are those who have meritorious actions that can be recognized by everyone regardless of whether or not they have warrior fragments. With the inclusion of humans, the meaning began to become confused. 'Hero candidate' and 'real hero' are mainly used to refer to humans who possess the fragments of a hero, so if you are worried that the other person will be confused, use these two words appropriately according to the situation.] I also know roughly this

... Is this something a little different?

Demon King Demon King... Ah, I found it!

[Demon King.]

[The world calls for a hero...]

Before I could even finish reading the sentence, I heard a voice right next to me.

"What are you doing here?"

“!”

ear! My breath reached my ear!

I was so startled that I dropped the book. The pages of the book, scattered around randomly, turn in a hurry and stop at a certain place.

Wow, the book isn't spoiled, is it? I quickly stretched out my hand, wondering if the demon in charge of the book might have a grudge against me.

The text on the page that seemed to be the last page caught my eye. There was only one sentence written there, as if it summarized the main points.

[The hero and the devil are proof that this world is immature.]

Is the book safe despite being immature and naval?

Fortunately, there doesn't seem to be any significant damage when seen with the naked eye. After checking the cover, I lightly dusted the outside.

Only then was I able to recall a fact I had forgotten for a while.

“Uh....”

“Now you see me.”

What was the reason I dropped the book in the first place? Wasn't it because someone suddenly spoke to me?

I barely raised my stiff head. I made eye contact with a man with a mask-like smile.

‘Ssslelew.....’

As I suppressed the scream that was about to burst out, a moan-like voice came out between my lips.

“Ma... King?”

“huh.”

“Here... why...”

“I have a book to take with me.”

He points to the book in my hand with his chin.

I looked at the book and him alternately and then held out the book. The Demon King, who naturally took the book from my hand, casually put it under his side and called to me.

“Why did you come here?”

“Ah... I just wanted to look around...”

“Aha.”

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

There was an awkward silence. I don’t know if other demons would know, but I’ve never had anything like this with the demon lord.

The Demon King, who was unable to leave the situation as he was experiencing it for the first time and just rolled his eyes, looked at me with incomprehensible eyes for a moment and opened his mouth with an exclamation of ‘Ah’.

“Sorry, I was thinking about something else for a moment.  
“Will there be more here?”

“no.”

I even met the devil, so why am I still here because I’m  
crazy?

“If you’re going because of me, I’ll go too, so you don’t have  
to worry.”

“no.”

There is nothing to do here anyway. I’ll just have to go  
outside the building as planned.

I hurried out of the library as if running away from the  
devil’s gaze, which was staring at me as if trying to gauge  
whether it was sincere or not.

And I succeeded in going outside as planned... but I got lost.



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 79**

### 79. Demon Realm Again (7)

I can assure you that the Demon King's Castle is very large. Even if you look at it separately by dividing it into extroversion and introversion, it is ridiculously wide.

Would it be understandable if I said that the Demon King Castle itself can be considered a city?

So, it means that I can't help but get lost here. It's not because I'm stupid.

'Where am I?...'

I'm sure it's an introvert.

I looked around, cursing my feet as I walked aimlessly.

An empty vacant lot. A quiet but well-maintained dirt floor. Weapons lined up around.

'....'

Before I could think of what these meant, my body reacted first. I reflexively took a step back and swallowed dry saliva.

...Why do I feel cold sweat running down my back?

'I guess this is....'

"Demon Arut?"

Startle.

"What's going on here?"

"...."

I froze. At this moment, there was only one thought that came to mind.

Mi... Lee Chin.

I knew it was someone's training hall, but I never would have guessed that it was the 1st Corps commander's training hall. And among many corps commanders, he is the 1st corps commander.

I turned my creaky neck to find the source of the voice. Outside the training hall, I made eye contact with Jaykar, who was drinking water while holding a sword in one hand.

"...Long time no see."

"Yeah, it's been a while. I heard you came back. So what's going on here?"

"...."

"...."

He pursed his lips a few times and then just shut them. Jaykar's gaze followed as if demanding an answer, but he tried to look away.

Oh, it can't be helped. I can't say that I came out because I was bored and then got lost.

There was such an awkward silence for a moment that I said,

"Ah."

Jaykar nodded as if he understood something.

"The training ground exclusively for the Commander of Corps 0 is in that direction. "I guess I was confused about the location because I didn't use it much."

"Ah..."

"You can get there faster if you cross the 5th Corps' exclusive training ground."

That's not it.

Even though I don't use it, I at least know where my private training room is. ... maybe.

However, Jaykar looked at me with a satisfied face, as if he was completely convinced.

"I was worried that it didn't seem like I was practicing Tong, but I'm glad. Of course, it's not that I don't know your skills, and you're the type of person who gets stronger through actual combat... But isn't not practicing at all another story?"

Where did you hear such nonsense? I'm the type of person who gets stronger through actual combat? If I experience real combat, I will die, you damn demon.

"If you're not lost, you came to spar with me..."

“The direction is that way? Thank you.”

“The 5th Corps training ground will be easy to find. Even if it wasn’t, there was a lot of fuss about having some kind of commemorative party. “The party may be over, but the traces haven’t been cleaned up yet.”

“Yes...”

I hesitated further, but then I hurriedly left because I felt like I was going to have to spar with the 1st Corps commander.

As Jaykar said, it wasn’t difficult to find the 5th Legion’s training ground. I walked straight in the direction he pointed and came across a vacant lot that was a mess.

Empty plates and alcohol bottles on the table, littered on the floor with chairs strewn about in a mess.

Judging by the fact that no one was there, it appears that the 5th Corps members went in to rest. Thanks to this, I was able to look at all of this in detail with peace of mind.

For example, a liquor bottle.

Oh, it’s not that I really want to eat it. That’s true, but... this is a widely spread alcohol in the human world.

Although it is not very expensive and is a bit strong, it is an alcoholic drink that is considered an advantage and is compatible with beer among commoners. I can be sure because it is a drink that nobles sometimes enjoy drinking and I also enjoyed it.

Why is this here....

‘You are the commander of the 5th Corps.’

I picked up the bottle of alcohol, which had some liquid left on the bottom.

If OL has returned, this drink and the unidentifiable objects scattered here and there are completely understandable.

Her curiosity is so great that not even the Demon Lord can handle it.

How could it be that the devil had thrown him out? The name was to have them roam the entire demon world for reconnaissance and information gathering, but in the end, they sent them outside to solve their curiosity and not torment the demons for nothing.

The effect was good. It's just that every time I come back, I bring a bunch of strange things that I don't know what they are and introduce them to them.

Still, it's better than being asked endless questions, so I'm keeping it out there.

"Come on, let's quickly clean up after ourselves."

I suddenly raised my head at the sound of a voice. Two employees were entering the place, carrying tongs and a trash container, as if they were trying to clean up the place.

When I look closely, it seems like they haven't found me yet. If he had seen me, he would have definitely made a fuss in some way.

I need to sneak out before I get caught.

That was when I turned around.

“Hasn’t it been a while since the 5th Corps commander came back? “What kind of party is this all of a sudden?”

“Do you not know the 5th Corps Commander’s personality? In the meantime, I was so obsessed with introducing and using strange objects here and there that I postponed the party. And this isn’t just a return party.”

“then...?”

“You know, Dernivan? “Dernivan, the 5th Corps commander’s adjutant.”

“Of course you know.”

“Well, the commander of the 5th Corps is dating him. That’s why we held a celebration party to commemorate the occasion.”

“Cough.”

Oh no. I was so embarrassed that I started coughing... wasn’t there any blood? Well, luckily I’m fine.

If it’s Dernivan, I know it. A person who is the exact opposite of O.L., who is full of curiosity. I remember that they were emotionless demons, to the point where I thought undead had more emotions.

But Dernivan and Orel are dating?

I was dazed for a moment at a scene I couldn’t even imagine, when there was a voice that brought my consciousness to the surface.

“Um... Commander 0 Corps...?”

A voice that trembles so pathetically. Suddenly, I raised my head and made eye contact with people I had forgotten about for a while.

What, why are they like that?

I was too scared to say that I was willing to give in because of my status. His complexion, which had been fine just a moment ago, turned pale when he looked at me.

The employee's gaze turns to the alcohol in my hand and then glances at the empty liquor bottle hanging on the table in front of me.

One, two, three... As the number increased, the pupils began to tremble mercilessly, but when they passed five, they got bigger as if they were about to faint, and after that, their conversation continued in a whisper as if they had given up on counting.

"Among the bottles of alcohol on the table... how many of them were still healthy?"

"How do I know that?"

"Is that so...?"

"...."

"...."

As if they had made a promise, the two exchanged glances with their mouths closed.

I couldn't wait to see what the hell they were doing and was about to quietly open my mouth when I said,

"Emergency bisaaaang!!"

“The commander of Corps 0 has been drinking!!”

...?

I could only stare back in bewilderment as the two screamed and ran away.

“what...?”

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-Express Alert Express Alert. 0Legion Commander Daemon Arut drinks alcohol. Everyone is in a defensive posture.

-Notify me again. Demon Arut, commander of the 0 Corps, is drinking...

Alarms began to sound from communication seats with loudspeaker magic installed throughout the Demon King's Castle.

Everyone in the Demon Castle took out their weapons without hesitation in response to the alarm that rang throughout the entire Demon Castle without hesitation.

This was the same even for a single stable keeper.

The rookie tilted his head when he saw his senior picking up his weapons instead of just feeding the horses.

0 Isn't the corps commander an ally? It's just that my friend drank alcohol, so why is he so nervous?

This is something you can trust even if you have to fight a war.

“Sir, why are you using a weapon...?”



“what? Hey, didn’t you read the work rules?”

“yes? Yes, not yet...”

“Are you crazy?! “Is this thing determined to die?”

There are not just one or two work rules, but when will you read them all? As soon as I came in, I ordered him to work.

I was planning to finish reading it this evening.

As I was looking at my senior running wild, I felt a sense of anxiety creeping in, and I pursed my lips to hide it.

“I was planning on reading it all today.”

“Ha... Okay, since this is the current situation... I’ll explain only the important things first. “Listen carefully.”

The senior glanced at the waist and back of the newcomer and touched his forehead.

This guy didn’t even bring a weapon. The work rules must have clearly stated, ‘You must always have a weapon for self-defense.’

In a hurry, he held out a dagger.

“First, pick up your weapon. “When Commander 0 drinks more than a certain amount, he will randomly cut down anyone he sees, so if you don’t want to die, you’d better hold on to it.”

“yes? Yes....”

“There are three things you need to remember. First, if Commander 0 asks you if you are an enemy, immediately answer no. Secondly, we will not stop there, but when asked

the reason, we will explain it as clearly as possible. Third, if you doubt your answer, immediately enter a defensive posture.”

“Yes... But why are we in a defensive posture? In order to survive, you must attack rather than defend....”

“If you injure the Commander of Corps 0, you will die at the hands of the Demon King.”

“Hi.”

This literally means that you must only provide minimal defense. If I overreacted and got hurt on the 0 Corps Commander’s body... I

reflexively wrapped my arms around his neck and trembled.

But if we don’t, what if we die? The opponent is the Commander of Corps 0. If you hesitate for no reason because even if you put all your effort into it, it won’t be enough, your head will be blown off without you even realizing it.

So this is almost like just dying...?

Seeing the newcomer’s eyes filled with fear, resentment, and the desire to live, the senior smiled and adjusted his weapon.

“Suppression is done by the Demon King. “We just have to aim to survive as much as possible.”

If you wait as long as you can, the Demon King will come and subdue you.

As he said that, the back of his neck was soaked with cold sweat.

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How would you feel if you suddenly heard that a 'special alert' was suddenly displayed throughout the Demon King Castle and that the reason was 'me'?

Needless to say, I thought it was a mess.

Even the reason is so far from the truth that I feel so unfair that I go crazy and start running wild.

I drank alcohol? No, it's ridiculous that the alarm went off because I was drinking, but what's even more absurd is that I didn't even drink alcohol. I couldn't even smell it, let alone drink it!

'Are you sure to drink it right now?'

As I was thinking that and staring at the relatively large amount of alcohol bottles left, people with shields came rushing in from a distance.

They came running with solemn expressions as if a war had broken out somewhere, formed a circle around me at a certain distance, and all at once stamped their huge shields on the ground.

thud!

The ground shook once.

"...."

The feeling that came to mind before embarrassment was absurdity.

What did I do... I erected it perfectly, without any gaps.  
Completely surrounded hahaha.

It seems like a familiar scene comes to mind, but maybe it's my mood.

Yes, it's like when hunting a wild boar that invades a village in the countryside, narrowing down the siege like this...

Are you fucking kidding me?!

'Am I a wild boar?!'

I furrowed my brows for a moment, but then quickly relaxed my expression.

In this situation, showing off your nerves is neither porridge nor rice. Rather, the probability of dying at their hands will only increase. Even now, you're shocked that I just furrowed my eyebrows. It seems that vigilance has increased further.

In order to overcome this damn situation, we must first let down their guard. Only then will you be able to persuade or do anything else.

So I suppressed my irritation and forced a smile,

"Hey."

"Ji...you're smiling right now, right? "Are we going to die now?"

"Mu don't back down. If even one person retreats, everyone dies. "Hold your shield tight and be tense."

It backfired.

...Aren't you the 8th Legion? Looking at the large shield, it is clearly the 8th Legion.

Why are these guys who aren't regular shield soldiers so timid? Is it because of the corps commander? Were you influenced by the corps commander?

I'm nervous this way, I'm nervous that way... I don't know what to do with me.

'Just kick it away?'

When I saw the shield that was like an iron wall, I shook my head.

No, if I do that, only my ankles will hurt.

I have a temper, but I can't express it as I want. Instead of physically expressing my anger about this shitty situation, I just kept a straight face and glared at the shield.

Because of this, it became a little noisy again, but that was only for a moment.

"There's a demon out there?"

A familiar voice coming from beyond the shield.

'What the fuck...?'

Unlike the situation, the voice was full of leisure, but on the contrary, my heart sank to the floor.

It's the devil. The person I met in the library a little while ago is here.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 80**

80. Demon World again (8)

All I could see was the shield, so I couldn't confirm it directly, but it was definitely him. It's been so long since we met, I never thought we'd meet again.

He seemed to have calmed the chaotic situation just by appearing, and he leisurely asked a question among those who had already become quiet.

"What are the steps?"

"It is estimated to be stage 1."

"calculation? "Have you not checked properly yet?"

"sorry."

"it's okay. "Just call Ben."

"yes."

"Then—"

—Open.

The words were like a death sentence.

The shields that were tightly interlocked were moved aside and the Demon King appeared between them.

He took a step inside, waited for the shield to be completely closed, and then looked at me frozen and cautiously opened his mouth.

“Daemon.”

“....”

“Demon can you hear me?”

I can hear it, but I don't know what to say first.

I've come too far to handle this situation.

“There's no way I can't hear what you're saying from this distance, so it seems like you're ignoring me, but it's nice to hear, so I'll just say it.”

“....”

“First of all, those here are not enemies. “No one is going to attack you and there is no need for you to kill anyone right now.”

“....”

...I know. i know. I know it very well.

The war is over, battles do not occur except in special cases, and I am living in reality.

What are you saying out of nowhere?

As I watched the Demon King speaking softly to calm me down in a serious manner, I felt like I was going to burst into

laughter, so I kept my mouth shut.

The Demon King opened his mouth again, wondering how he interpreted my silence. and.

“So calm down a little and put down that bottle of alcohol in your hand...”

“Demon King! I heard you called! “No matter where you are hurt...!”

Ah, this voice. It's Ben.

Why did you call the doctor? You really want to kill me and then treat me...?!

But the devil's attitude is too kind to say that. You're not the type to kill someone with a gentle smile... aren't you?

...is not it?!

While I was in deep thought, the Demon King, who had removed his shield and wielded a sword, gave a cold command without taking his eyes off me.

“Daemon drank. “Check what level you are now.”

“Yes, I understand.”

How many steps?

While I was tilting my head at the unknown conversation, Ben came out.

He takes a step forward with a solemn expression and looks at me, swallowing dry saliva. And the first thing he did was lower his upper body, raise his hands slightly as if pushing, and say,



“Daemon, I am not your enemy.”

It was said.

While he was saying that, he did not avoid my eyes or lower his raised hand.

As if I were some kind of wild beast... Oh, the fuck, I guess this is right?

“Now then, Demon? “If you can hear me, can you answer me?”

“...yes.”

“!?”

Ben froze at the reluctant answer. The same goes for the Demon King next to him.

I was so shocked that I tried to remember if I had said something wrong, but all I said was ‘yes’.

I was rolling my eyes and looking around, wondering what was going on, but Ben, whose eyes were wide open, stuttered out the words.

“Daemon...?”

“yes.”

“Daemon?”

“yes.”

“Ugh, Demon, are you speaking politely now...?”

“yes? yes.”

I used to use it in an honorific way, but now I'm wondering what it is.

"...I guess you're drunk."

"Yes, I think..."

At this point, someone could have explained the situation to me, but I don't seem to care.

The Demon King and Ben leave me alone and whisper something seriously.

From time to time, harsh words such as 'false report', 'punishment', and 'shall I kill' were exchanged, but it soon stopped and the devil raised his head and looked at me.

"Did you drink demon alcohol?"

"I didn't drink it."

I'm finally saying it now. I feel relieved, but I'm a little worried about what happens next. The matter has gotten so big, will it be easy to get over it?

However, contrary to my worries, the Demon King, who had never once raised his voice in front of me, showed his unchanging attitude this time as well. He calmly nodded as if he had roughly anticipated the situation.

There was no sign of anger or irritation brought about by the sudden commotion anywhere in the scene.

"Okay... then what about that drink in your hand?"

"It was here. "It's a drink that is commonly known in the human world, so it's strange..."

“Demon King, I think it was an attempt at drinking it.  
“There’s no way Demon would just leave the alcohol behind.”

...what am I doing?

What on earth was Ben thinking of me? What about the Demon King who nods his head at that?

That alone was absurd, but the words of the 2nd Corps Commander Develania, who had jumped over the shield and entered, wondering how he knew about this place and what his purpose was, were shocking.

“It looks like Demon is bored. How about allowing him to go out for a while? For example, he went to the second city with me to buy clothes...” I

laughed, clearly showing my absurdity at the absurd and unexpected remark.

Damn. Do you think I will go? I plan to stay confined to the safe Demon King Castle. And even if I go, I will never go with you. Why am I going?

—There was a time when I thought:

\*\*\*

I was hit in the back of the head.

To whom?

“Would you like to go to the second city with Develania?”

“yes...?”

To the devil.

It was a suggestion, or rather an order, that came only a week after the tumultuous drinking incident ended.

I was a little relieved because he didn't call me for a week, but then he came in like this. How dare you attack with such a shameful delay in time.

The absurd drinking incident ended in vain. I've never drank alcohol in the first place, so it's a natural result.

I really like the fact that it ended quietly without anyone – especially me – dying, which goes against the nature of demons who have to cut off someone's head to relieve their temper if they pull out a sword, but I really don't like the current situation.

With Develania in the second city!

“Just think of it as going out to have fun. Oh, instead of going in a straight line, turn a little to the outskirts.”

“...with the commander of the 2nd Corps... that is.”

“huh.”

“....”

Can't I go?

“It would be better to lock him up while he can.”

As if the Demon King had noticed my flustered appearance, he came towards me with a grin on his face.

He didn't stop at just approaching me, he placed his mouth next to my ear while holding both of my shoulders. He then whispered something, and when I heard what he said–

“What does that

matter...”

“Do you really think that?”

“...I’ll go.”

Even though I still couldn’t hide my dislike of going, I had no choice but to express my positivity.

Like a cunning devil. Even if it doesn’t seem to have anything to do with me, if I say, ‘Do you really think that way?’, I feel anxious and have no choice but to go.

If I had known what going around the outskirts meant, I would have never gone, no matter what he said. Fuck.

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[The war is going to start soon.]

So I need your help. Even if that wasn’t the case, different races protested over the monster problem.

[The war has started, and I hope I don’t end up tying you here.]

[...I’ll go.]

The Demon Lord Caber, who had persuaded Deon at once, leaned back in his chair rather than open the closed door. The Demon King’s characteristic dark eyes were low and had a dark glow.

The Empire accepted the surrender of the Kingdom of Ireon.

It is said that there was no proper battle in the first place. They only trampled on two cities in a straight line toward

the capital, but that alone made the King of Ireon lose his will to fight and declared surrender.

No, the news of surrender arrived just as the second city had been trampled, so to be precise, the decision to surrender was made when one city was trampled.

If it was going to collapse so easily, why did they go through such a useless provocation?

Did you think that the 'empire' built with blood would just ignore provocation? If you really thought that way, you were a fool with no room for relief.

There is no need to wake up a sleeping lion and not even scratch it.

'We'll collide with the empire sooner than you think.'

Now the emperor began to go on a rampage without hiding his purpose of conquering the continent.

He is an emperor who has already been at war with several kingdoms at the same time. If you did it easily once, there's nothing you can't do the second time.

I have no intention of quietly watching the empire devour the continent.

It is obvious that the direction of the power that grows as it engulfs the continent will eventually lead to this demon world.

I was thinking of moving when about half of the continent was swallowed up, but I don't think I would have as much time as I thought.

Caber, who had been staring at the ceiling with his head tilted back against the backrest, slowly raised his upper body and stretched out his hand on the desk.

Eventually, a voice without a trace of laughter came out of his mouth as he confirmed that the communication stone was in his hand and that he was connected to all the executives of the Demon King's Castle.

"From now on, I am issuing a ban on magic throughout the Demon World. Never use magic other than the magic already imprinted on the tool in your daily life. However, use is permitted only at that moment when life is threatened."

The appearance of a hero wasn't something he normally cared about, but things were a little different now. If a hero appears during a war with the empire, it will be quite troublesome.

Either drastically increase the use of magic to encourage the appearance of heroes before war, or stop using magic to delay their appearance.

There was no time to spare until the war with the empire, and even if we were lucky and a hero appeared before the war, there was no way the emperor would send a hero to the demon world at that time, so in the end, there was only one option.

'It's unclear whether the world will follow the intention...'

How can you predict and stop a typhoon?

It's just best to be as prepared as possible.

Thus, the monarch in charge of the fate of a race gives an order.

“Additional duties are assigned to the 2nd Corps commander, the 4th Corps commander, and the 8th Corps commander. If there is someone who uses magic without a valid reason, let them be hunted down and punished appropriately.”

It means just kill it.

This method has always been used in the past, so there is nothing awkward about it.

When the 2nd Corps commander asks for various information, the 4th Corps commander combines each piece of information to reduce the scope of those more suspicious, and the 8th Corps commander checks them one by one to identify and kill the target.

This method was also used to identify and eliminate those who had spread the appearance of the Commander of the 0 Corps to other places, so there will be no more problems now.

“more.”

After that day, the use of magic stopped throughout the Demon World.

This seemingly insignificant change could only be felt by the Demon King, the warrior’s fateful opponent, and the Fairy King, who was sensitive to the flow of the world. The Fairy King, who sensed this change, sneered lowly in the middle of his forest.

[It’s already too late.]

The Demon King can only roughly sense that the hero’s appearance is getting closer, so he doesn’t know.



The world has already made all preparations. Just looking at the timing.

The moment the world sends a hero would be the worst moment for the Demon King.

The end will most likely be death.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 81**

81. The news of the turbulent (1)

surrender of the vainly fast kingdom of Ireon quickly spread throughout the continent.

And naturally, this almost immediately reached the ears of the revolutionary army, which was heavily focused on news from the empire.

Revolutionary army members were quietly angry.

How was the Revolutionary Army created? Isn't this a group of people who were angry and opposed to Emperor Edoardo's forced conquest?

Above all, most of them come from kingdoms that were destroyed by the emperor's hand.

The emperor's actions of advancing without hesitation and obtaining the surrender of a kingdom sprinkled salt on the bitter wounds of the revolutionary soldiers and brought back painful memories.

A grueling eight-year war in which many kingdoms disappeared from the map. And his own country disappeared as it was included in the 'many kingdoms'.

‘It’s been a while since I stopped all activities. ‘How long do I have to hold my breath like this?’

‘It’s okay if you can’t kill the emperor. If only I could fuck him.’

‘Why have you stopped your activities now? After all, wasn’t the reason we moved so far to puncture his power and lower his approval rating rather than to kill the emperor?’

‘What on earth is the leader thinking?’

I want to move. I want to blow a hole in the emperor’s power. I hope that the emperor’s face will be horribly distorted.

The emperor’s actions ignited the revolutionary army’s desire for revenge.

However, the leader’s answer after hearing this news and the reaction of the revolutionary army members was simple.

[No change in command.]

Power should be preserved as is.

Naturally, many people protested. However, the leader’s next words silenced their voices in an instant.

[Prepare to hit the emperor’s head.]

A new wind began to blow among the revolutionary army.

\*\*\*

Meanwhile, Daniel, the leader of the revolutionary army who gave all these orders, was quietly preparing to leave the headquarters. His face, covered in fatigue, was subtly stiff.

He put on his coat and let out a faint sigh.

‘I’m tired.’

My body can handle it just fine, but the mental fatigue is incredible.

I knew right away that it wouldn’t be easy to control those who tried to rush forward in anger, but it felt like it was getting more difficult as each day passed.

The more the government is pushed back, the more precarious this position will become.

Honestly, it’s unfair.

‘It’s thanks to someone that we’ve stayed together and not scattered until now.’

With people from each kingdom gathered together, there is no way factions would not arise.

Among those who were divided into factions and were at odds with each other, Daniel was the one who coordinated them and kept them from scattering.

Even if just one thing goes wrong right away, the revolutionary army will not be able to unite properly and will disperse.

“brother.”

“Ah, Paul.”

“Are you going to see your mother?”

“okay. So wait here. I will be back.”

I left Paul behind and walked down the dark road. As I was crossing the road with no lights, like an old secret passage, all kinds of random thoughts came to mind.

And I remember it again. The reason the revolutionary army gathered.

It started for a very simple reason.

[My kingdom has been destroyed. I am angry and want revenge, but there is no royal family to serve as a focal point and raise an army.]

Because the cruel emperor sought out and killed all of the royal family's blood, even the collateral branches. Even if they were non-royal figures, if they were popular, they were killed without mercy.

I want to get up, but I have no focus.

While they were suppressing themselves and only observing their thoughts, someone came forward as if to represent their feelings.

[I will kill the emperor. Anyone who wants to participate, please gather. Origin does not matter.]

Until the last word that it does not discriminate against origin because the purpose of killing the emperor is consistent with his own.

Many people gathered.

The number was beyond imagination. It felt like I could achieve my goal at any moment.

Then, even though they had not done anything yet, worries about what would happen after the coup arose in the minds of those who had some free time.

[If we kill the emperor and all his family members, what will we do with the empty space?]

The crown prince or princess cannot be presented as puppets. Because they must die.

However, if one of them sits in that empty seat, problems will arise.

They are a group of people from each kingdom who were trampled by the emperor. It was clear that if someone sat down, people from other kingdoms would be dissatisfied.

While we were just having a subtle battle of wits without being able to come up with a clear plan, someone's voice came out.

[Do I really need to fill the empty seat? Can't the 'position' itself be eliminated?]

If we simply kill the emperor, we will only become rebels.

Let's create a new system in the name of 'revolution'. This is the time to abolish the caste system and create a world where everyone is equal.

This statement received majority agreement and became the core ideology of the revolutionary army.

Thus, the radical and violent group that was born primarily out of revenge and anger was transformed into the current revolutionary army that is supported not only by those who

lost their country, but also by civilians and even some imperial citizens and scholars.

‘It’s only natural that it has captured the tastes of many people.’

Those who are angry about losing their country are fascinated by the violent aspect of killing the emperor, while

scholars are opposed to the new concept of eliminating the class system, and

civilians are fascinated by the dream-like future of a world where everyone is equal.

But do they really know?

All of these processes and results are not accidental, but come about through someone’s thorough planning.

Daniel stopped for a moment in front of the door he arrived at and eventually raised his hand and knocked on the door.

-smart.

“mother. “This is Daniel.”

“Come on in.”

‘Someone’ who gathered people together under the pretext of ‘killing the emperor.’

When people were worried about what would happen after the massacre, ‘one person’ said, ‘Let’s eliminate empty seats and create a world where everyone is equal.’

Daniel has long known the concept of ‘a world where everyone is equal’.

A world without kings, nobility, and no class system. A world where everyone is the owner of the country and everyone is its worker.

“Welcome son. “Are you hurt anywhere?”

Inside the room, a woman with a noble aura was sitting in a rocking chair, welcoming him. Eyes as clear and deep as the sea that seem to pierce the world, and fine wrinkles that look like they often smile softly.

A woman who appears to have been knitting, with a somewhat shaped scarf resting on her lap, makes eye contact with Daniel. The woman’s eyes softened.

Daniel, who was standing there, took a step forward with a smile similar to hers.

“doesn’t exist. “Mom, are you okay?”

...His mother was the daughter of a noble family who ran away and married a commoner.

It would be difficult to think that this is just a story about a foolish person crazy about love. She was smarter than you could imagine.

By falling in love with a commoner, she questioned basic rules that no one had ever questioned before.

An idea that went beyond basic rules and was close to the fundamentals.

Caste system.

From a young age, Daniel listened to his mother sit on her lap and share her thoughts.



Even while continuing a simple married life with my father, when my father died after being mistaken for a nobleman, and even when my mother became weak due to severe stress.

She explained her thoughts and methods to Daniel, and Daniel piled up such knowledge in his head.

And as I watched my mother getting weaker day by day, I made a decision.

I will show you the world you think of before you close your eyes.

“I’m fine. “Son, what brought you here today?”

“I want to go to Ireon.”

Daniel knelt at his mother’s feet as he spoke of the name, which was now a region of the empire rather than a kingdom.

We need to increase our power until there is a coup.

Unlike during the Eight Years’ War, the king and his lineage are alive in the Kingdom of Ireon, but the fact remains that the empire obtained a forced surrender. Of course, there will be people who are dissatisfied with this result. If you do well, you may be able to receive support from the king.

‘No, you’re going to feel uncomfortable because of the revolutionary ideology.’

Even without the support of higher-ups, if we can attract those who are dissatisfied with the current situation, that is enough.

“It must be dangerous.”

“Many people died.”

I leaned my face on my mother’s lap and closed my eyes.

The faces of those who threw their lives away pass by.

“...If we continue like this, we will not be able to achieve our goal. “I need to replenish my power.”

“son.”

“Mother, I am a sinner.”

If the situation is not favorable, at least he is the one who paid the bomb so that he does not die alone, and he is the one who made him do something that almost killed him.

Then, when he occasionally heard news that a civilian had been caught and killed, Daniel had to suffer all day long.

I opened my eyes. As if he couldn’t even feel the hand gently caressing his head, Daniel muttered softly, his eyes shining with determination.

“For their sake, the purpose must be achieved.”

“Are you planning to go directly?”

“Yes, how can you earn their trust without going there yourself?”

“The emperor is probably expecting it. “Maybe we can put a soldier on standby.”

The emperor is smart. There was no way he was unaware of the revolutionary army’s thoughts.

I don't know if you're too busy with various things... I don't know.

"...The Emperor will go to war again. I'm sure. The Emperor never stops. I will use this opportunity to go all the way to the end. So..."

Even though he thinks to himself, he continues to make skeptical assumptions.

"You can't worry about this. Besides, the revolutionary army hasn't had any major incidents recently, so they may have put it off as a priority."

As if she sensed his intentions, the woman smiled kindly instead of bothering to refute him.

"There is no need to try to convince this mother. "Son, son, do whatever you want."

"Ah..."

"But before I leave, there is one gift I would like to receive from my son... can you give it to me?"

"Whatever your mother wants."

The woman's mouth opened with a smile on her face, and Daniel's face, who had been quietly listening, immediately turned white as she heard the words that followed.

....

"Are you here?"

"okay. "Nothing happened, right?"

"yes."

“Oh, Paul. Could you please tell Iram to recruit some good people? Of course, you decide to go together.”

“yes? yes. By the way, are you okay? “You don’t look good...”

“Ah.”

I reflexively touched my face.

“...It’s no big deal. “There’s one more thing I’d like you to tell me, Paul.”

“Please speak.”

“Please find me a poison that will allow me to die without pain.”

“...!”

“Please.”

Daniel smiled bitterly, looking at Paul’s surprised expression.

This was the best he could do.

[Which mother can survive the loss of her child?]

[The son must return safely.]

[If the son dies, this mother will die too.]

He could not stop his mother.

\*\*\*

Contrary to expectations, the emperor did not even care about the revolutionary army. At the second meeting convened, each noble who thought the subject matter was valuable brought forward a plan for the revolutionary army.

I think it was more diverse than I thought. After listening to each of the plans, the emperor chose the most useful one and left the rest to others. So there is no need to waste your attention on such a thing.

‘Did you say that once the Kingdom of Ireon is conquered, the revolutionary army will move there, so let’s have soldiers on standby?’

Probably so.

So, I remember saying something roughly.

[Send the Lofty Knights.]

Another name is the Murderous Knights.

There are two reasons for sending these guys away.

Firstly, the job is to deal with too many accidents.

I’m bored, I’m annoyed, I’m happy... I feel like my severe headache is getting worse because I keep having accidents every day for all sorts of reasons. Why do you destroy a healthy building and why do you have to juggle an iron sword and almost eat your healthy arm? It’s not even his own arm, but the arm of a passing attendant.

And secondly....

‘Who else can deal with crazy people?’

The Murderous Knights are a self-proclaimed crazy group, and the Revolutionary Army is a group of people who have a different meaning from them.

Shouldn't crazy people be dealt with by crazy people?

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 82**

I wasn't worried about

the upheaval (2) .

At least the Murderous Knights will not lose. Because they were the vanguard that trampled on their opponents and committed massacres during the eight-year war.

'If you had an accident like that, your body wouldn't have rusted.'

So, as before, the opponent of the revolutionary army was left to Deonhardt's knights. You don't have to worry about it anymore, you just have to report it later.

The emperor was sitting at the head of the conference room, leaning his elbow on the handle, leisurely stroking his mouth, watching them continue their discussion.

Every time golden eyes resembling those of a wild beast flashed, the nobles who were exchanging opinions were shocked, but no one pointed it out.

What we need to pay attention to now is none other than the emperor's notification that occurred a little while ago. This is an agenda that has been thrown out as if it were nailing down the fact that this is not the end of the war.

[Which kingdom should I choose as my next conquest?]

This was said at a time when the kingdom of Ireon had been subdued and the arrangement had not yet been completely completed.

Although there were many people who opposed the war in the first place, no one took it as a risk.

It's not because I changed my mind right away. Just because I could feel with my own skin that the emperor was in a very bad mood right now.

As their lives were precious, they could not say anything and could only continue the meaningless discussion.

Then, in a suffocating atmosphere, a nobleman dared to open his mouth to the emperor.

"I apologize, Your Majesty, but no matter how I think about it... this war is going to be difficult."

A trembling voice. The nobles around him held their breath.

He closed his eyes tightly, as if he thought he was dead after saying this, but the emperor did not punish him right away.

The beast, which had been watching the situation in the conference room with its chin up, slowly lowered its arms and straightened its posture.

Something similar to a smile appeared on the expressionless lips.

"The reason is?"

"The problem of military history... is big."



“It’s a matter of troops...”

The emperor immediately knew what he wanted to say.

Instead of saying something, the nobleman nodded as if asking him to continue, and the nobleman, who gained courage, began to speak slowly.

“The conquered kingdom’s very existence is a variable. A certain number of troops are needed to monitor them and prepare for unexpected situations. “The revolutionary army within the empire is an example of that variable.”

“And since I have no intention of stopping the war, the number of operational troops will continue to decrease.”

“Yes that’s right. “There are limits to using the troops absorbed from conquered kingdoms, so the problem will only grow as time passes.”

Battles are bound to result in casualties. It may be okay for now, but the longer we fight the next war and the next war, the more the impact of the empty seats will be felt like a snowball rolling.

Even when you occupy a kingdom, a certain amount of troops are sent there. Considering this, it was obvious that the number of troops that could be deployed would be drastically reduced in the future.

‘If you completely crush the occupied royal family and gather all your troops as you did during the Eight Years’ War, it doesn’t mean that you won’t be able to hold out...’

Given that the Emperor accepted the surrender of the Kingdom of Ireon and spared the royal family, the situation

was already in the midst of the Eight Years' War. has changed from

The noble glanced at the emperor.

Fortunately, it seems to be okay so far.

"...Materials can be obtained through conquest, but not soldiers. Unlike other kingdom armies, the imperial army is an army with strong pride and loyalty to the empire. Soldiers gained through conquest will never do that."

"Hey man. "Leave it at that."

The emperor felt like he was going to explode, so another nobleman next to him carefully stopped him.

Other nobles who had ties to him also quietly called him because they did not want to see the head of someone they were close with blown off in front of their eyes.

"Yes, the army can be replenished by conscripting commoners. It would be enough to just sweep out the poor in the slums right now. Since the people of the empire are fighting for the empire, loyalty is natural..."

"Bullshit! " Soldiers' motivation is also important in war! "How motivated must the person who was forcibly taken be!"

"If you want to live, you will pick up your sword and fight."

"I'm saying that now...!"

"That's enough, focus on the original agenda, Margrave Amiable! Even if the motivation is low, how dare you when you have the numbers...." "

There are limits to pushing through the numbers and operating like a puppet according to the commander's plans! so...!"

The Margrave Tender Amiable, who had been raising his voice in excitement without realizing it, inadvertently turned his head and looked at the emperor, then stopped breathing. Other nobles who had been following his gaze without thinking also stopped breathing for a moment when they saw the emperor.

The emperor's golden eyes were glaring at them with murderous intent ready to explode at any moment.

"...."

"...."

In the silence, the emperor raises his hand and smooths his chin. Even though it was an insignificant action, the nobles' bodies shrank greatly.

"I didn't know you guys had this kind of talent. "How can you bark so well?"

"...."

"But I heard some bullshit that I couldn't ignore."

A cold voice fell as if it had brought with it the chill of the mountaintop in the middle of winter.

"It is said that troops can be replenished by conscripting commoners."

An overwhelming sense of death poured down throughout the conference hall.

Something is wrong. The nobles, who felt that their lives were at stake, hurriedly lowered their heads and looked around at them with a stern expression. The emperor, without hiding his discomfort, began to chew on each word.

“Do you know why commoners pay taxes?”

During the Eight Years’ War, people were conscripted. This was an unpleasant experience that forced me to confront my own priorities and selfishness, and it settled in a corner of my heart.

This plan was put forward as a last resort when troops were running low. How irritated I was while ordering this.

How dare you casually offer up the very thing that caused you to feel guilty and intensely self-loathing and started your nightmare in earnest.

“Taxes are the price of protection and welfare.”

Instead of collecting taxes, we protect them and take care of them so that they can make a living.

That is the duty of nobles with estates and the duty of the emperor.

“But while you were collecting taxes like that, did you just say that if there is a shortage of troops, you should immediately conscript the people first?”

I don’t even want welfare. It’s not as easy as it sounds, and even I couldn’t do it myself.

But even if we can’t, shouldn’t we be protected?

“I will give up my private soldiers and go to war myself!  
“Speak of conscription of the people without saying  
anything like this and without even thinking about it!”

“ ....”

“So what you’re saying is that the people of the empire are fighting for the empire, so loyalty is a given? There are degrees of barking with your mouth. What on earth are you misunderstanding and what are you saying? It is a choice for the people of the empire to protect the empire, and it is a duty for the empire to protect the people of the empire!

“The people of the empire are free to abandon the empire if it fails to fulfill its role!”

“How can a commoner....”

“Of course! The empire doesn’t treat its people properly, but do you think the people of the empire would sit in the empire and take up arms to protect it? The illusion is also oily and ridiculous. “I can already see that that humble place will be destroyed by the people of the empire who have turned away, and your heads will be hung on the guillotine.”

“your majesty!”

“You are talking too much!”

“Are you saying too much?”

Do they really not know why they are so angry?

When there was a shortage of troops during the Eight Years’ War, the first thing the emperor did was order the nobles to participate in the war. So they probably didn’t know that there was a method like this.

It was just that their own safety and property were more important to them than the people of the empire.

‘You have no right to be angry at me for pushing the war, but...’

If the emperor is out of his mind, shouldn’t his subordinates also come to their senses? What if we lose our minds together?

It’s disgusting. Even them and themselves. So I couldn’t control it.

Without realizing it, I grabbed the handle of the sword that was leaning against the throne.

It was when he heard the Prime Minister clear his throat that he became aware of his actions.

“Hmm.”

I woke up to the sound that brightened the atmosphere.

The others seemed to have come to their senses as the atmosphere calmed down a bit, and the nobles who had kept their mouths shut with faces filled with fear hurriedly bowed.

“I’m sorry.”

“God was stupid.”

“...Yeah, that was stupid.”

The emperor looked around at the pale complexions of the nobles, let go of the sword handle, and stroked their faces. A black ghost hovers in one corner of my vision.

I could tell without even thinking about what it was because of. He gritted his teeth and spat out the words.

“It is not a sin, but it is a sin for the person standing on top to be foolish. Don’t you know how many people’s lives are determined by each document you fill out and a word you utter? “I think you need to rethink what noblesse oblige is.”

“No shame.”

“...I feel sorry for the Margrave of Amiable, but I have no intention of postponing or stopping the war. So let me make it clear right now. “If we run out of troops, I will be the first to order you to join the war.”

Just like it was during the 8 years war.

“The standards are the same as then. If there are two or more men in the family, one of them must participate in the war with more than half of the soldiers. Otherwise, more than 2/3 of the soldiers must be surrendered.”

“...”

“Conscription of commoners is only a last resort.”

“...”

The emperor, who looked at the silent nobles for a moment in silence, let out a silent sigh and crossed his legs.

As his posture became more comfortable, the atmosphere among the nobles also became a little more relaxed, and after giving them a moment to compose themselves, the emperor soon opened his mouth again.

“Then let’s get back to the main agenda.”

Which kingdom should the next war be with?

....

After breaking up the meeting and returning straight to his office, the emperor threw his sword aside and sat down in a chair. He placed both elbows on the desk and pressed his temples, then looked down at the desk without thinking.

There was a pottery there that I had been examining before the meeting.

One of the trophies of the Kingdom of Ireon.

Did you say it was royal porcelain?

Even though I'm not an expert on crafts and have no discernment, the craftsmanship was so elaborate and beautiful that I could tell it was amazing.

And the thought I had at that time was...

'Can't I sell this and turn it into war funds?'

I consciously tried not to think about the unpleasant events in the conference room and focused on the object in front of me.

But it was useless.

The emperor was looking around at the pottery, and when he lifted it up to check the bottom, he noticed something strange.

A black stain settled on white porcelain.

I rub it with my thumb to see if there's something on it, but there's nothing on my hand.



The emperor, who was looking at his neat thumb, shifted his gaze back to the porcelain. As his eyes met, the black blob moved.

Wiggle.

And wow—

the ceramics began to turn black, like ink spreading on paper.

smart.

“Your Majesty, this is Ardal....”

Clink!

At the sound of something breaking, Prime Minister Ardal’s expression stiffened as he stood in front of the door. He quickly opens the door without asking permission and his eyes widen as he sees the devastation unfolding in the office.

It was broken. A priceless piece of royal porcelain.

“Your Majesty... What is this now...”

My lips are trembling. The emperor, who let out a dry exclamation ‘Ah’, responded indifferently to the groan-like voice that followed.

“...The pottery is ugly. “It seemed like it was a defective product.”

“pond...! “Your Majesty doesn’t know how to look at porcelain!”

The Prime Minister's cries, as always, were ignored. The emperor looked down at the broken shards of pottery.

...The hallucinations became worse. It wasn't enough to interfere with my daily life.

It was clearly a hallucination when I swallowed the ceramics. A being that remains in the realm of the mind and cannot have a direct impact on reality.

I raised my head. My eyes met with something dark, giggling, looking at me from behind the Prime Minister.

'...'

Emperor Xia smiled proudly.

The prime minister frowned, asking if he was laughing now after the accident, but he didn't care.

This was also why I was in a low mood in the conference room. I needed to focus on government work, but I was constantly interrupted, so how could I feel good?

I have no intention of enjoying heaven anyway, so why are they urging me so hard?

'They have no patience.'

# I'm Not That Kind of Talent

## Chapter 83

83. While the turbulent (3)

emperor was mocking him, Ardal walked quickly through the pile of documents, took out a bundle, flipped through a few pages, took out a pen, edited the details on the spot, and sighed proudly. .

“Haa... 3 royal porcelains...” He

crossed out the number of royal porcelains and added 3, then grumbled as he put the report back in its place.

It's the same in the conference room, and now I can't believe I'm breaking precious ceramics while doing it.

Although the emperor called himself a tyrant, he also set his own boundaries and acted accordingly, but these days it is a bit strange.

As things continued to unfold that the emperor I knew would not have done, the questions I had began to come out one after another, mixed with the dissatisfaction that had rapidly built up recently.

“Your Majesty, do you know what's strange these days? During this important period, whenever I get a chance, I become dazed, and at other times, I become overly

sensitive, and when I feel like I'm looking at something and check, I find that I'm just looking at empty space. It's like..."

Ardal's actions stopped.

In the strange silence, his pupils widen and his hands, suspended in mid-air, tremble.

I turned my head and looked at the emperor. The emperor remained silent, not sure if he was asking him to say something or if he was just going to remain ignorant until he found out the correct answer.

"...as if I was seeing something in vain."

"...."

Ardal became convinced as there was no answer. And where did it come from?

"I guess you didn't call the congressman."

Guilt disguised as responsibility.

"okay."

"Ha..."

I forgot that it was rude and touched my forehead.

Ardal could not understand the emperor. Edoardo Desert was the most inexplicable of all the people he knew.

Yes human.

He pondered over the words, which did not suit the emperor, who did everything flawlessly, including battles, paperwork, and even daily life, and then laughed bitterly.

He, too, is ultimately human.

“Can you tell the difference?”

“till now.”

“Yes, you definitely should. “The moment His Majesty loses his ability to discern and swings his sword at an ally, the emperor will be replaced.”

This means that he will personally take the lead in replacing the emperor.

Even though the emperor clearly understood what he meant, he did not say anything. Because I know that for Ardal, the top priority is the ‘Empire’.

Wouldn’t it be bad to have at least one person like this among those who are filled with greed?

“Do you know His Royal Highness the Crown Prince and the Princess?”

“The crown prince knows.”

“Then there is a high possibility that Her Majesty the Princess knows. Have you ever been asked to get a medical examination? ...No”

Of course there was. I need to change the question.

“Your Majesty, are you still not willing to be examined?”

“does not exist. “More than that, Prime Minister.”

The emperor firmly changed the subject, as if he did not want to talk about him any more. Ardal, who was about to say something, closed his mouth at the next words.

Precisely because of the emperor's actions of pointing to a certain place on the map.

"As you know by participating in the meeting, the next opponent for the war has been decided to be the Kingdom of Srahan. "I plan to attack this area first, so I have a document listing the characteristics of this area..."

"Are you serious?"

The expression disappeared from Ardal's face.

The emperor, who had stopped speaking, raises his head. Our eyes met in silence.

The gorgeous golden eyes, like those of a wild beast, were filled with strong will as always and were burning intensely, using their own souls as a sacrifice.

Ardal, who had been looking at him in silence, slowly opened his mouth to dispel the silence.

"You're not in a good condition."

"Isn't that the realm of the mind and not the realm of the body?"

"The mind tends to have an effect on the body."

Like other nobles, Ardal was not happy about this war.

Even if it's the same for the Ireon Kingdom, there's no need to mess with other kingdoms and make a mess. Of course, since the emperor's goal was to conquer the continent, he would not care about such things...

But more than anything, he did not like the reason why the emperor set the goal of conquering the continent.

So, when it was confirmed that the Emperor's condition was not good, I was secretly hoping that, if not canceling the plan, they would at least postpone the war.

"So the Prime Minister is telling us to upset the plan that has already been discussed?"

"...but."

I know that it would be disrespectful to the nobles who participated in the meeting.

But still.

"This is crazy."

A hard voice came out.

The emperor plays a significant role in the power of the empire.

Is it for no reason that the emperor is the implicit first hero of the empire? The emperor is the strongest among those who possess the warrior's fragment.

He, who holds a key role both as a commander and as a general, is not in good condition, but they are going to force a war.

War is a dangerous thing where if something goes wrong, the lives of countless people can disappear in an instant.

What would happen if the emperor's condition worsened and he was unable to discern between right and wrong and gave wrong orders or even swung his sword without distinction?

"know."

“But why...!”

“Well...”

His golden eyes quietly lowered as if he was lost in thought. The eyelashes are long and create shadow.

The Emperor, who was silently looking at the broken shards of pottery on the floor, soon raised the corners of his mouth and looked at the Prime Minister.

An unknown voice came out quietly.

“Does a crazy person need a reason to do something crazy?”

bang!

The emperor, who had been laughing lazily at the noise that followed, immediately withdrew his smile. The golden eyes look down to see the hand that hit the desk, then go up again to look at the owner.

The emperor, who was looking at the chancellor's face expressionlessly with his teeth clenched as if he would explode at any moment, asked softly.

“What is this, Prime Minister?”

“If you're going to go crazy, go crazy in a nice way, and if you want to die, go somewhere quiet and die instead of sacrificing the innocent citizens of the empire! “If you want to beat yourself up, don't move the empire and cut yourself with a knife!!”

It eventually exploded.



There was coldness in the emperor's eyes, but Ardal seemed not to be afraid and burst into anger without hesitation, pouring out the words he had been holding back until now.

He was angry because he knew what the emperor's purpose was and because he cared for the empire more than anyone else.

"Your Majesty probably knows that the soldiers who sacrifice in war are also citizens of the empire. So why are you pushing for war? If you fulfill your responsibilities after death, that's it! Why are you ruling out the option of not going to war at all? Why must the people of the empire be sacrificed and the empire exploited for your personal purposes! Why on earth!!"

"Prime Minister."

"Responsibility is good. It is something that every human being deserves to bear. But... But why

did you think that the emperor's first priority was 'responsibility'? no. The emperor prioritized responsibility, but it was not the first thing.

If the emperor really considered responsibility as the top priority,

"Do you think responsibility for something else is more important to you than the people and the empire?"

Because he would have prioritized the empire and its people more than his responsibility for his dead brothers and sisters.

The first thing for him is....

‘Guilt.’

Should we say that responsibility lies in second place without first place? In the first place, ‘guilt’ is a type of thing that cannot even be included in the list.

The emperor gave priority to guilt, which he called responsibility.

In the end, he too was just a weak human being swayed by guilt.

“Prime Minister.”

“....”

Ardal did not answer.

The Emperor, who was just watching him in silence as he was breathing extremely hard, soon spoke slowly, as if he was thinking over each word.

“What did Jim say?”

“...under.”

In the end, the story turns around and concludes like this.

The meaning of those words is ‘I will not neglect the empire because it is the empire.’ I don’t know if it means ‘So don’t worry’ or just ‘Shut up and do as you’re told, because this is the empire’, but either way, the conclusion was one.

According to the Emperor’s will.

Ardal, who was quietly glaring at the emperor, searched through the files stored in the bookshelf, took out one of them, placed it on the desk, and swiped it.

“...I have already prepared it. “The characteristics of the area mentioned by His Majesty.”

“ ....”

“Do you think I’ve only seen Your Majesty for a day or two?  
“I had some expectations.”

What decision will you make and what route will you take if you go to war? entire.

[The burden is the empire.]

If someone other than ‘Edoardo Desert’ had said these words, Ardal would have left without mercy even if the other person was the person who took him away.

Usually, the person who says this is an unanswerable tyrant who will be remembered in history for a long time, and there is no way such a tyrant could rule the country properly.

But Edoardo Desert....

“Whatever you do, do as you please. Anyway, I’m not good enough to stop your Majesty...”

As long as you don’t abandon the empire, I’ll turn a blind eye to it in most cases.

I quietly swallowed my words. The emperor, who was flipping through documents, raised his head and made eye contact, as if he knew what he was thinking.

‘...okay.’

You know.

If you let go of the empire, you will no longer be the emperor.

As for me, I will do everything in my power to cut off your head and hang your head on the wall.

Ardal looked the emperor in the eyes and then quietly averted his gaze.

There was a heavy silence.

On this day, the empire declared war on another kingdom on the border, and

several kingdoms, who had been suspicious of the empire's continued attempts to wage war even though the other kingdom had clearly done nothing major, seemed to realize something and quickly entered a wartime mode.

It was a moment that predicted a bloody storm would blow across the continent.

\*\*\*

Currently, there are four official heroes in the Empire.

Three heroes who appeared against the backdrop of the Eight Year War, and a fourth hero who was recognized as a hero for his additional achievements afterwards.

The three heroes of the eight-year war are those who appeared countless times and were called heroes, but eventually died and were forgotten, and they survived until the end and preserved their name.

As such, their contributions were significant.

At the beginning of the war, the first hero rose to the position of commander-in-chief based on the emperor's strong support and led the battle. The second

hero distinguished himself from the beginning of the war, cutting down enemies without hesitation and building a mountain with his corpse. The third hero took the lead from the beginning and middle of the war, showing his true cruelty by not leaving behind a single unharmed body

.

Stigma Primiro was the second hero among them.

"The Kingdom of Ireon has already surrendered?"

"yes."

"If that was the case, I don't know why you provoked me.  
"You bastards."

Disgust flashed in the eyes of the man, who was wearing cool clothes that were a bit far from imperial attire.

It was an inevitable reaction for someone who hates weak things.

He lowers his crossed legs as if he doesn't want to waste his attention on the losers who have already finished processing.

He turned the bloody sword he was roughly holding upside down and slashed it down, then placed both hands on it and rested his chin on it. A soft voice continued.

"So, why did Your Majesty call me?"

"He told us to prepare for war."

“War? The war is not over yet... no way.”

The man’s eyes widened.

Although he was surprised, he twisted his lips for a moment as if he was convinced of something.

“Khaat.”

“....”

“Khahahaha!!”

A refreshing sound of laughter spreads across the sky.

The man who had been laughing for a long time touched his lips with a still smiling face.

“As expected of your Majesty.”

at las.

Stigma let out a few more laughs while muttering inaudibly to himself.

It was expected that the emperor would not end the war like that. His movements during the Eight Years’ War seemed to have the conquest of the continent in mind.

The emperor’s move to conquer the continent itself was not something he was happy about. Stigma was happy about the fact that he could participate in the war.

To be precise, I was able to make a contribution.

‘This time.’

In return for his merits, he will ask for the extinction of his family.

Just like that guy back then.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 84**

Deon Hardt, the third hero of  
the turbulent (4) Empire.

Stigma asked a question, making no secret of his favor towards him.

“Is my junior coming to that war too?”

“If it were Honorary Count Deonhardt, I think he would probably join the war even if it were late.”

Well, there's no way the emperor would save such a good card.

“I wish I could meet you soon.”

Stigma liked him.

When awarding awards to war heroes for their contributions, the order was in the order in which they distinguished themselves.

Therefore, like Nemeseus, who answered the emperor's question about what he wanted, Stigma answered nothing in particular and received the title of marquis and a large territory in the south, as well as a considerable amount of money and jewels.



I was satisfied at the time.

That is, until I found out what Deon Hardt, who had requested a private meeting with the Emperor, had requested.

‘I’m asking for permission to destroy the family with my own hands.’

It felt like I had been struck by lightning. How can you come up with such an idea?

I felt not only shock but also joy.

At the same time, I developed a crush on Deon Hardt, whom I had never had a conversation with.

Of course, it was a little disappointing. It would have been better if I had known there was a way to do this before talking about rewarding merit.

“But isn’t Honorary Count Deonhardt the Marquis’ junior? “I heard that he lived in the mansion since he was young until the war.”

“Because we are the same hero. “I am the second and he is the third.”

He chuckled and stood up, using the sword he was holding as support.

As I stand on the uneven ground, I feel a slight movement beneath my feet. Stigma’s eyes glanced downward.

“Oh my.”

He was still alive.

Just in case, I look around and occasionally see people who are still alive.

For some reason, the chair was uncomfortable.

I took out the sword that had been stuck on the floor, or rather, in someone's stomach.

Stigma ordered coldly as he stabbed the writhing creature in the neck.

"There are those who are still alive, so make sure to find them and kill them. No, there is the problem of infectious diseases anyway... it would be better to just set fire to it."

"yes."

Well then, since this is a long-awaited war, let's go get ready. Since everyday life is a battle anyway, there isn't much to prepare for.

Stigma walks out with his sword dripping with blood.

Behind him was a mountain of corpses.

The chair he sat on... Flames rise from the pile of corpses. Then, flames began to rise here and there.

Stigma Premiere.

The second hero of the empire to receive the title of marquis.

The territory he received was the southernmost part of the empire, where wars were fought every day with the Barbai tribe, called barbarians.

It was not because the emperor disliked him that he bestowed it on him. This was what Stigma, who was from the southern part of the empire and had a lot of regrets toward barbarians, wanted.

How powerful must be his power, which grew relentlessly by fighting epidemics and barbarians in the humid and harsh south under the emperor's tacit permission for massacres?

Stigma, who had already formed a warlord in the south, happily ordered preparations for war as if he had been waiting for this moment.

\*\*\*

Uh....

I was looking at Devellania, who was rolling her eyes from the carriage and gesturing for her to get on, with a shocked expression on her face, and then I looked back at the Demon King who had come out to see me off.

For some reason, the smiling face as always is that of the Demon King... Ah, the Demon King, right?

"Of course I can't give it up..."

"Of course I can't."

"Resignation...."

"Just kidding."

shit.

Feeling like a cow being dragged to the slaughterhouse, I forced myself to take a step that seemed stuck to the ground.

The magic stone necklace around my neck was swinging, showing off its presence, as if to warn me of an uneasy future.

....

It was about 30 minutes before leaving for the second city that I felt uneasy.

This was the time when Ed, faithful to his role as adjutant, was conducting the final inspection before departure.

“The 2nd Corps commander says he will go with the 2nd Corps. Daemon, are you still planning on not taking the 0th Legion with you?”

For some reason, Ed, who had been fully arming me, tied the knot of the dagger sheath around his thigh tightly and opened his mouth.

“It’s enough for me to go with you to the 2nd Corps.”

No, it’s actually overflowing. I’m just going to buy clothes, but if one corps comes out as an escort...

Moreover, there’s no reason for Develania to try to kill me, so there’s no need to take 0 corps with me, whose sanity is diminished just by looking at it.

If this was the human world, I would never be sure, but this is the demon world... no, it is the devil castle.

Unlike humans, who are under the same monarch but are constantly divided by those who follow the monarch and those who do not, and who fight for power among themselves, demons, especially the corps commanders of

the Demon King's Castle, do not do such things and only follow the demon king.

That's why he takes it upon himself to do such a foolish thing as kill the same corps commander and reduce the Demon King's power.

Of course, when he gets angry, even if he doesn't kill me, he makes it right before that, so I can't live comfortably...

'I happened to see a fight between corps commanders, and it was so bloody.'

If you attack me like that, I will definitely die.

As such, he has always been careful in all his actions, so he would not have offended Develania and would not do such a thing again. So there is nothing to worry about...

But why?

"Is that so... It looks like the 0th Legion is only a hindrance to Demon."

"...yes?"

"It would be more convenient for you to go alone, Demon..."

"...?"

"I need to increase the intensity of my training."

Is this what Ed's reaction looks like...?

"Of course, it won't catch up with Master Demon, but it won't hold you back..." "

..."

This was the first ominous sign I felt.

The second was Lirinel.

She came into the room with her eyes shining brightly, holding a familiar-shaped necklace in one hand, and immediately began speaking with an excited face.

“Daemon, I heard you’re leaving the Demon King’s Castle again?”

“Yes, I am going to the second city.”

But why is that...?

“Why do you just say that? “I heard you were going around the outskirts.”

“Yes...”

So why is that...?

“As the leader of the Demon Cult, I can’t stay silent after hearing news like that! So I prepared this!”

A familiar necklace was thrust in front of my eyes.

No, I think I heard something strange before that...? What kind of school?

This must be pointed out. If you just pass by, you will definitely regret it.

Lirinel was one step faster in opening her mouth, faithfully following the instinctive warning to shout...

Without waiting for the few seconds I had left to clear my mind of the absurd words, she placed the necklace in my

hand and said proudly:

“Just like last time, it’s a necklace with a protection spell engraved on it! “It will respond to life-threatening attacks. In addition, once it is worn, we have added a function that automatically recognizes the owner and returns automatically even if it is removed or lost.”

“Thank you. But just now...”

“Oh, and a function that automatically summons me when the necklace breaks is also added...”

Wow...

You should never wear it.

“...I tried to do it, but I couldn’t because the Demon King scolded me for wasting my energy and wasting my magic. “I’m sorry...”

“Thank goodness... this is enough. Thank you.”

“What. Now, go ahead and try it on!”

I paused for a moment, but it was only for a moment.

Fortunately, it didn’t seem to have any annoying features, and there was no reason for Lyrinel to harm me... so I immediately put the necklace around my neck.

The necklace that recognizes its owner glows for a moment and then becomes quiet. Only then did I get a chance to speak, so I quickly opened my mouth before the player was taken away again.

Ririnel’s statement that has been lingering in my mind for a while.

I missed the timing of the conversation that followed and let it slip away, but it was so intense that I couldn't forget it.

"Rather than that, I think it was called something... a cult leader... but what is that..."

"Ah, a demon religion?"

"Cough."

oh my god. You didn't hear wrong! From the very name of Demonism, I can tell that it has something to do with me!

To calm down, I quickly took the glass of water Lirinel held out to me. After taking a sip, I feel like my heart calms down a little.

"Are you okay?! "You need to call your doctor...!"

"no. it's okay. Rather than that, it's called Demonism...."

"It's an organization created to worship Demon!"

"Puhup-"

It was only for a moment.

I wanted to drink a little more, so all the water I had in my mouth came out again.

Holy shit. You moved on to prayer.

"Cough, cough, cough!"

"What should I do! After all, the attending physician...!"

"Oh, cough, no, it's okay... Cough, cough!"



I can't stop coughing so damn easily. I need to calm down quickly....

I hurriedly reached out and held Lirinel, who was scared, as she stood up and said she would hurry to call the doctor. After coughing a few more times, I finally calmed down and raised my head and looked at Lilinelle.

For some reason, she was looking at my hand holding her collar with thrilled eyes.

...Maybe it's my mood?

"Lirinel?"

"yes? Ah yes! "Are you okay now?"

"Yes... by the way"

Demon religion... There are not many stupid people who would believe in a religion with such a bizarre name and purpose.

Contrary to my belief that it would disappear soon, I was unable to ignore my ominous instincts and curiosity and eventually opened my mouth.

"How many people believe in demonism?"

"First of all, it can be said that almost all users of the inner voice believe it, and about a third of the outer voice users probably believe it."

There's more than you think, right?! A rootless religion is encroaching on the Demon King. What on earth is the Demon King doing?

"Actually, the Demon Lord also showed interest."

Of course it is.

What monarch would just sit by and watch a pseudo-religion grow in power?

After all, the devil. It wasn't like he was just sitting still....

"He asked if there was any position for a vice principal."

"This is crazy."

"yes?"

"no."

I definitely didn't just sit back and watch. You did something crazy.

So, it doesn't mean that the Demon King is the vice-religious leader now...?

To prepare for the shock that would follow, I gently put down the water cup I was holding on the table. There's no need to make a fuss again just because you missed it.

"But if the Demon Lord came in, Demonism would become an official organization with political implications, so I had no choice but to give up in the end. "He seemed very disappointed."

Well...

it wasn't a shock other than what I had expected...

'...'

I gave up thinking.

That shouldn't have happened.

I should have thought again about why Lirinel gave me the necklace, mentioning the fact that she was going to the outskirts.

And the third time I felt an ominous sign was when I found out that Ben was accompanying me.

To be precise, in the scene where Ben, who had joined to follow the Demon King's orders, gets into a fight with the 2nd Corps commander D'Vellania.

As time ran out, I arrived at the first floor and saw Develania with her arms crossed, blocking the entrance to the carriage, and Ben looking up at her in a crooked manner.

"I thought I was going alone with Demon-"

"It's the Demon King's order. And it's not like we're going alone, right? "What is the 2nd Corps?"

"Anyway, it was planned to be just the two of us in the carriage."

"Is that so? That was so sad. However, since I don't know what will happen to Demon's health, it is natural for me to accompany you. Rather than going straight to the second city, don't you take a 'outskirt' route?"

It is also 'outskirts' again.

I wonder why everyone is saying that there is a problem with going a little further to the outskirts. Doesn't it just take some time?

I glanced down and checked the state of the armament beneath the roughly draped robe.

The six daggers were clearly worn because Ed had armed them well, as if sending them to war.

‘Something doesn’t seem... right?’

I don’t think I’m going there just to buy clothes. Should I back out and say I won’t go now?

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 85**

85. A vacation that is not a vacation (1)

While I was seriously contemplating it because I was belatedly doubting it, someone suddenly appeared next to me.

He was wary – in fact, startled – and took a step back, not even casting a glance at the other side, but instantly ending the seemingly endless war of nerves between the two.

“Yes, Develania. “You have to prepare for any unexpected situation.”

“...Tsk.”

Develania clicks her tongue and steps back, and Ben lowers his head as if it were natural.

Only then did the Demon King turn his head and look at me. When our eyes meet, the white and black colored eyes are slightly curved.

“You said you wouldn’t take Legion 0?”

“...yes.”

“Is it because you’re in the way? Or is it that you don’t want your share taken away?”

“yes?”

The alarm bell that had been sounding quietly before began to ring randomly.

When my instincts warned me that it was too late, I cursed under my breath and slowly retreated without being able to reply.

Going shopping for clothes is just an excuse, and no matter how you look at it, it feels like going to a fight. Should I jump out now?

But my feeble attempt immediately went to waste.

“Then hurry up and go. “Everything is ready, all you have to do is set off.”

Whether by accident or design, a white hand with impressive black nails was placed on my shoulder. I looked at the hand and then looked at the Demon King with an expressionless face.

And once again, Demon Lord, who noticed my presence and waved his hand telling me to get on board.

“Of course I can’t give it up...”

“Of course I can’t.”

....

For the first time after departure, nothing happened.

It’s just that I was quite tired after watching the nervous battle between Develania and Ben.

Rattling.

In the badly shaking carriage, I was busy withstanding two types of attacks: motion sickness and a fight between two demons.

“Doctor, why don’t you get off and run now?”

“I’m sorry, but the attending physician must be within distance to take care of the patient at any time.”

“Then why don’t you go up on the roof? “If something dangerous happens, I’ll give you a signal-”

“The carriage is spacious, so I wonder if it’s really necessary to go that far.”

Never mind. It has nothing to do with me. It’s nothing to worry about. So ignore it... wow, motion sickness.

‘Oh God.’

Why are you putting me through this ordeal...!

For your information, I am an atheist. These evil bastards make an atheist cry out for God.

Devellania, who was completely upset and unaware of my feelings, folded her arms and spoke with her characteristic drawl.

“You must be very arrogant to say that you were once the Demon Lord’s personal doctor, right?”

“I am currently the doctor of Commander 0 Corps. “It’s natural that I have a high standard of opinion.”

“The commander of the corps has the right to summary disposition, but if you don’t want to be the target, why don’t you come to your senses?”

“If you are confident that you can safely touch the doctor of the Commander of Corps 0, why not give it a try? “I will tell you how scary your doctor is.”

Oh, can you please stay still? I’m already feeling nauseous and my head hurts like crazy.

Contrary to the ominous omen, I was relieved at first because nothing happened... but now I really wish something would happen.

Anything is fine, so someone please get me out of this mood. please.

-Kwagwagwang!!

“Daemon, Develania! “It’s a monster!”

Not like this.

‘No matter how bad it is, can’t it be something I can handle?’

I quickly opened the window and checked outside.

A wave of black monsters rushing in. Fortunately, the ankles were cut off by the thread thrown by the 2nd Corps members and the body collapsed, but it can be seen at a glance that this alone is not enough.

As I was looking around at the situation outside, I found a particularly large monster crawling on the floor and was able to easily recognize the identity of the roaring sound from earlier.

‘It would be strange if a big person like that fell and there wasn’t that much of a loud noise.’



If I fight there, I will definitely die. There doesn't seem to be a hole to escape through, right?

I looked around inside the carriage wondering what to do, and for a moment my expression hardened.

Develania, leisurely looking out the window, and Ben, who was rummaging through the bags he had packed, were so calm that they did not suit the current situation.

As if I had expected it.

'...aha.'

Judging the situation was quick. I gritted my teeth gently.

Is this what it meant to go back to the outskirts? Like a damn devil.

For some reason, the reactions from the moment I left were strange. If I had suspected and thought a little more, I would have been able to notice.

'No, actually, I wasn't even expecting it.'

Hoping it wasn't the case, I just pretended not to know and said, 'No way.'

They said that the number of monsters is increasing day by day. Even before I came to the Empire, there were so many people that we had to fight to defend the city, but what about now that time has passed?

If it increased, it would increase, not decrease.

And since he was the commander of the 0th Corps, one of the news that he constantly heard even when he was confined to his room came to mind.

‘After the city defense battle, a corps commander was stationed there.’

And it was said that the movements of the monsters had changed.

There are still monsters knocking on the city walls, but they instinctively sense difficulties and move to seek easier prey, invading the territories of other races. It is said that because of this, there were protests from the heads of different races.

Monsters are lumps of error born from the power of the Demon King.

So, of course, the responsibility lies with the devil.

I guess I had to clean it. Circling the edge of the demon territory to prevent the demons from invading the lands of other races.

The border that borders the territories of other races. If that isn't the 'outskirts of the demon world', then what is it?

Now I was moving around the edge of the 'Demon World'. To clean up monsters!

‘When I told you to turn around and go to the outskirts of the Demon King, I meant to ask you to clean up the monsters on the way.’

Being naive, I quickly accepted this. Shit.

‘I can not.’

Look at that. That's almost at the level of a monster wave. Black waves are rushing this way at random, and you want

me to deal with them?

I can never do it. No, I don't.

The conclusion was reached without even thinking.

'Let's just bounce.'

If you go straight towards the second city without looking back, there is a good chance of survival. You might not know the horses of the human world, but the horses here are not horses but closer to monsters.

The problem is how to convince the dangers in this carriage and make them jump out of it... I

was wondering how to express my opinion.

Devellania, who was looking out the window and playing with a transparent thread in her hand, grinned and jumped up from her seat.

"Then I will go out and deal with them first, so Demon, please come out slowly."

"...yes?"

what? No wait...!

Without any time to say anything, the carriage door opened and closed.

I froze, reaching awkwardly toward the door.

As I turn my head, I see broken monsters falling down every time something sparkles outside the window.

...Yes, the 2nd Corps Commander's main weapon was a thread pulled from a monster's skin. That's cool. It's cool, but... damn. This ruined my plan to ignore everything and race to the city.

I withdrew the hand that was still outstretched and looked back at the person remaining in the carriage. Our eyes met and there was an awkward silence.

"...."

"...."

Ben was the first to break this awkward atmosphere.

He naturally looked down, rummaged through his bag again, and spoke in an indifferent voice.

"I understand Demon's feelings."

"...."

Probably not.

First of all, it's definitely not a good idea to say something out of the blue in this situation.

"Since it was a long-awaited battle, you probably wanted to dominate it. However, the number of monsters is sufficient, so I don't think there is any need to stop the 2nd Corps Commander."

See, that's not true. I wasn't even expecting it in the first place.

I was just watching Ben's actions with a look that said, "Okay then," and as if he had found what he was looking for, he took something out of his bag.

My eyes shook slightly for an instant as I confirmed the identity of the object.

“Of course, I’m sorry that Demon-nim’s excitement was ruined because of that. So I prepared this to help you get excited.”

What was in his hand was none other than alcohol.

With a blank face, I looked at the drink and the visitation bag in turn. I swallowed down the words that seemed to come out at any moment.

Why... is it out there?

“This is all there is to drink anyway, so I won’t say anything no matter how much you drink. All you have to do is eat as much as you want and feel better.”

Well... looking at the current situation, it seems like this damn battle can’t be avoided, and if that’s the case, it might be a good idea to have a drink to relax... With complicated eyes, I looked down at the glass being filled in my hand

.

...Well, even if you die, it’s not impossible to die with a sober mind, right? It won’t hurt.

I drank it all at once.

\*\*\*

The attending physician, Ben, tenaciously followed Demon Arut, who had left behind his adjutant because he wanted to go alone with the 2nd Corps Commander D’Vellania.

This is because he received orders from the Demon King.

The ostensible reason was for his health, which could deteriorate at any time, and the secretly received order was...

“The demon may show signs of hesitation in battle.”

“...Are you talking about Demon?”

“okay. Of course, if he thinks it might be dangerous, he will change and wipe it out, but even if he is usually moderate, he is too moderate. To be honest, rather than being gentle, I would rather call him gentle... No, it would be better to call him weak rather than gentle.”

“That...”

It's true. Unless there was a special reason, such as drinking or fearing for his life, he always avoided battle.

Needless to say, if demons who didn't know his true nature saw him, they would probably see him as food.

Ben couldn't reply and just licked his lips, and the demon king sitting at the head of the table smiled silently and waved his hands.

The servant who had been standing the whole time quietly walks over and sets down the tray he was carrying in front of Ben.

As I naturally followed it with my gaze, a liquor bottle came into view.

“It's clear that he likes fighting, but he usually endures more than necessary even though there is no reason to endure it.

But at some point, even the smallest thing can cause an explosion, causing more blood than necessary.”

So wouldn't it be better to make sure they solve it when they can?

His contradictory actions flash through my mind. The Demon King spoke softly to Ben, who was silent.

“Maybe if we had more time like during the last city defense, but right now, time is too precious to wait until we can move on our own. But I don't want to intentionally put myself in danger either.”

“....”

“So I order you.”

In a dark space bathed in soft moonlight, the Demon King rested his chin and tapped his temple with his index finger, grinning.

The lips, the only ones exposed under the moonlight, rise in perfect symmetry.

“If you feel that the demon is hesitating to fight, give it a drink.”

Ah, Ben closed his mouth.

In the end, he too was a demon lord.

The Lord of the Demon World who utilizes what is available to the extent possible.

In front of the smooth smile that was hard to tell, Ben just lowered his head and quietly took the bottle.

‘Actually, I was a little worried, but...’

It would be a big problem if they went on a rampage without distinction due to the lack of commanders of the 0 Corps. When his drunkenness reaches its peak, there is no danger of disaster.

However, the Demon King seemed to have anticipated his concerns and even told him the exact standards.

Even if fed, only up to 5 bottles of alcohol with an alcohol content of 25%. If you go beyond that, drunkenness begins.

And now again.

“It’s alcohol...”

Exactly. Just right. Just right. Just right.

White fingers tap the carriage seat at regular intervals. A strange smile lingers on the corner of the mouth, and a red eye that is different from usual flashes.

The cup he was drinking from was thrown onto the floor of the carriage at some point.

Deon, who had been twirling the bottle with his gaze down, tilted his head crookedly and slowly raised his eyes to look at Ben.

The moment our eyes met.

Just right.

My fingers stopped.

“ .... ”



“....”

The silence is so persistent that even the air seems to be oppressing it.

Deon, who was looking at Ben motionlessly in the suffocating silence where he couldn't even breathe, grinned.

At the same time, all sorts of unpleasant emotions began to overflow from his blood-red eyes, as if the suppressed madness exploded.

He said.

“Did you use your brain?”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 86**

86. Vacation, not vacation (2)

Deon Hardt's drinking capacity is five bottles of alcohol with an alcohol content of 25%. To be exact, my memory stops after I drink the last of five bottles.

I'm the type of person who gets drunk all of a sudden, so up until that point, I didn't have the slightest sign of being drunk and my mind was always fine.

It has never changed from the moment I first drank alcohol.

Not once.

Then why does his personality change even when he's not drunk?

Deon chuckled as he lifted the bottle of alcohol in his hand to his mouth.

'If you put the key back into a locked door, it will inevitably open.'

Alcohol and drugs are a kind of 'key'.

On the battlefield, Deonhardt gave himself two extremely divided personalities in order to survive and to maintain his

sanity. The medium for that process was none other than alcohol and drugs.

It is natural for a wall built with alcohol and drugs to become weak due to alcohol and drugs.

Because of this, when Deonhardt drank alcohol, even in small amounts, he could not control the two personalities I had shared overflowing over the wall.

In the end, 'quantity' was not the problem, but 'alcohol' was the problem.

I never really tried to hide it, and it's not the kind of thing that can be hidden, so it's understandable that others notice and try to take advantage of it, but... 'I never thought it would be this blatant.'

At first glance, he must be the devil.

I didn't really think about why I did this. Because it's obvious.

It must have been a waste of time. The emperor was moving boldly and faster than expected, and the time for the hero's birth was getting closer. In addition, the monsters are increasing faster and faster...

However, if you ignore the monsters and let them increase uncontrollably, you will be caught by the ankles when you really need to move.

Even now, protests are coming in from other races asking us to do something about the monsters, so what can we do?

The only way to do this is to send Deon to deal with it and return as quickly as possible to minimize the hole in the standby power.

So, Deon Hart.

'I was taken advantage of.'

He was used by the devil. And in a very unpleasant way.

I feel bad, but there is nothing I can do in this situation. Deon, who had skillfully put aside his thoughts about him, lowered his eyes.

'Now that Develania moves like that, there's only one thing I can do.'

Open the door like this and go out and deal with those monsters.

That's what the Demon King wants, and the board has already been made perfectly.

But before that.

Wow!!

He threw the empty liquor bottle onto the floor of the carriage and pulled out his dagger. Ben's body was pushed against the wall of the carriage, stepping on sharp pieces of glass that shattered and bounced wildly.

Deon, with his left arm pressed against Ben's chest and the dagger in his right hand aimed at his throat, looked straight into his eyes and growled.

"You've earned the credit and effort you've put in, so let's look at it just this once. "There is no next time."

“...”

“I decide when to step out.”

The bright red eyes, soaked in the unique energy of a crazy person, shine with blatant displeasure.

I'd rather swing it myself, and I have no intention of letting someone else swing me.

Deon's eyes seemed to contain murderous intent at first glance, as the feeling of being exposed like this, not willingly, was worse than expected.

Ben's eyes twitched as he instinctively felt that his life could be in danger if he touched it wrongly. Even if that wasn't the case, I couldn't even react when a dagger was pointed at my throat a little while ago, so my stiff body gained even more strength.

Deon glared at him with fierce eyes, then shrugged and slowly backed away.

“Think carefully whose doctor you are.”

Even though he is the doctor handed over by the Demon King, in the end, Ben is currently Deon's doctor. Otherwise, what doctor would recommend alcohol to a weak patient?

He actually caused harm to the patient he was supposed to be caring for.

As if he belatedly remembered that fact, Ben's body stiffened. Deon, who was looking down at his face as he stiffened in shame and shame, snorted and stepped back.

“Well... I wasn't expecting it in the first place.”

Ben's eyes widened in shock, but Deon opened the carriage door and left without even looking at him.

An enormous number of monsters are seen rushing in like a tide on a wide plain. Due to the activities of the 2nd Corps, many monsters are being turned into pieces of meat, but even more are coming in.

Develania, who discovered him, lifted the thread that had embroidered the air and raised her voice.

"Daemon, it was a calculation mistake! There are more monsters than you think! What should I do?"

The red eyes go down, see the remains of the falling monster, and then go up again.

Just like that, Develania once.

"You should step down first, right? The second city is close by, so why not go there? At this rate, it seems like it will be difficult to escape, but...."

"...."

One more look at the monsters.

The corners of his mouth went up.

"So... are you going to risk a lot of damage now and go through these monsters and get to the second city? "Do you just leave it to us whether they come after us or not and whether the remaining monsters cross the territory of this race?"

"Oh, that's not what I meant..."

If you run away as she said, you will sustain the damage, fail in your mission, and end up sending a bomb to another city so that you can die together. Then, when even that city becomes dangerous, it is truly the worst.

Devellania faced bright red eyes and waved her hand with a pale face.

“There is a corps commander in the second city! Oh no. Sorry, Daemon. I was short-thinking. “I stopped because I was in a hurry...”

“I heard that a corps commander was stationed in the city as well.”

However, because one corps commander was in charge of two cities, the corps were divided and deployed. No matter how great the corps commander is, how much help a corps that has been cut in half can do against such a large number.

“Why are you looking for a solution there?”

“yes?”

“Ben has a communication seat, right?”

“yes? Ah ah yes!”

Ben, who got off the carriage and was looking at the situation, nodded in surprise.

I clearly remember because when we were leaving, Edgar packed our bags right in front of our eyes, threatening us rather than threatening us to take good care of Demon. So, the communication seat around here... ah, I found it.

“Here it is!”

“Can I use this to send video communication to the Demon Lord?”

“yes? It’s possible, but... it’s a medium and you have to use magic separately...”

“Why is that?”

“The Demon King has issued a ban on magic.”

Deon’s head tilted to one side for a moment as he let out a short exclamation.

“Even though it’s an emergency right now?”

“...I will bet.”

“I’ll go and deal with the monsters. “The situation looks a bit difficult...”

Develania, who was watching, jumps into the mess again, and Ben casts a spell on the communication table. Soon, the devil’s face appeared in the air.

-Ben? What’s going on? The guy you’re using magic against is... a demon?

“There is a problem.”

-A problem?

“Give Demon Lord Ben some light over there.”

Ben obediently changed his angle. The Demon King, seeing the endless waves of monsters, kept his mouth shut.



“There are more than we expected.”

-So... I thought one corps for two corps commanders would be enough.

“What should I do?”

-I can't just leave that alone... I'll send support. Just hold on for 15 minutes. You can do it, right?

“I'll try it. “The location is...”

-Okay, I'll take care of it.

Communication was cut off. Deon turned his head and looked at the monsters.

There are so many that it is disgusting to look at them again. The number is so high that even surviving, let alone killing or defeating them, is a long shot.

I have to stay here for 15 minutes.

The sight of monsters running and filling the wilderness, as if they were excited by the long-awaited appearance of their prey, was enough to make me feel despair and collapse, but Deon smiled as he strengthened the hand holding the dagger again.

‘It's been a while since we've been in a situation like this.’

If I had felt this much despair and given up, I would not have survived the eight-year war.

Even in an even more desperate war situation, Deon survived in the end.

The situation is no different from then, except that the opponent is a monster. No, monsters are easier opponents than humans.

Deon was confident he would survive this time too.

Jerk.

I walked calmly without even flinching.

As if to provide cover, D'Vellania retracts the thread she was swinging and silently lands next to her. But Deon didn't go on a rampage right away.

'If I jump into that situation regardless and become isolated, I will definitely die.'

Being crazy and understanding your capabilities are two different things.

He was crazy to live, not crazy to die.

'think.'

Even now, the front line is being pushed slowly but steadily.

My specialty is creating fear, not killing. Monsters that are faithful to their instincts will run away as soon as fear overpowers hunger.

'Is it really a good thing for monsters to run away?'

It's good to be able to live right now, but it's never good to think about the future.

Bright red eyes quickly scan the battlefield. My head spun and I made calculations in an instant.

We must hold out and tie the monsters here until help arrives.

Deon, holding a dagger in both hands, called out to Develania in a voice that feigned calm.

“I’m going to set a trap. “Tell this to your legions.”

....

It’s called a fish trap. The entrance is shaped like a funnel, so it’s easy to get in, but it’s hard to get out. Even the direction of the current is a literal trap that helps fish coming in and suppresses and captures fish trying to get out.

Monsters are fish and currents at the same time.

“Develania.”

“Start!”

The 2nd Corps unfolded their threads in unison. Each thread is woven and intertwined to form a huge shape.

Since it is a thread that cuts when touched, stupid monsters do not even know what it is, but as if they only know that if they go to a certain location, their bodies will be torn to pieces and they will die, so they naturally follow the thread’s guidance and enter the only entrance.

After a while, they will feel that something is strange. But by then it was too late. Because the only exit is blocked by monsters that keep coming.

Deon, who was watching the situation from inside the trap, slowly walks forward. He looked back at Develania to see

how many steps he had walked and drew a straight line on the floor with his foot.

“Randomly set up threads around here. The purpose is to prevent monsters from entering where you are standing. “We also need to have a safe space.”

This is Bae Su-jin. Monsters can’t escape this trap, but we can’t escape either.

This place, meant to trap monsters, could actually become a place to be eaten by monsters.

So, we should do this at least.

“I don’t think we’ll be able to keep even one animal out because there isn’t enough thread...”

“There’s no need to install it too tightly. “The gap is just enough for us to come and go.”

“yes? “Don’t do it...”

De’Vellania, who read Deon’s intention to deal with monsters by going back and forth between inside and outside, expressed his disapproval.

“Unless you are a skilled person, it will not be easy to find the installed thread... Of course, I am not doubting Demon’s skills, but it would be troublesome to worry about such things in a melee...” “I will take care of that.

”

“Uh oh....”

How?

Even though she seems to be stubborn, she actually knows how to stretch her legs based on the atmosphere. Develania swallowed down the question he was about to ask without thinking and gave orders to the 2nd corps he had brought with him.

In today's situation, asking questions carelessly can lead to death.

Devellania, who was about to move quickly before being criticized for her rudeness, stopped when she received an unexpected reply.

"I'm lucky."

"yes...?"

It was a stupid question. Instead of answering, Deon grinned, fixing his gaze straight ahead.

The excitement that could not be concealed was overflowing in his bright red eyes, where the film of calm had been removed, as if reason was no longer a luxury.

It jumped and jumped towards the monsters. Meanwhile, the threads set up by the 2nd Corps naturally pass by, point out the most formidable guy, and rush at them.

Deon suddenly thrust the dagger he was holding into the guy's face and smiled with the corners of his mouth stretched out. A laugh that could not be called normal escaped naturally.

Normal people would have needed extreme concentration to find the thread, but Deon didn't need that.

'If this is luck, it must be luck.'

His eyes, which were naturally weak to light and heat, were accustomed to darkness rather than light as he had refrained from exposure to the outside world.

What does it mean to be unaccustomed to light?

This means that it is sensitive to light.

Therefore, he was able to sensitively catch the moment when the threads of the 2nd Corps minutely reflected the moonlight, which would have been overlooked by ordinary people.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 87**

87. Hyuga, not Hyuga (3)

There was no hesitation in his actions as he knew the location of the thread. Rather, they went beyond avoiding the thread and used the installed thread.

He flexibly moves across the thread, leading the monsters to be cut off, or directly chopping them up, controlling his stamina. As I got used to it, sometimes I pushed the monster in at the moment the nearby 2nd Corps members swung the thread.

Ben's expression gradually changed strangely as he watched the situation while holding his visitation bag tightly.

'The tide has changed.'

The behavior of the monsters that had been charging recklessly without regard for direction became passive. Due to Demon's characteristics, the attitude of those guys was like setting the stage for them to go on a rampage even more.

'But it's not enough.'

Still, it is not enough. Even though they killed so many, there didn't seem to be much difference in the number of monsters.

When will support come? Was 15 minutes this long?

“Cough!”

“Daemon!”

“Do not come!”

Deon stopped Ben, who was trying to rush towards him, and stepped on the dagger between the monster’s eyes, pushing it deeper. Deon used the recoil to throw himself backwards and enter the room.

The monster, unable to overcome its running speed, is cut by the thread and falls with a patter. In the midst of the pouring debris, Deon quietly wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. It was covered in something I couldn’t tell if it was the monster’s blood or my own blood.

“I hope you’re okay....”

“It’s no big deal.”

I tried my best to avoid a head-on collision, but it seems like the shock eventually piled up inside my body and exploded like this.

Deon coughed out the blood that had accumulated inside him once more and suddenly stopped moving as a thought crossed his mind. damn. Cursing words suddenly burst out.

‘I just had to hold on a little longer.’

The atmosphere that had been barely brought about had changed. The being that seemed the strongest showed blood. Deon gritted his teeth as the monster’s attack, which



had faltered, became stronger again... no, stronger than before.

‘I think the 15 minutes are almost up.’

I roughly gathered myself, pulled out a new dagger, and walked out of the room. He grabs a nearby monster and randomly stabs it with his dagger as if taking out his anger.

Even though it seemed like they were hacking at random, they were deliberately hiding it. We have to be more cruel to them in order for them to wince. Only then can we bring the flow back.

“But... Demon, you don’t seem to be feeling well...!”

“ ....”

“If it’s enough time to get a medical examination, you can earn enough with the 2nd Corps Commander and the 2nd Corps, so it’s better to get a medical examination and move on...” “....”

“

Demon sir!”

Deon turned around without hesitation and threw his dagger. Sigh! The dagger grazed Ben’s cheek and became lodged in the carriage wall.

Blood trickled down his cheek and Ben quickly closed his mouth.

It’s not just because of the dagger, but because the red eyes staring at me are shining with a dark and slimy life.

“shut up. “It’s disturbing.”

“....”

“I would have definitely said it was no big deal.”

Even though there is a distance, a low growling voice clearly touches the eardrums.

The monster’s blood seemed to be covering his face and blocking his vision, and his narrowed eyes were clearly focused on him, unable to hide the overflowing madness even in that state.

“You didn’t expect this anyway, right?”

“...!”

The arm holding the visitation bag trembled. Ben’s eyes shake violently, as if there was an earthquake.

Deon, who looked at him with a cold expression as he couldn’t answer and just pursed his lips, quietly opened his mouth.

Rather than anger, an emotion closer to patheticness was evident in his voice, as if it was not worth getting angry about.

“Behave properly.”

Don’t be clumsy.

“....”

“....”

There was a short silence against the noisy background, and Deon was the first to look away.

He started moving again, expressing pure satisfaction that the annoying voice had disappeared, but it didn't last long.

“Daemon!!”

There was no answer anymore. Deon turned around and raised an eyebrow as if he was really going to kill me this time.

back!! behind!

Ben was rushing towards him, screaming and calling out to him.

As if he was in such a hurry, he used his visiting bag as a shield and rushed out, trying to figure out where the thread might be, before he could reach Deon.

Suddenly,

blood splattered.

Deon, who had just turned a monster into a rag, slowly looks back. There, another monster was stopped with a dagger stabbed in a vital spot.

Deon, who realized that the monster's hand was reaching towards his head, tilted his head as if he was interested, then smiled brightly and took a step back. Soon, cuts appeared all over the monster's body and blood began to splatter.

“...under.”

A monster that became tattered in no time.

It clearly resembled his hand, but it was definitely not his work. Deon realized who was coming and called the other

person's name with an unexpected smile on his face.

"Silua."

"Hello, Daemon! "It's been a while!"

\*\*\*

I woke up to a shocking sight. In a daze, I looked back and forth between the miserable corpse of the monster and the woman in front of me.

A cool, short bob haircut. A dagger in both hands. In addition to the vertically slit pupils that accentuate the seemingly lost spirit, the inside of these cruel hands!

My head screamed that I should never have anything to do with that demon, but sadly, I already knew her.

7th Corps Commander Silua.

He uses a dagger and is the corps commander in charge of the border between the human world and the demon world along with the 9th corps commander... Is it okay for him to be here now?

"I hurried over after hearing that Demon was enjoying a party alone in a place like this!"

"...Where did you hear that?"

"The Demon King told me!"

"...."

I looked around quietly.

A thread that takes on a specific shape and forms a space. A swarm of monsters flowing endlessly into it.

It's a trap. It was also a trap with us as bait.

Although my memory was temporarily lost due to the alcohol, I can assure you that this was not a party.

'Demon King...!'

The rest are struggling to survive, but it's a party...

no, it's not. It would be more likely that Silua just accepted it as a party of her own accord.

I didn't know how that crazy demon would react, so instead of getting angry, I suppressed even a sigh and muttered as if I was lamenting.

"How did you get in here?..."

"Oh, it's no big deal. Like this—"

Silua swings her dagger, locates the threads, and then presses one of them with her dagger to open up space. There was a crack in the dagger, but she ignored it and slipped her body into the crack to escape the trap and smiled brightly as she looked at us from the outside.

"You can do it like this."

"...I guess I'll have to install it tighter next time."

Does it make sense that the threads used to trap and cut down enemies are stretched even a little?

Devellania, who was watching from a little distance away, glared at his corps members.

Anyway, as I was belatedly realizing the uncomfortable state of my body and removing the unidentified pieces of flesh that had stuck to me, Silua, who had come back in and was looking at my blood-soaked and shabby appearance with sparkling eyes, cautiously opened her mouth.

“Oh, by the way, Demon. There’s a monster behind you...”

Pow!!

Patter.

“...?!”

“...there was.”

Wow! what’s this!!

I put aside Silua’s somewhat disappointed voice and quickly turned around.

A sound of something being smashed was heard from the rear left, and debris of something came pouring out! Before I had time to shake off the red flesh that had stuck to my body, I turned around and saw a pale Ben come into view.

He was desperately avoiding my gaze, wondering what was bothering him so much.

I looked at him curiously, then lowered my gaze a little... and saw a blood-stained visit bag.

I think that was clearly clear in my memory...

‘Yeah, he was crazy too.’

Given the circumstances, it seems like the monster’s head was smashed with that hard visiting bag. Maybe it’s for me.

I'm grateful... but it's scary.

"I'm sorry. Demon, that's..."

I didn't say anything yet.

I just stared at Ben, who looked at me with a pale look on his face, started talking gibberish, and then closed his mouth. Her closed lips were trembling.

'Why are you apologizing after protecting me as much as I can?'

The question couldn't come out of my mouth. Because Silua had grabbed him by the collar earlier.

The vertically slit pupils glared fiercely at Ben.

"If you know you did something wrong, you should kneel. How dare you ignore Demon?"

"...."

"Do you think Demon didn't know that?"

Why are you suddenly so angry? awfully.

And ignoring it. I'm not ignoring it. Thanks to you, I survived.

'If I had known there was a monster behind me, I would have jumped away and avoided it long ago. I wouldn't have stood idly by.'

As expected of a corps commander, his body was so violent that he naturally cringed, but Ben was no slouch either. He even flinched for a moment, then raised his hand and grabbed Silua's wrist, which was holding her by the collar, and looked straight into her eyes.

“The person I apologize to is Demon, not the 7th Corps Commander.”

“...You arrogant. Is it because he was once the devil’s personal doctor? “If I keep doing this, I’ll be rude to Demon.”

“...So I was apologizing for my rudeness. “Let go of this hand.”

“Stiff all the way. “What if I get really angry and kill you?”

“Are you going to break the restrictions? My person in charge is Commander 0 Corps. “It means that only the Demon King and Demon, the commander of the 0 Corps, have the right to punish me.”

Basically, attending doctors are restricted from killing people carelessly unless they fail to perform their duties properly. If the patient performed his or her role properly or not, it is up to the patient in charge to decide whether or not he or she deserves to die.

This will be the basis for Ben to attack other corps commanders.

As the patient in charge, I am not brave enough to treat him carelessly, and other corps commanders cannot kill him due to restrictions.

‘....’

If you get involved in their fight, you won’t be able to get rid of even a single bone. I kept my mouth shut.

Silua, who was raising her dagger in annoyance, glances at me and then lowers her hand and wheezes. It was clearly



visible that Ben was trying to suppress his frustration, but he didn't let it go and opened his mouth again.

"The reason you were angry in the first place was not because you ignored Demon-sama, but because you couldn't see Demon-sama tearing the monster to death."

Stop that. What are we supposed to do in a place full of monsters now?

Even while those two were fighting, Develania and the 2nd Corps were moving hard, but for some reason, the spirit of the monsters was coming back to life.

It seems that Develania also felt that fact. He suddenly threw the broken pieces of the monster between the two and let out an irritated voice.

"Aren't you going to do it? What about boundaries? Is coming here like this just a fight? "Are you here to disturb me?"

"Ah, was Develania also there? I left the boundary line to my adjutant. Even the Demon Lord said it would probably be okay. "You said the Empire has no time to attack here."

"So you came here because the Demon King sent you?"

"yes! "I've been communicating with the Demon King for the past few days, whining that I'm bored, and he sent me this."

I was whining to the devil...

Anyway, is it really okay for this to happen? Like her, I heard that the commander of the 9th Corps, who is in charge of

the border line, has been sitting in the devil's castle even before I came.

This means that there is currently no corps commander on the border with the human world. What are you going to do if someone who is really a 'hero' attacks you?

Devellania seemed speechless as well, so she pursed her lips for a moment before sighing and stroking her hair.

"Anyway, if you don't want to help, why don't you go back?"

"Of course I will help! Ah, before that, I will help you after seeing that Demon-sama has just defeated one monster!"

"...yes?"

Why am I suddenly...?

I was startled and reflexively looked at Silua, and our eyes met.

And I was able to witness in real time the eyes that were sparkling with crazy excitement gradually turning dull and dying.

Silua, who quickly lost her vitality and became droopy, muttered in a very disappointed voice.

"...It's not Demon...."

"...?"

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 88**

88. A vacation that is not a vacation (4)

“You are not the demon I wanted...!”

“ .... ”

“It was clearly ‘that’ Demon just a moment ago...! why? why?”

...I really don't know why you react like that.

Silua, who had been running wild for a while as if she didn't feel my gaze as if she was looking at me like she was crazy, suddenly grabbed a nearby monster. And the actions that followed left me speechless for a moment.

A monster thrust right in front of your nose. Eyes that are bloodshot and full of things that I don't know whether it's anticipation or hope, and even hint of madness at a glance.

“Now, Demon. There is a monster here! “Hurry and grant me the rest of death with that dagger!”

“ .... ”

After the silence, there was a step back.

This time there was no need to hesitate in carrying out the action.

Ben was also backing away with a tired look on his face, and Develania immediately made a disgusted expression and ran away to deal with the monster again.

“Daemon? Why do you avoid it? Please show ‘that’ side again!”

I don’t know, man. I don’t know what you want, and even if I did, I don’t want to show it to you.

Of course, you can’t say that thought outright.

I cautiously opened my mouth, desperately avoiding the gaze of Silua, who was breathing heavily in anticipation. Something that can somehow avoid this crazy situation right now.

“First of all....”

“First of all?”

“This is not the situation right now....”

“Ah! “You must have been annoyed by the noise around you!”

That’s why the excitement was broken!

Silua’s face brightened as if she had received a clear answer.

The two daggers spinning in my hands were sheathed, and my empty hands lightly clashed together.

match.

—People holding daggers like her came out from all directions.

....

“...You’re crazy, you’re crazy. “No matter how much support we provide, what if they throw away their boundaries and come here?”

“You didn’t throw me away and come here? “You left your adjutant behind?”

“Do you think that all you have to do is leave your adjutant behind? You brought the whole army with you! I feel sorry for the 7th Corps Commander’s adjutant. “You must be going through such a hard time right now....”

“Thanks to you, it was solid support. The attending doctor only thinks about the patients in charge, right? “Demon, can’t you see that you don’t look well?”

...I guess I should say thank you for taking care of my facial expressions in the meantime.

I was taken aback by the arrow that suddenly flew at me, and for a moment I could barely hide my shocked expression.

The seemingly endless horde of monsters, which seemed to make a big difference between having one corps and not having one, was quickly cleared up when Silua’s 7th corps joined.

Of course, thank you.

‘Thank you, so please leave now.’

The entire time she was clearing out the monsters, Silua was anxious because she couldn't give me a weapon. I told him to catch this monster and kill it whenever he got the chance...

If Ben, who was worried about my health, hadn't stepped forward and said that Demon-sama should rest now, I would have stood there motionless in front of that hideous monster.

After watching the few remaining monsters being cleared away, I hurriedly walked to the carriage and opened the door.

Silua, who had been looking at me the whole time while working, tilted her head.

"Are you coming in? Are you not going to deal with those monsters? I left it on purpose to give it to you, Demon..."

Was it on purpose?

After a moment of pause, I pretended not to hear anything and got into the carriage. Develania approached Silua with a bright smile.

"We've sorted things out to a certain extent, but why don't the 7th Corps commander just leave?"

"Are you going to use it like this and then immediately throw it away? "I haven't seen it that way, but Develania is also colder than I thought."

"What are you saying?" We're going to the second city. "Do you know who is guarding the second city right now, Commander of the 7th Corps?"

Silua's face frowned as if she was remembering someone.

"...Commander of the 10th Corps."

Outright contempt and disgust.

Silua spat, as if he was displeased with the fact that he was a corps commander like me, and gestured towards his corps members.

"I'm sure it would be better to get out of here than to meet a guy who doesn't even look like the commander of the corps. See you later."

"okay."

"...I think the work is over, so please take this thread away."

"Oh, I'm sorry. "It came in easily like a loach, so I thought it would take care of itself when it left."

"It's not difficult to get in and out, but I wonder if I have to go out inconveniently."

Quickly. The sound of teeth grinding was heard.

Develania, smiling with a strong jaw as if gritted teeth, holds out his hand. As if they had been waiting, the threads that had been tangled together were unraveled and returned to their respective owners' hands.

It was a neat finish that put to naught any worries that it might get tangled in the middle.

"Thank you. "Okay then."

" ...."

I thought he would stick around a bit more, but he turned away really calmly.

If you're the 10th Corps commander, you're probably referring to Geisitel, so why that reaction?

My doubts were resolved when I entered the second city where he was said to be residing.

'Wow... crazy.'

Perhaps most of the monsters had flocked at that time, but since then no monsters on that scale have appeared.

Thanks to this, I was able to solve the problem with just Ben, who was going crazy with Develania and the members of the 2nd Corps, and I also arrived at the second city at the right time, so I was relieved— '...I can't believe they're attacking me like this.

,

Did you take advantage of the moment I let my guard down? It was a great psychological warfare, Commander of the 10th Corps.

When I arrived at the second city and got off the carriage, wearing the robe Ben had given me on behalf of my lieutenant Ed, who had not followed me, what I encountered was none other than fluttering

.

—It was colorful luminous paper powder falling against the night sky.

"Do do do star..."



As I was looking at the sky blankly, Develania clicked her tongue as if it was pitiful next to me.

I was about to look back at her, but the sound of the drums continued and I fixed my gaze straight ahead again.

Demons line up to form a path, and in the middle of them, a demon with large bat wings walks with a palanquin behind him.

He came right in front of me, who still hadn't adjusted to this situation, and bowed politely.

"long time no see. Demon."

"Ah yes."

"I heard you were coming here so I quickly got ready. How do you feel? It may be quite inadequate since it was a hasty investigation into the civilization of the human world, but..."

For some reason. For a moment, I wondered if there was something like this in the demon world.

It seems like I worked hard, but if I were to give my honest opinion...

'I'm embarrassed.'

All the demons around are just looking here. My face is so hot that I can't raise my head. At least it was like this because he was wearing a robe. If he had no face, he wouldn't have been shamed.

It was clumsy and even excessive...

Then the personality of the 10th demon corps commander in front of me came to mind.

‘He... he was a bit servile, wasn’t he?’

As Silua said, he is a corps commander who is not befitting a corps commander, as he is always observant.

It was Devellania who spoke on behalf of me, who was silent as I didn’t know how to react.

“What is that thing behind you...?”

“Oh, this is a kiln. It is said that people of high status in the human world ride on it. “Daemon is human, so I thought he would miss you, so I prepared this.”

no. I’ve never ridden that thing. Before that, why are you so sure that I am of high status?

The kiln is used in the ‘South’. I even heard that it is almost completely closed these days, and only royals ride it briefly during certain events.

‘Usually, when you’re a corps commander, you often secretly go out to the human world, right...? If so, you would be able to tell the difference between the North and the South.’

At least Develania seemed to know for sure, turning her head to the side and shaking her shoulders. If you know, please tell me.

I quietly touched my forehead.

‘...How do I fix this?’

“Daemon!”

“...?”

At that time, Ben, who was standing still, pushed the demons away and rushed out.

Develania, who had suddenly been pushed along with me, looked at me in confusion, but he didn't pay any attention and fidgeted in front of me, looking at my magic stone necklace over and over again.

"Daemon! Do you have a headache?! Please be patient, I'll treat you quickly... Damn, there's no reaction, right? That means...!"

I don't know what you're thinking, but it's probably not that.

I slowly lowered the hand that was on my forehead.

I was just about to explain that I was fine, thinking that the situation would escalate further.

"Huh! Do you have a headache? "There's a palanquin here, so hurry up and get on it!"

Geisitel, commander of the 10th Corps, did not miss the opportunity and suddenly colonized Gama. Faced with the extravagant palanquin, I could not bear to face reality and quietly looked away.

'...I think my head will hurt more if I ride that.'

As a result, I was able to attract the attention of all demons in this city.

Yes, I rode it.

'I'm so glad I wore the robe.'

...I'm so glad.

\*\*\*

The man wearing a black robe and sitting on an ornate palanquin was more alien than anything else.

It's not that they don't fit together. The palanquin, which may have seemed comical, actually made the man stand out by carrying him.

Naturally relaxing, leaning back against the backrest. The posture of putting one's arm on the armrest and resting one's forehead as if something was bothering him.

The appearance, which added to the imagination by not being able to see the face with the robe hood pressed down, caught the attention of the city demons who flocked to see the news of the 0 Corps commander's visit in a different way.

'I can't feel any magic, so I'm sure it's a human...'

'A human with that kind of vibe?'

'So you're the commander of the 0 Corps?'

Among the demons, the number 0 had great meaning.

A person who created a position that didn't exist and recruited him without even adding a number to the end. Although the proud corps commanders who brought me in by placing me above 1st Corps Commander Jaycar

are attaching meaning to the numbers I have, in reality, the numbers they have do not have much meaning. There is an atmosphere of respect up to 3, but the only number that actually has meaning is the 1st Corps Commander, who is qualified to serve as the devil's representative.

Therefore, the higher number '0' attracted the attention of all demons in the demon world.

What was the devil thinking when he gave him that position?

Why did the other corps commanders accept him?

What is his role? And what are his abilities?

—What on earth is he worth?

The contributions he made at the time of recruitment were enough to make him a corps commander, but there were some doubts about giving him the position of corps commander.

It is not enough to stop the hero from committing suicide and kill the 7th Corps commander before that. Wouldn't it have been okay to just give him the position of 13th corps commander?

So we gathered together. I wanted to see the face of the famous Commander 0 Corps and answer my questions.

'I understand now.'

'I think I understand without having to find out the reason.'

As a result, although I did not see the face, the mystery was resolved.

I think I understand why other corps commanders accepted him without any complaints.

The atmosphere is unique.

When compared to Geisitel, the commander of the 10th Corps who came to protect the city, the gap was even more evident.

If Geisitel is a scoundrel, Demon Arut is the leader or right-hand man of the underworld. Even compared to 2nd Corps Commander Develania, who had a much heavier presence than Geisitel, the difference remained.

Even now, isn't Develania acting as a guard and attendant, and Geisitel fawning next to her? In a way, they are also the same 'corps commander'. The commander of Corps 0 doesn't even react to Geisitel's flattery.

At the moment when the demons were admiring him as he sat silently on the palanquin and fixed his gaze on the front, the Commander of Corps 0, who was holding his forehead as if he was tired, had a headache, or was annoyed, opened his mouth.

"...."

"Yes? "Daemon, what did you say?"

As expected, Geisitel, who was waiting next to him, did not miss the opportunity and approached quickly and listened.

The invisible gaze inside the robe seemed to glance at him, and then a small voice came out.

Everyone listened, and Geisitel, who heard him closest, kindly recited the content in his voice.

His voice spread widely in the quiet space.

"...-."

“turn off?”

“...—.”

“lose. Get out. I said ‘get out’....”

“....”

“....”

A short silence passed by for a moment.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 89**

89. A vacation that is not a vacation (5)

While the entire city fell into silence, Geisitel was the first to come to his senses.

After being dazed for a moment, he seemed to realize his rudeness and hurriedly slapped himself in the face, then turned around and shouted at his corps members who were walking along with the palanquin, making a path around him.

“What are they doing! Hurry up and turn off! “The demons around you seem to be bothering you. Get rid of them quickly!”

The expressions of the corps members changed subtly in an instant.

‘...I don’t know much about Commander 0, but no matter how I look at it, I think he’ll be more bothered by Geisitel than over there.’

Because they keep talking nonsense and flattery that doesn’t work. Even if that wasn’t the case, I think he had a headache, but when he started talking next to me...

Of course, I didn’t say those words out loud.



The corps members, who did not feel the need to get caught by telling their superior information that was not clear to their subordinates, simply answered quickly and approached the surrounding demons as if they were herding sheep.

The demons, who had already heard Geisitel's remarks, looked annoyed and quickly retreated. He didn't forget to curse with his eyes.

'Should I be satisfied with having seen the rumored commander of Corps 0 in person?'

Most people thought this and retreated obediently, but

they thought, 'Looks like I'll be staying for a few days, so I guess I'll just hang out near where I'm staying. Then maybe we can at least see the face...'

Some people thought this as they watched the colorful palanquin starting to move again from a distance.

Develania, feeling these gazes, chuckled.

"Hel is going to have a hard time."

\*\*\*

Get out.

This was never what I meant. This is force majeure.

Those were words that came from deep within my heart without me even knowing.

As the palanquin moves, Ben on the left asks intermittently whether your head still hurts or if you are in any other discomfort other than your head. On the right, Geisitel asks

if you are comfortable in the palanquin or if there is anything you don't like. Daemon is in the palanquin

. How could I not go crazy when he is giving me mind-blowing flattery, such as saying that it feels like a halo is shining from behind when he sits down?

'Please get out of here, you bastards... I'm fine, I'm fine...'

So I unintentionally let out a moan-like whisper. Get out of here.

I had no idea it would grow this big.

"What are they doing! Hurry up and turn off! "The demons around you seem to be bothering you. Get rid of them quickly!"

no. There's no need to go that far.

Are you planning to make the entire city's demons my enemies? All you have to do is go away, just you!

I can feel the stinging stares. As I slowly rolled my eyes, I saw the demons' distorted expressions.

It was dizzying. They were retreating, swearing with their eyes at the absurd order of the 10th Corps commander.

First, I looked at the 10th Legion members who were kicking them out, then at Geisitel, and then the place where my gaze settled was none other than me.

'...I don't feel comfortable living in this city.'

haha. ha ha ha. Ha ha ha ha ha.

Anyone can see this situation right now, it looks like it happened because I gave an order. Of course he felt annoyed with me. If I continue to stay in this city, I don't know when and where there will be people looking to stab me.

So I holed up in my lodgings – a splendid mansion that Geisitel had taken from the city manager.

...Why?

Oh, and thinking about it again, the kiln was really the worst.

To what extent, you can tell by looking at me now.

'...Fuck.'

I was lying blankly in my room, and as a memory suddenly came to me, I quietly pulled the blanket up to my head.

Then, using the blanket as a medium, I struggled with all my might to escape the embarrassment.

Puk puk puk!!

"Ugh fuck!"

I sprained my ankle.

I sprained my ankle while kicking the blanket. I can't even talk about it.

I was rolling around silently, groaning and clutching my ankle, and then boom! And the door opened. I quickly straightened my posture and turned my head, but I couldn't help but be startled by the figure that caught my eye.

There was a doctor there who radiated tremendous energy.

Ben looked around the room with his eyes shining brightly, then walked towards me with long strides and started talking rapidly.

“Daemon, what’s going on! Do you have a headache again? Or is it a surprise attack? No, there’s no way you’d let out a moan just because of a surprise attack... If that’s the case...!”

“it’s nothing!”

I quickly stopped talking for fear of another misunderstanding. Even so, Ben narrows his eyes and looks at me, as if he still doesn’t trust me.

...As I look at his face, yesterday’s events come to mind again. Yes, go. I was riding in a palanquin...

I was embarrassed and lowered my head, but they started making a fuss about it, asking if I had a headache, how much it hurt, what the aftereffects were, etc., so I had to raise my head again and fix my eyes straight ahead.

As I was wondering how to let him know that I was okay, Develania stuck his head out from the hallway beyond the open door.

“Ben, when you look at him, it seems like you are looking at Mr. Demon too weakly?”

“...Isn’t it natural since he is the attending physician?”

“Anyway, it’s ‘that’ Demon.”

“....”

“Well, it doesn’t matter to me anyway. Rather than that, it’s a demon-.”

She lightly shrugs and looks back.

The voice was more sinister than usual, so I suppressed my body from jumping up and barely answered. The soft voice returned as if it had been waiting.

“There are curious rats snooping around outside. Are you feeling uncomfortable? For example, you didn’t want to go out to buy clothes because it was annoying...”

“That...”

Even if that wasn’t the reason...

“Did you say you didn’t want to go out to buy clothes?”

Where did you come from again?

Geysitel suddenly appeared from the ceiling, unfolding and folding the bat wings behind his back as if asking me to look at him, and clapped his hands twice toward the outside.

Chrrrrrr.

Chrrrrrr.

“ .... ”

“Oh my?”

“Maybe you’re annoying! So I called the designers in advance! ...Actually, that is the only reason to come to this city with the commander of the 2nd Corps...”

I can hear it all.

Develania's clothing purchases are also famous here.

I looked around the room at the designers who were smiling with their faces turning pale and the corners of their mouths quivering. It was obviously empty except for the bed and closet table, but it quickly filled up with clothes.

If the first city was a 'city of entertainment', the second city was a 'city of shopping' or a 'city of trade'. There are certainly many different types of clothes. In the human world, you can see everything from northern-style clothing to southern-style clothing.

'...But strangely, it looks more southern.'

Now that I think about it, I think the southern culture particularly caught my eye in this city.

The new clothes that Develania gave me when I just arrived in the Demon World, as well as the clothes hanging here in addition to the damn palanquin.

'Well, was there a passage connected to the south discovered somewhere?'

Oh no way. The Demon King doesn't go out of his way to tell me unless it's something I need to do, so even if that were the case, the empire would have already known and taken action, so there's no way the news wouldn't come to me.

'It's probably just a coincidence.'

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The empire, no, the emperor is going crazy. It is said that after leaving internal affairs to the Crown Prince, he personally went into battle and wielded his sword.

The king of a small kingdom in the south, who was on high alert due to the situation, touched his forehead and sighed at the new news that followed.

Sadly, it seems like heaven is about to give our kingdom a trial.

“The border with the demon world has been discovered?”

Here in our kingdom?

“Why, in this situation...”

Under normal circumstances, he would have reported this to the empire and discussed a plan together.

The empire was implicitly in charge of matters related to the demon world, and other kingdoms, who did not want to waste their attention or energy, accepted this without much opposition.

But I can't do that now. In a situation where the empire is running rampant for no reason, isn't it a situation where if we conquer the kingdom we are currently facing, the next opponent might be our kingdom?

We cannot hastily hand over such important information to a country that may be our enemy.

The King, who had been leafing through documents while sighing, twitched his eyebrows as if he had discovered something.

“No major accidents?”

Demons have come over and are wandering around here and there wearing clumsy robes, but there are no major

incidents.

“Yes, they are mainly seen snooping around markets and places where small festivals are held, and other than the occasional theft of clothes or items, they do not cause any serious trouble.”

“So there have been no serious crimes such as murder yet?”

“yes.”

“Whoa, okay. First of all, I guess I should say that I am fortunate about that alone.”

For now, we will have to increase our own surveillance and vigilance and hold off on informing the empire. The current empire cannot be trusted.

The king, who had been skimming through the documents, thinking that this fact should be kept a top secret because he could not add more anxiety to the kingdom’s citizens who were already anxious due to the war, stopped when he read the report on the demons’ clothing.

Without exception, all demons are different from humans in some way. For example, it would be a horn or a tail, or if we take the Demon Lord as an example, it would be ‘eyes’.

So, if you want to come to the human world, you have to cover your teeth well, but these clumsy demons...!

‘If you have a tail, you should cover it. Why cover your face?’

If there was a tail in the world, it should be hidden mainly by the tail. Why is it so obsessed with the robe hood? Why does



a guy with horns pull the front of the hood tightly when talking to people? Don't the horns stand out!

Fortunately, since it was a festival at the time, it was considered nothing more than a prop, and they almost made it known that there were demons roaming around here.

'Do these guys have any intention of hiding it?'

It felt like fatigue was already building up at the thought of having more things to worry about.

\*\*\*

"First of all..."

I looked around at the clothes that filled the room.

...Well, it's also burdensome.

"Let's put these away first."

"yes? "Are you sure you don't have any clothes you like at all?"

Geisitel's eyes widened in surprise and soon turned sharp and turned to look at the designers.

The designers' faces turned white as if they had been squeezed. Even though it wasn't pale, it became even whiter, so it was almost like being coated with flour.

I hurriedly waved my hand in fear that he might be bothering the designers.

"No, no. "It's not that..."

“It’s not that?”

“....”

Despite Gaisitel’s question, I trailed off and just kept my mouth shut.

How can I just say I’m not interested in clothes? There is a demon next to me listening to the conversation with his eyes open and blue.

When I glanced at Develania, my eyes met surprisingly. She must have read something in my gaze and nodded and opened her mouth.

“Thank you, but I think Demon wants you to go around the store and look at the clothes in person. “When you come to a city, it’s fun to walk around and see things.”

“Ah... I was foolish. “I’m sorry, Demon.”

“Oh yes... well....”

...I don’t want to go out. Let’s leave that mess behind...?

Develania’s eyes narrowed as she was unable to speak and just mumbled as she willingly left.

She kept looking out the window and at me with her arms crossed, nodding as if she understood something. Then she opened the window of her room, put one leg over her, and smiled.

“Then I’ll take care of the rats outside first.”

“yes? “No, wait!”

When you say rats, you're referring to the demons wandering around nearby, right?

I quickly stopped Develania and sighed, fearing that I would create another needless grudge relationship. I guess he thought the reason I was mumbling was because of the demons outside.

Damn it. Okay, I'll go out. I'm leaving.

"There is no need to do that. "Let's just get out."

I waved the designers away and took the robe from Ben's hand and put it on. Ben, who doesn't leave me alone on a day like this because I look like such a child, naturally reaches out and straightens the hood and ties the knot of the robe tightly. It was a very skillful and natural touch.

'...Why can I feel Ed's touch in this guy's touch?'

Since Ed is a lieutenant with nothing to do, he said he would do this. Even so, why is he doing this?

Since the two of you encounter each other so often, have you unintentionally become similar?

As I stood there in a daze, thinking that if either Ed or Ben heard anything, a fight would immediately break out, shocking words pierced my ears.

"Ah, are you trying to leave? Then, take the palanquin..."

"You're crazy... no, no need... um, it's okay."

The rejection engraved in my spinal cord jumped out immediately. I had a bit of trouble expressing what was

supposed to be a swear word in a friendly way, but judging by Geisitel's reaction, it seems to be okay.

If you look at the face, it's not an angry expression, but a pale, tired face.

"Bah, I just swore..."

Haha, that's right. There's no way it's okay.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 90**

90. A vacation that is not a vacation (6)

Gaisitel opens and closes his mouth several times as if he is quite shocked, but then slowly kneels down. There was a solid red line on his neck that wasn't there until a moment ago, and I don't know when it first came about.

Drool – The blood that had formed along the solid line pools and flows down.

Only then did I discover the existence of the thread touching Geisitel's neck.

“...I apologize if I offended you in any way. sorry.”

Develaniaaaa!! What are the same corps commanders doing now?

For some reason, Geisitel is even apologizing instead of getting angry! Why are you apologizing?

In the meantime, it was a bit absurd to see that they did not think that the kiln was the cause, but it was more embarrassing than that.

Debellania, who had a string around Gaisitel's neck, took a stance as if she was about to pull it. “

What should we do, Demon?”

—Because I was smiling.

Wasn't he a corps commander like you? I was sure that killing one another was considered self-respecting, right?

Or maybe—

‘I can't believe Gaisitel's treatment was strange.’

Was it judged to be unhelpful to power? Would it be better to replace him with a corps commander?

The Demon King is like the father of all demons. As long as they are born from the power of the Demon King, they will most likely not do anything that will harm the Demon King.

So, there must be a reason for treating the ‘corps commander’, an important force, this way.

Otherwise, just as not all children listen to their parents and grow up properly, there may simply be some demons who go astray, and one of them is Debellania.

Regardless of which answer was given, the thought I had at that moment was none other than ‘I'm screwed.’

‘That means I can kill as many people as I want!’

As I got used to it, the tension that had loosened became tighter again.

Still, I thought there was some safety device, but it was shocking to see that it was bare body. Wasn't it literally like I was walking on a tightrope with my bare body on a cliff?

I once again saw Develania's smiling face. If I make a mistake, I'll cut my head off with that expression on my face.

You have to get involved before that happens. For a brief moment, my head was spinning.

And Geisitel, whose head looked like it was about to be cut off, came into view.

Ah, I got the answer.

"Let's go out."

When I noticed that Ben's hand that had been adjusting my clothes had come off, I hurriedly walked towards the door.

D'Vellania asked, loosening the strength in her hand that was holding the thread, as if the words were completely unexpected. The usual loose face was everywhere, and the innocently blinking eyes as if he hadn't heard anything was creepy again.

"...yes?"

"Would it be okay to kill the same corps commander? Gaisitel did nothing wrong, so let's just pick up the thread and leave."

How to increase Develania's favor towards you and how to avoid incurring Geisitel's resentment.

'Going out' under the pretext of 'buying clothes'.

It may be a bit of a struggle, but if it means you can have a better future, why sacrifice your life?

Everyone paused for a moment at the sudden change of topic. As expected, Geisitel was the first to act.

Using a skill that I don't know where he honed his skills, he took advantage of the slack in D'Vellania's strings and rushed over, opened the door, and waited.

Develania blinked for a moment and looked at him, then smiled and took the thread.

"If Demon says so."

"...."

"More than that, Demon, you are humble as expected. "He knows his position and is the 'same' corps commander."

Well, actually, it's a lower position than that. ... hmm?

"Humble" for a moment? Not 'arrogance'?

I am a human being, and the '0 Corps Commander' position I got was created by creating a position that did not exist, so it must be an honorary position, and even so, I do not have a proper role... I said that I was 'the same' as other corps commanders on that topic, but was it not arrogance but humility

?

"Daemon's position is implicitly similar to that of the 1st Corps Commander."

"I am saying this because there is no 1st Corps Commander, but since everyone is more nervous when dealing with Demon-nim than with the 1st Corps Commander, shouldn't it be said that Demon-nim is actually higher in rank? "The



Demon King is also more careful with Demon than with the 1st Corps Commander.”

I didn’t know. I just thought everyone respected me because I was a parachute brought by the devil himself.

So, no matter how low my current position is....

the devil > 1st corps commander = me > the rest of the corps commanders,

right? You’re crazy.

The 1st Corps commander also serves as the devil’s agent. I’m in a similar position to that guy? Even that is the lowest setting.

But still, there was nothing I could say.

“...Let’s go out.”

I have no choice but to repeat what I said.

....

The feeling of being a dress-up doll was terrible, but seeing the city was quite interesting.

As a city of trade, there are a variety of fruits and weapons. Even the types of fish available in the market were diverse. Somehow, I see a lot of them from the South, but I just pass them over because they’re trendy.

I looked around as I took the sweet fruit Gaisitel offered me.

“Daemon! “Shall we go that way this time?”

“Daemon, this fruit here is called mango. It grows in the southern part of the human world. Would you like to try it?”

Demon, Demon, Demon... That damn Demon! I want to take a look, but the two corps commanders won't let me go.

If Ben had done the same, I would have really had a headache, but fortunately, he seemed to have noticed my condition and kept his mouth shut, following me silently as if I was not there.

Oh, and Geisitel's recovery was quick. At least until I left, I thought he would be depressed or burning with anger, but he appeared cheerful, rubbing his palms together as if something had just happened, and claimed to be a guide around the city.

Following his guidance, I circled around until I was near the castle gate, and muttered inadvertently as I watched the people coming and going through the gate.

“The monsters' attacks must have intensified, but the gates are still open.”

Although it contained doubts, this was clearly self-talk.

After talking with the gatekeeper guarding the castle gate, the familiar sight of demons leaving outside did not suit the current situation, so I just muttered that.

“Oh, actually, this city originally had its gates closed. But the border with the human world was discovered not far away... Wow!”

“...?!”

Geisitel gave an unexpected answer.

No way....

The hypothesis that had been occupying a corner of my head all along inflated its presence as if it had been waiting.

“The southern part of the human world?”

“How did you do that...! “No, no, that’s what I mean...”

Was it true?!

Geisitel belatedly denies it, but the sight of him dropping the southern fruit he was holding and waving his hand doesn’t seem very believable.

I’m not the only one who didn’t know this, right?

Ben and D’Bellania turned around to see if they knew, and saw D’Bellania shaking his head with his forehead and Ben with his eyes wide open.

At least Ben didn’t seem to know.

‘thank god. ‘I wasn’t the only one who didn’t know.’

At that time, Ben, who had been gaping with his mouth open, frowned and asked a sharp question.

“Does the Demon King know about this?”

“Of course, report! ...I meant to....”

“You mean I didn’t.”

“...When will demons who have to stay in the city go to the human world? “I happened to find a border line nearby, so I wanted to have a little fun...”

Since we were going back and forth secretly, we established rules between ourselves and forbade any accidents or fighting there...

Geisitel's voice gradually becomes quieter. The head gradually lowers, and the bat wings behind the back are folded tightly against the body.

And at that moment, those who had just left the gate returned again.

Very urgently, with a cloud of dust behind my back.

"Close the door! "Close the door quickly!!"

"It's a monster!!"

Wow. If I do well, I'll be trapped in this city, right?

It's hard to see because it's covered in dust, but just looking at the scale of the dust, you can clearly see that the number is no joke.

Unlike me, who was inwardly shocked, the gatekeepers were calm.

Although he was confused for a moment, he skillfully took out the communication box and sent a message somewhere. Then an alarm sounded and the huge castle gates began to slowly close.

'Wait a minute, I don't think they can come in?'

The gate is almost completely closed, but there is still some distance between the gate and the guys running.

I naturally looked at them wondering if that was okay, but then the two of them kicked the ground. And then the

sliding!

In! I ran that distance and got in in one go!

‘But why is the monster suddenly... ah.’

The thoughts that were flowing through my consciousness reached something and stopped. At the same time, cold sweat ran down my spine.

Now that I think about it, after going through a lot of trouble on the way here, all the monsters I encountered were driven back inside the border. In fact, I didn’t even intentionally try to drive them out. After killing them for a while, there was nothing they could do because those who felt their lives were threatened ran away first.

‘But it was too much of a waste to do that again...’

Also, setting up a thread and attracting monsters to deal with them is not efficient because the number of them is insufficient.

It wasn’t a huge number like in the beginning, so I thought it wouldn’t be a big deal if I ran away... but

my thoughts were short-lived. Where will the chased monsters go? The only place nearby that has life is this second city.

‘This... it’s clearly our fault no matter who sees it.’

But don’t these guys get stabbed?

I glanced back at Develania, who had the same attitude, and Ben, who was only focused on my condition.

Develania, who did not miss my gaze, gently nodded her head and called out Gaisitel.

“It would be difficult if I couldn’t leave the city. “Shouldn’t you fulfill your mission, Commander of the 10th Corps?”

“The 10th Legion is always ready to defend the city.”

As soon as the preparations were complete, Gaisitel appeared, dragging a horse unique to the Demon World with black air currents fluttering about.

Likewise, the members of the 10th Corps were fully prepared and stood behind them, each holding the reins of their horses.

If the 2nd Corps led by Develania’s specialty is attacks using thread and setting traps, the 10th Corps is ‘horseback riding’.

It’s a bit of a strange combination since the commander has wings and his specialty is horseback riding, but it’s none of my business.

I knew that the demon horse they had was a meat-eater, so instead of saying something, I quietly took a step back.

Then Ben stepped forward as if speaking for himself.

“Are you avoiding questioning like this?”

“...You are persistent on the topic of your doctor. “I don’t think it’s up to you to step forward.”

“Well, I heard something from the Lieutenant of Commander 0 Corps, who is not here. “Daemon usually talks little, so I

told you to keep an eye on him and listen closely to find out in advance what he wants to say.”

...huh? me?

“In that sense, I will speak on behalf of Demon. As the situation is dire, I will let you go, but no matter how Gaisitel comes out, the matter regarding the border will be reported to the Demon King.”

Why are you speaking on my behalf? Can't you just say that's what you're saying?

As expected, Geisitel's harsh gaze turns to Ben and then to me. It seems like the gaze directed at me is closer to observing rather than glaring, but of course I'm mistaken.

He holds the reins tightly, bows to me once, and mounts the horse. Likewise, members of the 10th Legion on horseback followed Geisitel and stood in front of the castle gate.

Then a powerful voice fell.

“Open the door.”

The mission of the 10th Corps commander is to protect the city. The door opened without a word.

The 10th Legion, riding black horses, sortied through the half-open door in preparation for monsters coming in.

Doo doo doo doo doo!!

‘oh... It's pretty cool...?’

I was staring blankly at the scene where the black air flowing out from the horse stretched like a tail and then

later dispersed, and then I glanced at the door closing again.

And I couldn't believe my eyes.

It's not because a monster came in. Fortunately, the monster didn't come in. But...

doo doo doo doo doo!!

'What are they doing...'

The 10th Legion that had just left came back.

Just before the door closed, the last corps member came in, and the sound of the door closing with a thump followed by the screams of monsters echoed from beyond.

Gaisitel, who was out of breath with a pale face, suddenly grabbed Develania by the collar.

"There are too many!"



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 91**

91. A vacation that is not a vacation (7)

"Oh my? But why are you grabbing me by the collar? "It's not even my fault."

"Fuck shit. This doesn't work. "It's too much for our corps alone."

"A corps commander who can't do his job like that..."

"How can I help you..."

"Why me?"

It seems my prediction was correct. I'm stuck in this city like this.

'...that's terrible.'

I have to stay with these guys in this city? I already miss my room in the Demon King's Castle. Even though it was located in the Demon King's Castle, it was quite comfortable as no one came in unless there was something important to do.

As I was thinking about this and that about the bleak future, one fact suddenly popped into my head.

If the monsters came all the way here, wouldn't there be some who escaped to the human world? Coincidentally, there was a border with the human world nearby.

'...What do we do.'

If it's the southern part of the human world, it's not an empire, so I guess I don't have to worry about it. No, it's still the human world, right?

Perhaps because the empire's territory is so large, most of the boundaries so far have been found within the empire. So there was no need to worry too much, but why did it show up in the wrong place?

'No, first of all, if it is true that the border is connected to the south, the priority is to check which region of the kingdom it is connected to. To do that, you have to check it yourself....'

"Haa...."

"!"

I tried to hold back, but I couldn't help but sigh.

How do you break through that? I also gave up on the 10th Corps. I guess I'll just stay stuck in this city until it goes away on its own.

I was just turning around thinking that. Devellania, who had been looking at me with a start since I sighed, shook her head as if there was nothing she could do and took a step forward.

"Since Demon wants it, I'll help you just this once."

“?”

“Let’s go, Demon.”

Ben stands next to me, swinging his visit bag.

I’m not sure what this conclusion was based on, but in the end it turned out as I had hoped, so I shook my head and walked away.

The gate opens and a moment later.

In an atmosphere that was no different from when I had just arrived here, I was able to reach the border by stepping on the corpses of monsters.

As I stood there in a daze, in a place where day and night were clearly divided, as soon as my spirit that had run away from home for a while to go through hell returned, I realized something and opened my mouth.

Obviously I didn’t say anything...? How did you know that I wanted to come here...

“Daemon, you must have wanted to go there in person at least once to report, so I stopped by while I was out like this... Did I make a mistake...?”

“Oh...no... thank you.”

“Thank you.”

If you think that way, I will feel comfortable and happy.

Before crossing the border, I first looked at my attire. Regardless of whether it is imperial territory or not, it would be difficult for my identity to be discovered.

Meanwhile, Devellania, who was looking at me with wide eyes, turned her head and looked at Geisitel.

“Is the 10th Corps going back now? “You must not forget your mission.”

His expression darkened slightly at the words, which were completely correct.

“But as for guidance...”

“Daemon, you are a human, so would you need guidance? Well... if you really need guidance, I think it would be better for me to do it than you. “I was the one who told you that beyond here was the ‘South,’ right?”

Come to think of it, Develania went to the human world a lot, at least for missions. I think he is probably the most knowledgeable in the human world than any other corps commander except me.

‘Anyway, it’s ridiculous to think about it again. Even so, I wouldn’t have guessed that even Develania was silent about the existence of this place.’

Ben also looked at her with an expression on his face that looked as if he had a lot to say, as if it was absurd, but he narrowed his eyebrows instead, as if he didn’t want to say something similar again.

Gaisitel, overcome by logic, turns around with a sullen face. Develania didn’t stop there, and only after sending her legion back did she approach me with a relieved look on her face.

“Daemon, are you ready?”

“Yes, what...”

He nodded, fiddling with the robe hood that covered his face.

Fortunately, my clothes were neat. I didn't lift a finger the entire time I was here, so it was natural that I wouldn't be disturbed. Mentally, I was incredibly tattered, but I

could ignore that and say something. There are two corps commanders here, so you didn't have to bother showing up yourself?

“Then shall we go?”

“Yes...”

At this time, I was so lost in my thoughts that I overlooked an important fact.

Not only should I care about my clothes, but I should also care about their clothes.

Unlike me, who is clean, they are covered in the blood of monsters.

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“You come over to the human world with seven layers of blood?!”

These crazy demons!

The king of a small southern kingdom could not overcome his rising blood pressure and grabbed the back of his neck. The knight, who saw his body falling backwards, quickly threw himself down and caught him.

“My Highness! Calm! Calm down! “Deep breath, deep breath...!”

“Whoosh whoosh....”

What should we do with these damn demons? I wonder if they have any intention of hiding it or not!

Did they commit a murder somewhere? Fratricidal war? No, since he appeared while dealing with monsters, the blood probably belonged to the monster.

As he thought about that, the king’s expression changed subtly.

Should I be grateful for this? Whatever the intention, they dealt with monsters on behalf of the kingdom.

How dizzy I was when I suddenly heard that monsters had started coming from beyond the border. It was something that could have turned into a really big problem.

“...I heard there was an unusual demon among them.”

“Ah yes. Wearing a black robe—”

“Look... Almost all the demons that come here are wearing robes. “The proportion of black robes is 90%.”

“Ah... But it is said that he was the only one among them who had a clean appearance without a trace of blood. “The spirit he exuded was extraordinary, and the other demons who came with him seemed to respect and serve him, so I guess he must be a high-ranking demon.”

As the explanation continued, the King’s expression gradually hardened as the image of someone came to mind.

Black robe, extraordinary spirit and high status in the demon world.

Of course, it is highly likely not. It shouldn't be. Why would 'he', who rarely comes out of the Demon King's Castle unless it is important work such as a battle, come here?

but.

"majesty! Here's a new report! One of the demons who crossed over to the human world is Develania, the commander of the 2nd Corps of the Demon King's Army! They said it was easy to figure out because their faces weren't covered...."

"Damn it."

He wasn't covering his face. In that case, at least it means that 'Black Robe' is not the commander of the 2nd Corps.

I heard that the demons who came with me took an attitude as if they respected and served the 'Black Robe'. How many people can the 2nd Corps Commander respect and serve?

As his confidence gradually strengthened, liberation and resignation appeared on the king's face.

"...Commander of Corps 0."

"yes?"

"The black robe. "He's probably the commander of Corps 0."

"That kind of thing!" Why is he here...!"

"I don't know. "It could have been reconnaissance or spying due to news of the discovery of a new border."

Either way is not good.

But even so, there was no way to touch it.

They are busy paying attention to the empire's rampaging actions, but if they get into trouble with the Demon World, the fate of this kingdom will be in jeopardy.

"Where are they and what are they doing now?"

"They say... it's heading to the market."

Like that?!

I don't have anything to say about going to the market, and I can't say anything, but I hope you check out their outfits before you go.

We can't just leave it like this. If we are not careful, the kingdom will be turned upside down and the eyes of the empire will fall on this side.

As the king did not want either of them, he had no choice but to give an unwilling order while touching his forehead.

"Hide it."

"yes?"

"Hide their identity somehow. The method doesn't matter, but proceed in a way that causes as little fuss as possible.

"Okay, it would be best to give him a clean robe first."

"yes. But whether they will accept it obediently..."

"You have to think about that."

"...yes?"



I don't know, just handle it yourself. I don't want to worry anymore.

The King waved his hand, pretending not to notice the other person's gaze filled with confusion and bewilderment.

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For the first time in a while, the human world was sunny, as if to say, 'This is what it means to have a sun.'

Thanks to this, after facing the sun for the first time in a long time, I reflexively pulled on the hood of my robe to cover my face, and then slowly began to look around.

As if there was some rule, the border line that always existed in a sparsely populated area was, without exception, connected to an area in the mountains that is unlikely to be easily visited.

D'Vellania grinned, stepped aside, and stretched out one arm.

"Where do you want to go from here, Demon Niim? A downtown area with lots of people? Or a place with few people?"

"...a place where you can get to know the daily lives of the residents here...." "

Then, of course, it's a market. "This will be your first time here, so I will guide you."

"however."

Ben, who had been making an expression as if something was bothering him since he came here, looked somewhere

and opened his mouth.

“You saw a few rats, but you couldn’t have noticed them, so are you just going to leave them like this?”

“Oh right. Because they’re the type of guys that don’t really cause any harm. I thought it would be more troublesome if I took it out, so I left it alone, but that’s only if Demon-sama bothers you. What should I do?”

This isn’t home, there are just rats on the mountain, so there’s no reason to waste time catching them when they don’t cause any harm.

It was annoying, and I didn’t even know it existed.

No, actually, I still don’t know. It’s so quiet. Where are the rats?

“If it doesn’t cause any harm, let’s just go.”

“Okay then, come this way.”

As if he had been there once or twice before, Develania began to expertly go down the forest path.

We followed her and moved carefully so as not to hurt our ankles. Before long, we were able to meet a human at the entrance to the forest.

The problem is that those people are ‘knights’.

Two fully armed knights wearing unfamiliar armor that looked active stopped us with stern faces.

As I was very nervous and ready to jump at any moment, they spoke to me.

“Are you the mercenaries? I heard the story. “You killed the monsters that came here.”

“...?”

“Thanks to you, I was able to overcome a major crisis. “On behalf of the Knights Templar, I would like to thank you.”

“No, well...”

I don’t know what it is, but I’m glad you misunderstood me like this. I was worried that we might have to take armed conflict into account.

Ignoring the pricking conscience and answering hesitantly, one of the two rummaged through the luggage they had brought with them and took out two robes and a money pouch.

His eyes were still focused on me.

“It’s a small fee, but it’s a gratuity and a robe. “I prepared the robe because I thought it would probably splatter a lot of blood while killing the monster, but it seems like I prepared it well.”

ah. Only then did I realize Develania and Ben’s condition.

My condition wasn’t the only thing to worry about.

The two were in a mess because they had been fighting all the way to the border, and although they had gotten used to seeing Ben all the time, Ben’s appearance, with snake scales covering part of his face, clearly did not resemble that of a human.

However, he came to the human world without a single robe.

I'm crazy. Damn it.

'...But you're giving me a robe? Rather than arresting them or immediately disposing of them?'

Now that I think about it, I didn't look at Develania and Ben during the whole conversation.

I wondered if the two of them had become invisible demons without me knowing, but in reality, that doesn't make sense, and there's only one hypothesis that comes to mind right now...

Oh, no way.

'Are you deliberately pretending not to know? No, this goes beyond pretending not to know and is at the level of hiding your identity?'

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 92**

92. Vacation that is not a vacation (8)

Why?

I stared at their faces. Unlike general imperial citizens, their skin color is slightly darker. And an unfamiliar form of armor.

When was it? Yes, I saw it during the Eight Years' War when there was a conflict with a kingdom in the south.

'After all, this is the South.'

Although I'm not sure yet.

As soon as I realized that this was the South, the rest naturally came to mind.

Of course, there is something to check before putting confidence in the hypothesis that has emerged.

Anyway, the people in front of me wouldn't be able to react right away no matter what they heard, so I called Develania without hesitation.

"Develania."

"yes."

“Was this boundary discovered before or after the branch change?”

I know that the demons refer to the periods of my coming and going as ‘quarters’.

Was the boundary discovered before or after I came to the Demon World?

Even though he paused for a moment, the answer came back with an inexplicable smile, as if he had never done it before.

“It was before the quarters changed.”

I hid it for a really long time. When on earth were you planning on reporting this?

Anyway, thanks to you, I found the answer.

An empire that does not know that a border with the demon world has been created in the south. On the other hand, seeing as the knight is here, the kingdom is definitely aware of the existence of a border line.

In other words, this kingdom deliberately hid the existence of the border.

The reason is....

‘The situation in the empire has been quite unusual these days, hasn’t it?’

Let’s start a war on an empty day.

He must have been afraid to let people know because the situation was so bad.

So, in order to hide our existence, they are giving us money for robes and hoping that we won't get into trouble.

Anyway, I don't have a platform to make an accident and I'm just going to quietly watch and then go back, so there's no problem.

I watched Develania and Ben putting on their robes, then looked at the money bag in their hands.

'I have benefited.'

"Oh, and I'm telling you in case you don't know."

"...?"

"Things... are not stolen, but bought... with money."

"...."

"...I'm a mercenary, so in case you don't know...I'm also a being who wanders around the continent a lot...I was really, really just in case..." The

voice was rumbling, as if it wasn't true even though he was saying it. gets smaller and smaller.

After silently listening to his desperate words, I quietly turned my head and looked at Devellania.

You bastards...

what on earth and how much did you steal?

...Let's go back.

This was a conclusion that came shortly after arriving at the market.

Where should I start explaining? So, just as I arrived at the market, I was wondering what to do with this newly acquired information.

Important information that the Empire does not yet know. Should I immediately contact the empire and report this, or should I just pretend not to know?

Regardless of the deepening concerns, the conclusion had already been decided.

‘...I belong to the Demon World now.’

There is no need to think about the empire now.

In the Demon World, you only have to think about the Demon World and in the Empire, you only have to think about the Empire.

The moment I raised my head after concluding once again the conclusion that had already been made, something happened.

What kind of place is the market? Isn't it a crowded place? It's a place where people bump into each other while walking.

The only thing I didn't expect was that this body was annoyingly weak and that there were time bombs around me.

Pow!

“Ugh-”

My body stumbled greatly.



Unlike a bump, the body hit really well and fell backwards. Thanks to Ben's support, the body was able to avoid an unsightly appearance, but the impact it received was unable to be done and was completely vomited out of the mouth.

Blood spilled on the market floor.

"Uuuuuuuuuuuuuuk."

"Oh my god! Are you okay?"

"You bastard!!"

The roles of the two changed for a moment. Why is Develania watching me and Ben is holding him by the collar?

The two must have realized that fact too late and quickly changed places.

Ben hurriedly adjusted his position to prevent the blood from spilling, and D'Bellania grabbed the guy's collar as if nothing had happened and looked like he was pondering what to do with this.

Just when I thought that this was really going to lead to a chase for murder, the knights appeared.

"How dare you start a fight in the middle of the market?"

Even though no one in particular came forward to explain, there was no hesitation in their actions as if they knew everything.

Two knights grab both arms of the guy.

"Now sleep... what is this..."

“Take it with you.”

“No, why, King- Wow!”

“You talk a lot.”

“Why are the Royal Knights here!!”

watch! Call the security...

I looked at them with vain eyes as they disappeared from sight in an instant, and then turned my head.

It's ominous from the start, but I guess it's just my mood. It's just a coincidence.

What is... This was the beginning.

“Where are the bran guards going and why...!”

“let's go.”

“Help me! “I won't do that again...”

Even when I almost got pickpocketed.

“Oh my, Nari! “I did it to make a living!”

“let's go.”

“lily! “Nariiii!!”

Even when I almost got the fruit I picked at the market exchanged for bad quality fruit.

“Kolokkolok-!”

“What is this! “Is it poison?”

“Poison. Drag it...”

“No!”

You’re crazy, you crazy bastards!

What should I do in this situation? I have to go back before I cause more trouble.

It looks like the knights will keep chasing them until they return. From their point of view, they may be trying to end things on their own before the demons cause trouble, but for me, it feels like it’s making things worse.

In the meantime, he hugged the picked tea leaves tightly in his arms and quietly called out to the two.

“Let’s go back now.”

“Oh already?”

“Yes, I got all the information I needed.”

The tea leaves I am holding right now are Deusa tea leaves, a tea circulated among nobles at a very high price as it is difficult to obtain not only in the empire but also in other kingdoms.

This was on the market at a relatively cheap price. What does that mean?

‘Among the southern kingdoms, this kingdom is big enough to sell this precious tea on the market.’

There is only one such kingdom that I know of.

Although it is small, it is a tea kingdom that survives by exporting tea leaves.

Taehon soup.

"I... the top of the den contacted me again regarding the distribution of Deusa tea leaves..."

"Ah! I told you I wouldn't! Why are those bastards so persistent?!"

"It seems like there is a lot of passion because it is a relatively new top. "I really want to open a distribution network."

"Okay, let's take a look and see what these bastards are doing. "Tell him to come."

It is certainly. The only kingdom that creates such a situation with Deusa tea leaves is the Taehon Kingdom.

I looked around the noisy space and looked at Devellania. She seemed to have read my desire to go back and nodded lightly.

"If you are satisfied... then I will guide you."

"yes."

Let's go back quickly.

I pulled on my hood again and quickened my pace.

\*\*\*

"...After observing, it was determined that the black-robed demon was not the commander of Corps 0."

"Huh..."

The King quietly touched both temples.

It was nice to hear that the black-robed demon was not the next most dangerous person after the demon king – the commander of the 0th corps – but even so, he couldn't help but laugh.

He vomited blood over something that was nothing, so he definitely wasn't the commander of the 0 Corps.

“Then who on earth is he?”

“Well...”

A weak demon served by the commander of the 2nd Corps.

Who on earth could there be such a demon? To begin with, the Demon World is a place that runs on the logic of power, so the proposition makes no sense.

If you are weak, there is no way the 2nd Corps commander will serve you. However, the reporter clearly said that the 2nd Corps commander was ‘serving’ him.

No matter how much I thought about it, there was no way I could come up with an answer. In the end, the king's nerves were so tense that he pressed his bloodshot eyes and muttered in a relieved voice.

“...Should I be satisfied that I returned without causing an accident?”

I hope it doesn't come over again.

He just sighed as he realized that the amount of hair falling out had been increasing recently.

“I want to do a ritual or something...”

\*\*\*

After returning to the city, I couldn't resist Ben's careful urging and immediately contacted the demon king.

Contrary to concerns, the Demon King did not impose any punishment on Develania and Gaisitel for hiding the existence of the boundary line. I just thought, 'Really?' and ignored it.

I was momentarily taken aback by the very carefree response, but I soon came to terms with it.

Because the devil pursues thorough 'consequentialism'.

No matter what you do, as long as the results are good.

Although the existence of the boundary line was hidden, as a result, no problems have yet arisen, so there is no reason to punish.

So, even if the commander of the 9th Corps, who was supposed to be guarding the border, returned to the Demon King Castle and sat down just because he was bored, there would be nothing to say.

'As soon as a problem arises, the 9th Corps Commander's head will be blown off.'

-Oh and Demon. When I come back, I want to go back to the outskirts...

"...Yes...Yes?"

-don't worry. I'm not asking you to force yourself to come back. I still remember that scene too. There were more of them than expected. I'll send the 5th Corps to meet you, so we can meet in the middle and return together.

The moment I was about to reply that I understood, I suddenly felt a sense of discomfort, so I stopped and closed my mouth.

‘5th Legion...?’

If it’s the 5th Legion... uhm...

I guess I know why he’s sending the 5th Legion out of the many legions residing in the Demon King’s Castle.

I opened my mouth again, which I had hastily closed.

I tried to ask if another corps commander could be sent, but unfortunately the Demon King was one step faster.

-Okay then.

“ .... ”

-I guess we can be quiet now.

Pop. Communication was cut off.

I stood there dumbfounded, unable to accept the situation, and quietly covered my mouth.

Blood poured out suddenly.

“Demon!!”

\*\*\*

The empire was in the midst of a war, and new news was pouring in every day.

For example, several kingdoms formed an alliance to fight against the empire.

While advancing south from the eastern part of the empire, the imperial army was pinned down by an infectious disease that spread and a kingdom army engaged in guerrilla warfare in such an environment, which was thoroughly defeated by the second hero, Stigma Primiro, and his troops.

Or that Cruel Hart, the fourth hero in the western part of the Empire, sentenced his enemies to checkmate.

News of Nemeseus, the first hero who oversees and promotes the southward advance from the center of the empire, etc....

Yes, as you may have felt at this point, the empire is currently at war with several kingdoms at the same time.

Each hero takes charge of each region and fights against each kingdom. This may be truly crazy, but unfortunately, it is reality.

The emperor had already completed almost all transfers with the crown prince, went to the battlefield with his sword in hand, and released the hero candidates who had the hero fragments he had collected.

Surprisingly, the empire was steadily expanding its territory despite the absurd situation of being at war with several kingdoms at the same time, wondering if all the efforts to gather talent had been in vain.

‘I think I’ll eat half of the continent in just two months, or even just one month.’

The duke put aside the report he had been reading silently, placed his hands on the desk with his hands clasped together, and lost himself in thought.



...Anyway, when that happens, the game itself changes. This game, too, will change into something other than a land grab.

What should I do then?

‘The cards I currently have are:’

Public opinion worsened toward the Salvation Church, the emperor, and the revolutionary army.

Purple eyes turn to the paper on the desk with information about the revolutionary army. The duke reached out and picked it up.

His indifferent eyes seemed to be reading the text, but soon became distorted with irritation.

Daniel, the leader of the revolutionary army who went to Ireon, returned. Even with new power.

‘I wish you would just quietly follow my wishes.’

The revolutionary army does not need to gain any more strength. It should not be obtained.

The revolutionary army’s goal is to kill the emperor, but the only thing the duke wants from them is to reduce support for the emperor.

I was in a position where I wanted to prevent anything more than that.

‘Now that they have gained power, the revolutionary army will move. If they all decide and follow Daniel’s command, they might really kill the emperor.’

The Duke's expression hardened as he remembered their unusual leader.

The emperor must not die at the hands of the revolutionary army.

The power of the revolutionary army must be reduced.

In order to do that....

the endless thoughts stopped.

As he lowered his eyes and considered the possibilities, he unclasped his hands and called out to the woman who had been waiting to one side.

"Saerin."

"Yes, Duke."

"Reduce the number of revolutionary troops. "It would be better to separate people. You could also use the emperor."

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 93**

93. Deceived, deceived, exploited and overcome (1)

She would have figured out what I wanted.

As expected, a clear answer came back without any hesitation.

“All right.”

How capable is this?

I turned my head and looked at her. Blind eyes met gazes.

...I know she likes me.

The Duke slowly stood up from his seat.

He comes around the desk and stands in front of Saerin, bending down slightly and holding her hand in a gentle gesture. Their gazes met and their purple eyes opened beautifully.

Then his head lowers, his loose purple hair brushing the back of her hand and creating a curtain around him. Meanwhile, the Duke's lips landed on the back of my hand.

Courtesy towards a noble lady.

It was natural for Saerin, a commoner, to widen her eyes. As I was frozen and just rolling my eyes, not even able to pull my hand away, the Duke calmly raised his head.

The smile that seemed to be painted was aimed solely at her.

“Thank you always.”

“...No, it’s natural.”

As Saerin hurriedly left to complete her duties, the Duke, who had been watching her, quietly adjusted his clothes.

Saerin will succeed. He will cause division among the revolutionary army and send some of them to the emperor. Unless they have a head like Daniel and overwhelming numbers, they are just prey for the emperor.

However, there are things that happen just in case, so you can’t just sit back and relax.

It’s not that I doubt Saerin. The person he suspects is none other than the Emperor.

‘It would be difficult if I even died in their hands.’

The emperor has always lived without being able to die.

The key is the emperor’s desire to survive. You have to make him want to live, even just a little bit.

‘I heard the emperor returned to the palace not long ago.’

The emperor cannot remain empty of the imperial palace day and night.

No matter how well the crown prince was handling things, the current emperor of the empire was Edoardo Desserte, so he would occasionally quietly return to the imperial palace to check how things were being handled.

So, if you go to the imperial palace now, you will be able to meet the emperor.

Prepare the carriage immediately without delay. The early duke walked out of the office.

\*\*\*

If we had to be honest, Saerin was a supporter of the revolutionary army.

The barrier of status as a commoner in one's feelings for a duke. In such a situation, the ideology of the revolutionary army, which claimed to abolish the caste system itself, was truly fascinating.

However, that fact was never expressed externally.

She supported the revolutionary army because she loved the Duke.

Because she loved the duke, she was on her way to destroy the revolutionary army.

Because he, who loves me so much, is hoping for that.

"Hello, Mr. Iden."

"Ah, Saerin."

"I heard the leader is back? "Where is he?"

"It's obvious. "I must have gone to see my mother."

There was a clicking sound at the end of the sentence, as if he didn't like it.

"The situation is bad, but I can't even come to my senses and just leave the room."

"I know, right."

I think I can use this and eat it. Saerin's eyes sparkled.

Well then, let's think about it. What was Aiden's personality like? Was he a greedy person? If you are greedy, which would you rather be: wealth or power? For what purpose did he join the revolutionary army?

Is it easy to use and is it worth using?

"When on earth is he going to commit suicide?"

"I do not know. "How long do you plan on putting it off?"

"this. The duke seems to be hoping that the revolutionary army will soon move. "Isn't this the leader's arbitrary choice that has nothing to do with Mr. Aiden's opinion?"

"of course. "We are going crazy with frustration."

"Do you know the reason for delaying the coup?"

"The reason is always the same. "I wasn't ready or the timing wasn't right."

"This... seems closer to an excuse."

He cups one cheek, tilts his head, and asks a question as if muttering in an ambiguous tone.

“Mr. Aiden, have you thought about it? “Why is the leader postponing the rebellion?”

“...I don’t know because I haven’t thought about it deeply.”

He kindly pointed out questions that I had ignored.

“I’ve been thinking about it, and I think it’s because the leader is sad to lose his current position.”

“So...”

“Isn’t that so? A huge alliance made up of people from numerous kingdoms. The head of the federation. “It’s a shame because if the emperor is dealt with, the power may be blown away by a new wind.”

Whispering poison.

Aiden’s face distorted. The firewood of dissatisfaction catches fire and creates another negative emotion.

Saerin didn’t stop there and hurriedly fanned the fan as the fire was about to go out.

I learned about Aiden through conversation and also remembered what was recorded on paper.

He is a greedy person regardless of money or power. The reason he joined the revolutionary army was because he wanted to kill the emperor and because the revolutionary army had a high chance of success.

If the revolution succeeds, the goal is to enhance one’s reputation by emphasizing their participation. As your reputation grows, more things will follow.

He is an easy character to wield, and is worth using in that he leads a fairly large force in the revolutionary army.

Then it's time to move.

What? Tongue.

"So, how about Mr. Iden deal with the emperor and become the center of the new country?"

"Everyone in the revolutionary army is equal...."

"That's a good thing to say. But where could such a dream-like world exist? In the first place, it was an absurd argument to eliminate the throne itself. "No, even if it is possible to eliminate it, we ultimately need key personnel to lead the country."

The 'brainy' Saerin is a 'commoner'.

The good brain and commoner origin twisted the given ideology and brought it down from an 'ideal' that did not take into account the 'evil' that all humans have, to a 'reality' that included more human desires.

An ideal is an ideal only.

I don't know who came up with this idea, but it was probably an aristocratic scholar somewhere who grew up without much hardship, or a positive person with a flowery mind.

As Saerin, who was a commoner and felt the big and small malice of humans in everything she encountered on the street in the market, she could not help but be negative about the possibility of it going as intended.



Human greed is endless, and that applies even to those who started a revolution and participated in it.

“Lead Mr. Aiden’s forces and kill the emperor. And thanks to that, he became the center of the revolutionary army, abolishing the caste system, and was included in the leadership of the country.”

“....”

“Shall we talk a little more explicitly? We are creating a world where everyone is equal except the leadership. If Mr. Iden makes good use of the ‘situation of killing the emperor,’ he may even be able to select the leadership.”

For example, mentioning, ‘The people who helped me a lot in succeeding in this work are...’ These are the words of the person who led the emperor to death, so they will probably be generally respected.

Surprisingly, all of this was something I thought of on the spot.

“The duke is also hoping that the coup will be accomplished as soon as possible. So, even if he can’t actively help, he will save the emperor to some extent.”

Of course, the possibility of Iden killing the emperor—

“...a confirmation is needed.”

0%.

Saerin smiled brightly.

“I will get the emperor’s schedule.”

This is it. Saerin quietly smoothed the back of her hand. The place where the Duke's lips had touched still seemed to be warm to the touch.

The duke still respected her enough.

...The duke knows that she likes him.

If I had thought of it as something to be used once and thrown away, I would have dragged her into the bedroom as soon as I noticed her feelings. Because it is much easier to use that way.

In fact, among those who had feelings for him, he would drag those he considered to be throwaway losers into his bedroom, regardless of gender.

Sometimes I was jealous of them for no reason, but I knew for sure who the duke valued more.

Without hesitation, Saerin abandoned the brief dream she had.

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The sudden request for an audience was quickly accepted as if it were a given.

While the servants of the imperial palace were surprised, the duke expected that the emperor would definitely do this, so he accepted this for granted and walked forward following the guidance of the servant.

Because it would be better to listen to any nonsense than to not listen to your political opponents.

Furthermore, if you are confident that you will not be pushed into psychological warfare, it is also an opportunity to find out what the other person is thinking.

There was no way Emperor Guangwu could avoid this.

“Glory to the Empire. Shin Starbe Illuster meets the present-day Empire.”

“Yes, Duke. “What’s going on?”

Instead of answering, the duke looked at the emperor. To be exact, just below the face.

The emperor, who was sitting at an angle with his arms on the armrests as if tired, was looking down at the arrogant duke, who only showed the bare minimum of courtesy, as if he were displeased, but the duke paid him no mind.

There was something more eye-catching than the emperor’s harsh eyes.

“How did your hands get like that?”

“No need to worry about the ball.”

The white bandaged left hand, which was hanging on the armrest, gently clenched into a fist.

The duke narrowed his eyes and examined the figure.

‘Did you get injured on the battlefield? ‘How on earth have you been running around so wildly?’

I examined him carefully to check the extent of the wound, but the clean white bandage, which did not show a single drop of blood, probably because he had changed the

bandage on his arrival, completely concealed the extent of the injury.

‘...Well, there’s no way I could show weakness this easily.’

When a faint smile appeared on the Duke’s lips, a cool voice called to him.

A voice that holds your gaze as if it doesn’t want to just watch you obediently examine the wound.

“Are you here to look at Jim’s wounds, Duke?”

“...no. Excuse me. your majesty.”

Okay, now it’s your turn to talk.

To prevent the emperor from dying at the hands of the revolutionary army, and to prevent them from killing him who said these words,

his eyes, which had been closed for a long time, opened. The Ja-an, which was looking at the floor, slowly rose and seemed to stop at the emperor’s chest, then rose further and faced the Golden Eye directly.

The golden eyes resembling a wild beast were still fierce, but the shadows under the eyes contained a fatigue that could not be hidden.

The emperor did not allow him to show his face, but he did not scold the duke for arbitrarily raising his head and seeing his face.

However, the entire throne room was filled with low-level living.

It was a life that would have been difficult for a duke who was far from a sword, but he persevered in the end and brought out the truth that had been buried deep inside.

“Do you remember the death of the former 1st Prince, who was the father of the current Crown Prince and the Princess and the older brother of His Majesty?”

A man with a gentle personality who was the only one among the many brothers who took care of Edoard Desert.

Fortunately, the emperor did not immediately get up from his seat or draw his sword.

He simply patted the back of his bandaged left hand, frowned, and softly ordered those around him to leave.

“Let the police go away too.”

“Yes, Your Majesty. General...”

“I will tell Nemeseus myself.”

“....”

“Do you think Lord Illuster can kill Jim?”

“...I’m leaving.”

The emperor, who had even had his guard bitten, looked at the duke. A lower voice came out calmly.

“Are you referring to the incident that was said to have been caused by the Duke of Gradis, but was actually killed by the Duke?”

“You know very well.”

“You’re crazy.”

When the truth was discovered, the emperor had to cover it up.

Because the Gradis duchy has already become extinct. The name of the family was completely erased because of the assassination of the first prince, but now it was impossible to say that it was not true.

If this fact becomes known, not only the Emperor will suffer, but the Duke will also have to sacrifice his life. But to admit it right in front of my eyes like this?

“I don’t understand why you’re mentioning it now. “What on earth are you planning?”

“Aren’t you curious about why I killed him?”

“....”

“I did it to get to a higher place.”

Did you think he would be satisfied with the position of duke?

If you ascend to the throne, you will have the position of emperor. If you ascend to the throne of emperor, you will have a unified continent at your feet.

Stabe Illuster was that kind of person.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 94**

94. Deceived, deceived, exploited and overcome (2)

"The situation at the time was that the 1st prince, the eldest son, was almost confirmed to be the crown prince. So what would happen if I killed him?"

"...Other princes and princesses must have run amok to take that empty seat."

"Yes, that actually happened. "I was planning to select one of them who could be used as a puppet and place him in the king's position, but..."

A blatant laugh was heard.

The duke, who had lowered his eyes as if reminiscing about the past, paused and looked up. The emperor was looking down at him with scorn.

"That's funny. "Did you think things would turn out as easily as you thought?"

"...That's right. "It was my arrogance."

Edoard, the evidence of arrogance, looked at Desert blankly and then smiled.

“Who would have thought that the 9th Prince, who had no presence, would stand out?”

To be precise, I went crazy.

The 9th prince, Edoardo, believed that the 1st prince's death was due to a fight for the throne, so he killed all of his brothers who had attempted to take the throne and took the position himself.

There was no mercy. Even their children were killed to destroy the seeds of rebellion.

The duke watched all of this in silence.

Edoardo, who ascended the throne, named the kingdom 'Empire' and recognized the first prince's children as the crown prince and princess.

And laughed. Who are you asking to protect whom?

“...That's strange. “Why is the ball so provocative today?”

The emperor raised one hand and touched his forehead as if he had a headache.

“From mentioning the 1st Prince carelessly to admitting to the murder charge that I was unaware of and revealing my dirty greed.”

“...”

“What on earth is your intention?”

I'm tired even if I'm not, so I don't know why I bother to come and scratch my stomach.



Memories of the past that he had buried due to his busy life came back to him again, and the emperor gently gave strength to the hand holding the armrest.

[I will be back. It won't take long.]

[In the meantime, I'll ask for Elpidius and Alethea.]

If I had known it would be his last, I would never have sent him.

I should have caught him when I sensed something ominous.

When I heard the news that he had died, I should have investigated it instead of taking the sword.

No matter how disgusting the brothers who were aiming for his vacant position were, they should not have taken aim at their swords so easily.

He should not be easily swayed by the somewhat credible rumor that his other brothers had killed him to take the throne.

'ah.'

head hurts.

A ghost sticks its face in front of me and giggles. It goes down, circles around the Duke, and is placed over his face.

He wanted to pull out his sword and strike his neck right away, but the emperor gritted his teeth instead of hastily expressing his emotions.

I can't make the same mistakes I made then.

“Due to the murder of the 1st Prince, Deon Hart instead of Cruel Hart entered the Eight Years’ War. Salvation Church.”

“....”

“There was always a ball behind every incident. “There’s no way the ball is talking nonsense, so I’m starting to be wary of what he’s planning to do this time.”

“Of course. Even if you think about it, you won’t know right now.”

The emperor raised his head. He had a rare expression of surprise.

By saying those words just now, the duke was admitting two facts.

That he was involved in all the incidents the emperor mentioned, and that he was plotting something this time too.

Among them was a story that would have turned the world upside down if Deon Hardt had heard it.

[The Duke is the main culprit behind Deon Hart’s participation in the Eight Years’ War instead of Cruel Hart’s.]

Originally, the Hart family was supposed to have Cruel Hart participate in the Eight Years’ War. Even if the documents weren’t changed in the middle, it probably would have been like that.

The emperor also learned of the fact that the documents had been changed during a business trip after the war.

To be precise, when Deonhardt wanted the family to be exterminated, he felt something strange and investigated it.

—The documents were changed and Deon Hart was forced to participate in the war. In response, the Hart family submitted documents requesting corrections to the imperial palace several times in the beginning, but all of the documents were missing along the way.

Even though he knew all the truth, he pretended not to know and closed his mouth and closed his eyes and accepted Deonhardt's request, but he was also trash... The emperor glared at the bigger, thicker trash in front of him.

"Are you acknowledging all of that now? "The minimum punishment would be the death penalty, but it looks like Kong is truly crazy."

Putting aside the fact that he killed the first prince, the fact that he admitted to being involved in all other major incidents makes each and every one of them a serious crime.

The duke grinned at the voice filled with a deep sense of death and threat, as well as a question that could not be concealed.

"I told you this before. "Your Majesty cannot kill me."

He looked around with an exaggerated gesture, reminding everyone that the emperor had been bitten.

"There are no witnesses or evidence. "Do you need further explanation?"

"...."

The First Prince assassination incident cannot be tampered with because it is already over, and the omission of documents regarding Deonhardt's participation in the Eight Year War is a huge blow to him unless there is evidence that the documents were stolen directly from the imperial palace. It doesn't work. The duke just messed with the count family, and the count family has now lost its power, so who can say anything now?

Moreover, there is no clear evidence that the Duke was involved in the Salvation Church, so the emperor had no justification for beheading the Duke.

"Of course, Your Majesty, even if there is no evidence, you could personally end this life. But you probably don't want to do that. "If you kill me without any justification, my honor will remain intact, and Your Majesty will become a narrow-minded tyrant who killed the duke out of fear or discomfort with his power."

"You're talking so well..."

Suddenly, the gold armrests were distorted.

The Emperor slowly leaned forward, looked down at the Duke, and smiled as if showing his teeth.

"How long do you think you can live by destroying all evidence and hiding it?"

—Yes,

"Just try to hold on until the end. "The moment the gap is revealed will be the day of your execution."

It will also be the day when everything you have built up falls into the abyss.

The meaning of life, which had been fading at every moment, becomes clear again.

The purpose of life is strongly engraved in me, and I begin to feel some lingering regret about this life that seemed like it would not matter when I die.

Until the moment when Duke Stabe Illuster destroyed everything he had built and was brutally killed.

The emperor vowed not to die.

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Daniel, who had no idea what was happening while he was away, stopped in front of the closed door and looked at his outfit.

Fortunately, I changed my clothes first, so the tattered look I had when I just came back was nowhere to be seen. The injuries sustained in the battle there were hidden under clean clothes, and the faint scent of blood was also covered up with perfume.

It is perfect.

Daniel's face was slightly crumpled for a moment as he remembered the melee with the murderous knights waiting in Ireon, but he quickly calmed his expression.

Because I can't look good in front of my mother.

-smart.

"mother. "This is Daniel."

"Come on in."

When I opened the door and entered, the first thing I saw was a woman smiling and extending her hand.

It was probably a welcoming gesture, but Daniel walked up to her, knelt down on one knee in front of her, held her hand respectfully, and bowed his head to place his forehead on hers.

Instead of removing her hand, the woman lifts her other hand and gently strokes his head. A soft voice sounded like flowing water.

“Are you hurt anywhere?”

“Yes, I came back safely.”

“You sprayed perfume.”

“yes.”

“I don’t think I normally use perfume.”

“I tried it once this time. Do you like it?”

“son.”

“... ”

Daniel, shocked, raised his head.

Taking advantage of that opportunity, the woman naturally withdrew her hand and cupped his cheek, making him raise his head. Eyes that looked exactly like each other met in the air.

The woman did not delve further into the loopholes in his words or reprimand him.

I just stare blankly.

After a short but long silence, it was Daniel who bowed first.

“...There was a conflict with the Murderous Knights in Ireon. I suffered some injuries in the process, but the injuries were not that serious and I didn’t think I would tell my mother. sorry.”

“Okay, how can I scold my son?”

“No...!”

The rebuttal to the sighing words could not be finished.

Daniel lifted his gaze blankly at the feel of the cozy cloth wrapped around his neck. The woman who tied the finished scarf around his neck was smiling faintly.

“Winter is almost over, but since it is finished, I thought it would be better to give it to you.”

“...This...”

“No matter where my son is or what he does, this mother will not say anything. Because you don’t deserve it. “If I could just say one thing as a favor...”

A warm voice that melted the snow settled in my ear, as if announcing the arrival of spring.

“Be careful not to catch a cold, son.”

Wherever you go, don’t get hurt, don’t get sick, and especially don’t die.

Take care, son.

This mother still keeps the gift her son gave her.

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“Are you sure you want to leave right away?”

“okay.”

“You didn’t even change your clothes.”

“The duke was planning something again. “Looking at what you said to Jim confidently, even if you investigate now, it will be too late to do anything, so it would be better to hurry before something happens.”

You can change your clothes upon arrival.

The emperor crosses the hallway with wide strides, still wearing his cumbersome attire. The Prime Minister, who was following behind, spoke as if he was worried.

“The escort....”

“It’s just annoying, so that’s enough.”

“You’re wearing cumbersome clothes and moving around without an escort. Besides, isn’t the destination a battlefield? “Are you really sane?”

“I don’t know. “It would be better if I just died.”

“your majesty!”

“It’s a farm. “What if I become prime minister and can’t tell the difference between seriousness and jokes?”

There was a blatant sigh in a voice filled with obvious laughter. The Emperor glanced at the Prime Minister, then



returned his gaze to the front and mumbled the words.

The mouth that had been smiling slightly became stiff again as if it had never been like that before.

“What is the king’s position? There was something the brothers said in an attempt to impress their father. “I still remember it.”

“ ....”

“One sister said she wanted to make the kingdom rich, and another older brother said he wanted to make it a kingdom that no kingdom could ignore, an empire. “I don’t remember who it was, but there was also a brother who had grand aspirations of unifying the continent.”

“ ....”

“I’m so glad you have so much greed. “Thanks to you, Jim is living such a busy life.”

Dry laughter echoed through the hallway.

The emperor, who has just left the building, leaving his smile in the hallway, does not stop walking and strides forward without hesitation on the well-maintained lawn. The voice continued.

“I plan to burn fiercely until the end. So, you don’t have to think about pointless deaths like suicide.”

It may be an inevitable death that he cannot control, but he has so much to do and responsibilities that he will never die voluntarily. Right now, I don’t even feel like I want to die thanks to anyone.

The emperor, who had just arrived at the stables and was brushing the bridge of his horse's nose, suddenly exclaimed, 'Ah.'

"Thanks to you, I remembered something I had forgotten. "I should have told you a long time ago."

"...?"

"I do not place any value on the soulless body. So, if I die..."

"Your Majesty."

The Prime Minister, sensing something ominous, hurriedly called him.

I wanted to stop him from talking. It was even more so because I felt like I knew what was going to be said.

But his call did not stop the emperor from speaking.

"I hope we don't waste our troops just to get that piece of meat."

"your majesty!"

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 95**

95. Deceived, deceived, exploited and overcome (3)

The Prime Minister could not easily continue speaking.

I opened my mouth to speak several times, but closed it again and repeatedly wiped my face to get rid of the shock.

I don't know where to start. Should we point out the assumption of death, or should we point out the dismissal of the emperor's body as a 'piece of meat'?

The Emperor assumed that his death would not be normal. Perhaps he was thinking of the situation when his head falls off on the battlefield.

'What should I say...?'

There were a lot of words stuck in my throat.

Your words are too extreme. Why are you considering death? Didn't you say that you are an empire? etc.

However, the words that finally came out after the silence were something different.

"At least... take off your cloak and leave it behind. It's not a combat cloak, is it? "It would draw attention and be a distraction."

The emperor chuckled. He was fiddling with the hem of his red cloak with the imperial emblem engraved on it, then hopped on his horse and spoke softly.

“Why did you have to throw away the little proof you had as an emperor so easily?”

....

The emperor, who was riding alone on horseback, leaving the palace with a sword in hand, and running skillfully through the forest, glanced at a certain place with a glance. A sneer appeared on his lips.

I slowly pulled on the reins of the horse I was holding.

The horse that read the emperor's will gradually slowed down and soon stopped. The emperor jumped down, patted the horse's back, then walked up to the tree and sat down as if he wanted to rest.

He crossed his legs, looked at the sky for a few seconds, leaned the back of his head against the tree, closed his eyes, and opened his mouth.

“Have you ever been told to beware of forgetting?”

“....”

“People who forget the past are bound to repeat the same mistakes. “Jim also didn't live that long, so he only understood it in his head, but recently he started to feel this with his own skin.”

He lightly swept the wild flowers on the floor with his hand and muttered in a dry voice.

An empty voice was scattered through the trees.

“It was truly amazing. “If those who experienced the eight-year war directly are still alive and well, I would never have thought that those who have already been eaten by the monster of oblivion will appear.”

There hasn't even been a generational change yet.

Citing the arrogant kingdom of Ireon as an example, the emperor, who had been squeezing the corners of his eyes, uncrossed his legs and placed the sword he was holding on his knees. The left hand, wrapped in a white bandage, is placed on the grassy floor, and the right hand goes into the arms and comes out holding a dagger.

The moment ‘they’ could not react to such a natural behavior, something happened.

Phew!

“...!”

A feeling of agitation was mixed into the silence.

Confusion appears in the eyes of those who see the dagger piercing the back of the hand of none other than the emperor himself, and not at any of them.

No matter the emotional state of his enemies, the emperor simply drew his dagger with an expressionless expression and muttered lowly.

“...It's better now.”

The white bandage that had been changed so neatly turned red again.

Pain was a thing of the past.

An expression of unmarked satisfaction appeared on his face as the black ghosts that had been blocking his sight the whole time disappeared.

He puts the dagger back into his arms and stands up. He walks around the area as if he were taking a walk, holding a sword sheath in his right hand while leaving his left hand dripping with blood.

Red marks appeared on the floor as if his steps were leaving a mark wherever he passed.

“How much did we talk about? Yes, I was talking about the dangers of forgetting. So, let me ask you this now. —Do you know how Edoard Desert ascended to the throne?”

I stopped walking. I raised my bleeding hand and touched the flowers blooming on the tree.

Blood appeared on the pretty flower petals, and questions continued.

“Do you know who one of the leading figures on the battlefield that led to victory in the eight-year war was?”

Who is the other nameless hero with the warrior’s fragment and

“Do you know why he doesn’t have a secret guard?”

See, forgetting is such a scary thing.

If you know the emperor during the rebellion, if you remember the emperor during the Eight Years’ War, if you

have at least done some research on what the emperor is like on the battlefield today.

If that were the case, they wouldn't have dared to come after the emperor so clumsily.

The emperor smiled lowly as he touched the flower, which had lost its original color after drinking so much blood.

"This guy and that guy."

The hand that was touching the flower petals goes down to the stem connected to the tree.

What color was this flower originally? It was purple.

...Yes, purple.

The stem was snapped off without hesitation, as if cutting off someone's neck. I put my nose to the flower as if to smell it, but all I could feel was the strong scent of blood.

The emperor, who had lowered his eyes as if smelling the scent of a flower, slowly moved his gaze in that position. Unlike the dark shadow under the eyes, the vividly sparkling golden eyes face straight ahead and stop exactly somewhere.

Amidst the tense tension, a voice that sounded like an animal growling came out softly.

"—Is your luggage funny?"

Tuk. The battle began with the signal of falling flowers.

The emperor, with his sword drawn like lightning, tramples the fallen flowers and moves forward. The empty scabbard

was lying on the ground and blood was gushing out somewhere in the forest.

The head of one of the enemies fell off.

The panicked people quickly responded with the weapons they were holding, but that only served to postpone death.

A blood-red cloak flutters. No, maybe it really is blood itself. If you see a flash of red in your vision, someone's head has definitely fallen. Then again, a red color filled my vision and a fearful death burst out.

"Now wait a minute..."

"That outfit, that pattern. I know for sure. It was a revolutionary army. From what Jim remembers, the head there wasn't that stupid. Is he arbitrary? "There will be no need to worry about the revolutionary army from now on."

Suddenly.

"Ah, ah, ah...."

Only then did they remember.

His talent was hidden by the titles of 'emperor' and 'tyrant'. The name of a person whose talent was particularly outstanding among those who possessed the fragments of a warrior.

"Ah..."

"Save me..."

His swordsmanship was unstoppable, fierce, and exciting at the same time.



The freedom of holding and swinging a long sword with one hand. A powerful force that seems to cut down even if there is a mountain in front of you.

Every time the sword moves, somewhere on someone's body is cut cleanly and blood sprays into the air. The sword moves lightly as if riding the wind, but is swung with great force in every movement to cut down the opponent. Even though it cut down many people, it boasted a clean silver body without a single drop of blood.

If you were a spectator, you might have felt catharsis from the coolness. However, all those who were looking at the emperor now were his enemies.

"I think I know why the duke said that today. Was it also related to the revolutionary army?"

A plan that doesn't seem to have been what the leader intended. Nevertheless, the emperor's schedule fell into their hands.

It's a peacock. Unless they were dukes, there was no way these clumsy people could get their hands on the emperor's schedule.

Nevertheless, the reason they risked their lives to provoke me...

'I guess it was because they didn't want me to die at their hands.'

Despite his contradictory actions, the emperor somehow seemed to know what he was thinking.

In order for the duke to achieve his wish, the emperor must not die at the hands of the revolutionary army. The duke is

aiming for a higher position and power, not wanting a world where everyone is equal.

So the 'revolution' should never succeed. At the same time, in order to control the growing power of the revolutionary army...

I laughed out loud.

"...How dare you use luggage?"

But there may be no physical evidence for this either.

He laughed viciously and swung his sword again. The emperor moved easily while wearing cumbersome clothes.

Someone mustered up the courage to reach out and pull his cloak, but instead of stumbling or being dragged away, the emperor dragged the opponent back to the station and stabbed him with his sword.

When he pulls out the sword that stabbed him deeply, blood spurts out and his cloak flutters, floating and sinking in time with his movements.

"There is no need for someone behind the scenes. "I think I would know without having to interrogate you."

There is no reason to keep him alive and I have no intention of keeping him alive. I have no intention of letting go even if I run away.

So the only way for them to survive is to kill him.

—I don't know if it's possible.

On this day, 1/9 of the revolutionary army's strength evaporated.

Leader Daniel, who received this news belatedly, silently touched his forehead as the strength he had replenished was back to square one.

[There's no way he could have saved the emperor's schedule on his own. I don't have that level of ability.]

[Research. Who did he meet before doing this?]

[...Saerin?]

There is suspicion, but there is no conclusive physical evidence.

This incident ended with the arbitrary actions of a foolish executive who left only Daniel's personal suspicions without any physical evidence of his connection to the duke.

As a result, this became an incident that halted the revolutionary army as the duke had hoped.

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"Daemon, look at this. I got it during my travels, and it's a fishing tool from the human world. Really?"

"Yes..."

"The thread is so weak that it breaks easily, so I don't understand how you can catch a fish with it. "Why did you have to use such weak thread?"

"It may be a weak thread in the demon world, but in the human world it is quite strong and tough."

"why?"

“Because the demon world and the human world are different.”

“How is it different?”

“Ha...”

This is why I didn't want to run into the 5th Corps commander.

5th Corps Commander Ohel She is not particularly threatening physically, but she is a very threatening corps commander in other ways.

Just looking at it right now, it's taking a huge toll on my psyche and stress, so what further explanation is needed?

How could it be that the Demon King also threw her out of the Demon King's Castle under the pretext of 'patrolling the entire Demon World'? It's all because it's hard to handle her curiosity.

This is not a strict guess. When he told me that he would send the commander of the 5th Corps to meet me, the Demon King clearly said this before cutting off communication.

[I guess I can be quiet now.]

...Then me?!

“Oh, and Demon, look at this too. “It is a communication stone of the human world and is called a ‘communicator.’”

“Ah...”

“I guess you knew. Isn't it amazing? “This is clearly a magic stone, but why is it being used in the human world?”

It's a communicator... how did you get it?

If you thought that magic stones were only used in the demon world, you would be greatly mistaken. Did you think the emperor was sending hero candidates to the demon world for no reason?

Magic stones are treated at the highest level in the human world as an offering and tool for magic. The communicator is one of the tools of the human world that uses the magic stone.

'You can think of it as the same as the communication stone of the demon world. Of course, there are some differences.'

To use a communication stone in the demon world, you can pick up any magic stone and cast a spell, but to use a communication stone in the human world, you have to split one magic stone into several pieces and cast a spell on them.

If you divide one magic stone into two pieces and cast a spell, only two people can communicate, and if you divide it into three pieces, only three people can communicate... and so on.

Even worse, if it gets smaller than a certain size, the spell itself won't work, so if you split it haphazardly, the cost you spent may evaporate.

In a situation where the magic stone itself is difficult to obtain and a shaman is also difficult to find, the communication device is inefficient, so there are only a handful of people in the human world who have a communication

device

. Probably not? I looked at Oel with suspicion.

Actually, I have one too.

'I'm sure of the source. Because the emperor gave it to me.'

I made a shocked expression as I remembered the communication device that would be kept in my mansion.

The wolf-eared demon who had been standing silently behind Orel the whole time seemed to have interpreted my expression with a different meaning, and quietly opened his mouth.

"Oel, I think it would be best to do something like that."

"why?"

"Daemon is bothering you."

"Really? Why?"

"Having to constantly answer endless questions can be frustrating for some people."

"why?"

Maybe it's because of his position as an adjutant, or maybe it's because of his personality...

Dernivan, the wolf-eared demon, answered Orel's questions, which were probably boring, without showing any emotion.

Come to think of it, I heard you two were dating?

When I first heard it, I didn't think it would fit at all, but now that I see it, it strangely suits me.

Of course, he must have had trouble coming up with an answer, so he kept his head straight and said something else.

“We’re all here.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 96**

96. The time has come (1)

When we arrived, the gates of the Demon King's Castle were already right in front of us.

We are finally liberated...! I thought my ears were bleeding.

"Daemon, blood is coming from your ears...?!"

What was it that was really bleeding?

When I wipe my ear with my finger, there is blood. Ben, who was watching next to me, called out to me with concern.

"It will take time to build up immunity, so you should get on the carriage first for treatment."

"Oh, me too!"

"...."

It was natural that I was speechless.

Even though I got off to get some fresh air, I had to get back on the carriage not long after, but my mood didn't change in a positive or negative way.



The commander of the 5th Corps, who was next to me outside and chirped, followed me inside the carriage. Only the location changed, but the situation did not.

Sitting in the carriage were me and Ben Geer, who had come in to examine me, and Orel and her adjutant Dernivan, who had come in after me to chat. The carriage itself is very wide, so it doesn't feel particularly crowded, but the problem is my eardrums.

"You know. Demon, I heard that humans create and give birth to children directly from within the womb. I heard that this is not something you want to do, but that it is possible with a certain probability if you 'love'..." "..."

"

... A child created that way is said to be a 'blessing.' I also want to receive a blessing, so I go to Dernivan...."

I can't finish the sentence!

Although it hasn't been long since receiving examination and treatment from Ben, there are signs of bleeding from the ear again.

I quickly wait for the carriage to stop and the door to open, just to quickly free my eardrums. What is this?

Crunchy.

"...!?"

The carriage stopped, but instead of opening the door, it tore off!

And then a wild beast the size of a house jumped in through the open, or rather torn, entrance. The beast that attacked so fast that an afterimage was left, fortunately, did not aim at me, but attacked Dernivan in no time...

“...?!”

“What are you doing, Commander 9th Corps?”

“Let’s spar!”

Oh, it wasn’t a wild beast. I was mistaken because I only saw an afterimage.

The person who has now jumped into the carriage is Trover, commander of the 9th Corps. He claims that ‘magic’ is his specialty, but in reality, he claims that martial arts that are used by training the body to the limit is ‘magic’... He is a very strange corps commander.

‘...Fuck.’

I quietly retreated to the corner of the carriage.

Fortunately, Trover was unaware of my existence. Until Dernivan, who casually blocked his fist, spoke in a voice as dry as his expression.

“The commander of Corps 0 is watching. Please refrain from acting.”

“ah?”

The eyes of a wild beast... no, the commander of the 9th Corps landed on me.

At that moment, I saw his eyes light up like an animal that has found its prey.

No, wait a minute... Why did you have to risk me...

"Excuse me, Demon. It's also great hiding. "I couldn't feel its presence at all."

"yes? No, I've never really been in hiding..."

If it's hiding, then it's the 2nd Corps Commander.

As if he didn't want to get caught up in Orel's barrage of questions after joining the 5th Legion, he looked shocked as he remembered Develania sitting alone on the roof of the carriage.

That traitor.

'Now that I think about it, you must have seen Develania before Trover came in. Why did he come right in without touching her?'

As if to answer my question, Trover tilted his head while snooping around inside the carriage.

"Now that I think about it, I saw the 2nd Corps among the troops deployed outside. Didn't the 2nd Corps commander follow you?"

"...wasn't it on the roof of the carriage?"

"yes? yes."

"...."

"...?"

This little girl... where are you going to go and leave me alone?

While I was swearing all sorts of things towards Debellania, a note slipped in through the window of the carriage and landed on my lap.

[Daemon, something suddenly came up, so I'll go first. Sorry for not being able to see you until the end!]

"...Fuck, oh my..."

It really jumped out!

The hand holding the note is trembling and he is quietly shocked, but for some reason Trover hesitates and retreats. Then he quietly avoided eye contact and spoke in a muttering tone.

"I thought you must have been tired from traveling a long distance, so I tried to sign up for a sparring match, but I couldn't do it either..." He

looked busy and in a bad mood...

His voice got quieter. Rather, I focused on the shocking content I had heard earlier.

Couplet? Daeryeon? With me too?

"Of course not...!"

He hurriedly stopped talking.

I almost said the words that came to mind without thinking. Since this is the Demon World, I have to think about it before speaking, but I was a little surprised and excited.

Trover's left hand, with its black, jagged fingernails and a truly hideous appearance, came into view belatedly. When I kept my mouth shut, my doctor, Ben, who had been

watching me next to me, stepped forward as if speaking for me.

“It’s not worth answering.”

No wait.

“If you have traveled a long distance, shouldn’t you keep in mind that your opponent will be tired before sparring? Not all demons have monstrous physical strength like the 9th Corps commander. Of course, our Demon is human!”

“Are humans different from demons? “How is it different?”

“Physically, humans are weaker. Of course, our Demon is special!”

“How is Demon so special?”

“Oel, I don’t think it’s appropriate to ask that question here.”

“why?”

A mind-blowing conversation goes on without knowing its meaning or purpose.

Meanwhile, Trover, who had been silent for a moment and seriously thinking about something, raised his head and looked at Ben.

“Then... is it okay if I ask you to spar tomorrow?”

“To completely relieve fatigue, you will need to rest for a week. Especially due to the nature of Demon’s body, which still has aftereffects...”

“Okay, one week!”

“....”

Why is my sparring schedule being set arbitrarily...?

It is right to refuse right away, but my senses are warning me that if I express my intention to refuse, something worse will happen.

‘If I refuse for no reason, there may be a misunderstanding and things may turn out strangely. ‘Because it’s always been like that.’

After leaving me speechless and unable to refuse, Trover turned to Dernivan again. Dernivan was watching the situation unfold with an expressionless face the whole time.

“You’ll be okay, right?”

“I’ve told you this many times, but my specialty is archery, not martial arts.”

“Still, we sparred well. Are you going to refuse?”

You asked with an expression as if you were going to do something if I refused. Actually, you have no choice.

Dernivan was silent for a moment as if he had read that in Trover’s expression, then glanced at Oel and slowly shook his head.

“no. “I will spar.”

“Well...”

“But not right now.”

Trover, who was about to drag Dernivan somewhere, stopped.

Dissatisfaction is clearly reflected in the face that looks back. As if he was not afraid of the wrath of the corps commander, Dernivan said what he had to say without any hesitation.

“I have to sort out the miscellaneous things that Oel brought with me, and I also have to clean up after the 5th Corps that fought several battles.”

“What a mess! “It might come in handy someday!”

“Anyway.”

“Then when is it possible? “A week for you too?”

“I know you won’t wait even if I call you for a week.”

Dernivan took off his outer clothes and folded them neatly on one side of the carriage. He unbuttoned a couple of buttons on his shirt, which was stuffed all the way to the point of being stuffy, and stretched out two fingers.

“Please wait two hours.”

....

The 2nd and 5th Corps were disbanded respectively. Ben, who had completed his duties, went back to his room, and I, who had finished reporting to the devil at the communication table before departure, went straight to my room without going to see him.

...I tried to stay stuck.

“Now, the judgment is for Demon.”

“....”

Why am I here?

I sat blankly in the prepared spot and quietly washed my face.

Yes, I will make a hundred concessions and understand that I am here as a referee for the sparring match between Trover and Dernivan. But those two are not everything. Why is everyone gathered here?

“Who will win?”

“Well, normally I would have predicted Trover, the commander of the corps, to win, but... as you know, the situations between those two are a bit different.”

“Well, the first time I was offered the vacant position of commander of the 9th corps was to Dernivan before Trover...” “

Normally, everyone would accept the corps commander offer without even moving on to the next one, but this time, unusually, many people turned it down. ?”

“Yes. “The first one to receive an offer was Ed, the adjutant of Commander 0 Corps, and then Dernivan, and when that was rejected, I went to Trover.”

“Yes to Ed, but why did you reject Dernivan?”

11th Corps Commander Lirinel, 3rd Corps Commander Ashild, 2nd Corps Commander Develania, 4th Corps Commander Idelia, and 1st Corps Commander Jaycar.

Are you kidding me? It's like almost all the corps commanders residing in the Demon King's Castle are gathered here. Aren't there things to do like that?



'Besides, when Develania runs away just because she's busy...'

I secretly glared at the demons sitting on one side of the training ground.

I can't sleep because my heart is pounding. In the meantime, Jaykar looked at me and said, 'Aside from Ed,' so I must have been surprised. I didn't feel embarrassed or startled, but I thought my heart stopped.

Fortunately, his eyes didn't linger on me for long. Lirinel, who looked very excited, answered right away.

"Oh, you still didn't know? "Oel and Dernivan are lovers."

"...Dernivan is dating?"

And with OL?

It felt like I was hearing words that I couldn't say before.

Lirinel did not bother to answer the meaningless question. I just raised my finger and pointed somewhere.

There was Oel approaching Dernivan.

"I read a romance novel in the human world, and it said that the knight who goes to sparring would offer victory to the heroine."

"Is that so."

"huh. So, win over Dernivan and offer your victory to me."

"All right."

"Yes, this is a reward given in advance."

Oel wraps his arms around Dernivan's neck and lifts his heel. Dernivan grabs her waist and supports her tightly as she clings to me, and soon their lips meet and separate.

A blatant friction sound rang out.

-side.

The expressions of the corps commanders who saw that scene turned strange.

Anyway, Dernivan, who was indifferent to everything, and Orel, who was trapped in his own world, continued their conversation.

"How about Dernivan? "Do you feel like your heart is racing?"

"My heart was beating from the beginning."

"No, not like that. "Do you want to do something more special?"

"It doesn't seem any different from usual."

"Oh, then it's difficult. They say it's love only when the heart beats. Only then can we have a baby..."

Even Jaykar's face, which had been maintaining its own expression, collapsed.

With a distorted expression on his face as if he didn't know what to say, he was silent for a moment and slowly spoke while D'Vellania was rolling on the floor laughing in the distance.

"Those two... don't they know that demons can't have children?"

“Even if Orel said that, Dernivan would know. It’s obvious. This is not the first time Dernivan has matched the rhythm of Orel. “I didn’t know that matching the rhythm could even lead to ‘love.’”

Idelia responded by tapping the corner of her mouth with a folded fan.

Demons are born from the power of the Demon King.

This means that no matter how much the two love and mix as humans, a demon child will never be born between them.

‘...It would be good if I started quickly.’

Why do I have to sit here and listen to their love story?

The more I look at that, the more my stomach turns.  
Because I’m jealous? No, because I’m jealous.

Orel and Dernivan’s journey, which was difficult to see with both eyes open, could only end when Trover, who had been waiting, shouted, asking if they would not start.

In a barely organized situation, Dernivan and Trover stand face to face and the hall becomes quiet as if it had never been so noisy.

In it, I could clearly feel the numerous gazes directed at me.

Yes, I know I have to speak up since I’m the referee, but...

‘What should I say?’

Were the rules for sparring in the human world and sparring in the demon world the same?

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 97**

97. The time has come (2)

The sparring of demons is different from that of humans. I can use magic and transform my body, but how could the rules be the same as the rules I know?

For a moment, I just nodded and nodded because I felt like I would get so annoyed by them if I applied the rules of the human world for no reason.

'First of all... even if it's the Demon World, one of the Dalians is the corps commander, so killing him wouldn't be possible, right?'

Okay, let's say something first and let's see. The silence is getting longer and longer.

Feeling pressured to say something quickly, I couldn't even process the words and just spit them out raw.

"...It's not as bad as killing them."

At best, these words were said in consideration of their personalities and habits, but the atmosphere was somewhat cold.

The corps commanders looked at me with slightly stiff faces, and I heard whispers.

It was natural to notice that something was wrong.

“As long as you don’t kill them, after all...”

“...That’s scary. reading.”

“Then, does it end when one side surrenders or becomes unable to fight?”

“Will Demon-nim admit to surrender...?”

I turned the volume down to avoid overhearing my ears, and several people were talking at the same time, so I couldn’t tell the content, but at least I knew it was mine.

‘What’s wrong? Was this really a fight to the death? ‘Is that why you do that?’

The moment I was worried about whether I should change my words right now out of anxiety, a loud laugh erupted from one side.

“Fuhahaha! okay! It has to be that much to be fun! As expected, Demon, you know something! How about Dernivan? Are you going to do it the same way?”

“It doesn’t matter.”

“Okay, this is it! Dalian should have been like this! “I’ll show you the magic I’ve practiced, so take a close look!”

Trover, who was making incomprehensible noises, looks at me with a smiling face.

His sparkling eyes clearly expressed what he wanted, so I was able to give him the answer he wanted without difficulty.

“Start...start.”

Trover raises his foot as if he was waiting and then hits the floor roughly. A strange cry followed.

“Earthquake!”

Quaaaang!

The floor of the gym splits around him and the shaking spreads.

I tried to regain my balance by relying on the hand holding me, but I couldn't overcome the absurdity and let out a sigh.

‘What kind of magic is that! ‘You just hit the floor so ignorantly!’

No, in the first place, when demons use magic, they don't even say the name of the magic, so what is that unheard of spell...!

By the way, who is the demon who captured me?

“Are you okay?”

“Oh Ed? Why are you here?...”

“I heard that Demon has returned. Wouldn't it be natural for me to come visit him?”

yes? Because he's a lieutenant. What about other lieutenants?

I didn't know what to say, so I just looked at him blankly and then secretly turned my gaze back to the training ground.

Meanwhile, Dernivan, whose claws had become sharp, was rushing towards Trover. Trover also did not sit still and watch.

He raised his index and middle fingers and suddenly tried to stab Dernivan in the eyes.

“Blind!”

Even during that time, I didn’t forget to shout out the magic name.

Is it okay to do that and that?!

Before my silent astonishment could be expressed, Dernivan lowered himself to catch his finger with his forehead. Trover, who had recovered his finger before that, tightened his fist and shouted.

The muscles in my forearms bulged.

“Strengthen your body!”

“...I just gave my body strength.”

Trover throwing a threatening punch with a lot of force, or Dernivan dodging it again...

I shook my head.

‘Just don’t even think about it. It’s easier if you give up.’

I was watching them with an empty attitude, then suddenly turned my head and looked at Ed.

He, who was standing there nervously wondering if the aftermath of the battle would affect me, immediately turned his head to face me as if he sensed my gaze.

Seeing that he was ready to listen, I asked a question without hesitation.

“Ed doesn’t spar with Trover?”

“yes? “If it were an order, I would do it, but my skills are not suited to sparring, so I am avoiding sparring as much as possible.”

“...?”

“It’s hard to control it so you don’t die.”

As he said that and rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly, I got goosebumps. It was all the more so because its appearance was so ordinary.

Yes, he was a demon too. His appearance was similar to that of a clean-cut human, so I was mistaken for a moment.

‘...Let’s just stay quietly in the corner.’

He quietly sat down and hugged his knees with his arms as if curling himself up.

Ed, who had no way of knowing what I was feeling, took half a step back, as if he was trying to get behind me, and raised his head again towards Trover and Dernivan, who were still sparring.

“You know what? “The 9th Legion Commander did not have so little magical power that he could not use magic from the beginning.”

“...then?”

“The problem was my personality of pursuing fun without end. The magic power consumed by magic cannot be



recovered, so it must be used appropriately when necessary, but magic was wasted simply for fun and interest.”

Just as witchcraft requires a sacrifice, sorcery requires magical power.

Just as the sacrifices used in magic cannot be recycled, the magic power consumed in magic cannot be recovered.

That alone is reason enough to conserve magic power, but Trover didn’t even have a large amount of magic power to begin with.

As soon as I heard that, there was one word that came to mind.

“Mi...”

“Yes, he’s crazy.”

“...I didn’t say that.”

I almost said it, but

Ed didn’t seem to think it was a big deal, but I felt pricked and hurriedly asked another question.

“So the 9th Corps Commander cannot use magic for the rest of his life?”

Fortunately, Ed obediently focused on the question asked.

“That’s not it. “Even if a demon has no magical power, there is magic that can be used in the end.”

“what...?”

“You probably know the origin of the birth of demons.”

I know.

“The power of the devil.”

“Yes, if you look at this from another perspective, the bodies of the demons are made up of the power of the demon king.”

If you replace the power of the devil with another word, it becomes magical power.

Magical power that is more powerful and pure than that of any other demon.

“It’s about using that magic power.”

“Then... you won’t die?”

“Yes, so the magic used then is usually the most powerful magic that can be used in a demon’s life. “It is reasonable to consider it as the price of one’s life.”

It was then. Trover, who was fighting Dernivan out of the corner of his eye, lifted the rock that was lying on the edge of the training ground.

I was so startled that I stopped talking to Ed and looked at him. I was afraid that someone might think he was crazy, so I stepped on the thought and threw that ugly thing without hesitation.

“Ryaaa! “Meteo!”

Dimly, I could see Dernivan’s fingernails becoming sharper and the backs of his hands becoming covered with gray fur.

Kwaaaang!!

A cloud of dust obscured the view, and debris flew in all directions.

What happened? At first glance, I thought I saw a rock being smashed. Is Dernivan alive?

As I coughed at the dust bothering my bronchi, I saw a piece of debris the size of a human head flying into my field of vision. When I see the fierce speed, I automatically think of my future where I hit the ball and go straight to the goal.

‘...Fuck.’

I had to avoid it quickly, but after sitting for a long time, my legs got cramps. To make matters worse, he started coughing without stopping, wounding his neck and starting to bleed.

“Chokkolok... Wow! “Cuckoo!”

Have you ever experienced a vicious cycle where a cough that starts because of dust ends up coughing because of a cough?

What if the blood from coughing causes nausea and the nausea causes blood?

“Daemon!”

Ed, who had lightly swatted away a fragment of an unusually large size that threatened to threaten his life, looked at me urgently.

It may be surprising, but the danger of my life is nothing to these guys.

Just when I was about to feel a little helpless, Ben came running towards me and pushed Ed away.

He waved his hand to blow away the dust, then covered my nose and mouth with a wet handkerchief and burst out in frustration. Fortunately, it wasn't annoyance directed at me.

"What is this dust! Who brought Daemon into this crappy environment?! This is why I vomit blood! Are you crazy? Do you have no head? Is this a new assassination method? "It seems like pouring sand on prayers is not enough!"

Um... Most of the people in this position are corps commanders...

It seems that as the attending doctor, he really didn't like the dusty environment here. No, this is just disgust.

Trover is startled by the anger-filled words and wraps his arms around his neck, while Dernivan quietly returns his hands to their original state.

Even the commander of the 3rd Corps, Ashild, who had nothing to do with it, quietly swiped my head for no reason.

Even after silencing the two who had shown off their tremendous fighting power just a moment ago, Ben's anger did not subside and he searched for another victim.

"Ed, what on earth did you do! I can't believe you left Demon unattended in such a dusty place! "Are you sure it's the lieutenant?"

"...."

Ed's expression distorted mercilessly.

It was understandably unfair. Honestly, what could be wrong with him? All he did was come here when he heard I was back.

If I were to make a crime, wouldn't it be that you didn't take me out of here right away? However, since I was the referee, it would have been difficult for him as a mere deputy to do it.

Before the resentment turned into anger and turned towards me, I quickly intervened between the two.

"I'm fine. "It's not Ed's fault."

"but!"

"Ed came a little while ago."

"...Let's go back to your room first. "The environment here is not very good."

Fortunately, Ben seemed to think that getting away from this place with me was his priority, but he took a step back with a grumpy expression on his face.

I was hurriedly standing up, forgetting that I had cramps in my legs, in case he caught another evil demon, but I had no choice but to stumble wildly, gritting my teeth from the terrible muscle pain.

Ed, who immediately caught me and helped me when I almost fell, looked down at my legs with a stern expression.

"Did you hit your leg with some debris?"

"No...."

"Me! "I'll take you on a wooden horse!"

...what?

“Because it’s my fault too. “Meteor was only meant to be used on the battlefield... I will be careful in the future.”

Before I could believe my ears, Trover immediately reached out and lifted me up onto his shoulder.

I looked around confusedly for a moment to understand the situation, then realized what I was doing and my expression hardened.

Put it down you idiot.

“My legs are fine.”

“I know it’s all a lie!”

“It’s true!”

“You don’t have to be considerate of me.”

“It’s real!!”

Why are this kid’s shoulders so wide?!

I try to jump down somehow, but it’s not easy because my shoulders are wide, and Trover is holding my legs so tightly that I can’t even jump.

I gave Ed a look of salvation, but he didn’t know what I was thinking and only spat out shitty words.

“Seeing that you are speaking informally, it looks like your injuries are at a fairly dangerous level. 9th Corps Commander, can you please hurry?”

“Once again, I use respectful language. Just do what you do.  
“Because it gives me goosebumps.”

“How can I, a mere adjutant, speak informally to the  
commander of the corps?”

“It’s not fun.”

He grunts but speeds up his walking pace. After that, Ed and Ben followed, and I, who was whining to get down somehow, noticed the shock and fear in the eyes of the Demon Castle users and quietly buried my face in my hands.

I want to die of shame.

“...Oh wait a minute.”

A thought suddenly occurred to me, so I raised my head and looked back. Even though the distance from the training ground was increasing considerably, the eyes of the corps commanders were all focused on me.

You must be angry. At least he would have been annoyed.  
The long-awaited attraction was ruined because of me.

I quickly opened my mouth, thinking that I had to appease them somehow before I left.

Trover, who I wasn’t expecting, stopped noticeably, so my voice was able to reach them just in the nick of time.

“For now, let’s call it a draw today. “We will continue after this.”

After seeing their expressions change, I immediately turned my head back to the front.

After roughly reviewing the current situation, another worry came to mind.

9th Corps Commander Trover. This crazy guy.

He even saw me spitting blood, so I guess he won't pester me when we spar in a week.

'...no way.'

I didn't even notice because I was so nervous as a shiver ran down my spine.

The changes in the expressions of the corps commanders who heard my words were not very positive. Trover twitched the hand that was holding my leg.

A whisper coming from behind.



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 98**

98. The time has come (3)

“For now, let’s call it a draw today. “We will continue after this.”

The moment they heard those words, the corps commanders forgot to control their facial expressions and unconsciously showed an expression of disgust.

Fortunately, Demon Arut, the commander of the 0th Legion, turned his head away without looking at their expressions anymore, so it was a disaster, and they almost got into a big trouble.

The silence of the training hall, which was so quiet that even the sound of breathing could be heard for a moment as the corps commanders froze when they realized their mistake, was broken as soon as Demon Arut disappeared.

The first person to speak was Jaykar, the 1st Corps commander.

“...Does this mean that I will have to see one of the two get harpooned?”

“I think I got it wrong, Dernivan?”

“ .... ”

Develania's taunts didn't work. Without answering, Dernivan brushed the dust off his clothes and went to stand behind Orel.

Just when there was another awkward silence, OL brought up another topic, perhaps by coincidence or intention.

"Daemon, didn't you definitely ask me to get off? But why is Trover alive? If I really hated it, Trover would have died for disobeying Demon. Oh, is that really it? Even if you don't like it with your mouth, your body..."

"Oel, that's not the word to use here."

"Is that so?"

"yes."

Develania rolled over, holding his stomach as the conversation struck a goal. She laughed for a while, not caring whether the other corps commanders around her frowned or not, but after some time had passed, she barely stopped laughing and wiped the corners of her eyes.

A languid voice tinged with laughter gave an answer a beat late.

"Demon-sama is usually moderate, so even if he hated it, it wouldn't have been to the point of killing him. Oh no. If you didn't like it, you wouldn't have gotten caught by Trover in the first place, so maybe you just liked it? I guess what Orel said is right. Even if you don't like it with your mouth, your body..."

"Stop. "What are you going to do, Develania?"

This time, it was again the responsibility of the 1st Corps commander to control the corps commanders who were so unique that they could not be controlled.

Jaykar, who was the only one to receive recognition from all corps commanders except for corps commander 0, which was unusual, skillfully organized the situation as always and dispersed the gathered corps commanders.

There are no specific regulations on meetings or exchanges between corps commanders, but these people are a group that only causes accidents the more they gather, so it would be better to disperse them at least right now.

\*\*\*

Fortunately, my worries about what would happen if Trover asked me to spar a week later did not come true.

On the one-week anniversary, the devil called me.

“Come on.”

When I arrived at the office, he stood up to greet me and naturally led me to my seat. Whether by mistake or on purpose, his hand touched the area around my neck.

I felt a subtle sense of discomfort that I couldn't just ignore, so I rolled my eyes and looked in the mirror on one wall of my office, and saw a black stigma that wasn't there before I came here.

“...?”

“Are you surprised?”

Of course...

I know that engraving this is an implicit sign of intention to send it to the empire. I had a vague feeling that it was time to go.

But this suddenly?

While I was standing there unable to hide my embarrassment, the demon king sat down again and pushed a separately colored map in front of me.

“Before I explain, would you like to look at this first?”

On the map, the empire and several surrounding kingdoms were painted in the same color. When combined, the areas are almost half the size of the continent...

‘Half the size?’

already?

I raised my head in surprise. I made direct eye contact with the Demon King, as if he had been watching my reaction the whole time.

The reverse eye, which I couldn’t read from the first time I saw it, smiles as if to show off. The Demon King just touched the map with his fingertip.

“It certainly appears that the empire is an empire. Soon we will eat half of the continent. No, it really will happen that way.”

“....”

“The kingdom we are currently attempting to conquer is Esperanes. It is the smallest kingdom on this map.

Considering the size of the empire, I think it won't be long before the gates are opened."

"...."

"Now then, the problem. "Will the empire be satisfied and stop here, or will it advance with momentum?"

There was no one here who did not know the answer.

The Demon King leaned back against the backrest. Place your clasped hands calmly on the desk and tilt your head toward the ceiling.

"I've never met the emperor in person, but I know his general personality. Perhaps the emperor will not stop. I will conquer each kingdom, unify the continent, and turn the lost tip of my sword to the demon world. "There is no reason for me to just sit there and watch."

"...."

"Now you know what I'm going to say, right?"

I nodded slowly.

He is trying to intrude into the Empire's game, which was shaping up to be superior.

By overturning the board and changing the game itself.

If before it was a battle for territory within the human world, now it is a war for the survival of the human world and the demon world.

'The emperor will be quite angry.'

The Demon King predicted interference in the empire's war of conquest.

Now it is time to be on the side of the empire again.

The Demon King grinned while waving his hand at me.

"Go ahead. You don't have to bring any gifts or anything this time. "Even if you bring it, you can bring only your own."

For example, something like 'information'.

Unlike the heavy content, the tone was very refreshing.

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Deon walked away and the Demon Lord stretched out his body and swung the chair he was sitting on.

This situation in which the Demon World moves will be felt as a challenge to the emperor. Given his personality of not avoiding controversy, he is probably preparing for an all-out war against the demon world.

My pensive eyes stare endlessly at the ceiling. A low murmur filled the quiet office.

"Now we must use Deonhardt with caution."

My useful but dangerous card.

As I was thinking about him, I suddenly started laughing.

'I don't want to let him go, but...'

If you weigh the gains and losses of sending him to the empire, it is safer and better not to send him.

But that's against the rules.

This is a psychological battle and a battle of pride between the Demon King and the Emperor, with Deonhardt in the middle. Whoever holds him back or kills him would be a coward and a loser.

As the Demon Lord, who didn't want this fun game to end too early, he couldn't keep Deonhart tied up in the Demon World.

"I'm going to be very tired from now on."

I raised my hand and pressed the area around my eyes. Unlike the covered eyes, the exposed mouth was clearly smiling.

The chair that had been spinning came to a halt in front of the desk. The Demon King took his hand away from his eyes and looked down at the map.

Where his eyes landed, there was the smallest kingdom on the map.

"Well... old history doesn't determine the size of power."

We have seen time and time again how long history and tradition are shattered by new forces.

So, no matter how old the kingdom on the map is, it will eventually fall before the empire.

In any case, what we need to focus on right now is the Empire. I stretched out my hand and touched the communication seat.

-Yes, Demon King. It's Trover!

“Now go back to the border.”

-yes? Oh no, I understand.

In the first place, he abandoned his mission because it was boring and boring. Since nothing had happened yet, nothing much was said, and Trover knew that if there had been any problem, his head would have been blown off right away.

In such a situation, how would you dare to question the devil when he tells you to go back?

9th Corps Commander Trover, who usually acted as if he had no thoughts, had no choice but to quietly pack his bags at this time.

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The devil is trying to intervene in the emperor's game. There will definitely be a collision. It is obvious that my work will increase.

Wouldn't there be a situation in which one would not only receive information but also directly engage in combat with weapons?

'Do I have to stuff a cloth in my mouth again and say that shit?'

Blood pouring out of the mouth all the time is a weakness.

In particular, during the eight-year war when there was no one to lean on, to hide this, people stuffed cloth inside their mouths and wore masks to hide their appearance. There was a time when I nearly died from suffocation.



‘No, no. Now, everyone knows that I’m not in good shape, so it doesn’t really matter.’

I’m sure everyone will think about it carefully.

Such as the devil’s curse or the aftereffects of preventing the hero’s self-destruction.

“Ed, I’m going to the human world.”

“Ah yes. “Are you going alone again this time?”

“yes.”

“I will prepare.”

Ed immediately stood up, walked quickly, and opened the door. I ran into Hien holding a strange plant in her arms.

“....”

“....”

The door slowly closes. A foot entered the door before it was completely closed.

“Take it out before it gets cut off.”

“Now, please take a moment, Demon...”

“Tell me.”

“Then, if you could just tell Demon this....”

Geez.

The dark red flower I saw for the first time let out a shy cry. Ed’s expression became irritated when he saw it moving

slowly.

“What is that strange flower? Are you planning to give something like that to Demon?”

“I planted the seeds that Demon gave me and grew them.”

“It’s a very pretty flower.”

“....”

“....”

No, wait a minute. You planted the seeds I gave you and grew them? That?

What I gave you are rose seeds. There is no way I could ever raise it.

While I was at a loss for words in confusion, Ed glanced at me, looked at the flower once again, cleared his throat loudly, and stepped to the side.

“...come in.”

Hien carefully stepped into the room, paying attention.

Ed, who was examining him with a disapproving look, bowed towards me.

“Then I’ll go get ready.”

“....”

Don’t leave me alone.

My silent cries did not reach him. After Ed left the room and I was alone with Hien, I carefully rolled my eyes and

examined the plants in the pot.

When I looked closely, it looked vaguely similar to a rose. The petals look like roses. Let's pretend we didn't see any dawdling.

How on earth did they grow this?

"That's..."

"Oh, you recognize me as expected! The seeds that Daemon gave me have finally bloomed! Normally, seeds sprout within three days when planted, but the seeds Demon gave me were somehow different, and they barely sprouted after a week!"

So that means it can't sprout.

"Actually, I couldn't let the seeds that Demon gave me go to waste, so I injected them with a little magic power."

"Ah, so such a strange creature...."

"Huh?"

"no. But wasn't the use of magic prohibited?"

"I didn't use magic, I just injected magic power into it. Fortunately, he accepted it well and grew up quickly."

Hien, who had said that, looked at me with his eyes shining. Seeing his longing eyes, I spoke in an uncertain voice after a moment of silence.

"Well... thank you for your hard work."

"yes!"

“....”

“Oh and take this! This is my reward for allowing me to grow your precious seeds!”

Geez.

If I’m going to repay you, shouldn’t I give something nice? Why is this happening?...

I looked at the flowers on the table with confused eyes, then reached out my hand and pushed the flower pot. My fingertips were trembling as if I could touch the flower for once.

“it’s okay.”

“yes? Why... Oh, don’t worry. This flower will not attack you, Demon. “I made sure to educate them.”

Are you an animal?

“I heard you’re heading to the human world. Don’t you think you’ll need an escort to take care of those annoying guys down below?”

“...What do you eat with this?”

“Oh, that’s... Actually, I don’t know. When it comes to eating, it seems like I eat all kinds of things, but I don’t think it matters if I don’t have to eat something...”

“This and that...”

“Like monsters and human demons.”

“It’s okay too.”

They eat humans! No matter how well I trained them, what if they try to eat me?

Hien suddenly became sullen. It's not that I don't know his efforts and sincerity, and I feel a little sorry, but my life is more precious.

As I desperately looked away from him, I heard a knock on the door.

"This is Demon Ed."

"Come on in!"

As soon as Ed came in, I jumped up from my seat. Ed's puzzled gaze falls on me.

I looked him straight in the eyes and pointed at Hien with my eyes. In short, it means this.

'Let's take turns.'

I'm going to run away for a while... No, I'm going to leave, so you can do something with him.

"I'm going to go to the bathroom for a moment."

"yes?"

"then."

I quickly went into the bathroom attached to my room.

I ignored the perplexed gazes following me behind my back.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 99**

99. It's time (4)

Ed put down a bag commonly used in the human world and glared at Hien. His mind was quite complicated.

It's clear that Demon-sama has sent a sign telling me what to do with this guy... but what should I do?

'Kill me?'

No, if he was going to kill him, Demon would have killed him long ago.

If you can't read even one look in the eyes, you're disqualified as an adjutant. Ed's mood sank.

Anyway, I can't just waste my time like this. Another assumption came to mind.

'It looks like they've had all the conversations they needed to have, so I guess that doesn't mean they should be sent out.'

Even if that wasn't the case, I had to leave again because I had more luggage to take care of, but it worked out well. Isn't it possible to leave Hien alone in a room where Demon-sama is also away?

“Go back now... what are you doing now?”

“ah.”

A low voice growls. At the same time, a painful groan rang out.

Hien was putting that strange flower into Demon Arut’s bag.

It probably won’t work anyway, but maybe it’s an intention to harm Demon. Ed’s eyes were suddenly filled with murder.

“Explain. “Is this an action approved by Demon?”

My wrist, which was held as if it was about to break, trembles in pain.

Hien closed his mouth for a moment as if to relieve the pain, and then spoke slowly.

“It’s an escort plant. It’s a flower that bloomed from seeds that Demon gave me, so I think I should use it for Demon. “I also told Demon.”

The answer was no.

But Daemon needs someone to weed out the scoundrels. The mission itself was confidential, and the possibility of that ‘someone’ becoming a burden was greater than the possibility of making Demon’s movement easier, so he did not take him with him.

‘If it’s a plant that’s relatively small and easy to carry around, it’ll be fine.’

I know it’s presumptuous. Even if Demon finds out about this and cuts off my head, I have nothing to say.

However, whenever Daemon visited the human world, he always came back with dark shadows under his eyes.

Hien suspected that this was because he was carrying out a confidential mission alone and dealing with monsters that would attack him without even knowing the subject while he was on the road, so he wanted to give him something to relieve his fatigue.

Ed, who narrowed his eyes and examined the authenticity, soon relaxed his grip.

While he was massaging his wrist, feeling a sharp pain, he reached for his bag and reached for the flower pot. Contrary to concerns that it might be thrown away or destroyed, the flower pot was placed in a bag in a safer condition.

“...It would be difficult to add anything since there is a flower pot. “I should put the food bag in my front pocket.”

I wondered for a moment whether I should at least cast an illusion spell, but the ban on magic had not yet been lifted. Ed, satisfied with having carefully closed the bag entrance, turned his head.

“Is it okay now? If you want, get out.”

Ed dragged Hien outside and slammed the door.

In the quiet space, the bag placed on the table shook and soon became quiet.

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It is late spring again. I can't believe I passed by like this without even experiencing winter, let alone snow.



Even in the future, such peace will be difficult. The sound of clashing weapons reminded me of a dark future filled with red and bloody smell everywhere, and I sighed deeply. There was strength in the hand holding the bag.

‘Ah, a bag.’

It’s scary to even think about it again.

It was long after I had crossed over to the human world that I opened the bag. The magic pouch containing essential items such as food pouches was in the front pocket of the bag, so there was no need to open the bag separately, but I never thought it would come back in such a big bag.

‘He said he felt uneasy for some reason.’

Ed always brought me a bag with camouflage luggage, saying that there might be people who get suspicious when I go back with a light body, so I assumed it was like that this time too.

Checking my baggage was a waste of time for me, whose priority was to escape the demon world full of monsters and set foot in the human world I missed.

But I never thought you would give me such a big treat.

‘No. Is Hien the culprit?’

No matter who put it in, it doesn’t change the fact that it gave me a big treat.

As soon as I open the bag, a terrible flower cries out at me, and it gives me goosebumps...

I want to throw it away right away, but due to the nature of demonic creatures with persistent vitality, I doubt if this flower will die, and if it doesn't, it will be quite difficult. It's impossible to release such a strange creature into the human world.

Fortunately, Hien was right and the flower did not attack me.

'So what should I do? I have to take it with me until I return to the Demon World.'

I gave up on killing.

Just in case, I stabbed him with a dagger, but he grabbed my dagger with a leaf on the stem and twisted it!

It was a very strong plant.

I didn't give up and tried to burn it, but the flint I took out nearby was blown away by its whip-like stem, and when I tried to light it and throw it in from a distance, it hit my hand that was outstretched toward the flower pot. It was canceled.

'This is why the plant is so quick-witted...'

One intention to kill it may be shocking, but it stays still when picking up a flower pot without much thought, and only responds when you reach out to handle it.

So I finally gave up on trying to throw myself off the cliff.

'I'm going to take care of it, so please be quiet.'

'Geek.'

'...'

I raised my head while massaging my throbbing wrist. The entrance to the count's residence came into view.

I feel the security guard looking at me suspiciously. He smiled and walked in front of him and pulled back the hood he was wearing.

Regardless of whether the guys who recognized my identity were panicking or not, I looked up at the mansion and strengthened my stomach. A loud cry shook the count's mansion.

"Remember!!"

Why on earth did you put seeds in my bag! Of course, I was the one who gave it to Hien! still!

"Why?"

"Count Bae!"

"Come to your senses!"

My vocal cords couldn't handle the loud shouting.

I lowered my head and vomited blood and gritted my teeth.

Oh, it sucks.

Fortunately, I didn't faint. As I watched Remember silently setting up the car, I quietly breathed a sigh of relief.

Maybe at other times, I shouldn't have fainted like that.

I still have a bag full of strange creatures. What would happen if someone opened my bag while I was passed out and offered to pack my things?

It's scary to even imagine.

"...Ah Remember. "Let's use tea leaves instead of those."

"Aren't those... Deusa tea leaves?"

"Please leave two glasses for four. One is Remember's."

"...All right."

I thought he would refuse, saying it was the duty of a butler, but surprisingly, he obeyed obediently.

The car was completed without any problems. While the car was being prepared, someone came in for a moment...

[This is Count Dan.]

[Come in.]

[I heard that you have returned and came to say hello. You were just preparing tea. I am...! Ah....]

When I noticed the Deusa tea leaves on one side of the table, I quickly became glum and left.

Why on earth did you come?

Come to think of it, as soon as I found the tea leaves, he had hidden something behind his back. When I left, I took a quick look...

'Deusa tea leaves?'

How did you get it here?

"I'm glad you came back safely."

“ah.”

I suddenly raised my head. Remember, who was sitting across from me and quietly drinking tea, was looking at me.

The silver-blue eyes that were looking at me go down to my feet and then narrow. A questioning voice continued.

“But why didn’t you leave that bag with the attendant?”

“Remember.”

Thanks to you, I remembered it.

I pushed the bag aside with my foot and looked him in the eyes.

“There were a lot of things that made me question why I had put them in my luggage.”

“I took it with you just in case.”

“Flower seeds?”

“yes.”

“What kind of flower seed was it?”

“It’s a rose.”

It seems you didn’t give me strange flower seeds on purpose. Was Hien’s infusion of magical energy the cause?

However, the question of the inclusion of flower seeds and other useless items was still not resolved. I looked at Remember with suspicious eyes.

“What on earth is Remember?”

“He is the butler of the hero Deon Hardt.”

“Not that one.”

“If not... are you saying you are from Esperanes?”

“Ah Esperanes... Esperanes?!”

[The kingdom we are currently attempting to conquer is Esperanes. It is the smallest kingdom on this map. Considering the scale of the empire, I think it won't be long before the gates open.]

The Demon King's voice passed through my head like an auditory hallucination.

There is no way Remember doesn't know this. I stuttered to open my mouth to him who calmly lifted his teacup and moistened his lips.

“...Are you...okay?”

“What are you talking about?”

“Isn't the empire attacking the mother country?”

“Oh, it's okay.”

The answer that came back was as calm as his attitude.

“Esperanes has more to lose in the process of conquest than to gain from it. In the future, we will have to devour more kingdoms, but Your Majesty will not stand by and watch this happen. “It will probably not be long before he changes the direction of his army.”

“ .... ”

“And if it is truly conquered, the empire will have to cross swords with other powers on the outside and deal with Esperanes on the inside. “It would be very annoying.”

A strong sense of faith in one’s country is evident from the words.

What did I know about Esperanes? A small kingdom located in the center of the continent. A natural fortress surrounded by mountains on all sides. Just about that much.

Sensing my curiosity, Remember narrowed his eyes and whispered secretly.

“Will this old man explain to you about that place?”

“ ....”

I was fascinated and immersed in the topic of the mysterious little kingdom.

It was when I returned to the room after the conversation that I realized this wasn’t right.

This sly butler...!

I hurried to find Remember, but what greeted me was a communication device given to me by the emperor. It’s also connected to the emperor!

“Remem...!”

-Count Hart.

“your majesty?!”

-I contacted you after hearing that you were back, but was the timing bad?

“Is that possible? Glory to the Empire. God Deon Hart...”

As I hurriedly paid my respects, I heard a low laugh.

-‘Glory to you’... Yes, it’s appropriate to say hello.

“Perhaps I made some kind of mistake...”

-No, I didn’t say that. It’s appropriate to say hello.

Wasn’t that a joke?

I thought my heart was going to drop.

-Jim is not in the imperial palace right now.

“Ah...”

-Yes, unfortunately, it seems difficult to talk directly face to face. Instead, let’s get the report like this.

The emperor’s voice, referring to the ‘report’, sank low.

The time has come to be nervous. I straightened my back.

\*\*\*

The emperor placed the communication device on the desk and quietly touched the back of his left hand. It’s a recent habit I developed because the bandage was frustrating.

People around him tried to stop him, saying that the wound would only get worse, but when did the emperor ever care about such things? Regardless of whether blood was seeping through the bandages or not, I did not stop moving my hands and listened to the voice on the other end of the communicator.



The words that came out after hearing the brief report that the Demon King had moved contained a faint smile.

“...This is what happens in the end.”

-....

The table has been turned upside down.

In order to deal with the demon world, the human world must come together. At the very least, no one should interfere with the empire fighting the demon world on the front lines.

Other kingdoms have become unable to attack the empire, and the emperor, who knows what is more important, must now turn his eyes away from them and face the demon world.

The eating away is over now.

“Is there anything else I need to report?”

-What are the criteria for ‘what needs to be reported’?

“It means there is something.”

-....

Deonhardt does not answer what is not asked.

Originally, the standards were loose enough to easily answer a few conditions, but it was natural for them to become stricter as the war with the demon world was imminent.

Seeing each other is over.

'Now we can properly fight this way as well.'

Psychological warfare and a battle of pride.

Emperor Edoardo has no intention of backing down. In his opinion, 'Emperor' means not backing down when facing something and moving forward.

So, the one who becomes a coward will be the devil, not me.

He shook off his distracting thoughts by tapping the back of his left hand and slowly opened his mouth.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 100**

### 100. Hunting Competition (1)

"There is something, but seeing as he doesn't speak up and asks for standards, it probably doesn't have a direct connection to the Demon Lord."

-....

"Is that report directly related to the Demon World?"

-What is the standard for 'direct connection'?

"It is done. "If you keep asking about the criteria for 'direct connection,' it probably means it's ambiguous."

It is not directly related to the Demon King, and it is difficult to say that it is directly related to the Demon World, but it is still an important report that the Emperor must know...

There is

no doubt that the information is important, given that Deonhardt has kept it in his head.

The hand that touches the back of the hand becomes rough. Red blood showed through the bandage.

The emperor was constantly shaking his head and muttering words.

“Is it a monster problem?”

The fact that the Emperor needs to know even though there is no ‘direct’ connection to the Demon King of the Demon World shows that this issue is a problem for both the human world and the Demon World.

A common problem between the demon world and the human world. Monster (monster).

-no.

“Then it must be a boundary issue.”

-A border line connected to the Demon World has been discovered in the Taehon Kingdom.

answer.

The emperor’s head tilted to one side.

“Isn’t the border directly related to the demon world?”

-In the current situation, the ‘direct connection’ I judged was ‘information related to the war’ or ‘information related to demons’. sorry.

“done. “I had a rough understanding of it.”

That’s why I was able to come up with the correct answer without difficulty.

If it were the Taehon Kingdom, it would be a southern kingdom, but there is a border in the south... Do they really know?

‘It doesn’t matter whether you knew it or not.’

If you knew, you'll get an immediate answer as to why you didn't inform the empire, and if you didn't know, that's the end of it.

What is important is 'the existence of a borderline'. It was important before, but in the current situation with the war against the demon world approaching, it is undoubtedly very valuable information.

The Emperor smiled as he moved his hand from fiddling with the back of his left hand to the handle of his sword.

"Good work."

\*\*\*

As always, important reports passed by in the blink of an eye. Not a metaphor, really.

-It will probably be during the hunting competition that Jim will meet you in person.

What, when did the report end? I blinked once, but time flew by so quickly.

It is clear that the report has been completed. The emperor's words had already turned into a casual conversation before ending the conversation.

As I was still dazed and could not answer, a voice filled with doubt came over the communicator.

-It's not like he doesn't want to participate in the hunting competition.

The priority is to answer the emperor's words. I opened my mouth calmly.

“no. I will participate. When will the competition be held?”

-A week later. An invitation must have already arrived at the mansion.

“All right. “I’ll see you in a week.”

-I’m not looking forward to it. Oh, I hope I don’t come back with my white clothes dyed red like last time. I don’t really care about the luggage, but it seems to be quite scary in the eyes of the weak-hearted nobles.

Ah, back then... I was scared too.

I had just returned to the empire and was on my way to the imperial palace to report. On the way, I was attacked by a revolutionary army, and as if that wasn’t enough, I lost consciousness. When I woke up, I found myself in front of the emperor with blood all over my body.

Was I more scared than I was back then?

-If you want to wear blood, wear clothes of a color that makes the blood less noticeable.

“yes yes?”

-In that sense, Jim sent me some clothes. It would be nice if you could wear it on competition day.

“yes?”

-It’s red, so you can bleed it as much as you want.

No, I don’t think this is right...

- You don’t like it?

“no. Thank you....”

Power was a bully.

A week passed by in an instant. My attempt to punish Remember for daring to throw me in front of the communicator connected to the emperor collapsed in front of a mountain of documents.

Calling out Remembrance, he opened the door with great force and went in, but when he saw the documents lying on the ground, he turned around with great force...

“Aren’t you going to let go of this...?”

“If we keep doing this, even old people will be defeated.  
“You must fulfill your duties.”

“You always say old man, old man, but honestly, Remember is healthy, right? The person who also overthrew and subdued the revolutionary army....”

“You missed the point of what you were saying. “You must fulfill your duties, Count.”

“...Help me.”

“How dare I try to harm the Count? I’m scared that someone will hear it. “Come here now.”

I was caught like that for a long week.

And now, as I smoothed out the dark shadows that filled my eyes, I sighed.

“I don’t want to go....”

“You’re talking about big trouble. The host of this hunting competition is His Majesty the Crown Prince. “If you don’t care about your life, please refrain from saying anything.”

This hunting competition is intended to deal with the increased number of monsters and to show off that the empire has enough leisure to do such things even while fighting a war.

The person who carried out this on behalf of the emperor who was busy going to and from the battlefield was none other than the crown prince.

I heard that the emperor will probably come around the middle or latter part of the competition.

‘When the emperor comes, of course he will talk to me.’

I hate to admit it, but I am one of the Emperor’s favorite swords.

So what will the topic of conversation be? Of course, it’s probably related to the demon world. Since this report was conducted via communication rather than face-to-face, you may want to add or hear more.

“I don’t want to go any further... eup.”

“I’m sorry for touching you carelessly. But I really feel like the Count’s head will fall off if this continues.”

I later noticed that the hands of the maids handling my clothes were shaking.

As I closed my mouth and looked around, Remember, who had bitten the maids with a wave of his hand, approached



me. As he adjusts the clothes the emperor gave him, he says something bordering on lament.

“These days, you often make the old man’s heart sink.”

“....”

Instead of responding, I looked into the mirror and looked the other way.

Red clothes with a design similar to a uniform.

I felt anxious that I might actually see blood on the way, but soon my stream of consciousness went somewhere else.

Red blood and... war.

Yes war.

“As expected, I will have to resign.”

A war between the human world and the demon world. It was obvious that I, caught in the middle, would be in trouble.

Up until now, we were just bickering with each other and seeing the passing, so we were able to endure, but from now on...

“Is that so? Now here’s the last one. “Put on this cloak.”

“Ah yes. Rather, my resignation letter....”

“If it were the Count’s resignation letter, it would probably not have been written in advance. Because this old man threw it all away. Would you like the mask to be red as well?”

“It seems strange. Just do what you normally do, wearing a white mask. Rather, you threw away all your resignation letters? Why... no, it doesn't work. “I'm going to write a new one, so get paper and pen right now....”

“The shirt is white, so it's not strange to have a white mask. Now, we are ready. Please go quickly.”

“Yes... no, Remember!”

Why do you keep interrupting me?

“sorry. But there is nothing we can do to protect the Count's head.”

“ ....”

I know, too. If you resign, you will actually die.

Even though I say I'll quit whenever I get the chance, I don't give up right away when I get rejected. I did that because I knew that if I sincerely insisted on resigning, the other person would kill me.

Regardless of the fact that the Emperor and the Demon King care about me, they are monarchs and I am well aware of my danger.

In short, the resignation story is just a statement of hope. It's almost like complaining... something like that.

‘Rather, if you accept it, you should be wary.’

I sighed. Anyway, I had to leave, so I picked up my bag and walked towards the door, but as if trying to lighten the mood, Remember opened the door and spoke to me.

“We have plenty of time. Why not stop by the top of the altar on the way?”

“Has Dan... dressed up?”

I remembered the man who had visited Deusa a little while ago and then left.

I wondered where they got the Deusa tea leaves, but was it really one of the items covered at the top? He has good skills too.

“Your name is Dan Top.”

“No, obviously... I think it started with teaching swordsmanship, but why did it end...” “

In the first place, talent is discovered by trying various things. Thanks to this, the count's finances are very wealthy.”

Originally, there was no shortage.

It feels strange that the person I brought in happened to be successful and is helping me. There is no special bond between him and me.

He followed me and I let him stay at the count's house. That was it.

‘Oh, I happened to make some investments.’

I got on the carriage. I felt a vibration as if Remembert, who had come along to guide me, told the driver of my destination, sat down across from me, and started off.

“But are you still going to carry that bag yourself?”

“yes.”

Anyone can see that it contains life forms that are not from the human world.

I desperately tried to avoid Remember’s gaze.

The top that arrived shortly afterwards was quite a spectacle.

To put it in a good way, it is informal. To put it in a bad way....

“Customer, our top always handles only the highest quality herbs. “It will be difficult if you insist like this.”

“Why is this like this? I’m a girl from the academy. “Do you think I have no eye for medicinal herbs?”

“Sir, can you guarantee that this herb is really ours?

“Hanging all your hands?”

Is this a gambling place...?

At the center of this chaos was Dan.

“Sangdan lord! They say the Jukhund Bridge has collapsed! What should I do? Lewece’s goods come in through that route...”

“Has the Bergen Bridge collapsed? “Change your route there.”

“Sangdan lord, this is the truth...no, please do something to the customer! “Speech doesn’t make sense!”

“There will be a pay cut later. “Let’s bring it inside first.”

I can feel Remember laughing next to me.

After observing the situation in silence for a moment, I slowly moved after Dan. Perhaps thanks to Remember, everyone recognized me, so the move was easy.

‘Are we here?’

I quietly put my ear to the door and concentrated.

“Look at this. I bought these from the top, but they are all in terrible condition. Please change it or give me my money back.”

“Turmeric, goji berry, dandelion, black pepper... they are all southern herbs. “There is no record of these being sold at once.”

“Because I bought it separately!”

There is no problem with listening.

“Well... even so, there are some parts that are a little suspicious.”

“Ha, do you have any proof? “Do you have any proof that I didn’t buy it here?”

“I am not a sick idiot. Come to think of it, there were quite a few people who were wary of our business, which was growing rapidly recently. “Aren’t you trying to bury it in the pasture before it gets bigger?”

“Ha ha ha ha ha. “I’m writing a novel.”

“great. I’ll bet my wrist that you didn’t buy your herbs here. “If you’re scared, just go back.”

The voice was relaxed. Dan continued.

“If you go back now, I won’t ask you anything. But if you continue to hold on and what you say turns out to be false, then the place you will return to will not be home, but heaven.”

Was he always that good at speaking? No, rather...

I focused on something else. No longer calling the other person a customer.

Dan had already made up his mind.

“Where is this guy selling drugs now?”

“The person who was so energetic has gone somewhere and only his long tongue remains. “Are you running late?”

“Run after me? Hahahahaha! Okay, I...”

“Now wait a minute!”

If this continues, someone is going to be in big trouble. I quickly opened the door and stormed inside.

Dan sees me and gets up from his seat. The customer, who looked at me to see something, also got up with a white face.

“Count!”

“Honorary Count De Deonhardt....”

“I’m sorry, but I was listening outside. Couldn’t it have been resolved with words?”

“We were just resolving it verbally.”

“that is?”

If that’s something you can solve with words, what about actions...?

As I stood there speechless, I heard Remember’s voice from the door.

“It looks like the customer is about to leave. Is it okay if I send you away?”

I don’t know how long it took to get there, but the customer was struggling in front of Remember, who had blocked the door.

Based on his personality, I thought he would push away at least one old man with force, but I was surprised.

The moment I thought that, I saw the customer’s shoulder. To be precise, Remember’s hand was pressing down on his shoulder.

“ ....”

“The deacon was there too. Please just send it to me. There are a lot of people like that these days. Looking at the count’s clothes, I don’t think this is your destination. Where are you going?”

“I want to participate in a hunting competition.”

“If it’s a hunting competition...”

Dan’s face, who had been thinking about something, brightened as if he had come up with an answer.

“I heard that you can also bring assistants to hunting competitions.”

“Yes, that’s true, but...”

I don’t plan on taking anyone with me. I have a bag containing plants from the demon world.

I’m planning to wear it on my body throughout the competition to prevent accidents while I’m not looking, but do I need to have someone nearby?

“Could you please take me as an assistant?”

But what should I do if he asks me a favor with eyes full of anticipation?



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 101**

### 101. Hunting Competition (2)

News has arrived that Deon Hart has returned.

The Duke, who was suspiciously wary of Deonhardt, had been receiving detailed reports of Deonhardt's movements ever since he heard the news.

They left about 3 hours and 30 minutes before the hunting competition began, stopped at the top of the den, took a man with them, and headed back to their destination.

'But why... aren't there any orders?'

Cruel's nerves frayed.

At this point, a normal order should have been given. An order to send someone, either a revolutionary soldier or an assassin.

Nevertheless, he was so quiet that he was so nervous that he watched the duke's every expression, but eventually he could not overcome the silence and slowly opened his mouth.

"Are you... not sending someone?"

The Duke took his eyes off the letter he was holding and looked at Cruel. After a short gap, a smile spread across his expressionless face.

“Yes, there is no need to send someone now. “Just a few more hours will lead to a situation where it will be much easier to kill and manipulate death, so why bother going to the trouble?”

Hunting competition.

Cruel’s eyes sank.

“It would be better to send them off a little more prepared by then.”

“ ....”

“In that sense, there is a place I would like you to visit.”

Even though the duke has finally moved, his tense nerves do not ease easily. As always, Cruel lowered his eyes and waited for further words.

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In the end, we decided to go together.

I looked at Dan, who was sitting next to Remember across from the carriage, with wide eyes. Those black eyes are shining and looking at me.

‘...It’s burdensome....’

Should I have refused after all? But even Remember was urging him to take Dan with him. Even if that wasn’t the case, you said you were going to tell me about assistance as soon as you arrived.

Of course, I also did not go along with it and quietly expressed my intention to refuse.

[Dan's swordsmanship...]

[I've learned it to the point where I can use one hand!]

[That's right, Count. How about checking to what level you have risen to now?]

[....]

Damn.

I reflexively strengthened the hand holding the bag. Perhaps it was frustrating, but I heard a 'Geek' sound from inside.

Dan, who was looking at me, tilted his head.

"huh...? "Didn't you hear something just now?"

"I don't know."

"Gyeeeeeh...."

Boom!

I quickly opened the window. Surprised eyes turned to me.

"I think I'm hearing a strange noise outside."

"Ah... is that so?"

Dan nodded, as if he still had doubts, but agreed.

It's all good... Is it still too early to feel safe? You're snooping outside to find the source of the sound!

If this strange plant makes any noise even once more, it will be caught right away without being able to escape. I quickly called him.

“Ugh... how did the upper part get so big? “What on earth did you do?”

“Ah, we distributed various goods, mainly medicinal herbs and war materials.”

“War materials cannot be distributed unless the empire allows it...”

“When I told them that I was serving Honorary Count Hart, the administration took care of it.”

Did you sell my name?

This is a problem, but the administration that handled the matter is also problematic.

“If you were lying, why did you get so angry...”

“Ah! Of course, it wasn’t handled right away. “They asked me to come back in a week because they needed time to investigate the authenticity.”

If so, I’m glad.

The carriage stopped. Remember, who was watching us with happy eyes, checked out the window, opened the door and said.

“Im here.”

Remember got off first and Dan followed him. I was the last one to get up, hold Dan’s hand, and look up at the strangely

quiet surroundings. Everyone was looking at me with surprised eyes.

“...?”

What’s wrong?

Puzzled, I followed their gaze for a moment and let out a short sigh inwardly.

‘...ah.’

ruined.

This wasn’t the Demon World.

I quietly let go of Dan’s hand and straightened up, pretending nothing had happened.

“....”

“....”

There is silence. At the same time, cold sweat broke out on my back.

Was this... a trap for me? Some kind of guided interrogation?

In the demon world, as long as you hold the outstretched hand, they do everything from start to finish, so it has become a habit. On the contrary, if I didn’t confront him, something more troublesome would happen, so I couldn’t refuse.

But why did he hold out his hand? Don’t you know this is an insult? What is Remember doing if he doesn’t resolve this situation...

‘...No, Remember. What is that frustrated expression? ‘Is it true that you taught me everything and then forgot it?’

I wanted to point it out right away, but due to the situation, I tried to keep my expression as if nothing had happened.

“step.”

“Yes, Count.”

A blank face as if he knew nothing.

Yeah, there’s no way he did that on purpose. I couldn’t say anything about something that wasn’t intentional, so I looked for the softest words possible.

Say something to explain that what you just did was wrong.

“...Did I look that unwell?”

The people you grab when getting off the carriage are usually children and women wearing cumbersome skirts.

It is an insult to a person to catch a grown adult who is not wearing a skirt and is not uncomfortable in any part of her body.

‘You look so weak that you can’t even control your body.’ It means degree.

‘It’s true that I’m weak...’

Usually, you can’t do this to me openly. After all, I am the ‘hero’ of the empire.

“...yes?”

Dan, who does not understand what he is saying, puts a question mark above his head.

For a moment, I thought about whether I should explain it more directly, but I felt that the attention of those around me was still focused on me, so I chose to cover him.

“You’re quick-witted. “I didn’t feel well today, perhaps because I was tired.”

Remember can point out mistakes later.

The first thing I need to do now is to hold his hand and wrap it around him so that I don’t feel funny.

As if he sensed that the situation was settled, he raised his head and gave a wink to Remember, who was preparing to return to the mansion, telling him to teach him well later.

The glances that had been passing by, pretending not to happen, quickly dispersed.

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Rien Reiner, the leader of the Murderous Knights, who was waiting at the hunting ground here according to the crown prince’s orders, was astonished.

Dan made a big mistake. It probably wasn’t intentional.

Considering that he has a Southern appearance and is from a village far away in the mountain valley, the assumption that he made a mistake due to ignorance about this area is supported.

Even when receiving training, commoners would never escort someone, so they would have only scratched the

surface and learned about this.

A person wearing a child's skirt reaches out to someone who is unwell. Well, just like that?

'I think the master probably knew that the curse had weakened his body and extended his hand...'

The consideration was good, but the other person was a 'hero'.

Even if he were an ordinary man, he would reach out to a hero when some people would consider it an insult and be offended.

This is an act that not only insults Deon Hardt but also tarnishes his reputation as a 'hero'.

'Usually ignorance is not a sin, but... it depends on the situation.'

In her judgment, this was a sin.

Even if the lord's face is tarnished, isn't it because he was insulted not by someone else but by a subordinate who brought him in personally?

However, the moment Deon obediently held Dan's hand and got off, Lien was impressed. To be precise, what he said afterward.

"You're quick-witted. "I didn't feel well today, perhaps because I was tired."

Dan tried to calm the situation by pretending like nothing was wrong, holding hands and getting off, and directly mentioning that he wasn't feeling well.



The tense atmosphere, knowingly or unknowingly, is relaxed.

How could you react so kindly in a situation where everyone would understand that you just slapped away the outstretched hand and got angry?

Lien gave a triumphant expression to the quietly admiring imperial knights.

‘He is our lord.’

Well, now that the owner has arrived, I have to greet him.

I turned my head and checked the wild dogs. Where did they get from telling them to be quiet? They were slowly approaching the Imperial Knights standing nearby with mischievous looks on their faces.

Blood appeared on Lien’s neck.

“Why don’t you come here right now?!”

And in a place where Lien’s eyes can’t reach.

There was Dan quietly looking at Deon with an unknown expression.

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‘Why are you here...?’

These were the words that filled my throat as soon as I first encountered the murderous knights.

Somehow, I felt that it was a simple start that did not fit with Remember’s tendency to always make minimal preparations whenever he went to the imperial palace.

Aside from the fact that the coachman and Dan joined in the middle, it was a humble start with only a few escorts. That can't be possible.

'It was all because I was here.'

I see the murderous knights. Riendo is scolding them for another accident.

Lien, who was angry with a blood clot in his neck, raises his head as if he belatedly realizes the situation. Her face brightened as she found me without difficulty.

"Master, are you here?"

"yes. "It's been a while, Lord Lien."

"You must be tired from the long journey, but are you feeling okay? "Please give me your luggage."

"This bag is fine. I will take it. "I feel fine... a little tired, but not too bad."

My physical condition is the same as usual, but let's just pretend I'm tired today.

"But..."

I trailed off and looked around. I've been thinking about this for a while... but there's something strange about it.

Why does it seem like we are the only ones? Isn't there a hunting competition today? Seeing that the Imperial Knights are there, I don't think it's an illusion... Could it be that it's already over?

"Are there no other people?"

“yes? “Didn’t you know?”

“yes?”

what. I think I’ve been in this situation before.

When was it... Ah, yes, it must have been when I had just returned from the demon world and headed to the imperial palace where the banquet was being held without knowing anything.

‘Everyone else knows, but I don’t...’

Just as my expression became subtle, I heard a familiar voice from behind.

“I called early because I was embarrassed. “It must have been written on the invitation, but I didn’t know about it?”

“His Royal Highness Crown Prince Hua.”

“It’s been a while, Count.”

The crown prince smiles and waves. I hastily bowed down.

“Glory to the Empire. God Deonhardt beholds the Empire of the Future.”

If I had known it would be like this because it was written on the invitation, I should have read it.

I thought what the emperor said would be enough. I didn’t think there was a need to bother reading things like invitations and times since Remember would take care of it without me having to worry about it.

Even so, I was so fed up with type after doing paperwork over the past few days that I didn’t want to read type again.

“okay. I called you early because I had something to ask, but I apologize if I was offended. “I’m sorry.”

“Oh no. I’m just a little embarrassed, so there’s nothing to apologize for. What would you like to ask more than that?”

The crown prince adjusted his expression as if he had been waiting.

The golden eye glances towards the murderous knights and then looks at me again. His eyes narrowed as if he was assessing something, and his cautious voice continued.

“Do you know what we mainly hunt for in the hunting competition that will be held soon?”

“I heard it’s a demon monster.”

I almost said it was a monster.

“that’s right. But you never know what might happen if you just hold a hunting competition. So, for safety’s sake, we plan to first wipe out the monsters and hold a hunting competition with the remaining remnants...”

“That’s a great idea.”

“I appreciate compliments. Anyway, what I want to ask is this. “I’m planning to bring in the Imperial Knights and the Murderous Knights here. Is that okay?”

“...Do you mean the Murderous Knights...?”

I wouldn’t be able to handle it.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 102**

### 102. Hunting Competition (3)

"Yes, while you were out on a mission, they destroyed the building again. "It's a price, but I think I still have to get permission from the owner."

"...."

"Of course, it's not compulsory, so if you don't like it, I'll just use the Imperial Knights to handle the matter."

The crown prince's attitude became cautious, as if he had interpreted my decaying expression differently.

It's not because of that... these bastards caused an accident again? Destroy the building?!

Damn you guys.

A voice as cold as the expression came out.

"Use it to your heart's content."

"Okay... if you don't like it, there's nothing we can do... hmm?"

"I don't know if this will be able to repay all of their atrocities. I am grateful for Your Majesty's generosity and

gladly offer up my leadership. "You can use it as much as you want."

You can just take it and throw it away.

The crown prince's expression changed subtly. He was holding a sword and arguing with the members of the Imperial Knights. He looked back at the mad dogs being dragged away by Lien, then turned his head again and smiled at me, pretending not to have seen anything.

"What are you talking about? The whole world knows that you are the only one who can control them. "You're making a joke out of it."

"yes?"

"It must have been quite a hassle, but thank you, Count, for willingly agreeing to join us."

So... those crazy dogs and I are in the same group, right?

Damn it.

....

I thought while riding a horse.

'Oh, my butt hurts.'

Considering this vast forest, it is natural to ride a horse, but even that is not easy for a weak body. The good news is that I didn't have to step forward.

'No, no. 'I have to get hurt, but it doesn't work if I don't come forward, right?'

I got hurt and have to go home!

That was the decision I made when I had to be tied up with the crazy dogs and dragged away.

You can't avoid it, so you'll get hurt and fall out!

If you wipe out the monsters in the first round like now, a hunting competition will be held. Then I should participate too. After suffering and exhaustion there, you may have to face the emperor.

In that case, it would be better to get hurt here and go home.

If I were to bleed, I wouldn't have to go through the complicated process, but it's not something I want to do...

'I'm hurt. 'You'll definitely get hurt!'

His eyes sparkled with enthusiasm.

"Hey Count, look at his eyes."

"Wow... that's a little scary... are you angry?"

"Isn't it because you've never been able to use a sword on a monster?"

"It's a bit creepy... Isn't that what makes you roll your eyes?"

It seemed like people around him were whispering something, but it didn't sound like he was overly nervous.

I chose the former between the fleeting physical pain and the continuous mental pain, and made up my mind to move forward...

'Why can I already see the end?'

The subjugation has now reached its end.

I blinked as I looked blankly at the knights preparing for what seemed to be their last battle.

“...Lord Lien.”

“Yes, my lord.”

“Why are you so good at escorting...”

“That’s too much praise.”

No, just do it in moderation. Don’t be proud.

All the way here, Lien did not allow a single monster to reach me.

Ah, it looks like my remarks just made Lien angry. A solemn determination appeared in her eyes.

‘don’t do it. ‘I don’t know what it is, but stop.’

“I will make sure that my lord will never draw his sword in this battle either.”

“Ah...”

“Please watch.”

“No... there is no need to go that far... I should try using the weapon once...”

“I may not be trustworthy in your eyes. Still, I can do this much, so please believe me.”

“ .... ”



Shibure.

At this point, confusion arises. Yes, I will definitely come forward and hurt you.

Lord Lien walks away from me to check on the mad dogs. As I looked at her back, I started shaking my head with impatience.

In most cases, they won't even give you a chance to face monsters. Looking at Sir Lien's current state, it seems difficult to see even a single hair of the monster.

"Count."

"...If it doesn't work out, you can pinch the horse's butt and fall off the horse..."

"Count?"

"Yes? step?"

"Yes, Count. "No, no."

Dan, who was looking at me with a complicated expression, quickly shook his head and spoke.

I think it's because I feel like I'm deliberately ignoring it because I think I'll get tired if I find out.

Dan nodded his head with an expression that told him to say something quickly, but his expression changed as if he wanted to get to the point. I saw something glancing at me in my field of vision.

"I was told that my behavior a while ago was seriously rude."

“ah.”

Did you hold out your hand when you got off the carriage?

It seems that Remember explained it well. I wish I knew by now. He smiled and waved his hand.

“What about something that has already happened?”

“But...”

Once you understand the meaning, there is no way you can move on with ease.

Dan glances at my face. A cautious voice continued as if he was watching.

“Are you... not angry?”

“So, it’s already passed...”

I was about to answer casually, but then stopped. My eyes narrowed.

...It feels like he’s expecting me to get angry, but maybe I’m mistaken.

I looked at him in silence, feeling uncomfortable. When there is no immediate answer, he flinches and rolls his eyes.

The black eyes looked into my eyes, examined my expression, and then turned back to the floor. It looked like someone was watching me, but it seemed like they were measuring something, so I took a little more time and then slowly opened my mouth.

“You...”

“You’re a monster!!”

The remarks that followed were drowned out by shouting from one side.

My homecoming certificate! Dan is not important right now. I turned my head around to see where the shout came from.

One, two, three people who would become the perfect homecoming certificate that no one could refute... Anyway, they were rushing in.

‘...It’s a bit much, though.’

Well, it’s still not comparable to the Demon World.

The reason they came over here in the first place was because they were so numerous that they were pushed out to the human world. Those who were pushed out were probably those who were driven out because they were weak even among monsters.

This means that it is the largest group of monsters I have encountered so far, but it is not at a threatening level.

Trusting this information and trustworthy knights, I quietly drew my dagger. If you pretend to do it in moderation, you end up getting injured and get out.

As I took a step forward with my horse, a loud shout right next to me shook my eardrums.

“Imperial Knights ready for battle! “Everyone line up!”

“!”

What a surprise. I reflexively grabbed the dagger that I almost lost.

At the leader's shout, there was random movement. An exclamation of exclamation suddenly burst out.

Wow that's cool. I've already seen it several times on my way here, but it's still cool to see it again. Can't our kids do that?

"The Lofty Knights...."

"Wow!!"

"The one with horns is mine!"

"...Okay, do whatever you want."

Lien's liberated voice was heard.

Well, it can't be possible either. I laughed in vain as I saw the wild dogs rushing towards me in large groups. I really had vain hopes.

'Then now I too...'

I scanned the situation with my eyes and chose an appropriate person to glare at.

The dagger in my hand spins, and my thumb stretches and folds as if to use the handle.

As soon as I started moving my horse without realizing the hand signals that had become a habit, I heard a familiar voice.

"Milan!!"

Kletter is pointing his finger at me and blaming Milan.

"Stop the Count!"

“...Yes?!”

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Sometimes I think like that.

How could a vanguard made up of poor people and commoners who could not even master the meager swordsmanship survive the eight-year war? Was simply going on a rampage really enough?

‘No way.’

No matter how rampant the sheep is, if the opponent is a tiger, that is the end.

If you find it annoying and annoying to deal with and turn your attention elsewhere, it’s fortunate, but if not, you’ll die like a fly.

There were quite a few tigers on the battlefield, and there were many moments when we had to face them. At times like that, they had to rely on the help of their leader, Deon Hardt, to survive.

‘To be exact... through sacrifice.’

Cleter, a member of the Murderous Knights, laughed bitterly as he rolled words in his mouth that were so harsh that they seemed like they would cut him.

Their captain, now an honorary count, is surprisingly capable of accurately assessing his own physical condition. It means accurately understanding the physical ‘limits’ of my body.

Considering that other people don't even understand the state of their bodies and roll until they break down or give up before reaching their limit, it was clear that this was also an incredible talent.

Deon Hardt applied this talent in a slightly twisted way.

'Knowing my physical limits means I can cross that line at any time if I want to.'

With just one hidden shot to kill an overwhelming enemy.

In order to catch the opponent off-guard and kill them in an instant, they instantly surpass the speed that their legs can produce and the limit of the power that their arms can produce. Afterwards, the bones and muscles were damaged and a considerable recovery period was needed.

Cleter thought it was like a bee attack.

Once you attack with all your might, you become completely defenseless.

'Of course, recovery over time is different.'

Ah, it can be said that being able to endure the poison and pretend like nothing is wrong is also different.

Of course, it is impossible to attack or defend at all.

'But that!'

Are you just trying to use it to subdue monsters?!

"under."

It's so absurd that I can't even laugh.

Meanwhile, Milan, who was oblivious, seemed to be trying to repeat without even thinking, and then tilted his head.

“What the Count said... huh? “Not ‘take care of it’?”

“Shut up and stop me!”

Of course, the meaning of Deon Hardt’s hand signal was ‘please take care of it’, but no matter how much you think about it, that’s not true.

Is it necessary for the Count’s body to be damaged in a non-emergency situation?

“Well... then... stop the Count!”

“Stop the Count!”

“Stop the Count!”

Those who heard Milan’s voice repeat it and move, and others who heard that voice repeat it again. It took no time for the order to reach all members.

“What are you doing, you bastards...!”

“No, Count!”

“I don’t know what it is, but I can’t!”

“Let go, you bastards! “I’m going home!”

Cleter, who was watching Deon struggling while being held by the members, quietly breathed a sigh of relief.

I’m glad that hand signals have become a habit for both him and me. Otherwise, it would have been a mess by now.

Deon Hardt mainly uses hand signals on the battlefield. Because of this, Cleter, who was the most calm, took on the role of observing and reporting his hand signals.

The hand signal from a little while ago means, 'I will use that, so please take care of me as I will be defenseless.'

"What is this...."

"Haha...."

Cleter smiled awkwardly at Lien, who had a puzzled expression, and was shocked as he looked back at the subjugation, which was completed without any major problems, apart from the chaotic scene.

Dan's face, distorted with anger and irritation, looked fiercely at Soran.

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The first round of subjugation is over. Now all that remains is the hunting competition.

I haven't done anything, but I'm exhausted. I crossed the outdoor social hall with a tired face. Every time I passed by, noble ladies and ladies covered their mouths with fans and whispered, but I didn't want to pay any attention to them, so I ignored them.

tired. I need to go into the tent, even just for a little while.

"Master, are you trying to come in?"

"Yes, Lord Rien. "Take care of the situation appropriately and tie them up well so they don't cause any accidents."



"All right. "I will let you know when His Royal Highness the Crown Prince gives his opening speech."

"And Dan..."

"Yes."

"You're free until the hunting competition, so do whatever you want. ... Don't follow me."

"...Yes...."

Dan stopped following me. His face looked a little glum, but he waved his hand away and came inside.

I put the heavy and cumbersome bag on the table, ordered outside to not let anyone in, and carefully took out the flower pot. When I faced that procrastination, I started to sigh.

"How can I really handle this?..."

Do I have to keep taking care of it like this until I return to the demon world?

However, if I participate in the hunting competition like this, I will have to go with Dan... won't I get caught?

"I want to go home..."

He lamented the twisted situation and poked the strange creature with his finger. He didn't seem to like it, so he wrapped a leaf around my finger and broke it.

"Ugh, this crazy bastard...! Let go. Won't you let go?!"

"Count? What's going on!"

“Don’t come in!”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 103**

### 103. Hunting Competition (4)

I barely got my finger out and stopped the movement that seemed like it was going to come in at any moment. I carefully wrapped my throbbing finger.

Damn it. Look at my red, swollen fingers. You handed me such a dangerous plant. Hien, you damn bastard...!

Meanwhile, the guy who pointed my swollen finger towards the stem rolled up a leaf and lifted it up, wondering what he was so proud of. My blood pressure soared at the sight of the thumbs up.

"What did you do well...!"

"Gyeeek."

"Don't make a sound... huh? "Are you going to use this as an excuse to leave?"

"Okay."

An even quieter answer came back. My expression became subtle.

No... I'm grateful, but I still have the dignity of a hero. There's no way I could go home with just a finger injury.

Rather than that, is it because you really care about me?  
Aren't you just annoyed because I keep poking you?

It seemed like it was busy outside, but in the end, it seemed like the noise inside couldn't be ignored. Her voice was heard along with urgent footsteps, as if she was bringing Lien with her.

"My lord! I heard there was some trouble! "Can I come in?"

"Now wait a minute! It's not possible! please wait for a moment!"

"...."

Damn it. I told you not to come in, so why are you bringing Lien?

I hurriedly stuffed the flower pot into my bag.

It may not have been the answer I was expecting, but there was silence for a while, and as I was struggling with the door of my bag that wouldn't lock properly, the solemn voice came back.

"It is true that there is a problem. "I'm going in."

"!"

I haven't fully locked my bag yet!

...let's just put it in the corner. I quickly pushed the bag with my foot. It was almost at the same time that the cloth covering the entrance was removed.

Lien strides in with his sword drawn, opens his eyes sharply, and looks around the inside. After confirming that there was

nothing wrong, her eyes fell on me as I stood awkwardly covering my bag.

“Are you okay?”

“Yes, yes....”

“My lord, you always answered like that. “I won’t believe it.”

If that’s the case, why did you ask?

Unrelenting eyes scan me thoroughly. His gaze, which had been examining me with the intention of tearing out every strand of hair, finally landed on my slightly swollen fingers.

Her expression turned grim.

“After all, an assassination attempt!”

“Why does this have anything to do with an assassination attempt! “It’s just a sprain!”

“If it had been nothing special, you wouldn’t have rushed to stop the guard or me trying to come in! “There must have been an assassin!”

“....”

I have nothing to say...

I couldn’t say I did it because I had something to hide, so I kept my mouth shut, and a confident voice continued as if I had accepted it as an affirmation.

“I understand your desire to resolve this quietly, but in the first place, the sentry and I exist to protect our lord. “It will be difficult if you keep trying to hide it like this.”

“....”

“I heard that one of the types of assassination involves stabbing a person with a needle dipped in poison. “I’ll call a doctor right away.”

“No wait... wait a minute...!”

“Don’t stop me! Isn’t your finger this red and swollen already? “We need to treat it before the poison spreads further!”

What are you scared of? It’s like a runaway carriage!

Even if it’s embarrassing, I can never let you call a doctor. I stretched out my hand to catch Lien, who seemed to be leaving at any moment. The large hand of a man with thick joints that was completely different from hers was grabbed.

...huh?

“Did you say poison?!”

When did you come in? No, before that, can you please let go of my hand?

Cleter seemed to have heard Lien’s cries from outside and stormed in. I was suddenly grabbed by the hand and shoulder and was shaking helplessly as he moved, but I came to my senses late and had rotten eyes.

“What if they come in without permission...”

“Where are you?” Where were you poisoned? Could it be poisonous?!”

“No....”

“Then where is it!”

“Nowhere...”

“Cleter. I’ll punish you for your rudeness later. “Bring a doctor right away.”

“All right!”

No! Stop now!

I quickly caught up with Cleter who was trying to run away at any moment. But this guy just moves? For your information, I still have him.

As his body stretched and seemed to fall to the floor due to his movements, Cleter, who was so embarrassed, forgot that he was going to leave and hurriedly helped me up.

“Why are you stopping me?”

“It’s not poison. “Lord Lien just misunderstood.”

He blinked, then let out a deep sigh, as if relieved, and flopped down on the floor. Tangled! At the same time, I also fell down.

You bastard... I lifted my head while rubbing my nose and still heard a voice full of doubt.

“Then why are your fingers swollen?”

Lien was standing with his arms crossed, looking at me with suspicious eyes.

“I said it was sprained.”

“So what I’m saying is, how did you end up like that?”

“...Do I even have to tell you that?”

You just sprained your finger?

Even if my mouth is torn, I cannot say that I was harmed by a plant. Because it's dangerous? No, I'm embarrassed.

Lien also cleared his throat and shook his head, probably because he didn't think it was necessary to say that.

“no. “I'm glad it's not poison.”

“Yes... Lord Rien.”

“yes?”

Eyes full of doubts turn to me.

I'm just throwing this out because it came to mind after seeing her. I blurted out the words indifferently.

“I want to go home.”

“Oh, I heard from the deacon that you must be tired due to a lot of paperwork. It's not possible.”

“...?”

As expected, he is resolute.

No, isn't the back and forth of words more strange than that?

“Your Majesty is coming too, but you can't go back first, right? “If the reason is that you don't want to participate in the hunting competition, you don't have to force yourself to catch monsters, so just stay in your seat...”



Her eyes inadvertently raised her head and met mine.

She pauses, uncrosses her arms and straightens her posture. His expression, which had relaxed slightly, became stiff again as if it had never happened before.

“Master, would you please raise your head?”

“?”

“Cleter. Lift your head, lord. “Make it look good to me.”

“Do you... mean like this?”

Cleter grabbed my chin and lifted it towards Lien.

“Master, would you please remove your hand?”

“....”

“Cleter.”

“yes.”

shit. Cleter grabbed my hand that was covering his lower body and lowered it.

The warm liquid that was flowing under my nose ran down to my chin, condensed, and dripped onto the floor.

“You’re having a nosebleed!”

“Oh... was it a nosebleed?”

Me again. I thought it was a runny nose and tried desperately to hide it.

...No wait. Nosebleed?! Why at this timing?

I raised my trembling eyes and looked at Lien. Sure enough, there was fire in her eyes.

“Of course it’s poison...!”

“no! “I fell down because of this bastard earlier...!”

“When did I... ah ah?!”

Cleter, who had been jumping up and down reflexively, stopped as if he remembered something. It was clearly visible that the pupils were shaking.

Yes, while he was helping me, he felt relieved and sat down. Thanks to you, I also fell down.

Shall I drag you along? I shook my head excitedly and called out to Sir Lien, who asked with his eyes. Because I covered my nose with a handkerchief, I made a slight nasal noise.

“Cleter.”

“Yes... Count...”

“Why did you come?”

You have to listen to the reason and bring it out.

There was no way that this guy who was supposed to be flirting with crazy dogs some distance away from here happened to be in front of this tent by chance.

Cleter seemed to belatedly remember the purpose of his visit and straightened his posture with a short exclamation of ‘Ah’. I was reflected in his serious eyes.

“I heard that they are taking Dan as an assistant to the hunting competition.”

“It did.”

“Could you please take at least one more person? “I’m a little nervous about being alone.”

“Why...?”

The maximum number of assistants that can be taken to a hunting competition is four. Oh, since only the royal family can make four, I guess it’s three to be exact.

I don’t have any particularly passionate plans to catch monsters, so any further assistance would be a luxury... At first, I was planning on participating alone without a dagger.

Cleter spoke hastily, as if his expression showed that he was not very moved.

“Dan’s eyes look a little suspicious.”

“what?”

“During the subjugation a little while ago... the way you looked at the Count...”

“...?”

“...Um...So... passionate irritation? Creeping doubts? Burning anger?”

What kind of spell are you memorizing?

“Anyway, it was very suspicious.”

“Yes... that’s right... then Lord Lien.”

Pull it out.

Lien, who was standing still, walked forward and grabbed Cleter's arm.

I just had to catch it.

"Count Bae?"

"...Lord Lien? "Why don't you hurry up and drag him away..."

"I don't know anything else, but I agree with the opinion that we should bring another assistant."

I will go. The firm eyes were speaking.

...I appreciate your concern for me, but... it can't go any further than this.

I've been swayed like this once or twice. I am also a person with some ability to learn.

I rolled my eyes to avoid the burdensome gaze.

"It's not possible."

Not even because of the strange creature in the bag.

What catches me more than anything is her personality. Dan doesn't know, but it seems like the worst situation imaginable will unfold the moment he gets caught by her.

After confirming that the nosebleed had stopped, I folded the handkerchief, put it in my pocket, and quietly grabbed my bag.

"Get out. "I'm going out too."

"Master?"

“It’s not possible. “No way.”

“Count?”

“no. “It’s my heart.”

“Is the Count young? “Why are you going out of your way without any valid reason?”

Oh, I don’t know. no. I said no. Originally, I was going to go alone.

If I’m going to be pressured like this here, I’d rather just go outside. He came out, pushing the backs of the two humans.

And I regretted it.

“Why is an honorary count called ‘Count’... Tsk.”

What happened to my luck?

As soon as I came out, there was a fight. I looked at the person arguing with me with a bit of admiration.

Since he proudly boasts about his status as ‘Earl’, he must be a person with a title. Did you recently become the head of the family? He’s very young.

But it looks very mean. As I stared at the face that seemed to have put forth all its effort to express its shining personality, Cleter, who could not help but notice the prolonged silence, came forward.

“Excuse me, but may I ask who you are?”

“Get out of the way. “He is not someone like you who would dare to talk to me.”

and.

If the owner is unlucky, then the attendant is also unlucky.

Cletor closed his mouth and grinned.

‘Hey... Hey, take your hand off the sword. hurry.’

No matter how annoyed you are, what if you put your hand on the sword? What should I do if he is a noble whose status I cannot protect?

I looked at him with tired eyes and then found Lien. This guy must have been watching Cletor put his hand on the sword and didn’t stop him...

‘Uh... right... I guess we tried to draw the sword together...’

Then, the man’s words and actions were ‘Master’. It touched on her ‘chivalry’ related to.

Still, you must not draw your sword. Know who your opponent is.

I blocked the two people with a wave of my hand and quietly looked at the arrogant man.

What did you say earlier? Oh yeah. I said, ‘Why is an honorary count called ‘Count’?’ Honestly, I don’t have anything to say either.

‘It’s not wrong.’

My official title as ‘Honorary Count’ is ‘Honorary Count Hart.’ It’s right to call it that to prevent unnecessary confusion.

however.

“Who are you...?”

Who are you to start a fight like this?

The man who made eye contact with me trembled and answered in a raised voice. The shout came back, more of an attempt to hide fear rather than an arrogance.

“This is the ‘real’ Count Hart! “I’m different from a fake like you!”

huh?

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

Silence fell.

In the quiet space, I slowly blinked.

What did I just hear? Let’s think again.

Um... again.

again. Again. Again.

....

“...Aha.”

At that moment, the man in front of me blushed and took a step back.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 104**

### 104. Hunting Competition (5)

Cruel said he refused the earldom like that, but in the end, the position was given to an unheard-of collateral bastard like that.

'There was a collateral system. If I, a direct relative, didn't know, I would almost be like a stranger.'

You've managed to become the head of the family.

Well, it wasn't unexpected at all. They say that the Hart family was 'extinct', but since there were two direct descendants bearing the Hart family name alive, they were not left out of the noble lineage, and 'at that time', all the vassals were not dead, so they were in a state where they could make a comeback.

...Can this really be called a 'resurgence'?

I laughed. My facial expression right now is probably one corner of my mouth turned up. I couldn't even see the sidekick stammering about how dare you laugh at me, building up your pride.

I just closed my eyes, smiled, and spoke sincerely.

"That's right."



“....”

“Congratulations.”

Even if they do not have titles, the official heroes of the empire are basically respected. It cannot be compared to a specific title because the area is completely different, but if the emperor cares about it, cares for it, and even gives it a maintenance fee on a regular basis, then everything is said.

Treating a hero like that so rudely? Needless to say, he is an idiot.

There's no way this idiot could have sat down as the head of the family on his own, and it's probably because the greedy vassals of the Hart family broke the idiot who was easy to get hold of and manipulate.

So I laughed.

The Hart family collapses like this.

I was so happy.

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“Why is an honorary count called ‘Count’... Tsk.”

When those words were heard, the nobles quietly took a breath. I don't know why I bother to argue with him. Does that man even know that he is bringing on his own anger?

Why is ‘Honorary Count Hart’ called ‘Count Hart’? Isn't it a sign of respect?

This is the second time that the title ‘Honorary Count’ has been so long.

Deonhardt is a hero of the empire, the emperor's beloved sword, and a margrave with territory bordering the border. That was enough of a reason.

The nobles, who did not want to offend a man with various scary nicknames by calling him an 'honorary count', called Deonhardt 'the count' without any complaints.

"Who is that man?"

"This is a guy I see often in social circles these days... but I'm not really interested in him, so I'm not sure."

"Well... looking at your behavior, I don't really want to be interested in it because it's so shallow. Could it be a noble from a distant region?"

"well. I don't know who it is, but it's stupid. "Do I really want to see blood?"

The opponent is the vampire count, the master of the murderers.

The nobles' attention was focused on the small commotion.

Deon Hardt, who was quietly looking at the arrogant man who was not shaken by the sudden argument, asked a question softly. When asked about his identity, the identity of the man no one was interested in was revealed.

[The 'real' Count Hart.]

Only then were the nobles able to find out what was going on.

Since the direct descendants of the Count Hart family, Cruel Hart and Deon Hart, were not interested in the family, a

collateral line took their place.

‘Well...’

‘The fact that that foolish man became the head of the family means that the vassals are also in the same boat.’

‘Even if that man who trusts his precious position and runs wild is annoyed and wants to take it back, it is too late to do so now...’ It

will be quite a hardship.

There was interest in their eyes.

How will that cruel hero react? Are you getting angry? Or will they go further and claim to have suffered a hardship and try to take that position away? Either that or he might draw his sword.

However, contrary to expectations, Deonhardt was not angry. He said with a bright smile, even folding his eyes as if it was just ridiculous.

“That’s right.”

“ .... ”

“Congratulations.”

It was an attitude of blatant disregard.

The ‘real’ Count Hart’s face turns bright red. He was approaching with great strides, as if he would explode with anger at any moment, but then he saw something, became astonished, and retreated.

“You... that...”

“...?”

The nobles who were watching the situation exchanged puzzled looks.

Deon Hardt doesn't seem to have done anything yet, but the finger pointing at him is trembling.

The foolish nobleman's spirit, which had been soaring high in the sky, died. His eyes fluttered endlessly, but the moment Deonhardt took a step closer, he turned around and disappeared.

There was a dull silence.

“...What is it?”

“Couldn't Honorary Count Hart have done something?”

“But he didn't do anything.”

“Perhaps... I was overcome by momentum? “There is something called the spirit of a hero who stirs up the battlefield.”

“Oh, I guess that's right. To chase the opponent away with just momentum...”

They were so absorbed in their own speculations that they had pushed Deonhardt out of their field of vision and didn't even see him.

Deon Hardt shaking a bug off his shoulder. And shuddering and muttering something.

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“Ugh, that's gross. “What kind of bug is this big?”

Thanks to my war experience, I am immune to bugs, but I am not so squeamish that I wear something like this on my shoulder.

I expressed my gratitude to the guy who was arguing with me and shook my shoulders again.

‘Anyway, it looks like he also wanted to participate in the hunting competition... Is that possible?’

With that mentality?

A face that was contemplative of a bug came to mind.

It looks like he grew up quite well, but he wants to hunt monsters?

Even though they were initially cleaned up and are weak enough to be pushed out from the demon world to the human world, they are still monsters. There was no way a guy like that could easily catch him.

‘...Well, I don’t need to worry about it. If you die, you die.’

The thought stopped there. I fixed my head on the podium when I heard a call from His Majesty the Crown Prince to say something.

While the nobles bow their heads, the crown prince walks gracefully and climbs onto the stage. Finally, the word was given to me to raise my head.

....

Don’t you want the competition to start sooner?...

I scanned the scene unfolding in front of me with rotten eyes. A pink, passionate atmosphere was coming from all

directions.

“Lord Lien.”

“Yes, my lord.”

“My lord, you are going to a competition and you don’t have a handkerchief?”

“yes. “I have no doubt that my lord will win even without any of those things.”

Oh yeah...

the words ‘even if you don’t have any of those things’ pierce my heart... but I’m still thankful...

“Mad dogs... what about the knights?”

“Do we have such a thing?”

“Even if I have it, I can’t give it to you. “I don’t want to cause unnecessary misunderstandings.”

shit. Everything goes out.

He motioned for the knights to go and leaned against a wall in a corner out of sight. Are there 8 minutes left until the competition starts? I think it will be the longest 8 minutes in the world.

The crown prince’s speech, which seemed like it would be a long speech, as usual for those in power, ended short. I hope he can enjoy it without any major injuries, I think he meant something like that.

‘Maybe it’s because you’re young, but you have good sense. The shorter the speech, the better.’

The problem was next.

10 minutes to give a ribbon or handkerchief to your lover, family member, or close friend!

A high-pitched laugh is heard, like a lark chirping. You can also hear the sound of a brief kiss being exchanged. How are you? Did they just kiss and fall asleep?

‘Fuck.’

Give a ribbon to someone you love as a lover, and a handkerchief to someone who simply prays for their safe return without any such emotions.

Since the opponents are nobles of the empire who were trained under the tyrant emperor, hunting monsters is inherently dangerous and involves risking one’s life. Therefore, even though it was a hunting competition, there was no sense of discomfort when handkerchiefs were passed around just like when going out to the battlefield.

Of course, I didn’t receive the handkerchief that everyone else received.

“I want to go home....”

“No.”

I know, I know. I’ve heard enough. Your Majesty is coming, but you can’t be left out in the middle of it. So I’m trying to go home.

Meeting with the Emperor. The interview that follows there. And the drifting clouds of war.

‘...’

I rolled my eyes.

I can predict to some extent what the emperor will say when he meets me face to face. That it would be an order that would cause me trouble.

It is not a war with another kingdom, but a war between the human world... no, a war between the empire and the demon world.

‘Knowing everything.’

He clicked his tongue lowly.

“As expected, I’m resigning...”

“Yes?! Are you saying you’re going to resign because you didn’t get a handkerchief?!”

“no. “It’s not like that, so speak softly.”

I hate war. I don’t even want to participate in the war. Especially since this war is a war against the demon world.

...No, let’s leave out the words ‘especially’ and ‘especially’.

‘I don’t like it because I’m afraid I’ll explode in a whale fight, so it’s just an excuse.’

I just haven’t escaped the nightmare of war yet.

I became conscious of the weight of the bag slung over my shoulder. I lifted my gaze from the floor and faced Lien.

“Lord Lien.”

“Yes, my lord.”



“Did you... participate in the Eight Years’ War?”

“yes?”

Perhaps it was an unexpected question, but the puzzled voice returned for a moment and said,

“No. “My brother fought in the eight-year war.”

“okay. “Then, if another big war breaks out, will Lord Lien’s brother be involved in the war as well?”

Sir Lien, a knight, participates in the war separately as the Lien Guard?

The emperor would be very pleased...

“No. never.”

“?”

Lien’s face was stiff as she said that.

“At that time, I was not a knight, so I had no choice, but not anymore.”

“ ....”

“My brother will never have to go to war again.”

“What...”

I quickly stopped what I was about to ask if there was something going on. This is my first time experiencing a situation like this.

Have I ever had an interest in Leen Reiner outside of work?

To me, she is a capable paratrooper sent directly by the emperor, a trainer of mad dogs, and a knight with a spirit of chivalry that is rigid and inflexible, bordering on standard.

Thinking was fast.

‘Let’s not ask questions.’

I happened to have a relationship between a lord and a knight, but I can’t afford to pay attention to others when I can’t even take care of myself.

There is no need to ask questions and find out about her private areas...

“My brother is weak.”

“Uh...”

You don’t have to say it.

“Originally, I wanted to fight in the eight-year war, but my parents cared so much for me that my brother went to war instead. I am better at using a sword and have better physical strength, but why should my brother, who has a weak body...” “

....”

“That’s why I became a knight. “If I become a knight, my parents won’t be able to object.”

Because the things that were put forward as reasons for opposition will be torn to pieces.

“So your brother will not participate in the war. “Because I am there.”

“...This sounds very similar to someone I know.”

Although the ending was different.

I turned my head. I see people carefully checking their weapons and getting on their horses. I also got on the horse that Dan was leading.

The sweet time is over. Now it was time for the hunting competition.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 105**

105. Hunting Competition (6)

[Deon Hardt hates places with a lot of people.]

[Even in hunting competitions, he will probably move to a place with fewer people and less people.]

[We will install a crossbow. I'm going to put Deon Hardt there.]

[Isn't it time to put an end to that tough life?]

Takkak. Just right.

Chess pieces go back and forth. The thick, bony fingers stretched out comfortably grabbed the pieces of both sides and moved them alternately.

Since the duke is actively involved, there is nothing we can do about it. Never mind. Now is not the time to think about that.

'Did you say that the frequency of hemoptysis in the mother of the leader of the revolutionary army increased?'

Just right.

The black king appears in front of the enemy with only a few guards.

‘The leader still doesn’t know that fact.’

Takkak.

The white camp paid attention to the black king.

‘I’ll find out soon enough. Should we ask for closer surveillance?’

Just right. Meanwhile, a secret movement occurred in the black camp.

‘More than that, hemoptysis. It’s hemoptysis...’

My younger brother Deon Hart also often suffered from hemoptysis.

The hand that was moving the words suddenly stopped. Cruel, who seemed to be unable to concentrate, was holding a black bishop between his fingers and lowered his green eyes as if lost in thought.

‘The duke knows Deonhardt well.’

I prepared for the hunt well and thoroughly prepared.

‘On the other hand, Deonhardt does not know the duke.’

He went to the hunting competition without any preparation, not even knowing that the duke was targeting him.

A well-prepared hunter and a hunter who knows nothing.

The result came to mind naturally.

[How can a person who has been weakened by a curse do something like this?] They

made sarcastic remarks to those who came out and installed the crossbows in the name of supervision, but they only twitched their eyebrows, and like skilled assassins, they installed the crossbows without wavering.

If it hits them, it will literally turn into a hedgehog.

Cruel sat in the tent and quietly snapped his fingers after hearing the news that the hunting competition had begun. A chess piece held between the index and middle fingers hits the desk at regular intervals, making a crashing sound. The green eyes darkened.

‘There are a lot of peacocks at the hunting competition. If we use them, we can easily guide the child’s movements.’

The skill of the assassins is also formidable. Even if it is not a crossbow, he can die at their hands, and even if Deon survives, he will be guided by their guidance and will reach the crossbow.

If that happens...

exactly. My fingers stopped.

‘....’

Degurrr. The chess pieces roll miserably on the desk.

Cruel stood up holding his sword and put on his robe. His subordinate Senzer, who had been watching him the whole time, asked.

“Where are you going.”

“Hunting competition. “I have to prove my worth.”

“ ....”

“I will offer my victory to the Duke, so you can go and spread the news that I am participating.”

\*\*\*

I got off my horse and walked through a deserted place. It was my own consideration.

It was so uncomfortable that everyone who encountered me took a deep breath and glanced at me. We didn't plan on getting too excited about the hunt anyway, so we kindly left the place to make each other feel at ease.

And then I got attacked.

“Count!”

“Ah... crazy.”

I slowly got up from Dan's arms.

That sucks. So... something happened. Oh yeah. I met the 'real' Count Hart. The bastard got into a fight and chased me persistently when I kindly walked away. Then... he

pushed Dan and rolled over to the other side. A dagger stuck where I was and I trembled.

“omg.”

Dan rolled his eyes, looked around, and muttered to himself, regardless of whether he stopped breathing in surprise or not. This is all because I didn't get a single handkerchief. No one prayed for my safe return, right?

“...Damn it.”

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a bag lying around that I had missed.

The flower pot wasn't broken, right...? At least the dirt seems to have been spilled, but is he dead? No, if he had died that easily, I wouldn't have even thought about bringing him here.

‘It feels like my bag is shaking...’

...I guess it's my mood.

For now, let's ignore the situation as it is a situation.

I forced my gaze away from the bag and took a step to the left. The blade fell into the floor again without a sound.

Rather...

“Why are you sticking with me?”

“You talk so arrogantly!”

With the ‘real’ Count Hart at my side, I have no intention of falling.

If you had fired a signal because you were scared, you would have quietly stayed in a corner until help arrived. Why did you stick to me?

Ugh it's frustrating.

“If I couldn't protect myself, I shouldn't have participated in the hunting competition.”

“This is not hunting!”



“On topics that make me think about bugs and such.”

“you you...!”

Anyway, I’m in danger of dying because of you! Take responsibility and protect me! The guy squeaked.

I looked down at him with pitiful eyes, grabbed him by the back of his neck, pushed him away, and moved a couple of steps further. Is this something strange?

‘It’s as if I’m being hunted...’

Ugh.

Before I could even finish assessing the situation, my head, which was supposed to be spinning, turned white.

“Uweek...cough...!”

The aftereffects of the first time I was hit on the floor by Dan surged.

It somehow betrays its owner’s will to suppress and swallow, and flows back down the throat and out of the mouth. Red liquid dripped and wet the floor.

At first glance, it seemed like the writhing of the bag, which was lying around shabbily, was getting worse.

Of course, my gaze, which had briefly touched that direction, was withdrawn again. Because the damn raiders showed up and started attacking us.

The swordsmanship went back and forth like crazy. No, it was unilaterally directed at me.

Fearing that they are the ones killing people, they all target only the most important points of attack. I had no choice but to stop it in order to survive.

Sadly, it doesn't give you a chance to attack. Every time I block an incoming attack, I realize that my life is at stake.

'Fuck, save me.'

It's scary.

I shrugged off the memory that was coming up my throat in horror and took two steps back. And then,

a small noise was heard.

"!"

"It's over."

For a moment, the world slowed down.

Numerous arrows can be seen rushing from where the noise was heard. As I rolled my eyes again, I saw the assassin stabbing his sword from below, aiming for under my chin.

It was too late to avoid it. To avoid one, you have to give up the other. Whichever one I give up, the end will be my death.

Do you become a skewer or a hedgehog with a piercing from under your chin all the way to your brain?

That time when I hesitated for a moment about a decision that I couldn't make easily.

Phew!

“...!?”

“....”

“Ugh... no, wait a minute...”

What the fuck is going on?

Once again, I was rolled around on the floor in someone’s arms, trying to focus my spinning vision to understand the situation.

At that desperate moment, a plant stem burst out through the assassin’s chest. Before I could be shocked, someone grabbed my body and rolled on the floor, out of range of the arrow.

Plants... well, that’s it. First of all, I believe it won’t be the case. Who is this person who saved me? Is it Dan?

‘A little while ago, he rolled me around roughly and made a mess inside me, but this time, he was very careful and caught me without any shock...?!’

It’s not Dan.

When I raised my head, my eyes met the green eyes under the robe. I immediately turned my head to hide it, but I wasn’t about to let that moment pass by.

I feel like my blood is running cold.

“you.”

“....”

“What are you planning?”

I grabbed the collar of the guy who was trying to leave me without a word and walk away.

He put his face close to me, bared his teeth, and growled.

“Do you think you wouldn’t recognize me even if I was wearing a mediocre robe like that?”

Cruel Hart.

Explain why you are here.

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

There was silence. Cruel, who firmly kept his mouth shut, looked down at me. I, too, did not give up and glared at him with his incomprehensible eyes.

The silence that seemed like it would last forever was broken by the sound of a crash being heard again and the sound of urgent footsteps coming from afar.

“I got a red flag! I hope you’re safe! What is that?!”

“monster? Is it a monster?! “This is my first time seeing a plant-type monster?!”

Plant type... monster...?

With an ominous feeling running down my spine, I quickly turned my head and looked for the plant-type monster the voice had mentioned. And I was shocked.

‘What is that?!’

That's the plant Hien gave you, right? Could you walk with roots?!

A creature resembling a black rose walks on the ground, wriggling its roots! The stem was moving freely and had raiders attached to its end.

Perhaps because it drank blood, it grew to a terrifying size.

'He took care of all the attackers... Yes... thank you...'

It's true that the life-threatening situation is over... but why does it seem like it has become dangerous in a different sense?

Please don't pretend to know me. I turned my head and prayed in my heart. I tried to question Cruel again, but...

'Nothing?'

It just popped out! Damn you!

This alone was annoying enough, but there was a voice that made my blood pressure rise even more.

"That monster belongs to Deonhart! I saw it! "That monster comes out of Deonhardt's bag!"

"...."

I quietly held the back of my neck.

Suspicious eyes are directed at me. Yes, I guess so. I understand. Because I am the 'master of murderers'.

In fact, I am a normal person and the people below me are crazy people, but from the outside, I, the owner, will look like the same person.

“That monster saved Deonhardt from raiders! “It’s clear that Deonhardt was controlling it!”

But what does this idiot believe?

Aren’t I scared? No matter what the truth is, the reputation that appears on the surface must be terrifying.

I was at a loss for words at the sight of the despicable figure beyond imagination, but I quickly realized the reality.

In any case, the current atmosphere is turning against me. I have to do something to remove doubt...

‘Should I kill that monster?’

You may not be able to kill it, and even if you do, you may think it is cutting off its tail.

What do we do...?

Just when I was groaning because I couldn’t find an appropriate way, the guy moved.

‘Why... why are you coming?’

Do not come!

The guy approaches, wriggling his roots. When I tried to retreat, he stopped me by wrapping his trunk around my ankle, which caused me to almost fall, and gently grabbed my back and climbed up my leg.

An intense fear came over me.

‘Fuck you.’

Please save me, I’m scared, hey!

This is why you shouldn't bring plants with black heads.

With all his survival instincts, he swung the dagger he was holding in his hand. I was easily suppressed. Oh please.

"Geeeeeeek."

Uh...uhh okay...you're nice, right? Can you please let me go? No, don't grab the neck... hehe!

The stem wrapped around my neck. It looked like it was going to suffocate and kill at any moment, but fortunately no force was applied as the goal was to fix it. No... isn't that 'fortunate'?

"Big!"

I felt a dull shock in my abdomen.

sick. what? Was my stomach pierced like the attackers? But it's not that kind of pain. If I had to compare it, it was as if someone had hit me with a fist...

At that moment, another stem lightly pressed down on my chin. As questions filled my mind, the smell of blood rose from my stomach.

"Cough."

Sigh... I express my admiration for the emperor's foresight in sending the red clothes. I gritted my teeth with blood streaming out of my mouth.

Now that I think about it, I realized I had coughed up blood once a while ago. Even if that weren't the case, how could something like this not happen if you vomited blood once and the shock hit your sore stomach?

Something hot rose up inside me again. It's not blood this time.

This... this...

"This bastard!!"

Suddenly!

"...uh?"

I think I was so angry that I forgot that I was being suppressed and just waved my hands. But why does he collapse? When did my hands loosen?

I couldn't understand the situation, so I blinked blankly for a moment.

The monster plant, as if dying, is slowly collapsing and rolling up its leaves. In human terms, it was only through the act of raising a thumb that I was able to understand what was going on.

'This is what I intended.'

For my own sake, knowing I was in trouble.

He pretended to attack by deliberately wrapping his arms around his neck and squeezing him. I deceived the eyes of the viewers by shocking my abdomen and making me vomit blood. It must not have been difficult for my weak body to spit out blood even at the slightest impact.

So, whether out of survival instinct or anger, the moment I swung my arm as I could, I released my hand and touched my vital spot.

And died.



“Ha...”

“Gwae... are you okay?”

“....”

“Honorary Count Hart Baek...?”

“....”

You have good hair.

Somehow I couldn't say anything.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 106**

106. Hunting Competition (7)

Dan is about to follow disaster.

By any estimate, Deonhardt is a disaster.

So Dan follows Deonhardt.

'What if Deonhardt isn't a disaster?'

So what should I do?

While Deonhardt was away on a mission, Dan did a lot for him.

The title was changed from Master to Count. He obediently followed the deacon's words that he should be called 'Count' even though he was following 'Calamity' and not 'Honorary Count Hart'.

I learned the sword to be by his side without restrictions. I have reached a level where I can escort someone.

He set up a business to raise money separate from the count's funds. It was natural.

'If he starts acting like a disaster, it will be difficult to use the funds accumulated in the Count's mansion.'

Dan knew that almost all of the occupants of the count's residence were the emperor's people.

I have done all of this. But what about you?

'I did this, but what did you do? 'Is it really a disaster?'

It's not enough that an old shaman called you that. It's time to prove it again.

and insulted him.

I really didn't know, so I thought I was escorted when I got off the carriage. Dan wanted to see his anger.

'An anger worthy of disaster.'

...On the contrary, I ended up receiving his kind consideration.

Reasonable doubt raised its head.

'You are not.'

Is it really a disaster?

And now that doubt is gone.

What kind of person can control a monster? This is impossible without a disaster.

In a desperate situation, a plant-shaped monster moved. It pierced the attacker and drank its blood to grow in size. Then, it walked around using its roots and dealt with the remaining attackers with its freely moving trunk.

It's a bit disappointing that Deonhardt didn't handle the arrow himself, but that an unknown person came forward to

save it...

‘Are... are your hands shaking right now?’

Like an animal that almost lost its cub, the fingertips of the opponent who held Deonhardt in his arms trembled slightly.

Was there anyone who cared about Deon Hart that much? From what I understand, his interpersonal relationships seem to have been extremely narrow and dry.

‘...Well, it’s none of my business.’

Dan, who was looking at the unidentified opponent and Deon Hart alternately with indifferent eyes, soon turned his gaze to see the strange creature and smiled faintly.

I’m a little sorry that I pretended not to know his danger just to watch this scene, but it’s okay since I saw the proof.

‘When I go back after finishing my work...’

I have to follow him faithfully.

From now on, Dan will never doubt Deon Hardt again.

‘Just watch this for now.’

I watched the exciting situation unfold.

Support arrives and an unidentified Rob hides himself. The self-proclaimed ‘real’ Count Hart, whose spirits were revived, aimed at Deon Hart and the plant moved.

Wrap their ankles to block their movements and hold their hands to suppress them from attacking. He wrapped his neck around his neck and acted as if he was going to kill

him at any moment, and when blood poured out of Deonhardt's mouth, he died in his hands.

Dan was impressed.

'I can't believe I escaped suspicion like this!'

They make it look like they are attacking me and kill me. It was a clean tail cut.

"No, well! "That monster is controlled by Deon Hart?!"

"The monster you mentioned attacked Honorable Count Hart."

"It's a self-made play!"

"I even vomited blood to say that."

The doubt was cleared.

Deon Hardt, who neatly sheathed his dagger with a simple gesture, walked leisurely and approached Dan. Their eyes met and Dan froze.

Bright red eyes, corners of the mouth raised as if laughing. The eyes that seemed to be looking down at the other person from a high place were asking with mercy.

"Are you satisfied?"

"...."

You knew. haha. Dan laughed.

Are you satisfied? That's right.

"Of course Master."

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Deon turned his head and looked at the stupid and annoyed sidekick.

There is no living. There is no blood-soaked madness. However, when Bang-gye, who instinctively felt an ominous look in his eyes that was obviously different from usual, hesitated and retreated, he clicked his tongue and walked up to her and placed his hand on her shoulder.

The guy trembled as if bitten by a wild animal.

“If you are the head of the Hart family, you must be staying at Count Hart’s residence.”

Honorific.

Bang-gye raised his head in surprise at the friendly politeness that popped out in an atmosphere where he seemed to be speaking informally, but nodded for a moment.

Isn’t it natural for the head of a family to live in a count’s mansion with a long history? Cruel Hart and Deon Hart didn’t even go there anyway.

Are they trying to steal it now? Wary eyes turned to Deon.

Deon looked him straight in the eyes and smiled broadly. It was a smile so beautiful that it took your soul away.

“It looks like they cleaned it up properly.”

“Uh...uh what?”

“It was covered in blood so bad that you cleaned it up.”

“...!”

“Weren’t there a lot of spirits wandering the hallways at night?”

So the rumors were true! The collateral matriarch’s face turned white.

Deon Hart really killed all the people of the Hart family! And that too in the mansion where I am currently staying!

Deon smiled in satisfaction when he saw him bleached white and lost.

There was silence for a moment as the pleasant laughter fell low. Deon was looking at him with an expressionless expression, as if he had never laughed before.

“It would be good to be fair.”

Unless you want to die.

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[I... I want to live in another mansion. Are there any other villas nearby?]

[Yes? No, Count, what is that... Count Hart is the symbol of the family head. Otherwise, they are in an unstable state because they don’t have the ‘Hart Territory’, the core of the Hart family, so you’re going to stay in another mansion.] [I don’t know... They say they ca

n’t live because I’m scared and uncomfortable, but what does that matter now...] [

Huh? what did you say? I didn’t hear you clearly.]

[It's nothing! Anyway, you'll be staying in another mansion, so take care of it! If I don't have it, I'll make one and stay somewhere else!]

[Count, Count?!]

I chuckled, casually listening to the conversation between the subordinates and vassals coming from afar.

Seeing her in fear makes me feel relieved. I don't think I said anything, but I'm a little curious as to why he was so scared.

"They say Honorary Count Hart controlled a plant-type monster."

Ah, this is not pleasant at all. Damn collateral guy.

If you're scared, you should keep your mouth shut. He was so light-hearted that he easily fabricated what I saw and spread it as if it were true.

Honestly, it's pathetic. What even demons cannot handle are monsters. Of course, it wasn't a plant-type monster, it was just a plant, but in any case, other people knew it as a 'monster', so who would believe that...

"If you're the honorary Count of Hart, you deserve it."

"I guess the rumors about him being a vampire are true."

Do you believe it?

"I heard they brought in a plant-type monster and caught it to win the hunting contest."

"They say they used that monster to get rid of those who bothered them."



“Is it true that we have been secretly dealing with plant-type monsters behind the scenes for a very long time?”

I’m so dumbfounded.

No, it doesn’t make sense in common sense. Why on earth do you believe this? Even the rumors are ridiculously exaggerated!

I swallowed the laughter that was about to escape and pretended not to listen to their voices, but a huge figure approached me.

“Ah...”

I reflexively shook my shoulders.

A strong presence. Heavy and sharp atmosphere. It was obvious without needing to see who the owner of this presence that was weighing down people was.

At first glance, a red cloak appears in the field of vision. Before I could make eye contact with the fierce golden eyes, I quickly got down on one knee and bowed my head. I felt the nobles who discovered him belatedly kneel down one by one.

“Glory to the Empire.”

“Get up.”

The emperor, whom I had seen for the first time in a long time, looked quite emaciated, as if he had a lot of work to do. Is it a problem or a good thing that the gauntness made the impression sharper rather than sad?

From the emperor's point of view, you could say it's fortunate that it doesn't look ridiculous, but for me, it's a problem.

'You've become more scared...!'

Even if it wasn't, I was scared!

Tired, beautiful golden eyes scan the nobles. Everyone who caught his gaze shrank like a startled snail as his eyes became more fierce than before.

After a short silence, the emperor broke the silence.

"...Okay..."

It was a sigh-like voice filled with deep fatigue.

"I was busy so I couldn't participate, but it looks like things went well. "It looks like the crown prince did a good job."

"I am honored."

"I'll let Jim take charge from now on."

The Emperor, who fluidly took over the baton from the Crown Prince, raised his gloved hand and pressed his ever-distorted eyebrows.

"Let's hurry up and announce the results and conclude. Please give me the results sheet."

A sheet of paper listing the shapes and sizes of monsters passed into his hands.

What rank am I in? Because of the title of 'Hero', I couldn't go back empty-handed, so I only caught two monsters that I

saw on the way, so I guess that's just average. It seems that the average number of monsters hunted by nobles was two.

Since I have no intention of attracting attention, I am satisfied enough with the fact that I did not damage the hero's name value.

The emperor seemed to be in a very bad mood, so he should just stay silent and disappear like this. In the current situation, if I stand out for no reason, I may not have a neck left.

"Third place. Cruel Hart."

"?"

When the fuck did he participate?

The results of his hunt are piled up in front of everyone.

Because it is cluttered and there is not enough space to place all hunting results in one place, only the first to third place results are placed in the center in hunting competitions to prevent suspicions of ranking manipulation. In short, if you haven't caught this much, don't complain.

In that sense, Cruel's ranking was annoyingly understandable. Four monsters. I definitely caught quite a lot by the average person's standards. That's rough considering he's a hero with a hero's fragment. Unlucky.

The ranking announcement continued.

"Second place. Elpidius Desert."

"...?"

I was surprised in a different way. No, the crown prince participated, but there was a human who won first place without giving up? What kind of crazy person are you?

Five monsters. Even if you don't intend to make any concessions, it will be difficult to capture more than that. The crown prince said it was possible because he had four good assistants, but it wouldn't be easy for an ordinary person without even the fragments of a hero to surpass that.

I really did this with my teeth clenched, but I'm really curious about who it is...

"1st place. Deon Hardt."

It's me.

I was that crazy person who gritted his teeth.

"...?!"

why not? why?! I only caught two monsters...

Three monsters piled up in front of me in confusion. Not two, but three. Among them, my expression fell into an indescribable form when I discovered a monster with a familiar appearance.

"I caught a plant-type monster. "It must have been quite difficult as it was my first time seeing this type, but you did a great job."

"No... no..."

I barely answered. It wasn't picky at all. Because this guy died for me. I deliberately left it behind, even if it was

because of my conscience.

What kind of guy brought this guy?

The softened golden eyes take a look at me, then harden again and face the front. A step behind him, another Geum-an who looked like him smiled softly at me.

‘Prince...’

Why are you smiling? At first glance, it seems like it’s meant as a compliment.

But I won’t take it literally! Because I learned that the social world is a place where people wear the mask of laughter and exchange swords of words.

So that smile probably means a warning. For example, ‘How dare you defeat me? ‘Your future will be very tiring.’ Or something.

‘The crown prince looks at me hatefully...’

...If he’s really hateful, he should escape to the demon world forever. The empire, not the human world, is bad.

“Then let’s say the hunting competition ends here and I have something to tell you.”

The emperor attracted attention again.

He frowned and waved his hand in the air as if there were a fly in his eye, then gently closed his eyes and then opened them with a light sigh. His eyes, which had become even more harsh due to the dark shadows under his eyes, were aimed directly at me.

“It looks like we will be going to war with the demon world.”

“!”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 107**

107. In fact, they knew (1)

“The devil declared war. “War is inevitable.”

There is no way to resolve this peacefully. The open space suddenly became noisy.

I understand. A war with the demon world while we are already in conflict with other kingdoms. How will the lost troops be replenished and what will be the funds? What about the mental strength of soldiers devastated by successive wars?

‘Furthermore, even if we manage to win the war against the demon world, there is no way other kingdoms will just stand by and watch an empire that cannot afford to fight any more wars.’

Since relations with other kingdoms have already reached their worst point, the downfall of the empire is preordained.

In a situation where he had no choice but to walk, even though he knew it was the path to downfall, the emperor spoke calmly.

“We have to focus on the demon world, so all wars within the human world will be halted.”

“Excuse me, but Your Majesty, will the kingdoms that were at war accept you obediently?”

“It has to be that way. “Because this empire is the only country in the human world that can deal with the demon world.”

And the emperor fell silent for a moment.

He stopped talking there, but I could tell what he was trying to say.

‘They would rather support the empire.’

If the empire falls, will the demon world really stop there?

No way. If the empire falls, the human world will soon fall.

In this situation, the most the other kingdoms could do to express their dissatisfaction would probably be not to support the empire. Even if the situation becomes dangerous, active support will have to be provided.

‘But there is no need to fight a war with insufficient support from the beginning. ‘He must have swallowed those words.’

In the current situation, there is no need to offend other kingdoms.

The emperor must have judged that way.

‘But...’

His opinion is premised on one assumption.

Assuming that no kingdom joins the Demon World.



My head suddenly tilted. We have seen a lot of human greed and selfishness during war. Is there really no chance that a powerful person with a lot to lose will join the side of the demon world for his own safety?

‘The Demon King accepted me as a human.’

This means that there is no special hostility or prejudice against humans. So, he would choose to accept it instead of rejecting it.

It’s easy once, but then it’s a battle of wits. Those in power will rush to betray the empire and offer their country to the devil. What is the importance of race? What’s important is my safety.

‘Well, there’s no need to say something I’m not sure about.’

It’s still a distant future. I don’t want to incur hate by saying something that wasn’t asked.

I don’t know. I never thought of something like that. I buried the thoughts that came to my mind and looked at the emperor with a calm face. He was once again nailing the story.

“So just be aware. From now on...”

“!”

The fishy scent of blood passed the tip of my nose.

A vivid bloody scent that is completely different from the scent of blood that comes from a monster that has been caught for some time.

Damn it. What kind of situation is this again? Before I could even turn around, I heard a clear voice right behind me.

“I guess I got the timing wrong.”

Could you please step aside for a moment?

Uh huh? The owner of a voice that could be considered a model of an aristocratic tone gently pushes me away and passes by. The thick, bloody smell followed behind, leaving a trail.

Holding a blood-soaked wooden box in one hand, he walks with restrained steps, neither fast nor slow, and stops in front of the emperor. He raised his head straight, without bowing an inch, and made eye contact with the emperor.

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

After what seemed like an eternity of silence, he slowly bent one knee. He put down the red-stained wooden box next to him and bowed his head.

His green hair flowed down as he moved, and his neat voice came out again.

“Glory to the Empire. New Stigma Primiro sees the current Empire.”

Stigma Premiere. The second hero of the empire.

No matter how much of a hero he is, it's too much for him to come in with such a strong bloody smell. Can't you see that the nobles around you are frozen?

...although his clothes are strangely neat.

'I feel a strange sense of déjà vu... I guess it's just my mood.'

I feel like I've been through a similar situation with a different main character and location, but I guess that's just my mood. Let's ignore it.

"Get up. "What is the box next to it?"

"I prepared this out of regret as I cannot participate in the hunting competition due to circumstances, but... I don't think I can give it to you because the timing is not good."

"Tell me the content."

"It's the enemy's head."

Oh... as soon as they declared a halt to war in the human world, they came carrying the enemy's head.

But it's not the stigma's fault. I didn't know, so what can I do? The Emperor's words will be known from today onwards, so for now, all he can do is carry out his duties faithfully.

The emperor was silent for a moment and then waved his hand at a nearby attendant. Stigma obediently hands over the box to the attendant who approaches him, and after receiving the box from the attendant, he opens the lid.

The scent of blood carried by the wind became stronger.

"...Good work."

The answer from the emperor who cared about heroes was as expected.

As if Stigma had expected this, he slightly bowed his head and expressed his gratitude. The emperor handed the box

back to the servant and walked forward.

“Orders will be delivered soon. “The war within the human world will stop and we will prepare for the war with the demon world, so prepare in advance.”

Stigma quietly retreats and asks the nobles around him who won first place in the hunting competition. He slightly widened his eyes and then smiled elegantly, as if he had answered sincerely despite his hesitation.

With that, the official monster hunting first place was Deon Hart, and the unofficial human hunting first place was Stigma Primiro, and the competition came to an end.

It would have been nice if...

The hunting competition is over, but it is not over. What does it mean? It means I can't go home.

After the hunting competition hosted by the imperial palace, an after-party and social gathering is held. It would have been better if I hadn't been able to go home because I was attending the banquet.

“I heard something happened. “Are you feeling okay?”

“it's okay.”

It's okay, so please just let me go now.

As soon as the emperor announced the end of the hunting competition, he grabbed me and dragged me into a quiet forest.

Actually, I didn't drag it, but it's the same as dragging it to me anyway.

[Wouldn't you like to take a walk with your luggage?]

Who would dare refuse when the emperor makes such an offer?

I followed him with a miserable feeling. Even after a long time had passed, his mouth opened and the words that came out were about the commotion that had occurred at the hunting competition and his regards to my body.

"I'm glad you're okay, but something went wrong at the tournament held by the imperial family, so I guess I'll have to take responsibility. "I will send an additional amount to the prize money to be sent to your mansion."

I felt like they were trying to subtly use money to get away with it, but I just went along with it.

Anyway, even if you tell me what you want, there's no way they'll grant what you really want, and other than that, I don't really want anything else.

"thank you."

"And... the plant-type monster you caught."

I was shocked for a moment here.

I'm sure the emperor didn't hear that ridiculous rumor either. I'd like to have some hope that it hasn't been long since it started to spread and the Emperor hasn't heard about it since he arrived.

But is that possible? Knowing full well the emperor's intelligence, I immediately threw away my weak hopes.

'Do you have any doubts?'

The emperor might be suspicious.

But I really didn't control it. ... I happened to bring him here, though.

"I will send someone soon, so I hope you can help us keep records of the attack method and response method."

"All right."

He sighs languidly, as if satisfied, and touches the back of his left hand. A hand wearing a glove came into view.

Now that I think about it, it's strange. I remember that the emperor usually didn't wear gloves. Didn't you hate that your fingertips felt numb when you held and moved the sword?

As I was inwardly tilting my head, the emperor softly called my name.

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"Deon Hardt."

The guy's mood changed, as if he sensed that he was about to move on to an important story.

Red-red eyes quietly look at me, revealing heavy power. I feel this every time, but the ability to judge 'which side' is the story that should be heard is truly top-notch.

'No, in this case, we should first see it as sharing what we have heard and what we will remember.'

But it can't go on like that forever.

It doesn't matter because it's not important right now. The Emperor, who was looking into Deonhardt's eyes, opened his mouth leisurely, without any haste.

"You too will participate in this war."

In the war within the human world, I was sent to the side of the Demon King, but not this time.

Deon Hart must take up the sword and deal with the demon lord's army. Maybe I will stand in the Demon King's camp and cut down the imperial army.

"So, I think we need to decide for sure now."

One step. I narrowed the short distance further and placed my hand on his shoulder. The moment has come when everyone must face what they had ignored with tacit consent.

The emperor.

We know Deon Hardt is neutral.

The Demon King would also know this. That's probably why Deon Hart is still alive and well.

A war of nerves with the Demon King and the Emperor's Deonhart in the middle. The rules implicitly formed there were truly strange.

[Do not oppress Deon Hardt.]

Don't let him remain in a below-competent position for fear of information leaking out.

For the same reason, do not detain Deon Hardt when he tries to cross over to the opponent's camp.

It is also a monarch's ability to place Deon Hardt in such a position and not reveal confidential information to him. Moreover, he answers questions honestly, so there is no need to torture him.

Games played under these rules were quite interesting.

[Who uses Deon Hart more effectively?]

[Who attracts Deon Hart first?]

[If Deon Hart decides on a camp, how quickly does the opponent realize this and take action?]

In the third case, Deon Hart Hart will also be actively participating in this game. The stake will be your own life.

So, I understand that they are desperately trying to remain neutral.

"You are a human."

I can't wait any longer when the situation has reached this point.

"I was born and raised here, and all my stepping stones are here. "If you were born under the sun, there must be a reason, but you can't live your whole life in a place where the sun doesn't exist just because you are weak to the sun's light, right?"

"...."

"Stay here."

Curses will disappear if you kill the Demon King.

The voice that said that was unexpectedly soft.



The person who caused this whole situation simply looked up at the emperor with mysterious red eyes.

Deon Hardt.

Because I am neutral, I know that the Emperor and the Demon King will not kill me.

It was intentional. It was to live.

If you refuse the devil's advice to join the devil's army, you will die. However, he couldn't betray the emperor and side with the devil. Because he had work to do when he went back.

So it became completely neutral.

If someone holds a sword and hurts someone, they blame the 'someone' holding the sword, not the 'sword.' Similarly, in a situation where an opponent takes my sword and cuts me, there is no fool who gets angry and says, 'The sword betrayed me.'

Deon became a 'sword'.

'Is there another owner of the sword? The one who holds it in his hand is the owner.'

The two monarchs, who had no way of knowing his intentions at first, astutely realized the situation as Deon went back and forth between the two camps once more.

There is no clear physical evidence, but I am confident. At that time, the Demon King looked at me with an interesting look and smiled, and the Emperor looked at me with a strange look and laughed as if it was funny.

It must have been embarrassing. But it would be a waste to kill him.

It's not on my side, but it's not on the other person's side either. I don't necessarily say anything I haven't asked first, but I answer obediently when asked. Although he never takes the initiative, he faithfully follows orders. In addition, although there are some misunderstandings, his skills are also excellent.

As long as you attract it, it becomes a useful hand.

With the implicit consent of the two monarchs, Deonhardt was able to host a game with me as the prize.

'The participants are the Demon King and the Emperor.'

'The host is Deon Hardt.'

'The product is also Deonhardt.'

'The prospective participant is also Deon Hardt.'

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 108**

108. In fact, they knew (2)

that the stake in the game for survival was their lives. What kind of comedy is this?

Still, I'm satisfied because it ended up being as calculated.  
—I was satisfied.

Until the Emperor tried to destroy the balance he had managed to achieve.

'Yes, it lasted a long time. I knew that the time had come for this situation to come. But...'

I never thought it would hit me right away like this.

This is a question that cannot be answered directly. The emperor seemed to know this, too, as he let go of his hand on his shoulder and took a step back, pretending to be generous.

"It will be sudden, so I will give you time to think about it. "I hope you think carefully before answering."

"...Thank you for your consideration."

"okay. "I guess I won't stay long this time."

That way it would be fair.

It doesn't matter whether you report these actions to the Demon King or not. Even if Deonhardt doesn't open his mouth first, any demon lord he knows so far will recognize it right away.

Rather than feeling displeased with the game, he will probably urge and tempt Deon Hardt in the same way.

What are the things that the devil has given him and can give him, and what better things can I give him? Among them, what I can give you right away is....

"...In recognition of your hard work, I will elevate your status to honorary marquis. "All documents will probably be processed by tomorrow."

"...."

There would have been strong opposition from the nobles as it was sudden, but there was no question about whether you would be okay with the current situation. There wasn't even a word of thanks, but the emperor passed on without any problem.

It was natural. Because I can't possibly or hope to be grateful for actions that clearly show my intentions. He simply added.

"Let me say it again. You are a human."

The emperor waved his hand, indicating that he should go away. Deon, who had seen his back turned, quietly walked away.

And then stop.

“...What happened to Esperanes?”

“It is no exaggeration to say that it is a fortress blessed with heaven.”

You failed. Realizing once again that Rememberbert was not lying, Deon resumed his halting steps.

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I made a mistake. The princess bit her well-manicured fingernails.

Since it was known that he liked Deon Hardt, he should have given him a ribbon before the hunting competition. They should have at least given me a handkerchief.

‘Of course, at this important moment.’

How can you completely forget that fact?

Uncle Emperor took him with him and moved away. Even though she didn’t know everything, her ‘sense’ that went beyond imagination was telling her what the situation was.

The intention is to securely tie him, who seemed to be floating alone without settling down anywhere, to this place. Perhaps, given your uncle’s personality, it would be difficult to appease him gently. Even if you pretend to be soft, your hard and sharp essence will soon be revealed.

‘I could have helped.’

My uncle is closer to a tyrant than a saint, closer to a king. A strict and charismatic monarch, not a friendly and gentle one.

Conciliation or persuasion from such a person produces extreme results. If you accept, you will faithfully serve your uncle as your master, but if you refuse, he will become your outright enemy.

The way to keep him peacefully is to get married. Although it is old-fashioned, it is a method that is effective enough to be used to this day, so it would be the most worth trying...

At the outdoor banquet hall where she arrived late, the princess picked up a wine glass to quench her burning throat.

‘Let’s stop making meaningless assumptions.’

I learned that when it’s time to look back on the past, think about fixing it.

Because of the war, because of my uncle’s worries, because of internal affairs, because of my brother’s worries... There were many excuses, but what does that matter now?

We must capture Deonhardt in a finite way, with as little damage to our uncle as possible.

‘Because there is some groundwork that has been laid so far...’

If we push forward, we will be able to overcome the suspicions regarding this matter somehow.

I spotted Deon walking between the trees on one side and ran towards him.

“Count!”

“Her Royal Highness.”

“Oh my god, I heard something happened at the Count’s hunting competition? Are you hurt anywhere? I...”

“Thank you for your concern. “I’m telling you this because I’m worried that this story is going to be long, but if it’s not rude, would you mind if I change seats?”

“...?”

Was this intentional? Before revealing his feelings publicly, he interrupted the conversation exquisitely.

However, it would be a big mistake to think that this was easy enough to be easily overlooked. The princess smiled brightly and answered in a loud voice.

“I’m willing to go anywhere if it’s just the two of us!”

“...Thank you for willingly accepting.”

Since I pretended to be considerate of the fact that my feet hurt because of my shoes, I can’t ask for it now.

I took a hit. Even though it was only for a moment, the look of frustration that crossed his face seemed to prove that he was human, so she smiled happily and took her feet away.

—She knew that the Deon Hart in front of her was not the usual Deon Hart.

I walked, avoiding the uncomfortable groans I occasionally heard from the grass, and arrived at a charming garden with flowers in full bloom.

The princess, who was sitting gently on the bench, raised her head and saw Deonhardt. He took a step to the side and stood at an angle, as if to avoid being rude.

Instead of opening my mouth right away, I waited quietly, waiting for the moment his gaze caught my eye and smiled brightly.

“It’s better to see it alone. “What do you want to say?”

“...I moved to my seat to better listen to Her Majesty the Princess.”

“Oh, that’s right! “How much did you say?”

“At the hunting competition, I...”

“Oh, that’s right! You’re not hurt anywhere, right? “I was upset that I couldn’t give you the ribbon, but I was so surprised that you were attacked...!”

“I am okay.”

“Still, I feel very uncomfortable. There was no good reason and I accidentally forgot...”

“I’ll say it again, it’s okay. “It’s easy to forget.”

It was just a remark meant to express the princess’s empty-headedness, but Deonhardt slightly raised one corner of his mouth as he pointed out something.

The princess, facing his laughter, froze. It feels like a bug called goosebumps is crawling up my body from below.

What does that smile mean? jealousy? Disappointed?

‘No way.’

I swallowed the laugh that was about to escape. When I saw that smile, my head wasn’t clear enough to think of feelings related to dating.



It had a clear appearance of ridicule.

“It’s natural to forget.”

he laughs This time, a normal smile with both corners of the mouth raised.

—No, can you call that normal laughter?

It is not a clean, pure laugh. He conveyed the meaning of his words with a smile. Your Majesty is smart. So I’m sure you can read this too.

[It’s natural to forget.]

Before interpreting the meaning, the princess had to check whether her mask was sturdy.

[Your Majesty.]

[Me.]

[You don’t like it.]

‘...I knew it.’

My face heated up, but it only lasted for a moment.

Hiding one’s emotions and responding with shamelessness is a basic skill of the royal family who have to deal with nobles like snobbery snakes. therefore.

‘What do you think?’

Let’s be confident.

In any case, it was widely known that the princess had feelings for Deonhardt, so his marriage path was blocked

except for the princess.

So, don't panic and just push through calmly. If tactics don't work, attack head on.

"Honorary Count Deonhardt."

"...."

"How about marrying me..."

"Her Royal Highness."

ah.

The moment the words calling me came out of his mouth, the princess sensed failure.

As expected, she pursed her lips as if asking me to say something, and words fell out that were polite but clearly expressed rejection.

"Don't waste your precious life on someone like me."

Isn't there only one life?

....

The princess could not say anything until Deonhart turned his back and disappeared.

He must have known that it was the last offer. But such a firm refusal.

It's so clean and solid that I don't even think about getting any more messy. Since the current imperial family, which has a close family relationship, rejected the princess's

marriage proposal, can we assume that she plans to live alone for the rest of her life?

‘...Now that I think about it, the relationship between women was too plain.’

no way.

The princess’s face hardened as an unexpected assumption came to mind.

I am prepared to live alone without a woman for the rest of my life. An overly plain relationship between women. Perhaps it was a mistake for the ‘princess’ to try to lure him in the first place.

“...Do you like men?”

The princess had a fairly open mind.

\*\*\*

I managed to survive and return to the banquet hall! This is a miracle!

I was so nervous and distracted that I couldn’t remember everything, but I definitely remembered the most important things.

The emperor...

‘Do I really have to remember this?’

...gave me more time. I think he allowed me to visit the demon world even though I had only been here for a short time.

I don't know anything else, but I do know that I have to go to the demon world again soon. It also seems that in the future, the time spent in either the demon world or the human world will be extremely short.

As for the rest of the conversation and the things I experienced... I don't really want to recall it, so let's bury it in the back of my memory.

'But why do you keep looking at me?'

It feels a little different from the glances I gave at a banquet I had in the past. It seems like he is learning something...

"Series of personal conversations with the royal family..."

"I think I know what the conversation was about with Her Highness the Princess..." "

...He may be a murderer, but he is also a hero. ...."

"You're more handsome than that..."

"...What on earth are you talking about with Her Majesty..."

Her Royal Highness? Why is the story about Her Highness the Princess being told while looking at me?

I don't know what it is, but the gazes directed at me sting. I'm not sure if I can go home, so it's better to stay away for now.

Fortunately, the building was partially open, no different from when an indoor banquet was held. No, there was actually a small but fully equipped banquet held indoors.

It seemed like nobles who felt burdened by the noisy outside came in to rest or have conversations related to

work.

‘There were fewer people than outside, so there were fewer eyes... um...’

I guess it didn’t mean much because it became that much more intense.

As soon as I entered the room, I paused for a moment as all the attention was focused on me. I pretended like nothing had happened, put the food away, and quietly took refuge on the terrace.

It wasn’t until I carefully closed the curtains that I felt relieved and sat down on a nearby chair. Only then, as if aware of it, does the stomach, which had been secretly indicating that it was empty, begin to complain of hunger. I was in a daze as I picked up the food I brought and put it in my mouth.

‘I’m tired.’

No matter how long it had been since I returned, I touched the area under my eyes that had begun to darken again and let out a silent sigh.

The emperor and the devil, let’s not think about anything for now. I need to get some rest too.

As I was just munching on the snacks without thinking, I heard a loud noise.

“—So you want to kill them all now!”

Miss, I’m surprised! I hurriedly caught the cookie that had bounced around before it hit the floor.

Who the hell are you? Why are you fighting? I shoved the cookie I had caught into my mouth and turned my head towards where I heard the sound. A voice was coming from somewhere close to the outdoor garden outside the terrace.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 109**

109. In fact, they knew (3)

“They are human too! “Now that the war against the demon world is just around the corner, even if we join forces, why kill our fellow humans to increase the number of enemies?”

Correct. It wasn't from nearby, it was coming from right underneath me.

No, why are we fighting here?... I peeked my head out of the railing and looked down. I could barely see the back of a man's head as they argued under the shade of the terrace.

The owner of the back of the head, who had been listening calmly, relaxedly opened his mouth as if he had nothing to do with this situation. The neat and elegant way of speaking was like pouring cold water on the other person.

“You have a big voice. I'm so excited. “If you have blue blood, you should keep your head cold.”

It's not noble.

“Ha, it's okay if I just have a cold head. What about breasts? If you have a cold head, you are only half a nobleman. No, in the first place, I am a blue blooded person who doesn't have to make that effort, so that doesn't matter.”

I was born an aristocrat by nature.

“...You should be thankful that you are the Margrave. “If not, you wouldn’t be alive in front of me right now.”

“How can I be thankful for the position I got through my own efforts? And are you threatening me now? Since you’re probably dead, just try to kill him somewhere. “If you kill a capable margrave under the current circumstances, no matter how much of a hero he is, His Majesty will not let you.”

“I don’t kill you. “I told you.”

I’m so fucking scared! What on earth is this fight?

...But I’m curious. You mean a hero? The owner of the back of the head is a hero? It won’t be General Nemeseus or Cruel, so what about Stigma Prime? He’s a marquis. Who is fighting the hero who is a marquis?

I leaned on the railing and lowered my head to check under the terrace. The back of Marquis Primiro was seen more fully, and the shoes of his presumed opponent were visible on the other side.

“If we continue like this, we’ll just continue to have meaningless arguments. “Let’s get back to the point.”

“...No matter what the Marquis says, my opinion remains the same. The Barbai are human. It makes no sense to kill an opponent with whom one can join forces, and with the war against the demon world just around the corner, one cannot waste one’s forces by killing them. “It is best to use him as a helpful ally by persuading and coaxing him.”



“They are barbarians. They always invaded my territory, killing people and stealing weapons and food. It has been that way ever since I remember being born and raised on that land. Do you believe that people like that can be different now? If it had been possible to resolve it through dialogue, it would have been resolved long ago. Fighting a war with the demon world while leaving them alone is like fighting with someone at your back who never knows when to attack you. “I have no choice but to kill them all.”

“It’s too violent an alternative!”

“You are too soft.”

I think if I lower my head a little more, I can see the other person’s face.

But if we even make eye contact, something awkward will happen. I gave up obediently and raised my head – but it stumbled.

‘?!’

I lost my grip.

Now here’s the problem. What happens if you lose your grip while leaning your upper body over the railing?

‘It’s falling!’

The body spins around the railing and falls.

I tried to hold on to the railing with one hand, but what could I do with my weak strength? Instead of hanging on to the railing, I fell straight down with the feeling that my fingernails were breaking.

Resignation was quick.

‘Fortunately, it wasn’t that high and I avoided falling head first, so I won’t die.’

If I fail, wouldn’t it be okay?

I close my eyes and roughly count the timing. Instead of a hard floor, I felt like I was resting on something solid.

“...?”

“Then let’s do it like this.”

“?! ”

“I’m leaving the decision to this child.”

What the fuck, put it down.

I raised my head in surprise. The Marquis Primiro made eye contact without avoiding it and then gently folded his eyes and smiled. Even though a person suddenly fell from above, he didn’t seem at all embarrassed.

“Hello junior? This is my first time seeing it this close. “I really like your eyes.”

yes? What do you like?

I blinked my eyes blankly, then turned my head to stimulate my brain, which had stopped working. A little distance away, I made eye contact with a man with an absurd expression.

“...Please get off.”

“However much.”

“No, Marquis. “What is this...”

He rubs his face with a sigh. As I was washing my face repeatedly, an irritated voice came out as if it had realized my identity for a moment.

“Isn’t he the honorary Count of Hart? “Junior, what does that mean...”

“It’s a friendly title given by the second hero to the third hero.”

“Then, are you going to call the fourth hero, Cruel Hart, your junior?”

“no. “I only like honorary Count Deonhardt.”

“...Then do you call the first hero, General Nemeseus, ‘senior’?”

“Why should I call him that?”

“....”

The mouth that seemed like it would never give up and raise its voice against it fell silent. I, too, was speechless.

When did you say you liked me just because we saw each other...?

‘Why are you becoming friends alone? Burdeningly.’

Meanwhile, the man, who opened and closed his mouth several times in bewilderment, raised his hand and massaged the back of his neck as if it was getting stiff. A question was suddenly asked with a heavy sigh.

“...Is this what you intended?”

“No way. “It’s a coincidence.”

“You said you were my junior. If so, isn’t that a friendship? It would be unfair to leave the judgment up to him.”

“Have you already forgotten the first greeting I gave him? This is my first time seeing him close enough to talk to him. “This is also our first conversation.”

“...ha good. great. “Let me ask.”

The man turns his head and looks at me. I was startled by the burning eyes and before I could back away, the greeting continued.

“First of all, let’s meet for the first time. This is Tender Amiable. He serves as a count on the southern border of the empire. “I’m sorry to see you like this.”

“Now that I think about it, I see that we haven’t even made a full statement yet. I am Stigma Primiro. He’s a marquis. “I was rude a moment ago.”

“Ah... it’s okay. “This is Deon Hardt.”

“I’m sorry for getting you caught up in such a sensitive issue....”

“We don’t have time and I’m done with the full statement, so let’s skip everything and get straight to the point.

“Youngja, you heard our conversation, right?”

“!”

I reflexively stopped all movement. Fortunately, it wasn’t moving, and it wasn’t something to worry about, so I didn’t notice it...Long shit. The Marquis was smiling.

So, what would you hide from a 'hero'? They probably even knew that I was on the terrace overhead.

Still, I was too sensitive to say yes, so I just rolled my eyes, but when it seemed like he was going to dig deeper, he turned his head and naturally skipped the conversation.

"You must have at least heard the final summary of each other's opinions. 'Let's get back to the point.' after."

I had been listening to it long before that, so of course I did.

"The reason for our argument is very simple. "A barbarian tribe living in the southernmost region of the empire."

"We are the Barbai tribe."

"The name is so long it hurts my mouth. "Please understand."

"...."

Don't fight...

I'm afraid you'll fight in front of me. I am a half-hero in name only, without the fragments of a hero. I'm not sure I can survive the fight between you two.

"Anyway, those barbarians have been a real nuisance for a long time. Since they are a tribe and not a country, they are not marked on any map unless it is a detailed map, but they frequently invade the territory, steal food, and kill people...." "Please don't say anything that will cloud your judgment."

"

“This is not a statement that clouds your judgment, it’s a fact.”

The Marquis, with an elegant smile on his face, walks away a few steps, then turns around and gently spreads his arms. Brown eyes without any smile looked directly at me.

“So I told your Majesty. If you are going to go to war with the Demon World, it would be better to get rid of the barbarians before doing so. Since they are a tribe and not a kingdom, it is difficult to call it a ‘war’ in the human world, right? “I said I would sweep them away myself since I did not want His Majesty’s support.”

If so, the emperor would not have greatly opposed it.

Stigma Primiro’s troops are a bit of a waste, but we can’t forcefully block it and lose the most important thing, Stigma itself.

“But I was against it.”

“It was stupid.”

“Words that affect judgment...”

“Anyway, His Majesty said that he would follow the plan proposed through coordination between the Margrave Amiable and I, whose territory borders the barbarians. “The deadline is 3 days.”

The Margrave of Amiable’s eyes are sinister. Aren’t these two really going to be fighting like this...?

Before anything happened, I quickly raised my hand and received the Marquis’ words. That’s the conclusion.

“Are you trying to leave the choice to me because the two of you can’t narrow down your opinions? “Inclusion or extermination?”

Before entering into a full-scale war against the Demon World, should we exterminate the Barbai tribe and eliminate the Huhwan or capture them and make them another ally to fight against the Demon World?

The Marquis smiled satisfied.

“Exactly. “You’re smart.”

“But...”

I clearly heard and remember the argument between the two. So I couldn’t help but have questions.

I tilted my head.

“I’m sorry if I’m mistaken, but the Margrave of Amiable seems confident that they will not side with the demon world.”

“We are the same human being, right? Even if you oppose the empire, at least you won’t be on the side of the demon world.”

“Is that really true?”

“....”

Is it because they are of high status? The emperor is like that, and Count Amiable is also very pure in his thoughts.

‘No, usually the higher the status, the more corrupt it becomes.’

This seems to be simply because they are closer to honest generals than strategists. The other person is not the emperor and is asking for my opinion, so if you don't know, you should let me know.

I looked straight into his eyes and spoke clearly.

"There is no guarantee that even if they are the same human being, they will always be on the human side."

"...."

Margrave Amiable closed his mouth. The Marquis nodded from the side.

"That is correct. Margrave Amiable You see the world too idealistically. What influences someone's judgment is overwhelming power and hatred. If the Demon Realm is overwhelmingly strong, 'people' will immediately join it. Likewise, there are people who sell their souls to the devil in order to destroy someone they hate. You can sell your soul, but wouldn't it be better to join the devil's side? 'Race' doesn't matter."

Georgie. He is good at saying things like that in a noble tone. No, I think I made a mistake too. It was only for a moment, but if you look at the unpleasant expression on his face after spitting out those words.

I tried to look at his face more closely, but an unperturbed voice called to me.

"As you know, the barbarians have a bad relationship with us. It is better to exterminate them, even considering the possibility of them siding with the demon world. Isn't that right, junior?"



“yes...?”

“That’s an excellent answer. Since my junior has supported this side, we will proceed according to my opinion regarding the barbarians. “I will report to Your Majesty, so the Margrave can just leave.”

I definitely would have raised the end of my sentence.

He couldn’t bear to say anything and just gave him an absurd look, but the Marquis was more shameless than anyone could have imagined.

The Margrave, who was looking at him as if he was being stubborn, gave him a look that told him to go away confidently, and then let out a dull sigh as if he knew that there was no point in arguing any further.

“Then I will leave first. “The two of you...”

“I thought I’d have a more conversation with my junior.”

“?”

Why me?

“Yes, I understand.”

“No sleep....”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 110**

110. In fact, they knew (4)

went! I left without even looking back!

A dull silence fell. I quietly rolled my eyes and looked at the Marquis's thoughts.

What on earth do you think you have to talk to me about? As I froze, unable to turn around, wondering if the conversation was related to something bad, a gentle voice tapped my eardrums from behind me.

"Are you mad because I acted like I did?"

"...?"

"You seem angry. However, it is polite to look at people's faces, whether in anger or conversation. Even if I feel like you might want to kill me if we make eye contact."

Is this a joke? You must be kidding?! Who killed whom?!

There was no way I could kill a 'real hero' in the first place. When I turned my head in surprise, the Marquis, who made eye contact, smiled calmly, as if he had just spat out harsh words.

“Would you like to take a walk first? Or even a place you want to go?”

“...How about the outdoor banquet hall...?”

Even if things go wrong, they won't try to kill me in a crowded place. It doesn't seem like it, but people don't know what to do.

...My throat is so dry that I desperately need something to drink.

“It's a banquet hall... I like it. “If you want it, junior.”

Even though it may not be a very good place to have a personal conversation, he takes the lead as if it doesn't matter.

After a while of mindlessly following the footsteps that were not only disheveled but also soundless, I finally arrived at a brightly lit space.

—Outdoor banquet hall. Yes, it's an outdoor banquet hall, but...

‘...damn.’

Light wasn't the only thing that welcomed me there. I felt all the gaze pouring in on me and internally hit my head.

‘I moved to avoid this...!’

Am I a crucian carp head?

The nobles take note of the two heroes together. They glance at each other and whisper to each other, and then quietly approach nearby, interested in seeing what they're talking about and what they're talking about. It wasn't like

he was openly interfering with the conversation, but it was also difficult to point out.

These actions were resolved when Stigma took action. He didn't say anything in particular.

He just rolls his eyes, glances at me, and then takes a step forward. He looked at the nobles without saying a word, with his head raised high and confident enough to be arrogant, but with a breathing look. The brown eyes exposed under the light had an incongruously cool glow.

Like the ebb and flow of the tide, the nobles moved away.

"Wow..."

"Why are you doing that?"

"No, nothing. "You have brown eyes."

The last words came out without any thought.

Green hair and brown eyes. I didn't think much of it, thinking that it was a color that reminded me of a tree...

"Yes, it's a very common and vulgar color."

"...?"

"Would you like a glass of wine?"

Even as I unexpectedly accepted the glass that was offered to me, I could not hide my embarrassed expression. Confusion came.

what? The way he spoke was so vulgar that I almost overlooked it, but is that it? A socialite's way of putting a

sword in their words! It's a common and vulgar color. Is it because I mentioned brown eyes? Why... ah.

It's over.

'Stigma Primiro was an illegitimate child.'

I heard it came from a maid's stomach. Did the brown eyes belong to my mother, a maid?

...Let's take care of it first. I don't know if it will be resolved, but I will try to resolve it.

"Marquis."

"Call me Stigma."

In the meantime, are you allowing my name? Aren't you angry?

The liquid in the wine glass sloshes uneasily. As my eyes confirmed my unstable mind, I quietly set it down on a nearby table and faced him. The feelings of anxiety and agitation calmed down the moment I made eye contact with him, who was still smiling.

Confidence was gained.

'You're not angry.'

In the first place, I didn't have to worry about whether I should apologize for my mistake or pretend not to know and change the subject.

Because he had already sorted out the situation himself. All you have to do is pretend not to notice and ignore his intention when he asks if you would like a glass of wine.

It was unexpected consideration.

I picked up the wine glass again. As if nothing had happened, I twirled the glass and opened my mouth indifferently.

“Then... Stigma senior.”

“....”

“...?”

Why is there no answer?

When I slightly raised my head, I made eye contact with Stigma, who was staring at me. Why why?

“I said I called you junior first, but I never thought you would really call me that...”

He tilts his head slightly as if he sees something he doesn't understand and mutters softly. It felt like I was talking to myself, but I could hear it all.

...You said you were my junior first. I adjusted the rhythm to that, but is that right? This is ridiculous.

I looked at him with completely cold eyes, and as if he had just finished organizing something, he straightened his head and smiled pleasantly.

“...I guess it's okay to have at least one junior in your life.”

“...?”

“I thought he was a ruthless person, if not a murderer, but I never thought he would have such a naive side. “After all, you can't trust rumors.”

“I can hear everything.”

“So why did you call me?”

I know it’s okay to change words...

but since you were rude first, I’ll just move on. This is why people should not spit out words without thinking.

Realizing once again that ignorance is also a sin, I spoke obediently.

“Your Majesty declared the cessation of war today. When did you suggest the issue of the Barbai tribe to your Majesty?”

“My junior, after having a personal meeting with His Majesty, I came to see him and told him. Actually, it was closer to stubbornness... but anyway, the result was good, so it was okay. “Isn’t that right?”

“Stubborn...”

To that emperor?

“...You are amazing.”

The emperor may say he cares about talented people, but believing that and being stubborn is a completely different story. How is that possible?

Stigma let out a low laugh out of pure admiration.

“That’s amazing. As you know, my junior, His Majesty especially cherishes those who resemble him. “This is a level that His Majesty can accept.”

“yes...?”

“Why are you surprised? My junior, you belong to a special group among those ‘loved ones.’ “I’m guessing that your junior will tolerate a certain amount of arrogance as long as it doesn’t cross the line.”

“yes?”

“...You sure you didn’t know?”

“yes?”

“Oh my... Then, should I explain it here? Just know. “His Majesty especially cherishes those who resemble him among talented people.”

The prerequisite of ‘talented talent’ is essential.

His muttering was ignored. I opened my eyes and looked at him.

So what he’s saying is that I resemble the emperor! Where the hell are you going! If you do this wrong, won’t you be dragged into charges of insulting the royal family?!

“I’m not blonde... but I also don’t have golden eyes...”

“That’s not the problem. To make it easier to understand, shall we talk about our heroes? “My Majesty especially cherishes three of the four official heroes.”

Three heroes... First of all, General Nemeseus and Stigma will be included, and the rest will be me according to his words... To be

honest, I don’t believe it. All I remember is being mentally harassed. Last time I saw you, you seemed to hate Cruel, so I know for sure that it’s not Cruel... but didn’t you just



mistake the fact that you care about two heroes for three heroes?

Stigma, who had no way of knowing that I was suspicious, held up three fingers. I explain it by folding it one by one.

“A person who came up from below with skill.”

Is this the story of General Nemeseus?

“A person who does not recognize his or her own status and is obsessed with proving it.”

I’m not sure, but given the circumstances, this seems like Stigma’s own story.

But didn’t the emperor recognize himself as emperor? Just as I was wondering, a voice continued.

“—A person who killed his family with his own hands.”

“....”

I twirled the wine glass in my hand.

As if he didn’t want to miss the moment when his expression changed, he looked directly into his piercing brown eyes and raised the glass to his mouth.

“Your Majesty cherishes you the most. What I like about my junior is the same thing I like. “How can you come up with such an idea?”

Alcohol flowing down my throat.

“Would you like to talk to me about this?”

My memory was interrupted.

\*\*\*

The emperor raised his gloved hand and nervously pressed the corner of his eyes. He was currently suffering from extreme stress, as if making fun of the idea that everyday life was stressful and nothing new.

I called Deon Hardt first, so let's just say that. I even understand Stigma Primiro. But now it's Starbe Illuster. Even though it's been a while since I came back, isn't this too much?

However, we cannot just ignore the situation that has come our way. He moved his hand, pressed his forehead, and said the name of the person he was annoyed with.

"So... why did you find your luggage, Lord Illuster?"

"I came to ask your Majesty something, but..."

The answer did not come right away.

The duke glanced at the emperor's gloves, trailing off, then quickly put on a natural smile and fixed his gaze on the emperor's face again.

"Are your hands okay?"

For a moment, the emperor's fingertips twitched slightly.

"...I guess you didn't come here to ask that."

"I'm just curious. "I know that those who possess the fragments of a warrior also have above-average resilience."

"Peacock."

Hearing the warning in his voice, the Duke shrugged his shoulders and took a step back.

“Okay then, let me get to the point.”

“....”

“It’s not a very serious question, so relax. “It seems like you’ve been really hot lately, but aren’t you tired?”

“If you keep saying useless things like that...”

“I think it’s time for you to hand over that position.”

I forgot how the emperor growled at his blatantly revealed desire and looked at the duke.

An indescribable face, as if it had forgotten how to express itself. The duke laughed quietly as he looked into the emperor’s dumbfounded eyes.

“You’ve had enough fun eating, right? The war against the demon world is different from the war within the human world. So, I hope that you will flexibly make concessions at this point before things become more difficult.”

“...I guess this is what you were trying to say when you said you were particularly restless today.”

From the way he talks, it looks like he has an assassin waiting nearby.

But the duke can’t do that. Even during this precarious conversation, the emperor was confident that there was nothing around him that could harm him.

That’s right, the duke.

“I want to resolve things peacefully. “Your Majesty knows.”

Not once.

“The fact that I care about a lot of things.”

Because he had never done anything to ‘definitely’ kill or bring down the emperor. At best, it’s just pressure and protests to give up the yellow crown.

It’s not that you can’t do it. The duke was certainly capable of many things. He is the head of the aristocratic faction, has an advantageous position in inciting the people of the empire through the Salvation Church, and also has ties to the revolutionary army. It’s a bonus to have one of the empire’s only four heroes under your command.

Nevertheless, the nobles’ actions to attract the crown prince and princess are suppressed so that they do not cross the line. Incitement against the people of the empire only raises the image of the duke and denigrates the image of the emperor, and is prevented from going any further. They even tied up the revolutionary army’s feet to prevent them from moving actively.

As an emperor, he couldn’t understand.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 111**

111. In fact, they knew (5)

“...is it right to covet this position?”

“of course.”

“Then why do you covet this position?”

“Because Edoardo Desert is not a person worthy of the position of emperor.”

The duke had been observing the emperor intently for a very long time.

That's why I saw it. I had no choice but to see it. A child was crushed to death because he could not bear the weight of the yellow crown. The sight of him supporting the weight of the imperial crown at the cost of his life was so vivid that the duke could easily be convinced that he was not an emperor.

How can we recognize a person who has to sacrifice his own life just to have a golden crown on his head as an emperor?

“It's easy to feel guilty and get broken down by it. “An emperor must look forward and move forward, but he only focuses on the past and the things that have been lost. How can he be called an emperor?”

Are you hallucinating? I asked in a whisper.

Before anything else could come out of the Emperor's mouth, the Duke spoke again.

"There is no need to deny it. Because I'm already sure. Of course, don't ask me how I knew."

"...."

"You often touch the area around your eyes and close and open them tightly. The eyes may not be in clear focus or may be focused on empty space as if looking at something. He shows his condition so openly. Even if I don't know, I can't help but notice."

Hallucinations are evidence of guilt. If you put a wrong stamp on a document, many people's lives will be lost. So many lives were lost— people were killed —that it would have been better to go to the battlefield and swing the sword yourself .

Hallucinations increased. stamped. There were more hallucinations. After checking the list of deaths from the war, my vision became pitch black with hallucinations filled with malice.

"...No, that's not it."

The emperor pressed the back of his left hand with his right thumb.

The duke's words were eloquent, but he did not act as emperor with such clumsy resolve that he could easily be swayed.

Therefore I say it again.

“Don’t change words in a subtle way. Jim clearly asked why he coveted this position. “There is no reason why I am not worthy of the position of emperor.”

This time the Duke kept his mouth shut. The silence wasn’t very long.

“...Do you need a reason to covet power?”

“It’s not wrong, but I don’t think that’s the whole reason. “Is that really all?”

The situation has turned around. This time the emperor pushed the duke.

The duke, who maintained a consistent expression even in a not-so-pleasant situation, opened his mouth casually as if he would reply at any moment, but then paused and raised his gaze to look into the emperor’s eyes. The purple eyes that met the golden eyes were hidden under the curved eyelids as if they were closed.

“To protect something, whether a person or an object, you need power stronger than anyone else.”

“...Does someone like Kong have something to protect?”

“well. In any case, the emperor is the pinnacle of power. “Isn’t it natural to covet it?”

Therefore, the duke pledges once again.

No matter who the opponent is, even Edoardo, I will definitely take that position.

“I vaguely understand the reason, but you probably know the ball well. “There’s no way Jim would give up this position

with just a few words.”

“....”

“I don’t know why you’re putting in so much meaningless effort and saying meaningless things. “I would rather take the crown from the severed head.”

“—What are you saying such scary things? “God intends to rightfully take over that position.”

Some pressure is inevitable in the process.

He bowed his head gracefully in greeting.

“Anyway, I understand your Majesty’s intentions, so I’ll leave for today.”

Your Majesty wants to enjoy war games more. Is there anything you can do about it? I can’t say anything more here or do anything, so I’ll just leave you to enjoy playing emperor a little more.

The purple snake closed its eyes and smiled.

\*\*\*

There was something the emperor missed. An inconvenient truth that Deonhardt noticed, Stigma agreed to, and even the Margrave Amiable could not refute.

‘The possibility that other kingdoms will side with the Demon World.’

‘Furthermore, there is a possibility that the Empire’s nobles will betray the Emperor and join the Demon World’s side.’



The duke had already predicted that possibility from the moment the emperor declared war against the demon world.

And I met the emperor, talked with him, and became convinced.

The emperor is ruling out that possibility.

‘Your Majesty is truly naive.’

I feel like I just want to leave it alone and watch the situation unfold, but I can’t.

“I cannot lose ‘my empire’ so vainly.”

Isn’t that right?

I muttered consciously and snapped my fingers. A man dressed in black appeared somewhere in a deserted space, far from the banquet hall.

“Tell Saerin. “Use ‘them’ to spread evil rumors about the demons.”

“Exactly what kind of rumor are you talking about....”

“Anything is fine. I like the rumor that he eats betrayal and lies like he breathes, and I also like the rumor that he eats people. All you have to do is make people not believe in demons, whether realistic or illusory.”

Rumors that spread in the slums soon spread throughout the empire’s citizens, and the rumors that spread among the empire’s citizens were passed on to the nobles through employees. The rumors of the nobles will soon be delivered

to the emperor, so there is no way that other kingdoms paying close attention to the empire will miss this.

If that happens, no human would dare to think about joining the Demon World. This was one of the reasons why the Salvation Church was somehow left behind.

After hearing a positive answer from the man, the duke smiled with satisfaction and continued his walking steps. And then it stops.

“...Oh, perhaps.”

“Tell me.”

“Are there any cases where a person with a warrior’s fragment loses their power or cannot use their power in a specific situation or area?”

“As far as I know, none. “If you command me, I will investigate.”

“I think there probably isn’t one, but... still, please do some research just in case.”

“yes.”

Regardless of whether the man with his head down disappeared or not, the duke lowered his head and muttered with his hand on his chin.

“That means... it’s continuous self-harm.”

The Duke knows that the Emperor does not wear gloves.

When was the bandage on his hand mentioned in a conversation with the emperor? The emperor was wary and

turned his horse around. And today he came wearing gloves. The answer was obvious.

[The wound did not heal.]

Is it not recovery or is it continuous self-harm?

The emperor is a 'hero'. The hero's fragment is what allows one to overcome all human limitations. In a situation where even life expectancy is included, there is no way resilience cannot be included.

So the answer is divided into two again.

[Has the warrior's fragment lost its strength or is it a continuous self-harm?] There is

no way that the emperor, who was stirring up the battlefield not long ago, has now lost his strength. Since the timing is not correct, this assumption is discarded.

So, has the hero's fragment lost its power only in terms of 'resilience'? At this point, the duke blocked his intention to delve into and analyze in more detail.

Is there any need to dwell on things that have low possibilities? The most obvious answer is right here.

'Self-harm... Self-harm... Come to think of it, I pressed the back of my hand in certain situations.'

To be precise, I raised my fingertips and pressed gently, as if twisting. It was probably a wound that had been opened.

'What was the situation?'

—When stress gets worse, when your eyes become out of focus, and in situations where the 'dead person' may come

to mind.

...under.

“A terrible human being.”

I can't believe I was holding on to my hallucinations in such an ignorant way.

\*\*\*

The first thing the emperor noticed upon returning to the outdoor banquet hall was none other than a knife fight taking place on one side.

The green-haired man who took a step back and was blocked by the table lowered his head with a troubled expression. The dagger that crossed over it broke the candlestick decorating the table. Wow! A loud noise rang out and muffled screams erupted from everywhere.

The emperor, seeing white hair flowing refreshingly in the center of this commotion, quietly raised his hand and covered his face.

“What is this...”

\*\*\*

At that time, just 15 minutes ago, Stigma was looking at Deon Hardt, who was drinking his glass in silence.

Every time he takes a sip of alcohol, his red eyes sink with a look of reluctance, and as he takes another sip, the emotions drain from his normally expressionless face.

He watched this whole process right in front of him and smiled softly.

‘Of course it is. ‘Does the person who made such a ridiculous request to the emperor have any saneness?’

Although he was said to be subtly normal, it seems he was hiding this nature.

I learned something I didn’t expect, but I don’t really care. The reason I liked Deonhardt in the first place was not because of his personality, but because of his actions, such as ‘he destroyed my family.’

Perhaps even if Deon Hardt had been crazier than he was now or a more normal person than before, my fondness for him would still have remained the same.

‘On the contrary, his true nature was revealed, and it was surprising that he was much calmer than I expected.’

By this point, it was time to open my mouth, but there was no answer.

In the end, Stigma couldn’t wait and called Deon.

“Junior?”

“I don’t know.”

“...what?”

Bright red eyes are looking straight at me. Stigma frowned slightly, not understanding that attitude or words.

I’m not drunk, so what? I feel something is out of place. Hasn’t the full nature been revealed yet?

“That’s what my junior asked me to say at a business meeting after the 8-year war...”

“I don’t know.”

A clear signal that questions related to this will not be accepted or answered, so do not ask.

“...So you don’t know.”

For some unknown reason, Deon Hardt is sober and refuses to talk about this topic.

—In that case, all you have to do is cloud your mind.

I gestured to the driver standing nearby and took back the alcohol I had left behind.

“Would you like to have a drink? “There is some alcohol that I stole from my subordinates.”

“...Is that okay?”

“They are my subordinates, so what’s the problem? Besides, this is the type of alcohol I have banned.”

I gestured to a passing attendant, took a clean, empty glass, and placed it in my junior’s hand.

It was said to be alcohol obtained with great difficulty from the North. Stigma’s area of responsibility is the southernmost part, so it must have been difficult to obtain it.

He chuckled as he casually poured the drink containing subordinate A’s bloody tears into a glass. Deon, who was examining the glass with suspicious eyes, probably feeling quite anxious, quietly asked a question.

“If it’s banned alcohol... does it contain drugs?”

“Something like that is on the banned list, but this isn’t, so don’t worry. It’s just a little harsh. Could it be that I give drugs to my junior?”

Do you like strong alcohol?

Stigma smiled seductively. Deon, who was staring at him, took a look at the glass and drank it straight away without hesitation.

...I just made him drink it a few more times.

I shook my head. The dagger struck the spot where the face was, making the sound of cutting through the air. Stigma clearly recognized this and let out an awkward laugh.

There was a clear hissing sound just now. You really tried to kill me.

“Hmm... Junior, why don’t you quit at this point? “If this continues, the banquet hall will be a complete mess.”

“You said you were an enemy...”

“Actually, it was a lie. “Not the enemy.”

“They say they’re the enemy... They say they’re the enemy!”

this.

He took a step back and clicked his tongue softly.

‘If I had known it would be like this, I wouldn’t have lied like that.’

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 112**

112. Actually, they knew (6)

it was no big deal. It was one of those very common, trivial incidents where someone drank too much and got drunk, as is usually the case whenever there is a banquet.

Until my junior, who was very drunk and slurping, asked me in a strained voice if I was an enemy.

Mischievous curiosity reared its head. To be honest, if you are asked this question by a drunk person, don't you feel like saying yes at least once? Stigma was simply excellent at execution.

So I answered.

[That's right.]

My junior's reaction was unexpected.

I laughed. I really laughed like crazy. He laughed so hard that I was worried he might lose his breath—and

attacked without warning.

I was a little confused at first, but in the end it was an attack by someone who didn't have the hero's fragment and a drunken rampage. No matter how much he was the official



hero of the same empire, it was close to impossible for Deonhardt to kill Stigma as long as this gap existed.

‘It would have been a different story if I hadn’t gotten drunk.’

Anyway, things happened and it can’t stay like this forever.

I tried to resolve the matter as peacefully as possible, but there is no sign of things calming down, so what can I do?

‘Suppress.’

Seeing him running around like crazy with a dagger in both hands, I didn’t have the confidence to subdue him with my bare hands, so I pulled out my sword.

I swung my dagger with the intention of just striking it away... but Deonhardt disappeared!

As I looked after the afterimage, I saw Cruel Hart holding Deon Hart in his arms a little distance away. It was almost at the same time that the emperor’s voice was heard.

“Do not kill Marquis Primiro.”

\*\*\*

My younger brother was born with his pigment taken away. What was so urgent that I was born early? Even at a young age, I clearly remember how the entire family breathed a sigh of relief at having barely escaped a premature birth, even before being surprised by the unique skin color and hair.

Of course, I was shocked by the colors the child saw when he opened his eyes.

The sky took away my brother's color and, as if that wasn't enough, he also took away his health. At the same time, as if he was pricked by his conscience, he left only one thing behind, and Cruel still remembers what the doctor said at that time.

[It seems like all the health that should be distributed evenly throughout the body is concentrated in the liver!]

Even though a lot of time has passed, how can I forget these words? It is the only thing that the sky that took everything away did not take away.

The only health left for my brother Deonhardt.

'...however.'

Don't you dare try to ruin it.

'Swing your sword at my brother?'

This child was so precious that I could never hate him. To such a child. you.

'dare.'

My stomach is boiling with anger. As always, I tried to suppress it, but the emotions that I could not contain came out and the hand holding the child trembled.

Cruel quietly strengthened his arms holding Deonhart and glared at Stigma as if he were going to tear it to death. Of course, Stigma could not help but feel unfair.

However, before I could explain, Deon raised his head and saw the person holding me in his arms, and opened his mouth first.

“Are you...”

“ ...”

Are you planning on asking me if I’m an enemy?

I prepared an answer of ‘no’ and waited for another comment to come out, but Deon, who made eye contact, seemed to be frightened and moved.

“You are the enemy!”

You don’t even ask.

Cruel quickly twisted his body to avoid the swinging dagger. Although he escaped fatal injury, he was unable to prevent a scratch on his neck due to his vital area being exposed and his carelessness.

Deon didn’t stop there and continued swinging his weapon. A persistent attack that seemed to never end unless the opponent died was poured out at different targets. Stigma has long been put aside.

In this position, it was difficult to evade or defend, so I quickly put down Deon and was about to retreat when the Emperor moved.

“Go away.”

Cruel left and the emperor came in right away. Before he even realizes that the opponent has changed, he presses the side of the dagger aimed at Cruel with his hand blade and slides down to grab his wrist and subdue him.

Deon, who belatedly recognized the new person, tilted his head.

“Are you... the enemy?”

“Deon Hardt.”

“Are you the enemy?”

“Come to your senses.”

“enemy?”

“ ....”

“...The enemy.”

The moment I felt something eerie in the last sentence, the wrist I was holding suddenly became heavy and a popping sound was heard. The emperor, feeling an unpleasant vibration beneath his grip, hastily let go.

As if waiting for the moment when his eyes landed on his wrist, his other hand grasps the dagger and raises it vertically. The emperor, who barely avoided it by tilting his head, let out a laugh.

‘...I separated the wrist bone by putting my weight on it.’

It was determined that it would be difficult to remove the captured wrist using pure force, so this was used as bait.

If he had the warrior’s fragment, he could easily support the weight of a person, so no matter how much weight he put on, he was confident that his grip would not lose sight of Deon’s wrist or come down with it, so he used this to separate the wrist bone.

Since the Emperor’s goal was to subdue Deonhardt without injuring him, he would naturally have expected him to let go

of his wrist. He took advantage of the moment of panic and attacked.

Since it was an act done while drunk, it was safe to say it was an unconscious calculation.

‘I can’t believe I even calculated how the enemy treats me when I judge him to be my enemy.’

Who can be sure that the enemy will not harm me? In the end, the unconscious was convinced that the opponent was not the enemy.

It’s really outrageous. I use my conscious and unconscious mind as I see fit.

‘Anyway, even my wrists are in that shape, so I guess I shouldn’t delay any longer.’

This time, thanks to his sincerity, he succeeded in subduing the rampaging Deon Hart by pressing him down on the table without causing much damage.

The emperor pressed his free hand and back together with his knees and grabbed his shaky wrist. Even though he was drunk, the body underneath him trembled as if he could clearly feel the pain.

It’s natural to be sick. So who would have done something like that? Ignoring his reaction of pain, I gently turned the wrist I was holding to gauge its location and called his name again.

“Deon Hardt.”

“...Ugh...”

“—Now it’s time to return to reality.”

Puzzle. The bones were put in at once.

“!”

Deon’s mouth opened as if he were about to scream. But no sound comes out.

The emperor, who was quietly watching the scene, removed the knee that was pressing down on his body and uttered a word.

“Breathe.”

“—Huh!”

A gasp came out. He coughed intermittently and was out of breath, then slowly blinked and slowly got up. Red eyes, which seemed to be a little brighter than before, met the golden eyes that were watching silently.

“Are you awake?”

“Your Majesty....”

“Yes.”

“I... I want to resign...”

“I’m not completely broken yet.”

It must have been time to sober up. If you look at the fact that you even made that calculation unconsciously, you’re probably already waking up.

As Deon Hardt was a strong drinker, he sobered up quickly.

“Come to your senses. “This is not a battlefield.”

“Ah...”

“Someone, please bring me some cold water.”

The person who reacted the fastest to those words was Cruel.

Even if what has already happened cannot be helped, there should be nothing more that can cause Deonhardt to be shaken by Cruelhardt’s actions. The Emperor snatched the glass of water from Cruel’s hand as he tried to approach Deon.

...Now that I think about it, Cruel Hart was the duke’s man.

When I came in, I made eye contact with the Duke, who was looking at me with an excited look on his face. The emperor’s face distorted.

“...Tsk.”

Without passing the glass over, I took a sip and held it out to Deon. After watching him obediently take it and sip it, he called a man without even turning his head.

“Stigma Primiro.”

“...Yes, Your Majesty.”

“In the first place, Jim did not place alcohol in the banquet hall that could be intoxicated by Honorary Count Hart. Explain what this is about.”

“There was alcohol confiscated from his men. “Due to the location of my territory, I had to kill a lot of people, so

sometimes there were weak people who resorted to alcohol and drugs.”

“ ....”

Deon, who was drinking water for a moment, tightened his hand holding the glass. The only person who saw it was the emperor.

It’s a shame that he came to his senses, otherwise Stigma would have been the target of the attack a while ago again.

Stigma lowered his head, wondering how he could accept the emperor who did not answer.

“I’m sorry.”

“It is done.”

There is no need to escalate something that has already occurred and been resolved. Especially if the cause of the incident was people the emperor cared about.

Actually, that wasn’t why I was silent.

It is up to the general how to handle the troops under his command. The Emperor had no intention of arguing about that, so he called Deonhardt instead.

“Are you coming to your senses now?”

\*\*\*

“Are you coming to your senses now?”

Yes, a lot.



From now on, I plan to erase all my memories from before, but I hope that other people will also forget about it.

“Count Hart?”

“...sorry.”

Of course that won't happen.

I don't remember exactly what happened. My wrist is throbbing and I keep coughing, but I don't remember what happened.

‘The banquet hall was destroyed, but it probably has nothing to do with me.’

Yes, I guess so.

There was a scene that came to mind in my hazy memory, but I didn't really focus on it because I had a strong feeling that I would regret it.

I took a sip of water, carefully observing the emperor's gaze. And then I made eye contact with Cruel.

“Kuk Utup kkolok kolok! Keck! Ouch!”

“...Palace!”

It's just a joke, but why bother... Ah.

I feel sick. My throat hurt like it was burning. But, as always, this kind of pain quickly slipped out of the realm of awareness.

I looked blankly at the blood on my palm and wiped it off by rubbing it on my clothes. I can't tell you how lucky I am that

it's red and doesn't show up even when I wipe it. The clothes the emperor gave me today are doing their job well.

Stigma, who had been standing still the entire time, cautiously opened his mouth.

"What...poison is this?"

"No, it's not poison. At least it's not a glass of water. "Jim confirmed it himself."

Now we are excluding the assumption that it is poison. Every time something happens, he shouts 'Is it poison?!'

My guess is that this is just a combination of stress and various other things. Honestly, it was worth it. You worked hard today.

'Also, I don't remember, but I think I was shocked when I saw throbbing all over my body.'

Gung-ui comes running from the other side, panting. This time I didn't say it was okay. It's not okay.

I suddenly held out my wrist to the palace doctor.

"My wrist hurts."

"yes?"

"I want you to look at my wrist."

"Blood is flowing from your mouth..."

"It looks like you still have the aftereffects of being drunk. Ignore it and get treatment."

That's it if you're the emperor?! My wrist hurts?

But no matter how dissatisfied I look, the Emperor's orders come first. The palace doctor ignored my outstretched wrist, collected the remaining blood in his mouth, dropped it on various sticks, and then began pressing various parts of his stomach.

"Please tell me if you feel any pain."

"...."

There is nothing, you human being. It wasn't like that in the first place...

"Ugh!"

"Are you here?"

"Wait a minute...!"

That's right! That's right, stop pressing! It hurts!

He quickly grabbed Gung Yi's wrist and gave him a desperate look begging him to stop. Fortunately, it must have worked, as he winced and slowly withdrew his hand.

Finally, as if he had finished checking the color change of the stick, he slowly walked away from me and bowed to the emperor.

"Fortunately, it wasn't poison, but my abdomen was bruised because something was pressing hard on it. In normal cases, it wouldn't be at the level of vomiting blood, but..."

"If it's the devil's curse, it might be possible."

The emperor's gaze fell on me. Not the face, but a little bit below.

As I followed his gaze and traced the area around my neck, my hand reached the location of the location tracking brand that the Demon King would have engraved on me.

‘No, wait a minute. Being able to see and touch this means...’

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 113**

113. In fact, they knew (7)

and were so surprised that they fastened their collars.

How dare you dress disheveled in front of the emperor? Of course, there have been times when I've been covered in blood and I feel like I've come too far to think about such things now... But there's a big difference between pretending to care and not pretending to care.

...In the meantime, where did the button run away? After trying to open the collar around his neck where the button had disappeared, he gave up and glanced up to see what the emperor was thinking.

Fortunately, he seemed to understand my embarrassed feelings and pretended not to notice.

"Check your wrists too. A bone had fallen out. Jim put it back in, but there might be a problem."

\*\*\*

The devil's curse weakens the body. It is also because of this that the frequency of hemoptysis has increased. That was the information about the curse that Cruel knew.

Nevertheless, the reason why it moves as normal as before is because the information was incorrect, or is it because of a vicious effort to not show weakness?

Cruel, or rather everyone in the room, including Cruel, was convinced of the latter as they watched Deon Hart trying to quickly cover up the stigma.

‘Even though he was bleeding, he didn’t mention it and just held out his wrist saying it hurt.’

I even wiped the blood on my hands by rubbing it on the hem of my clothes.

The real weakness, hemoptysis, was covered up as casually as possible and a less important weakness was revealed instead. A weakness that has already been dealt with and is of little use even if known.

I wasn’t drunk, and it wasn’t a needless killing. The emperor seemed to have noticed this as well and turned his head away, pretending not to see, and ordered the palace doctor to treat his wrist.

“The bone has already been inserted, so there is no need for any additional treatment. We will apply a bandage, so please refrain from using your wrist for the time being. And...”

There was no further comment. The palace guard, who looked like he was going to say something more, kept his mouth shut and looked at Deon with a tearful face. The way she held his hand tightly with both hands clearly showed that she felt sorry for him.

I understand your feelings, but it’s difficult to do this. Aren’t they revealing everything that each other has been hiding

and pretending not to know?

You have to make it stop. But Cruel couldn't move. The duke was watching. He had already done too much to raise suspicion, so it was dangerous for him to move any further, even for the sake of future work.

Instead, he looked back at the emperor. Fortunately, he seemed to have the same thought and quietly called the palace doctor.

"Thank you for your hard work, go away. And you, Honorary Count Hart, would do well to go back and rest."

"...Thank you for your consideration."

Deon turned his back. As if he wanted to prove that he was fine, he even refused the dedicated driver who cautiously offered to help him, and confidently left this space on his own feet.

His subordinate Senzer, who happened to be coming in, glanced at him and then cast his gaze at Cruel. Cruel paused as he lightly clenched and unclenched his fist while keeping his gaze in this direction.

'...I'm not feeling well.'

Should I do it?

It's a plan I made myself. I had someone keep an eye on me the whole time, and finally the opportunity came. You didn't have to experience it to know that it was an irreplaceable opportunity.

Implement your plan or postpone it.

...The worry was short-lived. Cruel looked around to see that the situation had been somewhat resolved and approached Senzer. I could feel the duke looking this way, but he didn't show it.

"Go tell Deon. "Just for today, don't just wander around the streets and go home right away."

he is.

I knew this was an irreplaceable opportunity.

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Until Deonhardt was subdued by the Emperor's hand and left the banquet hall.

The cause, Stigma Primiro, who was quietly watching all of this, lowered his eyes and fell into thought.

As the situation calms down and I become more relaxed, I see something.

My junior Deon Hardt's drunkenness.

'I'm used to it.'

It feels somehow familiar.

Such extreme drunkenness must be rare. Why on earth does it feel so familiar?

I could have just passed it over, but because it was strangely annoying, Stigma dug into it with a bit of uncharacteristic persistence. I recall the situation from a little while ago, go back in time in my head, and look at each detail one by one.



—There was something that caught me off guard during the emperor's lines.

[Now it's time to return to reality.]

[This is not a battlefield.]

...Ah.

A drunk looking for an enemy. A remark made by the emperor who overpowered him, telling him to come to his senses.

Stigma saw many battles in the South. Among the current official heroes, he is probably the one who has gone through the most battles and is currently going through them. That's how much he knew about this symptom better than anyone else.

'This is not just drunkenness.'

There are symptoms that people who go through war, get injured, kill people, and see people die generally experience.

The range of symptoms is so wide and diverse that it is impossible to describe them all, but to guess at some, symptoms include hallucinations, hallucinations, extreme avoidance of crowded places, extreme aggressiveness, depression, and lethargy.

Among them, there are symptoms of becoming aggressive, where everyone you see appears to be an enemy—or you wander around looking for only the 'enemy'.

Stigma refers to this as 'Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder'. It was abbreviated as PTSD.

‘yes. ‘It’s strange that he went to war at such a young age and was still fine.’

Unlike physical shock, mental shock is an area that cannot be touched. Even the person himself is unaware of the extent and severity of the condition, so it is difficult to deal with, and depending on the person, there are often cases where the shock remains forever and has a strong impact on daily life.

I heard that Deon Hard went to war when he was 14 years old. An age where the mind is not fully matured yet.

‘After all, you were human too.’

There is no disappointment. Rather, I was amazed.

If you interpret the fact that these symptoms appear only when your mental power is weakened due to alcohol, doesn’t that mean that when you are sober, you are suppressing them with surprising mental power?

The more you get to know him, the more interesting he is.

Feeling that his liking for Deonhardt was growing, Stigma smiled visibly.

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I left the banquet hall as if running away. Lien offered to help him, but he refused. Rather, he gave a different command.

[No, thanks. Rather, I want you to stop others from chasing you. For example, our knights or the corps that are coming over there... Huh? step? Why are you here... Ah, I brought you here.]

[Count...?]

[Follow orders.]

[Lord Lien? No, wait a minute. Count! You left your robe behind!']

[...Please send Lord Lien.]

[Yes.]

This is roughly what happened with the appearance of Dan, who had been forgotten.

Lien, who had obediently sent Dan in front of me, smells the scent and retreats, saying he will catch our knights who are sneaking in. I heard someone a little distance away insisting on following me and getting hit, but I couldn't turn around.

I made eye contact with Dan. Ugh, can you get rid of those sad eyes?

"...It's because of the alcohol. "I didn't do it on purpose, I just forgot for a moment because of the alcohol."

"I see."

"...sorry."

"You don't need to apologize. "Hurry up and put on your robe."

He looks comfortable putting on his robe, as if he is going to help him with his clothes.

I was speechless for a moment as I saw someone familiar in that sight. ...Maybe it's my mood?

“Well... it’s okay, I’ll put it on.”

“no. “I will help you.”

“...Ed?”

“Who is that?”

A strange... or rather, unfamiliar man smells like a familiar man.

I was making a shocked expression as I remembered Ed, the lieutenant of the Demon World, and Dan seemed to be shocked by my expression, but then his expression hardened as if he could not give in.

I hope that such a firm will will be shown elsewhere.

“This is an apology, so you don’t have to feel burdened.”

“Apology...?”

“I dared to test the Master.”

“...?”

I don’t know. I don’t know. What bullshit is that about a test? When did that happen?

Anyway, looking at the atmosphere, it seems like they will never give in. Then you can just not wear it.

“Now that I think about it, I think I don’t need to wear a robe. “It’s night anyway...”

“It’s not that problem. Are you going to go around exposing your chest like that?”

Ah, I reflexively loosened my tangled collar and smoothed it out. There was the devil's stigma around this time.

As I was sweeping it with my fingertips, the voice continued as if it wasn't over yet.

"And what about the striking appearance? "White hair and red eyes are almost like a symbol, aren't they?"

"...Give it to me. "I'll wear it."

"I'll put it on for you."

"...."

Did they put honey on my clothes?

Anyway, I couldn't refuse any longer, so I obediently accepted the outerwear service. It felt strange to be served by someone who reminded me of Ed as I wasn't an employee and wasn't that close to him, but I was satisfied because I was able to chase that persistent guy away with this.

Now I'm barely alone.

'At first, I was embarrassed and wanted to be alone...'

Looking at my messed up clothes and the state of the banquet hall, it was clear that I had done something when I was drunk.

There is a reality in the world that cannot be denied.

I don't remember what happened and I don't have the courage to lift the veil, but whether I knew it or not, the circumstances I could see were mentally beating me up.

It was definitely like that...

‘I’m mentally tired right now so I want to be alone...?’

Only you, you bastard.

If your plan was to distract me and offset my embarrassment, I’d say it was a huge success.

When I think of Dan, my head starts pounding. So let’s think differently. When I was drunk at the banquet hall...

‘Not like this!’

Embarrassment that I had forgotten about comes flooding back. Quickly think of something else...!

...Yes, of the palace. Let me recall the doctor who examined me. Not only did the person examine me, but he also acted somewhat unusually.

‘At first, I did something when he held my hand.’

I wrote on my palm with my fingers. How absurd it was to interpret it.

[I told you to please stay healthy!]

I even wrote the exclamation point very clearly.

Uh... okay... and I also gave him some tonics....

When I saw him in bewilderment, he looked at me with depressed eyes and I got goosebumps. Why is a man who is old enough to be like this?

It’s a shame that the emperor stopped him at the right time. If he had delayed a little longer, he might have punched

him.

‘Oh shit.’

Instead of calming down, my mind became more dizzy. I chose the wrong thought to think about.

I wiped my goosebump-covered arms and accelerated my steps. I should hurry back home and rest.

“Honorary Count Hart?”

“...?”

What are you tired? Who are you?

“Hello, my name is Senzer and I serve Cruel Hart. “I came to convey the words of Cruel.”

“....”

What did Lien do instead of stopping this guy?

...Oh, I told you to stop the crazy dogs. It’s not like there are multiple bodies, and it’s worth missing just one guy like this.

It’s Cruel’s message... I wonder what bullshit they are talking about. I nodded my head with the intention of giving it a try.

“He told me not to wander around the streets just for today and to go home right away.”

“...what?”

For a moment, I couldn’t believe my ears.

What, can you be my guardian? What on earth are you planning?

I looked at him hoping he would explain something more, but he disappeared without even answering my question. Because he resembles his superior, his unluckiness is sky-high. Tsk.

‘...Let’s get back to the main topic first.’

Just calm down and think about it.



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 114**

114. In fact, they knew (8)

Are those words sincere advice or bait to induce me to take action?

Cruel must also know very well that I will not obey his words. So, is it still Judo?

‘When I was young, I often played chess with Cruel.’

Because I was too weak to go out of the mansion, I played several board games with Cruel. The best of them was chess.

Inside the game board, there is bait using chess pieces, and outside the game board, psychological warfare using pieces.

‘I wouldn’t go there.’ ‘Is that really a good choice?’ ‘I was a bit surprised by this.’ ‘An excellent choice.’

Which one is sincere and which one is false? Is that word in front of me really a bait or an imaginary number?

Because we had played chess countless times, winning and losing, we knew each other’s thoughts to a certain extent. There’s no way Cruel would have thought that I wouldn’t think of the possibility of ‘judo’. So is this advice sincere?

'...Then what do you do? Even if I'm worried, I feel bad, and even if it's bait, I feel bad.'

So my choice is made.

'If we're going to follow Cruel's words, it's better to move, even if it's just bait.'

Thanks to you, I forgot about my fatigue. It's been a long time since I ignored the pain, so I take to the streets.

I put on the robe I was carrying and boldly turned around to walk towards the mansion and headed towards the nearby street.

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It's noisy.

"How long on earth are you planning to put off the revolt!"

"Are you planning on committing a coup?"

It's really noisy.

The type of people who can't see even one inch ahead and squeal with desire. Daniel frowned quietly, as if thinking of these people as the leaders gave him a headache, but then he straightened up as if he had never done that before.

In this situation, raising your voice together will only result in an emotional fight. A voice aimed at persuasion came out calmly.

"The timing is not good. It looks like a war will soon break out between the demon world and the human world, but we can't take down the empire that holds the greatest power in the human world..." "

Is the so-called leader of the revolutionary army taking the emperor's side now?!"

"Every time I tell you to prepare to kill the emperor, which I will do soon, you just repeat that it is not a good time...! What on earth! "Aren't you intentionally delaying the action?"

Quang!

Silence has come. Daniel slammed the table harshly to silence them and lowered his head and slowly exhaled.

The stress and irritation that was rising to the top of my head slowly subsides with each breath. After taking a few moments to catch his breath, he broke the silence and spoke.

"...Before, there were people who ran out and said they would kill the emperor at will."

These foolish fools were completely exterminated by the emperor's hand, to the point where it was laughable that they rushed in so greedily.

"Because of them, all the strength we had gained was lost."

"...."

"Did you think that defeating the imperial army was everything? "If there is someone who really thinks that way, I would recommend that they resign from their leadership position."

Some people flinched as if they had been stabbed.

“It’s not just the Imperial Army that’s the problem. The emperor himself is strong. Very strong! No, before discussing his military power, in order to legitimately succeed in the revolution, you must enter through the main gate of the imperial palace!”

The methods of those before were wrong from the start.

How can a cowardly attack on the emperor when he was alone be called a revolution? That is just an assassination, an attempted assassination of the emperor, and treason by reactionaries.

No matter how many people gather to kill the emperor, their cause is ultimately a ‘revolution’ to create a world without a caste system. Actions that went against it could not be tolerated.

“Do you really have to go in from the front?”

“You are asking the obvious. “If you act like a rat, the only thing you will get is a bad image to match.”

What matters is the image. Entering through the front door is also one of the performances for this purpose.

Whether Sejak opens the door or breaks it in, entering through the front door becomes a symbol.

The public is easily swayed by what they see.

So, no matter how you act in the shadows, let’s act confidently under the sun. We didn’t do anything wrong. Even if something was wrong, it was only for the greater good.

“What do you think our actions until now were for? To undermine the emperor’s power? Of course, that is true, but it is only an additional purpose. The key is to gain the support of the people of the empire and lower the emperor’s support.”

In the end, the purpose was achieved to some extent.

He gained public support by punishing vicious lords and punishing arrogant nobles who looked down on the people of the empire. In the process, there was a conflict with the Order of Murderous Ghosts, and a bomb exploded incorrectly, causing damage to a private house, but all of the resentment was directed towards the Order of Murderous Ghosts.

It was an unexpected benefit that arose because the ideology of the revolutionary army won the favor of the people of the empire and the bad image of the Order of Murderous Knights.

“The meaning of our existence and the legitimacy of our actions come from the people of the empire. “Without their support, we would be nothing more than a group of traitors and not a revolutionary army.”

So we have to persuade the people of the empire. You must convince them and proudly kill the royal family in front of them to be recognized as justified.

Daniel paused for a moment to catch his breath and stretched out one arm.

“It takes a lot of power to reach the emperor through the main gate of the imperial palace, and it also takes a lot of power to kill the person who holds the warrior’s fragment.”

Who was the one who acted arbitrarily and undermined the revolutionary army's strength?

He was the one urging the rebellion just like the people in front of him.

So you have no more say than this. I explained it this way, but no matter how thick-faced they are, no one would dare express their opinion.

—I won.

“The timing is not good due to the power shortage. So let me ask you. “Is there anyone who still thinks that the revolt should be carried out?”

“ .... ”

There was no rebuttal.

Daniel, who had once discouraged the leadership, left the conference room with Paul, who had been watching the situation from the side.

Paul, who was walking down a dark secret passage in quiet silence, quietly raised his head and checked on Daniel. As expected, a deep look of fatigue appeared on his face, as if he had been under a lot of stress during the meeting.

At times like this, he would go to see his mother.

After thinking about that, Paul suddenly stopped in front of the crossroads. Daniel, who was mindlessly heading down the passage back to his dorm, belatedly looked back at him.

“Bye.”

“huh?”

“There is no need for you to lead me down the path I know.  
“I’ll go back to the dorm as is, so you can just go straight to your mother.”

Daniel, who was dazed as if he had been hit by an unexpected remark, grinned and placed his hand on Paul’s head.

“You’re all grown up.”

“You’ve already grown up since the first time we met.”

“Okay, okay.”

The playful smile soon turned into a friendly smile.

“...thanks.”

I’ve become quite accustomed to the warmth of others, but it seems I’m not immune to situations like this yet.

Paul, who was completely frozen, muttered that he was saying all sorts of things, and eventually, unable to overcome his embarrassment, he ran away and went back to his dorm. Daniel chuckled and walked away.

That smile didn’t last long.

‘....’

Daniel wandered the streets in a daze. According to the original plan, I should still be with my mother, but I had no choice because I was kicked out.

I feel dizzy. Even though he had gotten angry at his colleagues who were taking care of his mother just a little while ago, his emotions did not seem to subside.

The scene he faced was that shocking.

‘My mother... was bleeding...’

She coughed up blood. That alone is shocking, but this has been going on for a long time. Even though my colleagues knew about it, they hid it under the pretext of my mother’s request.

I understand it with my head. His life revolved around his mother. Even the reason I created the revolutionary army was because of my mother, so what can I say? So, if there was a problem with his mother’s health, it was clear that he would also wander around without being able to focus.

I hope my son doesn’t get hurt. The mental health of revolutionary leaders is important. So it was worth hiding it.

‘but.’

Understanding and feeling were two different things. Is it possible that he devoted so much of his life to his mother and didn’t know about it?

Without thinking, I wandered the streets where the festival was taking place. It was said that it was held to show off the strength of the empire even while it was at war with other kingdoms. If it had been before, I would have clicked my tongue at the waste and bravado of the empire, but right now I couldn’t think about anything.

I feel calm, as if being so excited was a lie, perhaps because I was already so angry. No, rather than being calm, it would be better to say that I was ecstatic.

“...uh.”



As I was just wandering the streets wherever my feet took me, I bumped into someone who was pushed around by the crowd for a while.

The smell of alcohol is wafting in the air. Is he drunk? It was a little unpleasant, but I was about to ignore it because there were so many people.

“Cough.”

“...?!”

The other person cried out and spat out blood. Daniel, who realized this fact half a beat later because the other person was wearing a hood, opened his eyes wide.

Even so, I couldn't escape the shock of the truth I had just encountered, and my pale face became even more pale.

“Look at this. Are you okay?”

“....”

“Come on, come to your senses... Ah, doctor. “I have to take you to the doctor...”

My hands are shaking. Daniel gave strength to the hand supporting the other person.

Calm down, this person is not your mother. So there's no need to be so upset.

All you have to do is stay calm and take them to a nearby doctor. But....

‘Is there a doctor near here? If so, where is it? Wouldn't you waste a lot of time in the process of finding a doctor? And what if this person dies?’

...shit!

I picked up an unknown patient.

He knows he is overly emotional. But what can you do? If someone with the same symptoms as my mother died today, I don't think I would sleep well.

'There is only one doctor I know.'

He is the only doctor nearby who clearly knows the location.

Although he knew it was something he should not do as the leader of a revolutionary army, Daniel, who had already been eaten by his emotions before his reason could think and control him, was moving.

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What is this?

Passers-by on the street were talking about a festival and mentioned a specific street, so I went there, but someone gave me a strong shock to my back and pushed me, causing me to vomit blood on someone else's clothes.

Then that person picks me up and runs?!

The further I go, the more I go to places with fewer people... Huh? The alley walls crack, the ground opens, and even a secret passage is revealed?

'What is this!'

I rolled my eyes under the hood that half-hidden my face, but when I felt the other person's gaze fall on me, I quickly closed my eyes.

...Let's just pass out for now.

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I finally committed it.

If others find out, they will discuss his qualifications as leader. Since they are greedy, it is obvious that they will try to bite them in any way possible.

However, it is not yet known and I have no regrets because it ultimately saved the life of the person in front of me. Daniel, who had postponed the treatment, anxiously waited for the doctor's words.

"There is no danger to life. "There is no need to take any action. Just let him rest well."

"But the blood..."

"He was a weak person to begin with. It seems like it was a very stressful situation. "There are signs of other physical shocks, but they are just things that have already been taken care of or that do not need to be taken."

"Ah...."

That's good.

My legs lost strength and I fell down. As I wiped my face with both hands and let out a deep sigh, the old doctor asked me a question.

"Did you know better than that and bring me here?"

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 115**

115. In fact, they knew (9)

“...yes? “What... do you mean?”

“You didn’t know. “I’m going to pretend I didn’t see it, so it’s probably better to see it in person.”

As soon as I felt relieved, an ominous feeling ran down my back.

I felt like what I had done was a bigger deal than I thought.

I jumped up from my seat and opened the closed hospital room. A man was lying on the bed with his robe exposed and his face exposed.

Palely white skin and white hair. At this point, Daniel couldn’t help but laugh.

“...ha ha ha.”

What kind of day is today? I don’t know why terrible things happen all at once.

I think I know who that guy is. No, let’s not fool ourselves. Daniel knew very well who that man was. I can’t be sure because my eyes are closed, but if my prediction is correct, there are red eyes hiding under those eyelids.

A sigh-like voice filled the hospital room.

“...Deon Hart.”

A person who must be eliminated as a priority for the revolutionary army.

Only then did I understand the doctor's attitude. Also, the fact that he gave me tremendous consideration.

“Why?”

I've already used up all my mental power for today. Any more than this was the limit.

He subdued the leaders of the rampaging revolutionary army, saw his mother coughing up blood, and saved someone who had the same symptoms as her. But now I have to kill that person?

‘no. ‘I can't do it.’

At least today Daniel can't kill Deonhardt. He was sure.

‘....’

I approached him as if I was possessed. The quick-witted old doctor quietly closed the door to the hospital room, and in a quiet space where time seemed to have stopped, Daniel silently sat on the chair in front of the bed.

You don't know how lucky you are. Originally, he would have died as soon as his true identity was revealed to me.

I slowly got up and placed my right hand on the bed. Just extend your left hand and touch the guy's neck. Perhaps because of the lack of blood, I felt a slightly faster pulse.

‘...If he was Deon Hart on paper, he would have opened his eyes and reacted the moment he touched the bed... or rather, the moment he got close to him. ‘I guess I’m not feeling well after all.’

I withdrew my hand. I was about to leave, but belatedly, I noticed his disheveled clothes. To be precise, it was a strangely shaped brand revealed through the disheveled collar.

—Yes, I was told that I was cursed by the Demon King.

Did they say it weakens the body? Nevertheless, because the experience accumulated over a long period of time on the battlefield does not go anywhere, combat ability is treated separately.

Therefore, even though Deonhardt was cursed by the Demon King, he still ranks high for elimination by the revolutionary army...

“Even if I don’t kill him, he won’t be dead for long.”

Look at this defenseless figure who still closes his eyes because even if he stands up immediately and is on guard, it is not enough. Even if it’s not him, I think I’m going to die at the hands of someone soon, so why bother getting my hands dirty?

I woke up rationalizing it like that. I kept thinking of my mother and couldn’t stay here any longer.

As I left the hospital room, I ran into the doctor waiting in front of me. He looks over his shoulder at the hospital room out of the corner of his eye, as if trying to check if Deon Hardt is dead or alive, and then makes eye contact.

Daniel shook his head slowly.

“When he wakes up, send him back without being seen by others. Of course, he shouldn’t have to memorize the route. And this matter....”

“I will keep quiet. “I’m getting more forgetful these days anyway, so I’ll forget it soon.”

“...But please don’t forget about security. “Don’t forget to put on your eye patch.”

“yes.”

I just turned my back and left this place. As I walked down the hallway, I tried to somehow recover my spirit that had passed the limit.

Normally, I would have gone to see my mother and rested, but that is not possible now. Instead of thinking about your mother any more, let’s think about Deonhardt. For example, the devil’s curse.

‘Curse... Curse... Was the hemoptysis caused by the curse?’

Hemoptysis... mother.

Despite Daniel’s efforts, the stream of consciousness that had been forcibly returned returned to focus on his mother.

As I cursed, it suddenly occurred to me that if Deonhardt was cursed by the Demon King, then my mother must have been cursed by the world.

‘After a difficult life, I came back with hemoptysis.’

Every time I saw a weakened body, I felt like I didn’t have enough time. I had no idea that it would come so suddenly

and so realistically without warning.

The blood from my mother was warning me. Your mother's time is running out.

'We have to hurry.'

Before my mother dies, I must show her her ideal world.

Only then did Daniel know where his steps were heading. Yes, I already knew. In order to shorten time, you have to meet 'him'.

Daniel calmed his expression and quickened his pace. His faster pace revealed his impatience.

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Wow, I thought I was going to die.

When that guy put his hand on my neck, I was nervous because I thought he was really trying to strangle me. My heart is still pounding because of that, but thankfully I didn't notice?

I slowly opened my eyes and looked around.

Maybe it's because it's a hospital room, but it looks ordinary on the outside. But I know this is no ordinary place.

I don't know for sure, but considering how complicated the process was to get here, I think it might be a secret organization...

'...Then did I get caught? 'Have you been taken hostage?'

They may have been brought in for treatment purposes at first, but not now.



My appearance must be quite unique. Not only did he just try to strangle me, but after seeing this face, it would be safe to say that his true identity has already been revealed.

‘So let’s bounce.’

I don’t know the way, but wherever I go, I’m sure there will be an exit. I’d better get out of here first.

I slowly raised my upper body, then lay down and closed my eyes. I felt a buzz outside.

Sure enough, the door opened and someone came in.

‘Is this the person from a little while ago?’

The sound of footsteps gets closer.

My nerves were tense. The footsteps, which were getting closer and closer in a strange tension, stopped only when they reached right next to me.

An unfamiliar voice was heard.

“...How long are you going to pretend to faint?”

“!”

I was so surprised that I opened my eyes without realizing it.

An old man with gray hair smiles softly as he looks directly into my clearly visible eyes. A voice without a trace of hostility continued.

“You have to deceive the person you want to deceive. “I am a doctor.”

“....”

“Follow me. “I will take you outside.”

really? You’re taking me outside for nothing? No, rather...

he pointed to the eyepatch in the old man’s hand.

“that...?”

“That’s because it’s a bit difficult to memorize the route.  
please understand.”

“ ....”

The old man grinned as if he couldn’t even see my expression.

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Upon returning to the office, Cruel paused for a moment upon encountering an unexpected person.

“...Your Excellency the Duke.”

Why is the Duke here? If I had something to do, I wouldn’t have called instead of coming.

Even what he is looking at is the chessboard on the desk. Cruel realized later that he had not cleaned up the chessboard because he was in a hurry to leave, so he put his back and hid his hand that was about to flinch.

The duke glanced at him and slowly straightened his back.

“You’re here.”

“What brings you here?”

“I came because I thought we needed to talk about my participation in the hunting competition. “Even so, there are a lot of things to worry about, but I don’t want to waste my time and energy with unnecessary misunderstandings.”

“....”

Of course, we’ll have to wait and see whether that was a misunderstanding or not.

The duke swallowed his heart and smiled.

“Oh, before that.”

“...?”

“Kneel down.”

For an instant, the green eyes shook slightly.

As if wondering if what I had heard was really what he was saying, the green eyes facing the duke met the ever-smiling violet eyes and lowered them as if in resignation.

One knee touched the ground and Cruel’s head was lowered.

An example of a knight to his lord.

Since nothing is certain yet, there is no need to cross the line and be hostile towards him. Since Cruel was an undeniably good force, the Duke was satisfied with that and moved on.

“I participated in a hunting competition.”

“yes.”

“....”

“....”

A subtle silence came.

The Duke looked down at Cruel for a moment as if at a loss for words, then opened his mouth with a sigh.

“great. “I say it straight away without saying anything.”

“....”

“—Did you think I didn’t know?”

Cruel’s eyes trembled. I can’t tell you how fortunate I am to have my head down at this moment. If you were making eye contact with the duke, you would most likely have noticed the shaking.

How much did you notice? How much should I say? It’s unlikely that he even figured out the ‘plan’.

‘Answer...’

I have to answer.

My head spins tightly. The silence was getting longer. Just when I thought this was going to be a really big problem, the Duke continued.

“Why did you save Deonhardt?”

With great generosity, he kindly points out and pushes back on the past that was overlooked at the time.

“They tried to persuade me to request murder when I could have used the revolutionary army, so I gave permission, but

they arbitrarily set a condition that they would pay me half of the promised amount even if I was injured..." "...." "Let's see, let's see, so the topic

is

also He moved without knowing. "Did you think I didn't know that it was to lower the chance of Deonhardt dying?"

Those who move for the purpose of money act more insincerely than revolutionary soldiers who are fascinated by the cause.

Cruel chose the request.

Even those who work for money value their lives. So, if you create a situation where you can get a lot of money just by injuring someone, there is no reason to go out of your way to kill them.

Cruel spent his own money to create such a situation.

"Besides, in this hunting competition, I went so far as to save Deon Hart myself."

What on earth were they thinking and doing such a thing? Does he really want to kill Deonhardt?

"Please explain."

The purple eye light shone brightly. It was indeed a sharp attack, but Cruel felt reassured.

I guess you didn't notice everything.

Since the calculations have been made, there is no need to take any more time. I opened my mouth without delay.

“I wanted to kill him with my own hands.”

“...If that’s the case, you should have said it a long time ago. “You just wasted manpower.”

“sorry.”

“That’s it.”

There is no way the duke’s suspicions can be resolved just like this. There were many loopholes in his answer.

The duke also knew this, but instead of going into detail, he chose a different method.

“I don’t think you would think that your doubts would be resolved to this extent.”

“ ....”

“Therefore, I propose a bet.”

While telling Cruel to get up, the Duke walked leisurely and stood in front of Cruel’s desk. He picks up the black king that was pushed off the chessboard and slowly examines it.

“Deon Hardt must die. “Up until now, I have left it to the Lord and issued orders through him, but now that there is room for doubt, I cannot just sit back and ignore it.”

“ ....”

“Please move to kill Deon Hardt with your light. I will also move separately. Whoever kills him first will be the winner of the bet. “The benefits to the winner... should we leave it to the winner?”

This means that the loser must grant the winner’s wish.

The duke has a lot of money and a lot of people he can spend it on. It was clearly an unfair bet, but Cruel had no choice.

Maybe that's why, instead of the obvious answer, something else came out.

“...Why do you want to kill Deonhardt so much?”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 116**

116. In fact, they knew (10)

Now, we know that Deon had a hard time knowingly or unknowingly in the Hart family, who were naturally blunt and showed little emotion on their faces and were not good at expressing themselves.

When I went to war due to a document error, I had no idea that there would be a problem and immediately blamed my family, so I couldn't help but realize how little trust my family had in me.

However, while Cruel acknowledged Hart's partial responsibility for the extinction incident, he did not place all of the blame entirely on me and my family. Because there was a more direct culprit for which full responsibility could not be placed.

Peacock.

He sent Deon Hardt to war.

I don't know why or why they did what they did, but they changed the list where Cruel Hart's name was supposed to be on and sent people they couldn't communicate with to pull Deon Hardt out of the mansion.



Even my father's gentle persuasion didn't work. Despite the acceptable alternative of sending Cruel instead, they only looked for Deon Hart, as if they had been brainwashed.

I couldn't understand.

'Because that child did something wrong.'

Cruel, who belatedly learned that this incident was related to the Duke, has been quietly keeping an eye on the Duke from then on.

An unexplained malice towards Deon Hardt. It showed no signs of abating even after the war ended. No, on the contrary, it has become stronger.

That's why I went under him on purpose...

'That's later.'

Now is not the time to think about that.

The duke's head rose at the rare question. There was a faint suspicion in his eyes.

He usually only answered questions without speaking first. Did he really want to save Deonhardt?

As the duke's eyes narrowed, Cruel seemed to realize that he had asked the wrong question, and added a little later.

"I have every reason to kill him. "But Your Excellency, it seems that the reason is not sufficient."

"Is it not enough that, as a representative of the noble faction, I must kill the emperor's dog?"

"...."

“It seems like it’s not enough.”

I have a good feeling.

I’m certainly not trying to get rid of him for that reason alone. Deonhardt is a threat to the Empire.

The duke simply could not ignore such a threat from the perspective of the future ruler of the empire.

Why is Deonhardt a threat to the Empire?

“The reason may be to recall the order I gave to Sir Deonhardt when he was on his way on a mission from the Emperor.”

[If you follow the traces of the revolutionary army, there will be someone watching Deon Hardt’s back under the emperor’s orders. Kill him. And if you have the means to chase after Deon Hardt, check where he is going and then come.]

“....”

“Ah, you don’t know.”

By the time he finished the job, Deon Hart had already left.

I don’t know if he really doesn’t know or is just pretending not to know, but if he had followed Deonhardt and checked where he was going, he would have inferred to some extent that he had something to do with the demon world.

The duke touched the area around his heart and smiled.

“If you don’t know, there’s nothing you can do. “That’s all I have to say.”

He knew that Deonhardt was the commander of the Demon King's army.

If anyone found out about this, they would be curious.

If you are a person with a working mind, you will first consider 'since when?' before asking 'how and why'.

The answer to that is simple.

'From the beginning.'

The Duke returned to his office after refusing Cruel's offer to take him there, sat down and leaned his upper body against the backrest.

A faint sneer appeared on his lips.

'I knew it from the beginning. 'It was because of me that Deonhart came to the attention of the Demon King in the first place and went to the Demon King's Castle.'

Why did the duke send Deon Hardt to the battlefield during the Eight Years' War?

Why did they block the count's request to the imperial family to bring him back, and why did they come up with the opinion that Deonhardt should be sent to the Demon King's Castle as a companion of a warrior?

Why did Deon Hardt, the son of a nobleman, start out as an ordinary soldier, and who made him become a vanguard?

The root of all of this ultimately boils down to one thing.

"A contract with the devil."

Deonhardt was the duke's bait to draw the interest of the bored demon king.

What kind of ill feelings could there have been towards the other person who lived only in the mansion and had no contact whatsoever? It was just bad luck that Deonhardt was dragged into the battlefield.

It's not even malicious intent, it's just bait out of necessity. The Duke put his hand over where his heart was, ignoring the thought that if Cruel found out, he would have clenched his fist to the point of bleeding. I feel like I have the power to defy the rules of the world if I just put my mind to it.

The Duke's heart contains the demon king's contract and the magical power gained through it.

Contrary to my expectations that I could make a contract by simply summoning him, I was so embarrassed when the Demon King refused, saying he was not interested.

[I would like to propose a bet.]

[Bet?]

[Yes, it would be quite interesting.]

In that situation, the Duke thought of a boy he had happened to meet at Count Hart's residence a long time ago when he was visiting on official business.

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"Red eyes, white hair, pale skin."

"I thought there were no red eyes among humans."

"As far as I know, he is a human. Even young."

“That’s a bit interesting, but what does that have to do with betting? “If you just threw something out there that might pique my interest....”

“That’s not possible. First, let’s listen to the end. “The child is said to have been weak and has never been outside the house since he was born.”

The duke widened his eyes as he faced the reversed white and black eyes.

“If such a nobleman were to go to war, how long would he be able to endure?”

“...Hoo?”

“These are the betting conditions.”

A child known to be human despite his unique appearance.

A cruel bet proposal that threw away my conscience and the uniqueness of having never left the house due to my weak body.

This works. Usually, people who are dull from boredom look for things that are stimulating. Even excluding the special setting of the child itself, none of the Demon King’s contractees, which may not be many, would have made such a bet.

“I heard that the situation in the human world is unusual... but is a war really going to break out?”

“Yes, because our king, who ascended the throne this time, launched a provocation against all kingdoms by naming the kingdom ‘Empire’. “There are already large and small armed conflicts taking place with neighboring kingdoms.”

So what's the answer to the bet?

The Demon King, who was lost in thought for a moment at the unexpected information, nodded.

"good. "I bet on 'survival.'"

"yes?"

'Survival', not 'how long can you endure'.

"You set the condition in the first place as 'how long can I hold out', so you will choose 'death', right? "The deadline is until the end of the war in which the child participated."

"yes? yes."

weird. The story was turning in this side's favor.

He must have clearly said that the child was weak and had never been outside the world.

The Demon King laughed as if he sensed the Duke's confusion.

"Betting is only fun if you bet on the unfavorable side."

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After that... it was obvious.

Deonhardt must be killed before the war ends. Since the Demon King was watching, the duke was unable to take direct action, and indirectly tried to create a situation in which he could easily die.

For example, having a nobleman's son participate in the war as an ordinary soldier like conscripted commoners.

However, since he did not die, they made him the leader of the vanguard.

It was easy to manipulate documents because issues such as transfers had not been resolved not long after the king came to the throne by force, and war broke out almost immediately after his accession to the throne.

‘It was obviously a hastily constructed vanguard made up of commoners and poor people, so I thought they would die soon...’

Deon Hardt managed to survive. No, rather, it became famous for its cruelty and ‘immortality’.

A vanguard that never dies. These murderers brutally kill as many people as they can, making people reluctant to even get close to them. Master Deonhardt, who commands and leads them.

He became a hero and the eight-year long war was over.

It was the duke’s defeat.

‘The contract... should I give up?’

His theory is that the more power and power the better, and his instinct to rise to higher ground.

It made me want to make a contract with the devil, but that’s okay. It’s a little disappointing, but the contract was just a strength to prepare for an unexpected situation.

Even if I had signed the contract in the first place, I had no intention of using it unless it was a truly urgent situation.

[I’ll put another condition on it.]

Nevertheless, the Demon King extended his hand to him who lost his appetite in disappointment.

[Send Deonhardt to me. Then, I will give you a portion of my magical power.]

[....]

[It is not a complete contract... Yes, it can be considered a half-contract.]

Ah. A smile slowly spread across the Duke's expressionless face.

The bet was a loss, but the duke did not fail. The ground food he had laid was clearly demonstrating its power.

A bait offered to attract the interest of the Demon King. For eight years, the Demon King received news of Deonhardt in various ways, and sometimes used magic to observe him personally. It's not surprising that you become interested in him in the process.

[I think it would be possible with my own strength to send him to the Demon King's Castle, but to capture him...]

[It's my role. know. That's enough.]

And.

The duke insisted that Deonhardt be selected as a warrior's companion and sent to the Demon King's Castle, and for some reason, the Emperor accepted this and sent him to the Demon King's Castle.

He might die on the way, but looking at his luck so far, he probably won't die. Well, there's nothing you can do if you



die.

Either way, he will never see Deonhardt again. There's no way the devil would easily let go of something he got his hands on.

I thought...

[The hero's body has been recovered!]

Deon Hart has returned alive. And carrying the hero's body!

On this day, the duke uttered a double curse for the first time in his life.

'At first, I wondered how this happened...'

As time passed, the doubts were gradually resolved.

The commander of the 0th Corps of the Demon King's Army, who gradually began to be mentioned at some point. Deonhardt periodically travels to and from somewhere under the name of a secret mission from the emperor. And the identity of the commander of the 0 Corps is kept a complete secret both in the demon world and the empire.

—Deon Hart is the commander of the 0 Corps. Even though the emperor knew about this, he turned a blind eye to it.

A person who holds a place in the demon world is also considered an important figure in the empire? Dangerous. The Emperor even cared for Deonhardt a lot. What would happen if such a person turned to the devil's side?

'I have to kill him.'

You must put aside the emperor and kill for the sake of the empire.

It was a natural conclusion.

‘I don’t know if I can kill you, but...’

If you keep knocking, you will die someday.

He is a man who went to war and became a hero at a young age, having never even held a sword. I’m a little worried, but I suppress my anxiety, saying that if I keep trying, one day I will break through the shield of luck.

smart.

“Duke Daniel has come to visit.”

There was news of an unscheduled visit by a guest.

....

“I found someone with good writing skills in Ireon. “I plan to use this to sway public sentiment.”

This was what Daniel, who had asked to meet on a whim, said before he even sat down.

“...Are you planning to leave a message on the street?”

“yes.”

“....”

The duke closed his mouth, not knowing what to say.

I can be sure of one thing. The man in front of me right now is out of his mind.

Pale complexion. Eyes trembling as if nervous.

...Now that I think about it, I once heard that his mother had begun to bleed. I heard that they were hiding it from the leader, but as time passed and there was no news, they tried to hide it well, but it seems they were eventually found out.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 117**

### 117. Individual movements (1)

"...I understand your rush, but it would be better to calm down first. "You don't know that it's a bad time to do something like that."

"So I just came up with this line. "If it weren't for that, it would have been inciting rather than shaking up public sentiment."

"Now even that level of shaking poses a great threat to the empire. "You know that there is nothing good about the public sentiment being shaken right now as the war against the demon world approaches."

"...The leadership is shouting for action every day. If you don't do even this much, you'll be in trouble. To what extent are you thinking, Your Excellency? "Do you want me to not move at all?"

"yes."

"...what?"

"It would be best not to move right now. It would be better to stop all the activities you have been doing so far and take a break. In the war against the demon world, the power of the empire is most important. Internal division is poison."

The duke said, brushing aside the informal language that had come out with a wide expression of generosity.

“It would be a good idea for you to cool your head now. “Do you know that you are being too impatient right now?”

“....”

“What is the answer?”

Because I was dealing with Cruel like this, my words came out in a high-handed manner.

I glanced closely to see if the man in front of me had noticed something, but fortunately, Daniel, who kept his mouth shut as if he didn't really care, nodded slowly without showing any special expression.

“...All right.”

thank god. First of all, it seems like I was pressured.

However, his mother's health will deteriorate day by day, and the revolutionary leader's spirit will also be shaken. I don't know how long the temporary button will last.

The Duke, who was looking at Daniel's back, saying he was sorry and retreating, closed his eyes and let out a silent sigh.

\*\*\*

It wasn't pressed. It was pressed.

As he closed the door and returned to the revolutionary army base, Daniel slowly began to think. His eyes had become cold for a long time.

No matter how crazy I was, it wasn't to the point where I couldn't feel angry even after hearing 'those words'. You let your guard down, Duke.

'Thanks to you, I came to my senses, so I should be thankful.'

It is true that I was so anxious that my eyes were covered. My head hardened and I almost rushed towards my goal. If it weren't for the duke, it was clear that all of his patience would have been in vain.

But that line.

[It would be better not to move right now. It would be better to stop all the activities you have done so far and take a rest.]

And.

[What is the answer?]

Thanks to this, my mind cooled down and I was able to understand the situation to some extent.

The duke does not want the empire to fall. Not just now, it was like that before, and it will be like that again in the future.

It seemed as if the identity of the sense of discomfort I had been feeling before was slowly being revealed.

'Of course it is. 'Who would voluntarily give up the high status of 'Duke'?''

The reason for contacting the revolutionary army may have been to suppress them.

'This is why we have to be careful about joining hands with power.'

It may be beneficial in the short term, but not in the long term. You have to slowly let go.

But how? Now I have too much to lose to shake off the duke's hand. The Duke himself will not suffer any loss, and only the revolutionary army will suffer a major blow. So it's difficult.

"...Daniel?"

"Ah, Paul."

"What are you doing there...?"

"Holding hands with power should be avoided as much as possible. "Afterwards, my ankles will be tied."

"...Are you drunk?"

Daniel stroked Paul's head in silence.

Paul, who was looking up at him quietly, opened his mouth after confirming that there was no one around.

"...I saw Deon Hardt."

"...How did you recognize him? "Are you not wearing a robe?"

"I wasn't wearing it. "The clothes were very flashy."

"...."

"Oh, I was still wearing an eye patch. But aren't the clothes, as well as the hair and skin, quite unique? "It wasn't difficult

to find out.”

No, this doctor’s grandfather.

I told him not to forget to put on an eye patch, and he did just that. What if I forget to put on my robe?

I never thought you would prove it like this when you say your forgetfulness has gotten worse.

“The doctor secretly took me outside. Did you bring me here? Why didn’t you kill me? “Why did you just send it away?”

Come to think of it, Paul had a grudge against Deon Hardt.

Angry eyes look up at Daniel. Daniel quietly looked into his eyes and answered while slowly stroking his head.

“I feel like I’ll die even if I don’t have to.”

“I don’t understand.”

Isn’t it possible to obtain information or at the very least be used as a hostage?

Stop. Daniel’s hand stopped. The hand that was resting on Paul’s head slowly slides down.

A faint laugh, like smoke, was scattered throughout the space like crumbs.

“...You’ve really grown up.”

“You’ve already grown up since the first time we met.”

“Okay, okay.”



...okay. It's time for me to prepare too.

It is right to prepare to escape the duke's clutches.

"It's natural that I don't understand. "Because I reacted laxly."

"Why did you do that?"

"I told you, right? I said I backed off. "No one is perfect in this world."

So Paul.

I softly called his name and made eye contact. A silence came, like a forest on a moonlit night.

Daniel willingly broke the seemingly comfortable silence and gently raised the corner of his mouth.

"You will see many strengths and weaknesses in me in the future. Just like now, absorb the strengths and filter out the parts you don't understand, or use them as a substitute teacher. "You are doing very well now."

"...I do not understand."

"what?"

"Why are you taking me with you? Some of the places my brother took me were not places I would go to. It was to teach me, right? "Why are you trying to teach me?"

"I took responsibility for this child because I brought him here. "Education is a natural part of that responsibility."

Lower class people who are busy making a living often ignore the importance of education.

But I learned that you shouldn't do that.

Who causes revolution? It is caused by those who know the situation and the absurdity of it. In short, it means that those who know a lot can cause it.

When a country is acting strangely, you must be aware of it and know how to criticize it. Nevertheless, he said that if the people above did not listen, they should overturn it.

That's why my mother said that education is important.

"Well, that was the reason until now."

"So you're saying it's not anymore?"

"Yes, I also need to have a successor soon. I plan to teach a lot of things in a short period of time. I hope you absorb it well..."

"Now wait a minute! A successor? "Me?"

"Do you have any problem?"

Paul, who saw the naturally virtuous expression, was speechless and just gaped.

After a few seconds, a voice that seemed almost like a sense of obligation to discuss the issue barely came out.

"Why me?! "I was young..."

"When will you insist that you are all grown up?"

"no...! Ha... really..."

In a rare occurrence, Paul bursts out in exasperation and pounds his chest. Daniel, who was watching this, burst into

laughter.

Normally, he would have been even angrier, but this time, Paul got angry.

“It was a joke, right?”

“no. “I’m serious.”

“why?!”

“That’s right...”

I wiped the tears from my eyes with my fingertips.

I was still laughing, but speaking first came first.

“Because you are young.”

“...yes?”

“Oh, did I throw it too hard? “I’ll explain again from the beginning.”

The laughter finally stopped.

Daniel closed his mouth for a moment to gather his thoughts.

“You are from the Empire, but you have no affection for the Empire.”

However, we do not love other countries and have no reason to love them.

“The fact that there is no country you love in this place where people from each kingdom that fell at the hands of

the empire gathered together will increase the credibility of your fairness.”

“...and?”

“And like I said, you’re young. Thanks to this, flexible thinking is possible. Have you ever heard the saying that the only thing you get with age is stubbornness? In reality, older people are less likely to listen to advice from others. ‘Is the young one trying to teach me?’ This is the underlying thought. And old people don’t like change.”

“But what about the elderly people who joined the revolutionary army? “Isn’t ‘revolution’ itself change?”

“I came here with a desire for revenge. ‘My country has collapsed, so the empire must also collapse’ or something like that. “They will either not pay much attention to the policies after the fall of the empire or will stick to the existing methods.”

Revolution is, above all, a powerful change. It stands at the complete opposite point of stability.

Anyone who is the head of a revolutionary army must pay great attention to the policies that followed the successful revolution, but that position cannot be given to someone who prefers the familiar.

If there is no change in policy after the revolution, how can it be called a revolution?

“Old people don’t want what they don’t know to increase and they love stability. “I’m too tired to take risks.”

Perhaps that is why it is no exaggeration to say that change has almost always been achieved through the hands of

young people.

Therefore, it is right for the leader of the revolutionary army to be young.

“Of course, that doesn’t mean you should look down on old people. They were once young people who sought change and lived for a long time and gained a lot of experience.

“Such experiences can become knowledge, so it is right to respect them.”

“What is it... Then what do you want me to do? Do you listen to the old man? “Don’t you listen?”

“Is there really a need for such extreme division? You’ve done well so far. Make your own judgment, filter out what you need and absorb only what you need. ‘Education’ exists to help with such judgments.”

Because you can’t blindly make a choice without any information.

“...great. “Is that why you chose me as your successor?”

“that’s right. Oh, there’s one more.”

“I can’t believe there’s more...”

I smiled, ignoring the vaguely muttering voice.

“You know how to love people.”

“I don’t have a lover....”

“Love isn’t necessarily just love between lovers. Love between friends, love between family... a lot. “Isn’t there something you can point out?”

“...Shiia.”

answer.

Paul furrowed his eyebrows as if he couldn't understand it.

“But doesn't that soon become a weakness? “If only my brother could do it right now...”

Even though he trailed off, it doesn't mean he couldn't predict what was going to happen next.

Well, it's worth it. Just a little while ago, I lost consciousness just because my mother was hemorrhaging blood.

The existence of a loved one is an undeniable weakness. but.

“What is the ideology of the revolutionary army?”

“A world where everyone is equal without a caste system.”

Paul's face changed as he gave his answer.

This ideology itself was created based on thinking about others.

The person who must pioneer a new path with such ideology on his back is the leader of the revolutionary army.

“Knowing how to love someone means being able to be considerate and understanding of others.”

A person who does not know how to love people will inevitably be disqualified from sitting in that position.

“...Is that really true? “You can abandon everything around you and focus only on the person you love.”

“It means that even if it’s not right away, the possibility is open. And to prevent such a situation from occurring....”

“‘Education’ exists? all right.”

Paul shook his head as if he had lost.

“It’s funny that a young man is already claiming heir, but...”

“Paul...?”

“For now, I will listen carefully to what you teach me.”

A rare bright smile turned to Daniel.

Daniel looked blank for a moment and then placed his hand on Paul’s head.

“...okay.”

Somehow, a mischievous smile appeared on his face.

“Then shall we get started right away?”

“Eck.”

“There is so much to teach. Even just in terms of ‘words,’ it is divided into how to persuade or subdue an opponent, how to incite the people, and other policies and laws to be implemented after the revolution. How to deal with the economy, which will be shaken by changes in government. ....”

“...Can’t I just not do it?”

“Yes, no.”

What should I teach first?

Those things are important, but this is the beginning.

I changed the direction I was heading towards my dorm and led the child towards my office and slowly opened my mouth.

“First, shall we briefly talk about natural human rights?”



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 118**

118. Each person's movement (2)

The day dawned and the world changed silently.

Changes and movements that only those in the know know about.

The Emperor quietly looked down at the report that evil rumors about the Demon World had begun to spread rapidly and then called the Prime Minister.

"Do you know what the duke's weakness is?"

"Did the duke also have a weakness? I thought it would be difficult to find because he is someone who hides his weaknesses, but I wonder how you found out about them..."

"You do

n't know that you have such weaknesses yourself. "You will never know that Jim is aware of this weakness."

Because this is that kind of weakness.

A cold sneer spread across the emperor's face.

"Of course, even if I knew, I wouldn't be able to fix it. "How can we cure 'arrogance'?"

“...Are you talking about arrogance?”

“They think they are the smartest and look down from above everyone’s heads. “I never thought that someone would be looking at the top of my head.”

Did the emperor really not consider the possibility that someone would side with the demon world? The position where you can’t survive if you’re naive is the throne, right?

That sounds funny. I just knew.

If you pretend not to notice, the duke will come forward as a patronizing act.

“Thanks to this, we were able to save manpower, which was otherwise lacking.”

“...You are truly bold. “Please leave important issues that depend on the fate of the empire to the internal enemy.”

“I entrusted it to you because the empire’s fortunes depended on it. The duke covets this position for the empire. “There’s no way he would let the empire fall.”

In particular, it seems like the duke looks at me like I’m a child... but he took advantage of it, whether it was arrogance or belittling me, so it’s okay.

Putting aside his uncomfortable feelings, the emperor turned the report over.

“One day, the day will come when you will be caught by that arrogance and fall. “I wonder what the duke’s expression would look like then.”

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Became an honorary marquis!

I expected that the backlash from the nobles would be strong, but it was quieter than I expected, so I looked into it and found that Cruel had become an honorary count.

Yes, the noble faction leader's dog was also given a title, so it's worth complaining a little and calling it a day. In fact, there were many things to criticize from the noble faction's point of view, but the duke, the leader, kept his mouth shut and accepted it, so it was close to being silenced. Honestly, I'm also amazed. Did you make a secret deal with the emperor and the duke?

Well, that's not important. Rather...

"I... I really came back alive..."

"Why are you saying such scary things?"

Remember put his glass down on the table and looked at me intently.

But is it really that amazing? It's a miracle that you entered the secret base of some organization and came out alive. Even his identity was discovered. When I put the eye patch on him, I thought they were going to take him to a quiet place and dispose of him cleanly, but I was surprised to see that he was returned safely to the street.

Unable to explain the eventful last night, I just rolled my eyes and raised my glass.

"Puhup-!"

"Well. Are you okay?"

“Cough, what is this....”

“The imperial palace doctor sent me some medicine again.”

It’s a tonic, but why does it feel like my sense of taste is dying?

Damn I thought it was coffee. I never thought the medicine would come in a coffee cup. There’s no need to develop to this point, old man...

I feel like I have no feeling in my tongue, maybe it’s my mood.

“This is... an attempted poisoning....”

“The poison test has already been completed. “Don’t keep making the old man’s heart pound, and just eat it all the time.”

“ ....”

Damn it.

With tears in my eyes, I took a sip of my glass. Meanwhile, the scent smells more like coffee.

The horrible taste and fragrant smell of coffee don’t go together at all.

“Why does this smell like coffee?”

“I specifically asked for it. “I said the Marquis wouldn’t take the medicine well, so a trick would be needed.”

“Am I a kid?! No, what is the palace doctor who listened to that again...! Phew...!”

“Please remain calm and take deep breaths. Marquis, it is dangerous if your blood pressure rises.”

“Remember, you are doing this on purpose.”

I held the back of my neck, wheezing, and glanced at Remember.

The serpent-like butler just smiled and changed the topic of conversation.

“I heard that you control plant-type monsters.”

“Cough!”

“They have been training plant-type monsters for a long time and use them to secretly deal with those who disturb them at night...”

“What kind of nonsense is that?!”

Ah, there it is again. Even though I knew he was going to change his mind, I fell for Remember’s words again.

I tried to come to my senses even though it was too late, but...

“Oh, isn’t it? Then, the Marquis is a vampire, and the plant-type monsters were born from the Marquis’s blood...” “

That’s a bit of bullshit.”

“Then the rumor is that you are planning to conquer the world....”

“Is there any reason to die for treason?!”

What kind of person is the emperor!

...How can you not ignore it when you say it this way?

Is this what you call age? I was shaking my head, filling my head with misconceptions about the word “age,” when Remember spoke in a voice filled with subtle playfulness.

“Oh, on the contrary, there are rumors that he is plotting the destruction of the world.”

“It’s crazy. “How on earth can rumors spread so much?”

I want to applaud people’s imagination.

At the mention of the end of the world, Dan, who had been working on paperwork in a corner, looked up, but ignored him and clicked his tongue.

Or rather, why is he here?

I looked at him with bewildered eyes and then saw Remember. A grinning face faced me as if asking me if there was some problem.

“...Aren’t you being too partial? Still, he’s not an outsider... he just came here not long ago.”

“There is no need to be on guard since the Marquis has given it to you, so it is natural to give him your heart according to his level of competence. And you brought it in yourself and said it was an outsider. It may be early on, but after organizing the filing system, you completely accepted it, didn’t you? Dan will be upset if he hears.”

“I’m sorry.”

“...Oh, okay... I’m sorry....”

As expected, age is scary.

You can't hit an old man, and it's best not to clash with Milini Remember. He turned his head slightly and said something else.

"I think I will have to be away for a while again to carry out the mission given by His Majesty."

"The medicine will all go bad."

"That was great... that's too bad."

"I'll take care of it for you when I pack your bags."

"...."

I have to throw it away.

I was making ambitious plans for my taste buds when Dan asked a question with a questioning look on his face.

"...Did you say it was your Majesty's mission?"

"okay. "Like last time, I'll be away for a while again."

Thinking about the emperor makes me feel like my head hurts. Not only did I have a headache, but my stress was rising.

As I pressed one hand to my aching temple and took a slow breath to drive away the unexplained stress, Dan, who had been watching, quietly opened his mouth.

"Can I go with you too? "I will assist you."

"Yes, no."

"...yes."

“It’s not okay to secretly follow me. “Either you or I might have to die.”

Because witnesses must be killed.

But since he said he learned some swordsmanship, on the other hand, I might die. It was only once during a hunting competition, but seeing as he saved me from an attack, I guess I can’t completely ignore that possibility.

It would be even worse if I didn’t notice and ended up in the devil’s castle with that guy on my tail. I will die with that guy for the crime of taking in a human.

‘I won’t be bored because I won’t die alone.’

Oh, I’m stressed. He kept his posture with his hands on his temples and quietly recited the words.

But why is it so quiet? There is no answer back.

I slowly raised my head.

‘...?’

Remember and Dan were looking at me with unknown expressions. In particular, Dan’s eyes seemed to be shaking. Maybe he saw it wrong, right?

Unlike my shaking eyes, I felt a strange joy in the eyes I met, so I hurriedly avoided my gaze, so I didn’t have time to look closely.

Dan slightly lowered his head as if he had come to his senses while wiping away his goosebumps.

“I never thought I could make a threat like this even in my normal state...”



“Huh...?”

“I will not follow you.”

“Oh yeah...”

I answered hesitantly and rolled my eyes.

The atmosphere is strange. It was just a light warning.

As if to restore the delicate atmosphere, Remember changed the topic.

“When do you plan to leave?”

“...now?”

If I stayed here any longer, I would have to do paperwork and take bitter medicine.

It would be better to go to the demon world as soon as possible.

“Then I will prepare.”

“please. Oh, and those murderers....”

I did something like the last time once or twice, but at this point, I found another way. I’ve been lucky so far and no one has been injured, but it’s still dangerous. It’s not possible to film a chase every time.

Isn’t there something... a more convenient and easier way?

The quick-witted butler immediately came up with another alternative.

“If the Marquis would delay your departure time just a little, I can give you a sleeping pill with your meal to make your departure easier.”

“It’s resistant to drugs, so most sleeping pills won’t work.”

“This time, I obtained some stronger medicine through Dan. “I heard that depending on how you adjust it, you can put an elephant to sleep within 3 seconds.”

“No... that’s a bit...”

Is there anything wrong with killing people?

...But if you knew about this easy method, why didn’t you tell me sooner? Seeing as the answer came right away, it seems like I’ve known this method for a long time. If getting medicine was a problem, you could have just told me.

Remember, who looked at him full of doubts and immediately read the meaning, smiled.

“It’s fun, isn’t it?”

“...I didn’t have fun.”

It felt like I was crossing between life and death.

I grumbled inwardly and held out my hand to tell them to hurry up and get ready.

After bowing once, Remember turns and opens the door. I encountered a person who raised his hand as if he was about to knock.

‘...what?’

I craned my head and looked at the employee over Remember's shoulder. The guy who makes eye contact is startled and recoils.

The voice, which became increasingly quiet, barely managed to come out.

"His Royal Highness Crown Prince Hwa... has visited."

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The princess insisted strongly.

"He must like men!"

The crown prince expressed his disapproval.

"no way."

And then I stop and think about it.

A man whose relationship with a woman is too plain. A man who has an extremely uneven gender ratio among those around him and is not more interested in women...!

"It can't be..."

"You know?"

"...."

It's not that there are no women at all. As he was the man the princess was targeting, he knew because he thoroughly investigated and monitored whether there were any women around.

There is an article called Lien Reiner. It was a completely public relationship bound up with the relationship between

lord and knight. The crown prince lost interest.

When carrying out the Salvation Church mission, Deonhardt brought a man and a woman from somewhere. Were their names Dan and Ran respectively?

And when the mission was over, the man stayed and the woman left. The man is currently staying with Deon Hart at the Hart Mansion. The crown prince, who was worried that the woman might have feelings for him, relaxed.

‘Maybe I shouldn’t have been at ease....’

I never thought I would like a man.

“So, how about trying to trick you?”

“...what?”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 119**

119. Individual movements (3)

“Because I don’t think I can do it. Objectively, my brother is handsome and has a good status, so if he really likes men, it won’t be difficult for him to fall for me.”

“...Do we really have to go that far?”

“There will soon be a war with the demon world. And Deonhardt remains the Empire’s most dangerous and unstable hero. “My gut tells me so.”

There is no basis for this.

The princess doesn’t even know that Deonhardt travels to and from the Demon World.

The crown prince sighed as he looked with new eyes at the princess, who had only limited information about Deonhardt but had pinpointed him based on intuition alone.

“Of course... now is the right time to tie him to the imperial family.”

If you miss this timing, you never know when another opportunity will come.

The Crown Prince, who had been contemplating for a moment with his arms crossed and his mouth closed, rolled his eyes slightly, looked at the Princess' bright eyes, closed his eyes tightly, and stood up.

"Please don't forget that I have a duty to leave a successor."

"Oh, of course. "After you tie him up securely."

You can meet as many women as you want.

The princess smiles and waves her hand.

So much so that he listened to the princess's claims that would have been laughed off by anyone else.

The crown prince was also an unbiased person just like the princess.

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"I visited you regarding your becoming an honorary marquis."

"...If it is a letter of appointment, I have already received it."

And what is that bouquet in your hand...?

Now that I look at it, I can see that they put a lot of effort into their appearance, including their hair. Are you planning on going to meet a girl after meeting me?

The crown prince, who was dressed more extravagantly than usual and had his hair down on one side, smiled calmly and said.

"Didn't they just send out a letter of appointment? Because His Majesty was busy, he sent the letter of appointment in a

hurry, but he didn't just receive the title and wipe his mouth without going through the process of swearing to the emperor, right?"

"Is that possible?"

Why do you talk like that? To kill someone.

When I urgently shook my head as I felt my life was in danger, he smiled as if he was joking and held out the bouquet of flowers he was holding.

"You can relax because it's fun. Although I came as His Majesty's representative to take the oath on his behalf, His Majesty actually said that there was no need for such ostentation. He said there was no need for an oath that was not sincere. "I came today simply because I wanted to see the Marquis."

what. In another sense, it feels strong.

He pointed at the bouquet of flowers held out and stuttered as he opened his mouth.

"...That flower...?"

"This is a gift to celebrate becoming an honorary marquess and winning first place in a hunting competition."

"Uh... thank you."

"And there are some jewels and money... but that is the winning prize and a reward given by His Majesty to you for your misfortune at the hunting competition."

It doesn't seem like he's upset about losing first place in the hunting competition. thank god.

Thinking of the sincerity of the person who gave it to me, I touched the bouquet a few times, then held it in my arms and turned my head to look out the window. People who appeared to be from the imperial palace were carrying something hard.

If you look closely, you can see that they are carrying several chests, but that is 'a few'...?

"Well... you."

"Ah yes. "Please speak."

I turned my gaze again and faced the crown prince.

A man whose appearance was so flashy that it gave the illusion that his surroundings were sparkling, was hesitating, not being able to speak easily, which was rare.

What on earth is that snake-like man taking a moment to say?

The crown prince narrowed his eyebrows and pondered how to speak, and finally spoke in a noble tone.

"What do you think... if the law changes and same-sex marriage becomes possible?"

"...yes?"

Why are you asking me that? No, it's more random than that. It's not about war. Why are we talking about marriage in these times?

Still, since the crown prince asked a question, I must answer. I suppressed the absurdity that was about to come



out and used my head to come up with the simplest answer possible.

“I’m not sure, but I think some people will be happy.”

Are there any powerful nobles who like people of the same sex? Are you trying to attract that nobleman with the bait of changing the law?

It’s definitely a peaceful method. Although this is not something to say in the current situation.

“I don’t know... Are you saying you don’t like men?”

“yes.”

To be precise, I would say that I don’t have the capacity to like anyone.

I’m so busy taking care of myself, how can I care about others? To me, other people are just two-dimensional characters.

There is no need to worry too much or delve into the other person’s story, and it is enough to just treat them as they appear on the outside.

In terms of the play, it’s like a background... Oh, since conversation is possible, it’s a background, isn’t it? Then extra. Or, a being like a character in a book who moves according to a given theme.

“I see...”

A somewhat empty voice touched my eardrums.

There, doubts arose. no way.

‘Was that target me?!’

Were all the baits about same-sex marriage and the fact that you came dressed up neatly aimed at me?

Since the princess didn’t seem to be having any success, the crown prince himself came forward, right? I roughly understood the situation. But...

‘I understand everything, but why are you changing my sexual orientation...’

If the princess doesn’t work, you can just say, ‘I guess the princess isn’t your type’ and find another woman. Why is His Majesty the Crown Prince coming forward ‘in person’?

...Could it be the prince’s tastes...?

It seems like I leaned back without realizing it. The crown prince waved his hand with a puzzled face.

“It’s a misunderstanding.”

“Ah yes. All right.”

I never thought the crown prince would like a man.

Of course, it has nothing to do with me whether he likes women or men. Even if I like a guy, I only briefly think about ‘what should I do about the succession’ and have no further interest... but if that person becomes me, the story is different.

I fumbled and stretched my hand to the side and pulled the rope. No reaction. I pulled again. Still no one comes.

I pulled the string like crazy.

“...The cord you are pulling right now is not a calling cord, but a light cord.”

“ah.”

For some reason, one side of my vision was sparkling.

“I said it was a misunderstanding.”

“Yes, I believe it. “Just a moment...”

I carefully got up, took a step back, and approached the door.

After looking at the prince with a puzzled look in his eyes, he quickly turned his back, opened the door, and shouted into the hallway.

“...Remember! “Remember!”

“No, Marquis. First, calm down...”

“When will the preparations end?”

“marquis?”

The crown prince grabbed my shoulder!

I didn't know when I had come up behind me, but I heard a voice close by, and I felt goosebumps and shouted out the door for the last time.

“You can use that for 3 seconds for an elephant, so let's finish it quickly!!”

“Elephant 3 seconds...?”

I don't know, I'm going to go to the devil world.

If I had shouted at this point, Remember would have heard me. Even if you didn't hear it, other users will hear it and pass it on to you.

So let's buy some time. As if nothing had happened, I turned around, faced the crown prince, and spoke calmly.

"I trust you, Your Majesty. "Of course it would be a misunderstanding."

"...But why are you so close to the door?"

"ah."

"...."

After that, I had to be held by the crown prince until Remember came and listen to an explanation until the misunderstanding was resolved.

Well, in the end, the misunderstanding was resolved.

The crown prince must have been under a lot of stress in that short period of time, so much so that his neat appearance was almost in vain, but he didn't feel the slightest bit of regret.

So who would do something like that? joy.

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"Let's eat!"

"You crazy guy! "Don't cut in line!"

"...But aren't the revolutionary forces quiet these days?"

"It seems like it, but... damn it. You took care of another thing today. "How long does your Majesty intend to exploit us?"

"We have to pay for the buildings... How many buildings did we knock down?"

"Honestly, it was all because of the bombs the revolutionary army had. You're so busy dealing with them, how do you deal with bombs one by one? "All I can do is throw it into the sky."

"Anyway, the frequency has really decreased these days. Even the kids who came out occasionally were small children. Why? "Is it because of the war?"

"But why are your hands shaking?"

"Never mind. It's an aftereffect. Even so, since I am in charge of dealing with the revolutionary forces today, I need some medicine..."

"Puh-ha! Hey guys! "There's a bastard here who still can't get over the aftereffects!"

"really? "It's been a few years since we used medicine!"

"Oh, you weak bastard. I have to do my best. yes? "I don't have enough uiji."

"You all shut up!"

thud!

"...I told you to shut up, I never told you to put your head on the plate."

“Is this a new eating method? “Eat like a dog without using your hands?”

“I’m not waking up, so I’m not choking and running around like that... Cool.”

“Hey, he’s sleeping. “He had narcolepsy.”

“What are you all doing...”

Boom! Cool!

“ ....”

“...Kahahah.”

“...Even after taking a medicine that is said to make even wild beasts grow taller, I still talk for 10 more minutes before going to sleep.”

How did the Marquis come to gather and lead such crazy people? If this is a talent, is it a talent?

Anyway, I can take stronger medicine next time.

“Tell the Marquis that preparations for departure are complete.”

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Escape!

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As always, Deonhardt rode his horse as he was used to and reached the entrance of a mountain range that no one could reach.

Both the Emperor and the Demon King know that there is a border here, but they do not send troops to station there. The small border, barely large enough for one person to enter or exit, exists solely for Deon.

Until Deonhardt's affiliation was clearly determined, the two different yet similar monarchs made an implicit promise to refrain from actions that would prematurely expose the location of anyone by sending anyone to the border located within the mountain range.

That is why those who see them off to avoid being trampled do not follow them into the mountains.

'Until I clearly decide on my affiliation....'

Obviously, if his life is not food, it has an expiration date. Although I was prepared, my rotting heart was something else.

Would the Demon King remain silent if he knew that the Emperor had decided to win? No way.

He chuckled, rubbing the brand with his fingertips.

'There's no way the guy who carves something like this is normal.'

The initiative is still on this side, so it won't be overly forceful, but it's still a good idea to be prepared. The Demon King is not the Demon King for nothing.

I sent my horse back and set foot in the mountains. I climbed the steep mountain path without even looking back, and when I got halfway, I heard a sound that I couldn't have heard.

“Kreuk-.”

The sound of blood boiling. In other words, the sound of someone dying.

I turned my head. A little distance away, there was a man blocking someone’s mouth and pulling out a dagger that had been lodged in his throat.

green eyes black hair. It’s really boring. Why are you everywhere I go?

“Cruel Hart.”

I muttered as if I was talking to myself and pulled out my dagger.

Cruel, who was looking down at the fallen corpse, looks up and sees Deon. Our eyes met and there was silence.

Witnesses must be killed. You may not have been able to see the boundary line due to its location, but the reason for stepping behind it is so clear that it is right to kill it. Especially if the opponent is a subordinate of the duke, the head of the noble faction.

But even though he knew full well, Deon did not move. I didn’t want to move. Deon was currently too exhausted to show hostility towards him.

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

Cruel, who was quietly looking into Deon’s mentally exhausted eyes in strange silence, soon turned his head.



In response to this unexpected action, Deon pretends not to have seen anything, whether he opens his eyes or not, and without showing any signs, leaves the body alone and walks away as if he wants to go back to where he came from.

As Deon, who couldn't understand Cruel's thoughts, he could only frown and stare at his retreating figure.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 120**

120. Uncomfortable daily life (1)

Deon Hardt was away during this time. The Duke crumpled the note and frowned slightly.

‘Why now...’

How long has it been since I started betting? At least we need to get rid of it before the war with the demon world really breaks out.

I glanced at Cruel and saw that he was expressionless as always. Looking at the seemingly calm appearance, the duke’s judgment was distorted for no reason, and the corners of his mouth were raised and he smiled.

“At this point, I’m really impressed. Deon Hardt is away by order of His Majesty.”

“ .... ”

“How can I be so lucky?”

Is the world showering its blessings?

If you fail every time and miss the timing, you will start to get frustrated.

“I hope you come back soon.”

Purple eyes shine eerily. Cruel, who was watching this, lowered his gaze without saying a word.

The duke, who was nervously scribbling a pen on a document in a space where they were alone, stopped his hand when a thought suddenly occurred to him.

“Now that I think about it, I understand that there are more people who will be annoyed by Deonhart’s absence...”

The idiots who came to me the evening the emperor announced the war with the demon world and made stupid comments.

I was truly shaken by the Deonhardt vampire theory and insisted that it be investigated. It was so absurd that those people were aristocratic.

Whether Cruel was looking at me with unknown eyes or not, the Duke muttered with a wide smile on his face.

“You’re so... lucky.”

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The Empire declared a halt to war. The notification that a war with the demon world is likely to begin is a bonus.

This news quickly spread across the continent. Each kingdom’s response to this varied.

“Thank God everything....”

“We survived! “He lived!”

“Uh-huh-huh!”

There was also a kingdom that was relieved and cheered that the fearsome emperor had stopped the war.

“That’s shameless. You start a war on your own and then stop it on your own. “What on earth do they see us for?”

“If they say they will stop arbitrarily, do we have to listen?  
“You arrogant bastard.”

“Our kingdom will never provide support to the empire.”

There were kingdoms that put aside the demon world issue and were just angry at their shameless and arrogant behavior.

“I hate the empire, but in the current situation, keeping the empire from falling is the top priority. “We can’t stand by and watch things collide and collapse in an incomplete state.”

“The Empire is the human world’s first and strongest defense wall. If the empire falls, it is the same as the destruction of the entire human world. “The war so far has consumed a significant amount of materials and troops, so we cannot just sit back and relax.”

“Even if you don’t like the empire, you must do it for the empire now. “Something has to be done.”

There was also a kingdom that was a little more clever.

And surprisingly, a commonality was discovered among all these kingdoms. The emperor, who was the first to discover this through the report, smiled softly and showed his teeth.

“It looks like the peacock’s moves worked quite well.”

Among the many leaders of quite a few kingdoms, at least one of them deserves to make that statement.

Surprisingly enough, not even the kingdoms that showed strong hostility to the empire ever uttered empty words such as 'I'd rather be on the side of the demon world.'

\*\*\*

I threw away the tonic.

Remember really took care of me. I was so ridiculously anxious that the scary butler would find evidence and interrogate me if I abandoned him in the human world that I ended up crossing over to the demon world instead of the human world and abandoning him.

Perhaps because it was a liquid, it was incredibly heavy.

Anyway, we arrived at the Demon King's Castle without any major problems. I check my ID at the entrance and enter with confidence... What is this? As soon as I entered the castle, almost all the demons passing by turned their heads towards me.

I've done this before, but I never looked at him with this burning passion, so what was it? The moment I want to

"Daemon!"

"It's Daemon!"

"Daemon has arrived!"

"welcome!"

"De-se."

“De-se.”

What is it? What is this. What is Dese again?

More and more demons are gathering around. I hesitated and retreated due to the unusual force.

Either way, the demons wearing red heart-shaped brooches on their chests raise their hands and shout ‘De-se’. I’m so fucking scared!

I didn’t have the courage to break through them and run all the way to the inner city, so I just froze and shivered, when the crowd parted and a girl appeared.

“Daemon! welcome!”

“...Lirinel?”

“yes!”

Oh my god, Lyrinel! You came to save me!

Now that the commander of the 11th Corps has passed away, these crazy people will also fall away. As I was looking at Lirinel with that thought in mind, something caught my eye. Something red on my chest...

my brain stopped for a moment.

‘...what? Why is there a brooch on Lirinel’s chest?’

That’s all. The clothes are also somewhat strange.

A red heart shape is embroidered in the center of the black hat that Lirinel is wearing. I’m quite uneasy because I can see red numbers even on the black cloth I’m holding in my hand...

“Master! “It’s the religious leader!”

“Oh, cult leader!”

...are you the head teacher?

Probably not. Probably not. That cute kid can’t do that.  
Although they are demons.

Lirinel spreads the black cloth in her hand, lightly stomping on my hope that there was some mistake. A cloth with a red heart engraved in the center fluttered, and at the same time, a tremendous roar rang out.

“Waaah!”

“De-se.”

“De-se!”

After all, these people were Demon Cult believers?!

It certainly seemed normal until not long ago, but when on earth did it become so pseudo-narrative? What was the Demon King doing to get to this point?

I looked back at Lirinel, who seemed to be the culprit of all of this. She was looking at the demons shouting ‘De-se’ with a happy smile.

“Lirinel?”

“Yes, Demon!”

“What is all this? “What is ‘dese’ again?”

“They are people who respect you, Demon! ‘De-se’ is an abbreviation for ‘Long live the Demon!’ How do you feel?”

“How...how is it.... Ah, blood pressure....”

Oh no. Let's calm down. Here, if your blood pressure rises significantly or you vomit blood, your doctor, Ben, will come running. You can't start working again as soon as you come to the Demon King's Castle.

I had a hard time calming my mind and quietly called out to Lirinel.

“What... who told you this?”

“I entrusted the investigation to the commander of the 2nd Corps! “I heard that the religion of the human world is like this, isn't it?”

“It's not wrong at all....”

Debellania!

You have to be playful, too. What if you ruin an innocent child like this?

First of all, I have to get rid of this disturbing group. Since Lirinel is the leader of the cult, I can tell her, right?

“Thank you, but I'm a little tired... Can you disperse me?”

Right Now.

It would be better if we disbanded forever.

“Oh, that...! of course! Sorry, Daemon. “I guess I was too preoccupied...”

Lirinel waved her hand in a panic. As if nothing had happened, the large crowd suddenly disappeared.



Lyrinel looked at the background, which was much quieter than before, and spoke carefully.

“Are you going to the Demon King? “I’ll take you to the door.”

“...please.”

If the cult leader is next to you, those crazy people won’t stick to you.

It was a truly terrifying welcome ceremony.

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“You’re here. “It came sooner than I thought.”

The Demon King, who was sitting in front of his office desk processing documents, raised his head and smiled.

However, even for a moment, the smile disappears from the Demon King’s face as he meets red eyes. His eyes narrowed as if he noticed something.

He got up from his seat, walked slowly, and stood in front of Deon.

“You...”

He bends slightly at the waist, puts his face close to her, and makes eye contact. The eerie reverse eye looked into red eyes.

“You heard something important.”

what? What is it?

What did I hear that makes this human child so unable to manage his facial expressions?

It seems like he said he was managing it in his own way, but you can't fool the eyes of the devil who has lived for that long.

I reached out and grabbed her chin and lifted it up. He makes eye contact as if he can see right through me and asks quietly, as if he is reciting something.

"Do you want to tell me?"

"...."

"Yeah, probably not. But aren't you worried about how I will accept this situation? "Do you think your life might be in danger?"

There was no answer.

The Demon King was actually able to get a decisive hint from that appearance.

If it was information about the Demon King or Emperor, the Demon World or the Empire, he would not have been this agitated. However, the silence is too blatant to say that they were on the emperor's side. If he was really on the emperor's side, he would have made a convincing case.

So, all that remains is....

"The emperor has thrown a bet."

"...That's right."

"Shamefully."

Well, the timing is right, so it's only natural.

Did he keep silent about this to me because he was shaken or did he just not want me to find out?

Probably the latter. If I find out about this, regardless of the emperor's displeasure, I will also join in.

"If I hadn't noticed, you wouldn't have told me until the end, right?"

"...."

"It's okay. "It's not like I don't understand."

But yeah...

I really need to get this nailed down.

The hand holding her chin slid down and cupped her neck. Naturally, his thumb reached the location of the brand and pressed it firmly, and Deon's body trembled quietly, as if he was afraid of the situation.

"I'm sure you know where you need to be."

Do you think I will let you go if you run away?

No matter how freely you travel between the Empire and the Demon King's Castle, it is difficult to forget this.

[This is where you need to be.]

"There is no answer."

"...."

"Why are you holding onto my pants again?"

He narrowed his eyes and smiled.

I let go of Deon's unresponsive neck and turned around to open the window. An open landscape unfolded with three round moons clearly visible.

"Isn't the moon pretty?"

"...."

"You are weak to sunlight. So choose a place where you don't have to worry about the sun. "It's always night, but the moon rises so brightly, so what's wrong?"

Against this background, he spread his arms out towards Deon and smiled broadly. It was backlit due to the bright moonlight.

"If you stay here, all demons except me will bow to you.  
"No, if you want, I will kneel too."

If you were to ask me objectively whether Deon Hardt is a person worthy of going to this extent to capture him, I would shake my head without hesitation.

However, for the Demon King, it was more important than anything else to find someone who could drive away this boredom, and it was also important to win the implicit game he was currently playing with the Emperor.

That's why I was able to speak without hesitation.

"If there's anything you want, I'll give it to you. If I choose this place, I won't make a big deal about going out to the human world like I did until now. "If you want the land of the human world, you can occupy it and give it to you."

Due to his position, the Emperor of the Empire would have many restrictions on giving anything to Deonhardt.

But this is a place where the devil's power is absolute. The Demon King was confident that he could give him more than what the Emperor gave him, no matter what he wanted.

I feel like I want to push a little harder and get a definite answer, but...

'I can only push this far.'

If you push harder, you might lose your mind.

The Demon King obediently retreated.

"So think carefully."

Deon turned around without saying a word when he gestured for him to go.

When they reached the door with just a few steps, the Demon King added to his back as if he had forgotten one thing.

"You are welcome back, but the stigma will not be removed."

"...."

Knowing that he should consider himself fortunate that nothing other than the location tracking function was added to the stigma, Deon answered in silence and opened the door.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 121**

121. Uncomfortable Daily Life (2)

"Welcome, Demon. "I'm glad you came back early."

"Ed?"

"Give me your coat and sit over there."

Ed casually took my outerwear from me and led me to a chair that was lying around. As soon as I sat down there, Ben, who was standing in front of me, started looking at me carefully.

I watched him blankly and belatedly called him out with a question.

"Ben...?"

"Yes, Demon. "Please excuse me for a moment."

Ben, who was fiddling with his bandaged wrist, looked at the magic stone around his neck and frowned as if something occurred to him.

"Would you like to lie down?"

"...?"

“Ed what are you doing? “Why don’t you quickly put me to bed, Demon.”

No... As soon as I arrived, I thought, what is this?...

I was lost in the sudden situation for a moment, and then Ed came towards me with the intention of hugging me, so I stood up in shock.

Even if you don’t know what it is, it would be better to just follow it. If you don’t follow them, they will do everything in their power.

‘Rather than experience such shame, I’d rather just comply...’

I walked slowly and lay down on the bed. Ben pressed various parts of his stomach and tilted his head curiously.

“There were definitely signs of internal injury... but you’re feeling much better now.”

“Is that so?”

So it was this serious.

I think the test is over. I’m glad to hear you’ve improved a lot. I tried to slowly get up, but I couldn’t overcome Ben’s pressure on my shoulders and fell back down.

Why are you saying I’m okay? Can’t I just get up?

“Oh, it’s late to tell you. “Daemon, are you okay?”

“Didn’t you just look?”

“I don’t know what the problem is, but strong signals such as hemoptysis are coming, but signals from simple

increases in blood pressure or faster heartbeat are not coming in. Should I say that it comes as if the signal is so weak that it is unintelligible?...”

“My body is fine. Rather, is that an error? In that case, I should change it....”

“No, if I change it, the correct signal will come only in the beginning, and after that it will be the same as now....”

Have you already changed it?

Wasn't that my blood? From what I heard, it doesn't seem like it was changed once or twice. When did you take it?

While I was rumbling to myself, I quietly spoke about a hypothesis that suddenly occurred to me.

“Perhaps there is a problem with distance....”

“Absolutely not. “If that were the case, the correct signal would have come now.”

Oh yeah...

I closed my mouth again.

“More than that, Demon, please take care of yourself.

“Every time the signal comes, I can't even go and my heart aches. Do you know how much it affects me?”

Come to think of it, this person was my doctor. And since he is a doctor with a strong professional spirit, it is definitely worth worrying about.

Should I say thank you or sorry...



I didn't know what to say, so I hesitated, but I heard Ed babbling.

"I already tried to escape..."

"I was caught once by the Corps Commander Lirinel and once by the Demon King. Next time, I will definitely escape!"

I'm going to escape and go heal Demon's body!

Even though I was shouting that, I couldn't show any signs of it and was so scared inside. Are you going to come to the crazy human world? no way! Do not come!

'The hidden hero was here...!'

I am shocked that a major crisis has passed without me even knowing. Lirinel and the Demon King. I sent a frantic thank you to the two of them. Thank you thank you.

"You still haven't come to your senses after having a meeting with the Demon Lord."

"Because I am Demon's doctor. "It is my duty to rush to check on the patient when something is wrong with their body."

"There are degrees of that too. You..."

"Oh, you're noisy, Demon." "I have a question about your physical condition. Are you okay?"

Ben, who had blatantly ignored Ed, turned towards me and smiled.

Hey, I'm fine... but are you really okay? Ed is staring at me from behind right now.

Anyway, Ben smiled sweetly as if nothing had happened and carefully asked the question.

“Have you... ever felt a change in your physical condition?”

Physical condition? I’m not sure.

...Oh, now that I think about it, it seems like the frequency of hemoptysis has decreased at some point.

But wasn’t that because of how you felt? The injuries I got from each situation seemed to be milder than expected, but my physical condition didn’t change much, so I thought it was just my mood.

When I told him this to see if it was just a feeling or if it was real, Ed jumped up and shouted with joy.

“The aftereffects can also be cured! I’m so glad! “It looks like it won’t be long until Demon-sama rides the Demon World’s horse!”

“...Did you remember that?”

“It’s a promise I made to Demon. I must never forget it, right?”

No, you can forget it.

Can’t I just stay sick...?

I barely stopped my hand from touching my forehead and clenched and unclenched my fist. Hmm, looking at it again, nothing seems to have changed... Has he really gotten healthier?

As a test, I lightly punched the wall.

“Oh Demon! for a moment...!”

Sigh.

“....”

“....”

...I didn't even use my full power.

I looked back and forth between my throbbing, swollen fist and Ben. Ben, who ran over in horror and looked at his hand, made a sentence with a stern expression.

“It's a fracture.”

“....”

This is the physical condition I know.

That's strange. Is my physical condition going up and down?

As I was looking at my hand with a purple bruise without much emotion, Ben snatched my hand and quickly treated it, sighing deeply and muttering lowly as if reprimanding me.

“It wasn't a change in that sense. I just feel like the signal from the magic stone is getting weaker as time goes by...”

—I thought it might be because something that makes up Demon's body is constantly changing.

Silence came.

“...What is that...”

It was an eerie word.

I wiped my goosebumped arms.

“Are you saying my body is changing without me knowing?”

“It’s just a guess.”

“You’re crazy. “There are things that can be said and things that cannot be said. Are you saying that now?”

Oh, I didn’t say the last word.

These were the words that Ed, who had grimaced in front of me for the first time, said as he grabbed Ben by the collar.

It was so ferocious that everyone watching was shocked, but unfortunately, it didn’t affect Ben. The manly doctor, who would never lose to Ed, grabbed him by the collar and shouted.

“then! Could it be that the magic on the magic stone has become corrupted? In magic, there may be ‘disappearance through time’, but there can be no ‘deterioration’! So what’s left? “The only thing that matters is that the blood currently flowing through Demon-sama’s body is different from the blood used to create the magic!”

“Maybe it’s not a problem with magic, but an error with the magic stone itself!” “

That’s why you said you’ve already changed it several times! You think it’s easy to draw Demon’s blood! “Demon-nim turned a blind eye to it, so I got it every time, but even without that, my conscience is pricked because I don’t have enough blood!”

...I’ve never turned a blind eye to you?

When did you draw my blood, you damn doctor?

“It all worked well in the beginning! “The signal just gradually weakened over time!”

“....”

“This is a reaction that doesn’t seem to be true even though it is Demon’s blood!”

Ben won this time too.

After blocking Ed’s speech, he huffed for a moment, then took a deep breath as if trying to calm down and turned his head to look at me. There was a look of disappointment in the eyes we met.

“...sorry. “I dared to raise my voice in front of Demon.”

“No, well... more than that, it’s about my body changing...”

There’s no way I could be angry about something like that. So stop apologizing and move on.

It’s directly related to me, so I can’t be unaware of it.

Ben carefully examined my expression to see if it was genuine, nodded slightly and said.

“I didn’t even notice it at first. I thought it was an illusion. But since this is repeated....”

“....”

“I will tell you now. Demon’s body has been changing steadily since the day we first met. “Something that I can’t pinpoint is changing very slightly.”

“Isn’t your body recovering?”

“If it was something like that, I would have known right away.”

He seems particularly nervous towards Ed...

He rolled his eyes, looked at the two, and cautiously opened his mouth. Normally I would have kept my mouth shut, but now there is nothing I can do.

“So is it good or bad?”

It’s my body.

Even if I’m so weak that I can’t help but sigh, it’s still my body. Even if you don’t know what’s happening, if it’s a good phenomenon, you’re fortunate. If it’s a bad phenomenon, you have to prepare your mind.

“First of all, it seems like a good thing. Nothing is particularly worse than before. On the contrary, the frequency of hemoptysis has decreased, so it should be viewed as a good thing.”

“If that’s the case, then that’s a good thing...”

Knock.

Everyone’s heads in the room turned toward the door. I also closed my mouth and looked at the door.

It’s good timing to visit when the conversation is almost over. As I nodded in exclamation, Ed, who had been observing me, got up from his seat and opened the door slightly.

As soon as a small gap opened, a hand came through the gap.

“...?!”

What a fucking surprise! I can't help but curse. who is this?

This time, Ed also seemed quite surprised and quickly tightened his grip on the door handle to close the door... and then released it.

As if he had just managed to control his emotions, a calm voice called the other person's name.

“Dvelania, you are joking too much.”

“Oh Ed. “Did you manage to figure it out?”

“What's going on?”

“Now that Demon has returned, wouldn't it be polite to meet him?”

I haven't been out long enough to say hello this time, so why bother?

In an instant, the 2nd Corps Commander Develania bursts in through the crack in the door and taps Ed on the shoulder, then approaches me and grabs my hand. The silent movement like a cockroach gave me goosebumps that were different from before.

“Demon Niim, why is Ben next to you? “Are you hurt anywhere?”

“No, not really.”

“Hmm...”

She narrows her eyes and examines me, as if she doesn't quite believe my answer without hesitation.

If it was going to be like this, why did you ask? No, rather, let go of this hand....

"Oh my god!"

"!"

Why, why again...

I looked at her in surprise at the voice that clearly conveyed my emotional shock. D'Vellania's eyes were on my fingertips.

"You broke your fingernail!"

"...."

"The nails were carefully maintained...."

Wow... this is the first time I've seen him scream. But the cause is my fingernails.

Can't you see the bandage wrapped around the other wrist? A fractured hand would be more visible than a broken fingernail.

As if she felt a rough texture from the fingertips she was holding, she kept fiddling with my fingernails and made a sad expression, then looked back at Ed with a sharp expression.

"What are you doing, Demon, if you can't even take care of your nails?"

"...sorry."



Don't apologize. It was strange that you took care of my nails in the first place.

Ed and DeBellania usually take care of my nails. Ed usually trims it, Develania inspects it, and sometimes he trims it himself.

They made it so obvious that I ignored it, but now that I think about it, it's not true. Why is the adjutant trimming my nails? Why is someone as strong as two corps commanders taking care of my nails?

"The doctor there. What are you doing? "Hurry up and let's not restore Demon's fingernails."

"...I think you are confused about the role of the attending physician, Develania."

"Daemon, there's a crisis with your nails, but that's not the role of a doctor?"

Of course not. If anyone hears this, they will think that their life is in danger.

She looked at Develania with slightly cooled eyes, but as if she knew that was an unreasonable statement, she tilted her head and changed her words patronizingly.

"If it doesn't work out, give me some nutrition."

"...All right."

Ben, who realized that this workshop would never end if he continued to hold on, let out a deep sigh and rummaged through his bag.

"Daemon's hand..."

“Ah...yes.”

I had to look at him with anxious eyes the whole time I was leaving him doing his nails, wondering if he might be upset and do something strange.

This happened less than a day after arriving at the Demon King's Castle.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 122**

122. Uncomfortable daily life (3)

Develania appeared like a storm and caused tremendous stress, but running away was like the wind.

It wasn't a big deal, but there was something I needed to point out about Lirinell and the Demon Cult matter, so I began to speak carefully, and as if he sensed what I wanted to say, he just rolled his eyes here and there and muttered an excuse.

[It's fun to make fun of naive people, so stop...]

[....]

[I'm sorry!]

And he was so agile when he threw himself out the window.

When I quickly put my finger on the window frame and looked down, she was already running far away. And when I found him later, he said he was away on a mission...

'Well... okay, I won't be bringing any clothes with me for a while.'

I decided to think positively.

After that, meaningless time passed.

As always, there is nothing special for me to do in the Demon King's Castle. Occasionally, you will receive a mission out of the blue and be called out armed with a weapon, but that is also very rare.

So you can say this is my daily life. There is no need to be anxious now.

"...shit."

I'm anxious!

Before I knew it, I threw the cube to one side and stood up. The soft bed tempted me to lie down more, but it didn't work for me because I was uncomfortable.

For some reason, I don't think I should stay still. I feel like I need to do something right away...

I called out to Ed, who was standing in one corner of the room and rolling his eyes nervously.

"Ed."

"Yes, Demon."

"What do I have to do today?"

"There is a corps commander meeting in the evening."

"Anything else?"

"doesn't exist."

I don't know what to do, so what can I do?

“Fuck.”

Anxiety turns into annoyance, and my emotions are agitated.

Excessive emotions cloud reason and dull the mind. My shitty life sucks. What on earth am I doing? I was muttering all kinds of harsh words, and it was after I muttered, ‘I wish everyone would turn it off’ that I became aware of his presence.

Ed was pale and looking at me with trembling eyes.

“Ah....”

“ ....”

That’s right, watch your mouth. I guess I’m also getting used to the demon world. When I see you being so nervous and even swearing.

‘...I should apologize, right?’

I don’t want to be hated for no reason by demons and no one else. I quickly opened my mouth to prolong my life.

“Ed.”

“Yes... Demon. sorry.”

“Why did you apologize... no...”

I made a mistake! I shouldn’t ask!

I’ve learned from my experience so far that asking the reason for an unexpected apology only makes the situation worse... I guess I can’t help but say things reflexively.

Sure enough, Ed's face became even grayer, his lips trembled, and he barely managed to come up with an answer.

"Because I couldn't turn it off... I made Demon feel uncomfortable. sorry."

"ah."

That's what I heard. Why are you here?

"An apology is okay. Rather, why are you here?"

"I'm sorry..."

"No, I'm not arguing... I'm just asking because I'm really curious about the reason."

He waved his hand vigorously and tried to reassure Ed.

You were usually in your room. Why are you here? Is your room gone? The devil wants me to leave the room?

"The Demon King... told me to stay by Demon's side."

ah. watch.

As he speaks, he checks my eyes to see if I'm being stabbed. Of course, I'm a little annoyed, but I have no intention of getting angry at the poor adjutant. Before that, I wasn't brave enough to get angry at the demons.

Instead of saying anything to him, I kept my mouth shut and brought back the cube I had thrown away. As I was trying to empty my thoughts by randomly mixing things up to suppress the anxious feelings that were still throbbing, Ed spoke carefully.

“If you don’t mind... how about taking a look around the outer castle? “It might help you feel better.”

“Outer castle...?”

Yes, I was too introspective.

It’s been a while since I’ve been to the Demon King’s Castle and I’ve gotten used to it, so it wouldn’t be a bad idea to take a look around at least once.

Oh, of course, you don’t go alone, but on the condition that Ed follows you as an escort. I haven’t grown up enough to walk around the outer castle alone yet. It’ll probably be like that for the rest of my life.

But I should have thought twice before giving my answer.

“Good...”

It was almost at the same time that I gave an affirmative answer that I remembered that there were crazy fanatics outside the castle.

“Nida....”

How great it would be if we could pick up the words. I am experiencing first-hand the dangers of such careless words and actions.

Even if you regret it, nothing will change. Because Ed’s face had already brightened with anger. How can you change your words to that face? I would be happy if I changed my words and my face darkened, but if all of those emotions were replaced by irritation or anger... I

suppressed my trembling body. I don't know, I'm not confident I can handle it. I should just go. Shit.

Can not help it. Now that things are like this, I have no choice but to stick with Ed no matter what happens.

"Would you like to change your clothes?"

"Um..."

I didn't answer hastily this time.

First, I looked at my clothes. It's not particularly bad... but I wish it had less of a presence. As far as possible, out of sight of fanatics.

'And it's night in the Demon World.'

Okay, let's just wear completely black clothes. I mainly walk around in the shade where the moonlight doesn't reach.

After making up my mind, I opened the closet and took out black clothes, giving a delayed answer.

"I'm going to change. "Please stay out."

"...."

Why is there no answer?

When I glanced back, I saw Ed looking at me with trembling eyes. No, when I looked closely, I saw that his shaking gaze was fixed on the clothes in my hand.

...why?

"...This will be a clear warning. All right."



“?”

What warning?

Hey, what if I leave like that? I’m getting anxious for no reason!

The door closed without a sound, and I, who was left drowsily, quietly picked up my clothes and glared at them.

‘No matter how I look at it, there’s nothing wrong...’

I felt uneasy for no reason. I should wear something else.

Of course, the idea of wearing black clothes did not change, so I took out another black suit from the closet. Thanks to the fact that the Demon King gave me a lot of black and navy clothes, there was no problem of not having other clothes to replace them with.

The effect of black clothing was amazing!

As if the huge fanatics from before were a lie, no one really came to me. Rather, everyone is avoiding it on their own, but would you really believe it if there was even a demon with a red heart brooch among them?

‘Long live the black clothes!’

I never thought it would be effective in exorcising demons.

I don’t think the robe worked, but is it only clothes that work? If I wear it too often, it may lose its effectiveness, so I’ll have to use it occasionally.

I walked down the street feeling much more at ease.

\*\*\*

Demon is in a bad mood.

After he wore black clothes and knocked over a plate at a restaurant a long time ago, the 'black clothes' he wore in the Demon King's Castle were recognized as a warning showing that he was in a bad mood.

Pure black without any number or decoration. How would the demons feel when they saw the commander of the 0th Corps wearing those clothes?

'If you catch it, you will die.'

'Let's be unobtrusive.'

'If necessary, I could use all my magical power to escape... Ah, magic was prohibited.'

'Do I die to the Demon King or to the Demon... Isn't that right there?'

'I don't know, but even if I die, I want to die at the hands of the Demon King or another corps commander. No matter how much I think about it, I don't think it's Daemon.'

He is a person who usually stays only in his own room. The fact that they even came out to shout out probably meant that they were going to catch a scapegoat and kill him.

I respect you, Demon, but life is precious. The demons began to slowly avoid him and return.

This was the same for Demonic believers who wore red heart brooches. It was a little different in that the reason was that I couldn't make Demon feel worse.

'I can't be of help, but I can't offend Demon any further!'

‘Let’s hide well. If there is someone among us who offends Daemon, that person will be kicked out immediately.’

‘De-se.’

Knowingly or unknowingly, all the nerves of the countless demons were focused on one side, and his wandering steps without a destination for a long time stopped in the middle of the road.

At the same time, the demons watching stopped breathing.

In the tense silence, the corners of his mouth rose silently.

‘omg.’

Is it because scapegoats are rarely caught? Maybe it was because I found something worth complaining about.

There was a smile on his face that probably didn’t mean anything good either way.

\*\*\*

Have you ever said that the size of the Demon King’s Castle is like that of a small city in an empire?

It’s not just about size. It was safe to say that the Demon King Castle was a small city.

The Demon King’s castle is largely divided into the inner castle and the outer castle. If we compare this to the capital of an empire, the inner city would be the imperial palace and the outer castle would be a city inside the walls outside the imperial palace.

In the inner castle, there are key figures such as the Demon King, the corps commander, and each corps member, as

well as employees who are responsible for the lives of all these people, and in the outer castle, there are ordinary demon soldiers and... 'Oh, I don't know.

,

How do you list all those positions?

Anyway, there are a variety of demons in the outer castle who hold incredibly diverse positions. The atmosphere is like the streets of a human city.

The only difference is that it sells simple food on the street... ah, can't it be called 'panda'? Because there is no money circulating inside the Demon King's Castle.

In any case, even such street vendors are placed in a thoroughly calculated position.

Restaurants, street vendors, bars, open-air training grounds, etc... Everything that exists in the outer castle was placed one by one in the most efficient location by the Demon King in collaboration with the leaders.

'If the enemy breaks through the castle gate, all of this will become a shield blocking the way and a cover for a surprise attack.'

Or it could turn into an offensive weapon.

Whatever the intention, it seems to me now to be an ordinary city street. Since no money is exchanged, it can be considered a better place than the human world.

It must be comfortable since there are no demons around. A smile appeared on my face for the first time in a while.

Ed, who had been quietly observing me from the side, pointed somewhere with his finger as if to divert my attention.

“Demon, since it’s been a long time coming, how about trying something?”

“I’m not hungry...”

“I see. “Excuse me...”

“But I will eat.”

“ ....”

Well. why. what.

That looked delicious.

‘Yum.’

The skewers, I couldn’t tell what kind of meat they were made from, were delicious. Don’t worry about where the meat comes from. As long as it’s delicious, that’s fine.

I looked at Ed, pretending not to notice the black shell piled up in the corner of my vision. He was whispering something to the demon who handed him the skewer.

At first glance, I heard people say things like, “Don’t be nervous,” or “Do you want to die?” I guess he was irritated because he fell too hard when I handed him the skewer.

‘Well, he was shaking so hard even for me to see.’

It was so bad that we almost ran out of sauce.

I thought it was because I was scared of Ed, so I hurried to get it myself, but this heartless lieutenant took the initiative and took it.

Anyway, I thought that if I left it like this, something unfortunate would happen that would cause the poor demon's heart to stop, so I swallowed the meat in my mouth and hurriedly called Ed.

"Ed."

"Yes, Demon."

"I want to look around somewhere else, can you give me directions?"

"Ah yes. All right. "You be careful."

He, who had warned the demons until the very end, hurriedly approached me.

"What do you want to focus on?"

"well... "It would be nice to be able to change my mood."

"If it's a change of mood..."

He thought for a moment and took his step.

After obediently following Ed for a while, he arrived at the open entrance to the training ground.

'Surely we should fight?'

For some reason, I thought I was guiding them normally, but in the end, it turned out like this.

I was sighing deeply in my mind and thinking about ways to avoid a situation where I would have to pick up a weapon, but Ed, who I thought would lead me straight inside, approached the demon who was providing the weapon at the entrance and said something.

The demon's face became troubled as to what on earth he had said.

"Bring it."

"But..."

"I will get permission. So, if you don't want to die..."

No, there. He said it was a change of mood. Why are you threatening other people with their lives?

If I do that, I will really pay for it. I thought I couldn't waste any more time looking for a place to throw away the skewers I had eaten, so I just held them in my hands and walked towards them.

"Ed what now...!"

Jaw. An ominous sound was heard.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 123**

123. Uncomfortable daily life (4)

The sound of the toe of a shoe catching somewhere incorrectly. A sign that I am falling.

I reflexively waved my arms to keep my balance. Belatedly, I realized that this might look ugly, so I consciously restrained myself and stretched out my arm to touch the floor, the wall, or something.

“...Ed?”

“Yes... Demon. sorry.”

Ed grabbed one of my arms and lifted it up. I didn't fall because my body was lifted up helplessly by the incredible force... but

I heard the sound of Ed clicking his tongue.

“So, if you don't want me to die, hand it over to me...”

It seems like he's muttering something softly, but I can't hear it clearly. Did you disapprove of me for almost falling? No, judging from the way you apologized to me, I don't think that's the case.



Feeling anxious, I quietly rolled my eyes and made eye contact with the demon who had been listening to Ed's threats just a moment ago. A face that has turned completely white. I glanced up, following the gaze of the guy who was so frightened that it was almost like panic. The arm held up by Ed caught my eye.

To be precise, it was a sharply carved wooden skewer held in that hand.

'...ah.'

I almost stabbed myself when I fell. I almost got in big trouble. No wonder those demons are turning white.

Rather, am I at the end of my life now?

When your life is in danger due to someone else's mistake, your emotional changes usually range from surprise to fear and anger. It seems that the demon in front of me has now reached the stage of fear.

Even if I apologize, will they really accept it?

Ed, who was watching my expression as I was in a life-threatening situation, cautiously opened his mouth.

"I apologize for daring to block Demon's way. But now is not a good time to kill the demons of the Demon Capital."

"...."

"Even the Demon King will not like it."

The last words contained an expression of agonizing over whether it was really okay to say this.

I never tried to kill the demons in the first place. And no matter how sharp it may be, what I hold in my hand is ultimately just a thin wooden skewer. There's no way a demon could die from something like that.

'...What should I answer here?'

Ed moved faster than I could come up with an appropriate answer.

The man who was looking at me blankly said he was rude and let go of the arm he was holding and walked away. It was only after he took the wooden skewer from my hand and glanced at me with anxious eyes under the pretext of helping me take out the trash for him that he turned his head and saw the demon... or rather, grabbed him by the collar.

'...?!'

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As expected, one of the demons almost died.

I was a little relieved because I didn't have a weapon in my hand, but I never expected to use a wooden skewer.

It is nothing more than a thin wooden stick that breaks easily if you hold it in your hand and apply even the slightest force, but the sharpness of the end can be dangerous depending on where and how it is used.

Demon tried to stick it in the demon's eyes.

'The reason is probably... because they made me wait too long.'

Even if you weren't, you felt uncomfortable, but it's understandable that you're annoyed that your precious time is being wasted with such a useless argument.

Ed himself felt that he should not make Demon wait too long, so he kindly even explained that if he didn't want to die, it would be better to give him up quickly. It's not because I'm worried about the demon in front of me, but because I want to prevent Demon from killing this guy and charging into Demon Arut during the battle.

'Even if it's not as dangerous as when you drank alcohol, you'll be in a dangerous state...'

But before the kind explanation could be heard, Demon moved.

As if his patience had run out, he held on to the leftover wooden skewer and strode towards here, swinging his arm towards the demon's eyes without a moment's hesitation. The swing with weight was quite threatening.

'Should I stop it?'

I don't know how much I thought about it in that short period of time.

Should I do something that offends Demon, who is otherwise uncomfortable, or should I just wait and see?

Stopping the Demon puts one life at risk, but the Demon awakened by killing that guy puts countless lives at risk.

Even though the latter had the advantage of having a higher chance of survival compared to the former, Ed, a loyal member of the Demon King Castle, chose the former.

The guy's face turns white as he realizes too late that he's almost in trouble. When I looked at that pitiful sight, I couldn't help but click my tongue.

"So, if you don't want me to die, hand it over to me..."

...I warned you.

I slowly shifted my gaze and looked at Demon-sama's expression. Are you very upset? You're probably not angry.

Anyway, now it's time to convince him. Ed wiped away the dry needle and opened his mouth with difficulty.

Did the words make sense? There was no response to my sincere words.

Ed didn't seem to have any intention of doing anything more, so he looked around and hurriedly took the wooden skewer out of his hand. Fortunately, I was relieved of my worries thanks to the gentle handing over.

...He won't move suddenly like that.

Rather than having blood on your hands, Demon, who is in an uncomfortable state, it would be better to move here first. After examining him with anxious eyes, he turned around and grabbed the struggling demon by the collar.

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"Did you see it? Demon is feeling uncomfortable. So, I hope you keep in mind that this is your last chance."

"Now, please wait a moment."

Yes, that's right... I'm already used to people using me as the reason...

I quietly watched the situation unfold.

The demon's actions were fast. It wasn't long before Ed was able to get two sticks from the guy.

...bar?

'It looks simple? 'Did you make such a fuss to get that now?'

It's a real stick. Its appearance is so simple that I can't think of anything other than that word.

While I was at a loss for words due to the absurdity, he approached me and handed me a stick. He opened his mouth as if he was trying to explain something, but quickly closed his mouth.

"Daemon, please excuse me for a moment. It's the type that requires permission from the Demon King..."

"...?"

for a moment. To the point where you need to get permission from the devil? There's no need to pay that much attention...

I reached out my hand without meaning to, but it was already too late. The quick adjutant took out the communication stone and immediately connected with the Demon King before I could stop him.

- Ed? What's going on?

Haha... You're quick to act...

... Damn it.

“Demon is not in a good mood, so I would like to try using a snowflake stick. I would like to ask if it is possible to use it.”

Snowflake stick? What is that name that sounds like a children’s toy?

– Are you in a bad mood? To what extent?

“Uh...”

Ed, who was about to say something, glances at me sideways, as if observing me.

I guess I read something in that hesitation, but I heard the Demon King’s voice again.

– No, no. You probably figured it out and found an appropriate solution. It seems quite serious, so feel free to use it as much as you want. I’ll take care of the rest.

do not do that. You don’t have to give permission.

Why is it that I feel bad? I’m not a kid And why does the devil look after something like this?

There are so many things I want to stumble over, so I end up keeping my mouth shut. When he looked at Ed with eyes that had been liberated and lost his soul, he flinched, held up a stick in his hand, and quickly began to explain.

“Just cut this end with scissors and point it toward the sky.”

“...Then what happens....”

I couldn’t finish my sentence.

– Notify the entire Demon King Castle. 0 Corps Commander Daemon Arut is planning to test out the previously

developed snowflake stick. The users of the Demon Castle should not be embarrassed by the sudden climate change and should continue to do their jobs.

Sudden climate change?

The doubt lasted for a moment. Demons not only know how to use magic, but they also make and use magic items in their daily lives. They say the use of magic is currently banned... but since it was developed before, it seems like a magic item.

Since the name is Snowflake Stick, does it make it snow or something?

Naturally, the broadcast announced directly by the Demon King strongly attracted the attention of the Demons.

“test? “Have you already finished all that?”

“Shhh, don’t you know it’s just an excuse just by looking at it? “Demon, you’re feeling uncomfortable, so you’re trying to solve this problem in a peaceful way.”

“I wonder if this will work on Demon....”

“Since you are from the human world, it doesn’t mean there is no possibility at all. Let’s hope it works.”

“I’m going to have to go through a lot of trouble to clean up after myself.”

I can’t hear it clearly, but I know my name is mentioned.

It looks like the devil is tearing apart the words he had just wrapped, but I am so embarrassed that I can’t even look up.

‘I said it wouldn’t be possible... I want to go home...’

If you go to the Count's residence, you will want to come here again. Are you really saying that there is no place where I can be comfortable?

I wiped away my hot face and concentrated on taking deep breaths to calm my mind.

Meanwhile, Edgar, who had received scissors from another demon, cuts off the end of the stick and points it toward the sky. Something erupted from the cut part and exploded in the air.

'Was it a bomb? Well... I'm not particularly surprised.'

The extent of the bomb was within the expected range. Ed won't do anything that will harm my body, so there's nothing to be afraid of. The problem is the reactions of other demons...

It's obvious. If you broadcast it so openly and you suffer harm, of course you won't blame me, right? My lifespan has shortened again. haha.

It had been a long time since I had been liberated in this respect, so I looked at the sky where the bomb had exploded with half-dead eyes. And I couldn't help but open my eyes wide.

White, cold fluffy crystals that fall like flower petals.

"...eye?"

"yes. Do you like it? Unlike the demon world where there is no climate change, the human world sometimes snows, so I thought it might help change Demon's mood..." "It's

definitely not that bad..."



Such a peaceful method. I guess demons knew how to use this method too. But why did you do that all this time?

I held out my hand and received a snowflake. cold. It's real snow. It's interesting, but why did they even broadcast something like this?

The answer to my question came quickly.

"Waste is falling from the sky..."

"We have to clean this up..."

"What can we do... It's what Daemon is doing... It's better than dying at His hands. That's right... let's shut up and clean it up..."

"Haha hahaha." Everything is good, so I hope you don't use it too much...."

"I hope you don't use the red one too... but that won't work, right?"

Ah...

I understand.

They seem to be half in a daze. What should I do? I feel sorry and look around, but without realizing it, Ed puts scissors in my hand and urges me to cut Daemon too. No, it's not that you don't notice, it's that you just don't notice.

He seems like a heartless bastard.

However, it was nice to see the snow after a long time and I wanted to try it myself, so I pretended not to notice and took the scissors.

Ed said in surprise when he saw his bandaged wrist.

“Ah, Demon, your hand... I will cut it off.”

“That’s it.”

It’s been a while since I’ve been feeling like I’m being treated like a kid, so I don’t like it.

Of course, that wasn’t my intention, but I didn’t want to be treated like that anymore, so I held the stick in one hand and the scissors with my fractured hand and aimed at the marked line.

‘...my hands are shaking.’

My injured hand keeps shaking and I can’t gauge properly.

It won’t work. I moved the hand that was holding the end of the stick closer to the marked line and applied the scissors again.

Suddenly.

“...ah.”

“Daemon’s hands...!”

First of all, I cut it. I immediately moved my hand so that the cut point was pointing towards the sky.

Pow! The same roar as before was heard, and red snowflakes began to fall among the white snow. I feel like I can hear the sorrowful wailing of a demon somewhere, but I guess it’s just my mood.

I looked at the red liquid that had melted on my palm and then looked at Ed as if asking for an explanation.

“Ed?”

“Yes, Demon.”

“Why...”

A familiar smell emerges from the red liquid.

The moment I realized where I was smelling the smell, the snowflakes in the sky that looked quite pretty appeared eerily.

I opened my mouth with difficulty, trying not to be disgusted by the thing that was landing on my head.

“Why do I smell blood in my eyes? This can’t be right.”

Is it real blood?

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 124**

### 124. The world's protection (1)

I swallowed the gossip. However, as always, the quick-witted adjutant noticed what was being said and responded immediately.

"no. "We just added blood flavor to make it feel like real blood."

"No, just snow is enough, so why bother making something like this..."

"Because war is greatly affected by climate and atmosphere. It was developed in the hope that it could be useful when fighting a war with the human world. Rather, Demon's hands..."

They weren't meant for children's toys. Well, that means you need the devil's permission.

'More than that...'

I followed Ed's gaze and saw my fingertips dripping with blood.

I was only trying to cut the stick, but I ended up cutting off my finger as well. It's only a small cut, but it's unlikely that the cut will come at this much...

“Daemon!”

...is it coming?

There is a certain level of professionalism, but you come to work for something that is nothing special. Aren't you tired?

I looked at him with bewildered eyes and was about to put my injured finger in my mouth when someone grabbed my wrist.

“...Ed?”

“Ben, let's get him treated. “The cut was much deeper than I thought.”

He wraps his injured finger in a handkerchief and presses it firmly as if to stop the bleeding. My eyebrows naturally furrowed from the tingling pain.

Ben hurries over and Ed stands up, removing his handkerchief. The blood that had stopped began to gush out again. Ben clicked his tongue softly.

“I can't use magic, so I think I'll have to disinfect it first... stop the bleeding, and sew it up.”

“I want you to treat Demon properly so he doesn't end up putting blood in his mouth.”

Ed, who had taken out the communication console from his pocket as if he had received a call, spoke to Ben and immediately connected the communication console and left.

That was done like that on purpose. You didn't give Ben a chance to retort.

Ben also trembled as if he felt unfairly treated, but he was unable to give up his strong professional spirit and began to treat his wounds with a grin.

Oh, come on...! Now wait a minute. I wasn't under anesthesia...!

'...Hmm, your expression is grim.'

Let's just keep our mouths shut.

Ben, who had been mesmerized by the rare experience of stitching up a wound raw without anesthesia, carefully tied the knot for a moment, then trembled as if he had belatedly realized the fact.

Trembling eyes turned to me.

"Daemon, are you... alright?"

"Yes... well..."

If anyone saw me, they would think I was trying to kill them. I smiled detachedly to calm him down from his fear. It hurt, but it didn't harm my body, and it was already over, so what could I do?

...But why are you shaking more?

"How...how could you make such a mistake?"

"Ben...?"

"I'm so sorry, Daemon! Even if I die, I have nothing to say!"

My doctor is disqualified...!

It was only after hearing those words that at first glance seemed like tears that I could understand why he was shaking. So he cannot forgive himself. As much as you have a strong professional spirit, you cannot tolerate mistakes like this.

“...It’s really okay, so there’s no need to apologize further. “If it wasn’t okay, I would have told you a long time ago.”

I couldn’t say it because I was scared. If it really hurt like I was going to die, I would have told you. My life is precious to me too.

I felt like he was going to hit his head and die right before my eyes, so I hurried to stop him, feeling burdened.

But Ben, who normally would have stopped at this point, instead raised his head and glared.

“okay! That’s it. Why didn’t you tell me sooner! “You must have been sick!”

I was startled by this ferocious attitude I was seeing for the first time and kept my mouth shut.

Ben must have understood my silence, so his high eyebrows dropped and he muttered gloomily.

“Daemon... you must not endure pain in front of your doctor. There are limits to the magic stone signal, and even that signal is unstable these days. Demon-sama, you have to express where you are uncomfortable or in pain for easy treatment with minimal pain...” “....” “

Sewn

up raw without anesthesia... How can Demon-sama endure that...?"

"...."

"Besides, it's okay... without reprimand... isn't this being too generous..."

Hmm, what should I do with this atmosphere?

He rolled his eyes for a moment and then held out a finger that showed signs of stitching.

"Are you not bandaging it?"

"ah...! No, you have to wrap it to prevent infection. "Just a moment..." As

Ben was carefully taking out gauze and bandages and wrapping them around the wound, Ed, who had finished communicating in the meantime, came up to me.

Looking at his extremely sorry expression, it seems like something happened. I don't think it's my fault.

"Demon, the Demon Lord is calling you. "He said there was a place he needed to visit together urgently."

I knew it.

Since you didn't do anything wrong, there's nothing to complain about. When I nodded that I understood, he glanced at Ben and urged me sarcastically.

"Have you finished treatment yet?"

"...It's just over. Take him with you. ... Ah, Demon. If possible, avoid allowing water to come into contact with the



wound.”

I nodded that I understood and started walking after Ed without delay.

When I arrived at the Demon King’s office and opened the door, the Demon King was holding his forehead as if he was in pain.

Unlike the irritated face that could be seen at first glance from the angle, the voice greeted me kindly as always.

He lowered his eyes motionlessly as if he had recognized the other person without even making face-to-face contact, and a delicate voice came out of his mouth.

“I’m here? Even though I heard that you were not in a good mood, I called you this to make you feel better. Sorry. Something urgent came up. “No, it’s more of a hassle and annoyance than an emergency.”

Finally he raised his head. The annoyance from earlier was gone and a calm face faced me.

Look at the change in facial expression. That’s creepy. After all, no matter how soft he looks, the devil is still the devil.

“I’m going to listen to the complaints and frustrations of the fairies. Of course, this is only from my perspective.”

“ .... ”

“The land of the fairies is quite beautiful considering it is located in the abyss. “Unseasonable snow is okay, but this won’t be any worse for a change of mood.”

Come with me.

The Demon King grins and holds out his hand. I quietly looked at him.

‘If it were the devil I knew, ‘Would you like to go with me?’ ‘I would have used an invitation-like tone of voice.’

Words with no choice.

I stopped the meaningless snowball fight and placed my hand on top of his.

My perspective has changed.

\*\*\*

It wasn’t my intention, but this confirmed that I was still in control of this game.

Then the emperor would be no different. I felt a little relieved.

‘He pretended to be relaxed.’

It seems like you’re so anxious that you even abandon the invitation-like tone of voice.

It’s probably because I heard that I was in a bad mood.

‘Are you worried that I might be on the emperor’s side?’

huh? Devil.

Are you afraid of losing this game?

\*\*\*

The Demon King did not move straight to the land of the fairies.

[Oh, Demon King, Demon. What's going on here...?!]

[Let's go.]

[!?!]

He went somewhere in the Demon King's garden and almost kidnapped Hien, who was tending a monster plant, and took him with him. Finally, I saw a handsome man with blond hair, green eyes and pointy ears. I was able to.

"Yes, because of that demon, the seeds entrusted to us by the world have become contaminated. How are you going to take responsibility?"

Of course, as soon as he saw the Demon King, he began to question him with a fierce attitude.

I held my breath, rolled my eyes, and looked at the fist-sized seed he thrust in front of the Demon King. It looks like there are a lot of black stains, as if there is mold.

Is that contaminated with that demon energy? To me, it just looks like mold...

Before I could even finish thinking, black smoke seeped out of the seed. Oh shit. That's right Magi.

"...Hien."

The Demon King, who was listening expressionlessly to the protest of the man who appeared to be the Fairy King with his arms crossed, pointed to the seed with his chin.

"See if you can be revived."

"yes yes...!"

Hien took the seeds with trembling hands and examined them with eyes shining with extreme excitement. The eyes, which had been shining with pure interest, quickly lost their vitality and sank, as if they were remembering the question the Demon King had asked, 'whether or not it is possible to revive him.'

I could tell just by looking at their expressions.

It's impossible.

"I don't think it's completely impossible to sprout and grow, but... there's nothing we can do about it being contaminated with demonic energy."

"...this."

"Take responsibility."

The Fairy King growls, twisting his beautiful eyebrows grimly.

The Demon King scratched his cheek as if he was troubled and asked another question as if to change the subject.

"Did you say the world entrusted it to you?"

"okay. We are the species that most respects the will of the world. That is why the world trusted and entrusted this seed."

"Then there's no reason to be so desperate."

"what?"

The Demon King shrugged his shoulders.

"You said 'respect' with your own mouth. But why are you so obsessed with just one seed? "This goes beyond respecting

the world. It's as if your species is the world's dog."

"What nonsense!"

"It's not nonsense, it just seems that way."

Yes, that's right, it's not nonsense, it just seems like a provocation.

In order to survive, I slowly moved away from the Demon King. Judging from the Fairy King's expression, it's not a lie, it really looks like he's about to kill someone.

However, unexpectedly, he did not explode with anger. Rather, he let out his anger with an earth-shattering sigh and muttered in a much calmer voice as if he had been liberated.

"Okay... Just like you said, our species is not the world's dog, and the seed issue has already become irreversible, so let's move on..."

Hien, who had been listening quietly, raised his hand.

"Well... then this seed..."

"...you can keep it."

"thank you!"

I feel this every time, but this one is really not normal...

Hien is happy and carefully touches the seed, as if not feeling the absurd gaze of the leaders.

The Fairy King looks back at the Demon King in an attitude as if he can't even see his surroundings. His eyes were so clear that even I could read them, and he was asking, 'What

is he?' The Demon King, who could not have known that, quietly touched his forehead.

The Fairy King, who was silent for a moment, spoke slowly again.

"...I want you to do something to deal with the monsters first."

"We are also hunting hard. However, the number is increasing more than the number being processed. If there was a hero, it would have been suppressed a little..." I

was nervous for a moment because I had seen the Demon King speak in that way before during a similar conversation during a meeting at the Demon King's castle, but fortunately, he didn't make any eye contact with me.

'...No, but why do I have to be nervous and relieved?'

It's unfair. It has nothing to do with me.

I completely took my eyes off them and took a few more steps to get further away from the demon lord. As a result, I naturally reached the lakeside and found something there.

'what? What kind of person is...'

Demon? Fairy people?

Looking at the Fairy King's attitude towards the Demon King, it is impossible for the Demon to be in the pond. So are you a fairy?

...It has fins?

"It's a remark as if we're waiting for the birth of a hero. You'll have to hope that the hero doesn't show up. Now that

you think about it, have I ever told you that the world is on the brink?"

Oh, I laughed. You smiled at me, right?

I don't know who you are, but your smile is quite elegant.

"Well, but I definitely remember I said this. 'Anyway, the hero will appear and I will greet him. This is what has been happening until now. There is no reason to be afraid anymore.'"

"You..."

I intentionally ignored the bloody conversation between the leaders of the two races taking place on one side. If the fin man in front of me hadn't popped out of the water, I would have been able to ignore it for the rest of my life.

Even though I was startled by the sudden movement, it was quite mysterious to see the fins transforming into human legs. Bruises. The exposed white feet step on the ground.

"The Demon King will die at the hands of the hero born this time."

I was speechless at the noble and clear voice. Because I admire your voice? No, because of the content that attracted the attention of the two leaders.

What if he suddenly appears and says something that attracts attention like that?...

As expected, the eyes of the Demon King and the Fairy King are in this direction. Fortunately, the focus was on that woman and not me, but just being in the range of her gaze

made me suffocate and I tried to sneak away again... but I was caught by the woman!

Hien hien! help me! I think you're the best here.I'd rather be by your side!

'...are you possessed by the seed?!'



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 125**

125. God's protection of the world (2)

The speckled, moldy, fist-sized seed is so pretty that I don't even think about looking back because I'm just looking at it.

Even if it's your first time seeing a seed, you damn gardener.

Suddenly, the Fairy King's eyes landed on me. Blue green eyes shined with interest.

"Yes, the Mermaid Queen can see the future... I've seen her briefly before, but she's a very interesting person. "What is the name of the human there?"

"It's Deon Hart..."

He spoke in a whisper, but glanced at Hien just in case.

It's obvious he didn't hear it. The Fairy King also seemed to sense the situation and nodded.

"Hmm... Okay, I'll remember that."

You don't have to remember. Please forget it.

No matter how I felt, the Fairy King examined me carefully as if evaluating me, then turned his head and looked at the

Demon King. A much calmer voice than before called out to the other person.

“Demon Lord, why did you bring this person here? “Is there anything that needs to be heard?”

“Because the scenery here is the best in the abyss.”

“...what?”

“I brought you here to ensure mental stability.”

“This is not a tourist destination!”

Voices rose again.

...Isn't now the time to fight about something like that? I definitely heard a woman called the Mermaid Queen talk about the death of the Demon King. Why is there no response?

‘Did I hallucinate?’

I slowly raised my head and saw the woman still holding my shoulder. As if she sensed his gaze, she immediately lowered her head, met his eyes, and smiled softly.

I immediately turned my head and avoided eye contact. There was an unknown kindness in their eyes, which made me feel uncomfortable for some reason.

I heard that soft and elegant voice from behind me.

“You seem to be very hated by the world, Demon King. “This hero was no joke.”

“To begin with, our species itself is a thorn in the side of the world, so there is no need to be more hated. Rather, isn't

seeing the future any different from prophecy? “The future you see can change at any time.”

“Well... the future I saw this time is a bit special... wouldn't it be a miracle if I could change it?”

“I told you. “The world is on edge.”

These are remarks made by the heads of two races. Even though I didn't know much, I knew it wasn't something to ignore.

Nevertheless, the Demon King was uncharacteristically calm for someone who had heard threatening remarks. Her smooth face, without a single hint of agitation, was plastered with a smile.

“Shall I tell you a fun fact?”

As always, with his light and relaxed voice behind him, the Demon King's unique atmosphere began to dominate the space.

He stands crookedly with his arms crossed, smiles playfully, and snaps his fingers as if teasing the two nervous leaders.

“Do you know what humans call the power that we demons use?”

The sound of giggling laughter echoed throughout the vast space.

The small but vivid laughter that rang in my ears silenced not only me but also the heads of the two races.

As if answering the question that was never returned, the Demon King gave his own answer in a short space of time.

“‘miracle’.”

“....”

“...So arrogant.”

After silence, the Fairy King lightly clicked his tongue and looked back at me... Why are you looking at me?

“There human. “You hurt your hand.”

“Yes... well....”

“It looks like they couldn’t treat it properly because the Demon King banned magic, and instead treated it with primitive methods. I will treat it myself.”

“No, it’s okay...”

“Follow me.”

Yes...

it seemed like he was strangely interested in me earlier, but I guess I had no choice. For some reason, I feel like they want to use wound care as an excuse to observe me more... Maybe it’s my mood, right?

He hesitated to look at the back of the man walking ahead, then turned his head and looked at the demon king. He smiled and waved his hand, as if he couldn’t see my eyes asking for help.

“Go ahead. “I’ll be here talking to this mermaid.”

Damn it...

I looked back at Hien with some hope, but...

‘He’s still doing that.’

I’m just going to give up.

Leaving behind Hien, who was about to marry the seed, he obediently followed the Fairy King.

Even though it was the same night as when I was in the Demon King’s Castle, the scenery here was quite beautiful.

The moon casts a soft curtain of light, and green trees rise tall beneath it. There was a clearing here and there with gently shining flowers, and even though the trees were quite large, there was never a time when the moonlight did not reach the ground.

‘The devil didn’t bring me here for no reason.’

This was the first time I realized that such pretty flowers exist even in places where there is no sun. Hien, why does this bastard do such a thing with such pretty flowers...

‘...let’s not talk about it.’

This may be because it is a plant that can only grow in fairy lands.

I moved on, internally defending Hien. When I thought of Hien, I immediately thought of the monsters of the Demon King’s Castle and was scared for a moment, but soon I was fascinated by the surrounding scenery and forgot about it.

I think I looked around with a sense of fascination that was beyond a change of mood.

What brought me back to my senses was when the Fairy King, who had been walking in silence for a while, snapped

his fingers and called someone.

“Bring the herbs for trauma.”

“Where are you hurt?”

I stopped breathing for a moment. I thought my heart stopped.

The view that had been clear just a moment ago was obscured by a black shadow. A black figure with no face suddenly appeared in front of me, against the moonlight, and bowed before the fairy king.

Secret...like an escort or errand boy?

I barely calmed my startled heart and slowly looked at the person who appeared in front of me.

‘He also has pointy ears. They seem to be of the same race, but the ear shape seems to be a racial trait, right?’

Jaykar, the commander of the Demon King’s 1st Corps, also had pointy ears.

After considering the correlation between Jaykar and the Fairy tribe, he quickly shook his head.

‘Let’s stop making unanswered speculations and focus more on this.’

It looks like it jumped from a tree.

The tree here is quite high, but the fact that they landed without making a sound, let alone getting injured, shows that they are a different race from humans not only in appearance but also in other aspects.

“It’s not me, it’s the guests here.”

“A customer...? All right.”

The guy who glanced at me kicked between trees a few times, jumped up onto a high branch, and disappeared in an instant, stepping on the branches as if crossing a stepping stone.

It was a movement that left me completely amazed.

“I wonder if Jaykar can do that too....”

“Jaykar...?”

No matter what, this kind of admiration shouldn’t come out of my mouth.

The Fairy King’s pointed ears twitched. He looked back at me with his eyebrows slightly narrowed as if he was doubting his ears, and then his entire face frowned as if he was convinced that he had heard correctly.

There’s no way he wouldn’t know the name of the second-in-command who also acts as the Demon King’s agent. Even if you don’t know, given the circumstances, it would be predictable that the person I’m talking about is a demon.

How would he feel because he dared to compare the fairy race to a demon race that they were not even on good terms with?

‘Damn...’

This situation was clearly a mistake on our part. I was about to apologize for being rude, but before I could say anything, a sharp voice came at me.

“Yes, a warrior of our clan who has been contaminated by the demon king’s magic energy. It’s been a while since I heard that name. How is he?”

Hehehe, it was really related!

As I said before, the power of the Demon King does not purely unite among themselves to create demons. It seems that Jaykar is a demon from the fairy race, born from the power of the demon king.

The Fairy King deserves to hate the Demon King....

‘And now he might hate me too.’

He didn’t seem to have a very good personality, but I made a mistake in speaking that touched a sensitive part...

Ignorance is not a very good excuse.

I couldn’t answer that I was doing well, or yes or no, so I hesitated. The Fairy King, who was looking at me for a while, let out a light sigh and held out his hand.

“...?”

“hand. “I need to treat it.”

A soft voice calls out to a child.

I reflexively placed my injured hand on top of his and then looked around. The guy who went to get the herbs hasn’t come yet? I don’t think I have to stay like this until he comes.

—At that moment, I saw the Fairy King picking up a small box from under a nearby tree.



‘...You’ve already come and gone.’

It’s also fast without any trace.

I obediently handed over his hand. The bandage wrapped around the fingertips was removed, revealing a small wound.

“...I cut off almost half of my finger. “The width is narrow, but the wound is deep.”

When you say that, it doesn’t seem like a small wound...?

As I was laughing awkwardly, the Fairy King opened the box, took out some herbs, crushed them, and spoke.

“You said you came here to get mental stability.”

Nope. That’s an excuse the devil gave up on his own.

“Our species’ territory is not a tourist destination, but this is the first time humans have set foot in our territory, and since we have already arrived, I will personally guide you as a souvenir, especially after the treatment is over.”

yes? No, wait a minute, you don’t have to...!

I was shocked and was about to refuse when he put crushed herbs on his fingertips and pressed them. My body stiffened in surprise at the unexpected action.

ah! It hurts...ah...it doesn’t hurt, does it?

‘...is it a dream?’

Everything is healed. I couldn’t understand the situation, so I blinked for a moment.

I took off the herb and carefully played with my exposed fingers. The look is so clean that it looks as if the wound never occurred, to the point that anyone would think that the bare skin was sewn.

...I crave medicinal herbs.

The Fairy King seemed to have noticed my lustful eyes and snapped his fingers in front of me, who was looking blankly at the herb box.

“Deon Hardt.”

“sorry.”

“...what?”

Ah, that’s what my expression must have looked like when the demons suddenly apologized.

I learned something I wasn’t even curious about. He avoided the Fairy King’s gaze with a shy expression.

“it’s nothing. Instead, just call me Deon.”

“...Yes, Deon. “You seem uncomfortable with my favor.”

He looked at me with suspicious eyes, took my hand again, untied the stitches, and started talking casually.

Are you saying that because you knew? This bastard....

‘...he knew I was uncomfortable for a moment, but he pretended not to know and brought me to a place where no one was around...’ Are

you trying to kill me...?!

No, but you treated me. There's no way they could kill it after treating it at best. What on earth?

...I don't know what it is, but in this place where it's just the two of us, it's better not to go against his wishes. I answered with a straight face.

"no."

"There is no need to lie. "It seems like not only me but also the mermaids' representative is uncomfortable."

It doesn't work.

As if retaliating, he undoes the stitches and presses the crushed herb again on the spot where a little blood is oozing out. My body trembled with a stronger force than before.

He put down his clean-cut hand, as if throwing it away, and reached for the other bandaged hand.

"Doesn't this unreasonable favor bother you?"

"...."

"Hmm... bone-related herbs..."

He rummaged through the box, took out another herb, crushed it, grinned, and patted it on his fractured hand, who didn't know when the bandage had been taken off. His flowing blonde hair swayed with his movements.

"It would be uncomfortable for me to treat you like this now. "You'll probably want to refuse the offer to guide you, too."

You know it well.

"Then you can tell me the reason."

My hands are cool. The throbbing pain that had been bothering me all along disappeared.

This time, he mutters 'herbs for muscles' and rummages through the box. A monotonous voice came out dressed in a casual tone, as if asking if I wanted to eat.

"Because the world is paying attention to you."

"...yes?"

"I don't know why the Mermaid Queen shows favor to you, but that's the only reason I show favor to you."

Thinking about it again, that wasn't something to say while dabbing muscle herbs all the way to your wrists.

—Because the world is watching you carefully.

Called.

"As the head of a clan that most respects the will of the world, I cannot help but show favor."

...I was told that my physical condition seemed to be pretty good these days, but it seems like there was a physical problem going on.

Yeah, no matter how much I think about it, I feel like my ears are tired. Otherwise, you wouldn't keep hearing nonsense. Who is the world paying attention to and why?

I tried to stay calm and asked back carefully.

"Could you... say it again? I think I misheard."

This time, I concentrated and opened my ears wide, so I should be able to hear properly.

Let's just ignore the trembling voice.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 126**

126. Protection of the World (3)

"You seem to be suspicious."

"No, that's not it..."

The Fairy King brushed aside the human's negativity as he organized the box of herbs. Since I didn't say it with any particular intention, it doesn't matter what answer I get.

Instead, he grabbed the person who was trying to retreat and slowly examined him from head to toe.

A body that looks weak despite its small size. What differentiates them from other humans, namely their red eyes, is that they are weak to light, which actually acts as a hindrance to their activities, so in the end, there is no positive aspect.

'...I won't know even if I look at it again.'

Why is the world paying attention to this man? I couldn't understand at all.

I could tell from the first time I saw him that he was the head of the fairy race who was sensitive to the will and flow of the world.

The world is expecting something from this man.

I don't know what that is. The world didn't tell us directly, and there's no way to know what it is because it didn't go in and out of the world's head – the 'head' doesn't exist in the first place. All we can do is guess.

'Since when did it start? The world paid attention to this guy.'

I don't know, but it must have been quite a long time ago. Because this movement of the world was observed a long time ago. The first time I discovered flow was about 10 years ago.

Still, it was only recently that I met him in person. Since we didn't really plan on meeting, it just passed by.

An unexpected first meeting. Although it was very short, the Fairy King studied him for enough time to define his opponent, and what came to mind was doubt and doubt.

Are you really saying that the person in front of you is the person the world is paying attention to? He's just a weak human with a slightly strong smell of blood. Did the world make a wrong decision?

I narrowed my eyes. I can see that the world is working hard to supplement that weak body without being noticed.

...That would be the equivalent of pouring water into a bottomless pot. The Fairy King clicked his tongue lightly and looked away.

'If there's nothing special about you physically, are you only focusing on it because of a special situation?'

It is still too early to doubt the world's judgment. Because the world is a system, not a person with a body and emotions. There has only been one case so far where a system that calculates and judges the situation more calmly than anyone else has made a mistake.

Let's see, what was his situation?

The only human who travels between the human world and the demon world. I heard that both the owner of the empire, which can be seen as the center of the human world, and the Demon King put him in important positions and cherish him.

'...Oh wait.'

There, the Fairy King was able to think of one possibility.

Return your thoughts. He shifts his gaze again, examines the human, and rolls his head.

I looked a little closer and saw it. That body that the world is complementing. That is not a supplement that makes the body strong or healthy.

'Supplementation and modification of classes that allow us to better accept the forces of the world.'

If his health has improved, it may have been a side effect of this process.

'That's right.'

That was it.

Now I understand why the leader of the mermaids bothered to touch his shoulder while saying that.



[The Demon King will die at the hands of the hero born this time.]

I looked at the human in front of me with new eyes. White hair, pale skin, blood-red eyes.

Among them, the Fairy King looked into the eyes, which at first glance seemed to contain ordinary emotions, but felt a sense of discomfort, and quietly agreed.

‘The next hero is you.’

The world has chosen you as a candidate for a hero for a very long time.

\*\*\*

Not so long ago, there was a warrior who cared about a comrade even until his death.

Even in death, he cared about his comrades. ‘If I die, my comrades who do not even have the fragments of a hero will die at the hands of the devil.’

So I devoted my whole heart to it and made a strong wish.

[Please save him.]

The world answered.

[I have been watching him for a long time.]

\*\*\*

But there is an unresolved question.

‘It wasn’t that long ago that the human Deon Hart began traveling between the demon world and the human world.’

I'm not sure, but I believe it's been about 2 years at most.

The world paid attention to him 10 years ago. What on earth happened then?

'...Let's think about it like this.'

The Fairy King stopped thinking.

Even if you think about it any longer, you won't find an answer.

'Rather than that, he chose this human as the next hero...'

He has no idea what the reason is, so all he can think is that the world is suffering for the sake of it. It is said that previous warriors also modified their bodies without realizing it in order to accept the power given by the world, but they did not undergo this much modification.

It's just a modification to accept the 'power of the hero', but it's almost like they're remodeling it.

"You must have felt it subconsciously too. Have you ever felt strangely lucky?"

"...."

"Even if you live in a situation where you feel like you are going to die and suffer permanent injuries, you end up with recoverable injuries."

I removed the muscle herb that had been attached. Clean hands and wrists were revealed. As if checking the condition, he gently swept the area around his wrist and then grabbed it and pulled it.

The light body was dragged helplessly. For some reason, the red eyes that had sunken into silence were still looking up at me. As the distance between them got closer, the Fairy King growled lowly.

“Honestly, you might be inclined to believe this and act accordingly.”

“....”

The world’s protection is strong. They’re wrapping this person up tightly.

This probably means that he has overcome the danger of death many times and that the world has directly shielded him from death many times.

The world rarely intervenes directly. Aftermath and Problems of Intervention We have already suffered greatly from unexpected side effects, realized the dangers, and are still working to resolve the side effects.

How could this person think that a world like that would directly protect his life?...

“Have you ever felt like your body was in a strange state? At some point, a force stronger than calculated can be generated or shocks can be withstood better than expected. Especially in a life-threatening situation, his physical condition must have fluctuated from good to good. However, if you look to see if your body has become healthier, you will see that it is no different from usual.”

“....”

...Well, I guess I’m confused too.

The world's attention is both fortunate and unfortunate in itself. Convinced that the life of the human in front of me would not be smooth in the future, I let go of my wrist and turned my back with some sympathy.

Since you have healed a human wound that the world is paying attention to, you don't have to worry about ruining the seed you were entrusted with.

"Then now, let me guide you..."

"King, King!"

I made a promise, and I felt pity at the same time. As I was about to guide him through the forest as planned, small fairies came flying in.

A face that looks urgent, unlike its usual playful and bright appearance.

"It's a monster! "A monster has invaded!"

"...Devil...!"

He stopped gritting his teeth.

\*\*\*

The monster invaded. This is where the devil is!

It is a place where there are even heads of other tribes. Have they lost a lot of sense? Or did you suddenly turn around and lose your head?

I quickly followed the Fairy King and returned to where the Demon King was, without even realizing the gap in memory that had occurred in the previous conversation. I stopped in shock when I saw the Fairy King glaring at the Demon King

as if he were going to kill him. The force was so terrifying that even the Demon King, who always kept his composure, made the corners of his mouth tremble.

“...I’ll handle it.”

“of course. Rather, it seems like they have lost their survival instinct...”

They invade the place where the leaders of each race are gathered.

To the fairy king’s mutterings, the fairies flying around him added their words one by one.

“I got stronger!”

“I got more scared!”

“That’s what happened after I ate some strange brown liquid!”

huh? Wait, the last one... what?

There is no way the leaders of a race would miss what I noticed. Realizing the importance of the last words, they all looked at the fairy child.

“Brown liquid?”

“yes! “I ate some strange brown liquid and it got stronger!”

“...So, is this a conspiracy targeting our clan?”

Oh, I feel like I’m caught up in something I don’t want to be involved with at all. Can you please send me home right now?

The demon king tilted his head without even looking at me, perhaps because he couldn't feel my gaze, or because he noticed but was pretending not to notice.

"At a time when I and the head of the mermaid tribe are here?"

"That's strange too. I'll have to do some more research. Of course, after dealing with the damn monsters."

Do it quickly.

At my silent urging, the Demon King sighed, nodded, and looked back at me.

I'm sure you're not asking me to go with you. Unlike how nervous he was, he smiled and told me to stay here.

"I'm not doubting your skills, but since it's my first time here, there's a chance I could get lost. "It can be difficult to tell when using wide-range magic."

Then, of course, you should be waiting here. I was planning on happily complying without having to explain it that way in the first place.

But wasn't widespread magic prohibited? He gave the order himself...

'That's right, he gave the order himself.'

In other words, the authority to withdraw orders or make some exceptions is also in his hands.

Are you saying I can do it and other kids can't? The mindset is exactly like that of a devil lord.

Anyway, since it had nothing to do with me, I lost interest and nodded obediently.

“Please come back.”

After the demon king disappeared, I looked around to check the atmosphere. Maybe it was because he was the one I encountered most often out of all the people here, but the first person I noticed was Hien, who was rolling his eyes nervously while holding a seed in his arms.

‘...Even in this situation...’

It was only for a moment that the damn gardener was in sight. Just don’t think about it. It’s better not to worry about it here. I complied with the familiar command to turn away from my head and glanced at the Fairy King.

As if he sensed my gaze, he glanced at the source, checked me, turned his head, and snapped his fingers. The fairies, whom I had already seen once, appeared silently again and showed their courtesy.

“Bring me that brown liquid.”

“All right.”

Due to my previous experience, I was able to watch the entire process leading up to his disappearance without being surprised. This time, I made sure to join quickly, so there were no mistakes like before.

In the quiet space again, the Fairy King turned around without regret and saw the Mermaid Queen. I don’t know when she went in, but she was in the pond, flapping her fins and leaning her arms on the water’s edge.

“Who did this and with what intention?”

“I know, right. “Even if we try to suspect humans, it is questionable whether we will be able to get this far. In the first place, humans only know the existence of demons and do not know much about the existence of other races, so they are not suitable as criminals.”

“Even if you try to assume that someone in the clan did it, there is no reason to do so. “There is no situation for that.”

“There is insufficient reason to suspect the devil as the culprit. The Demon King is the type of person who uses force to suppress any dissatisfaction, and since I have now gone to kill the demon...”

“What about you?”

This is something I feel every time the Fairy King opens his mouth, but his tone is very sharp. Should I say that it makes the listener feel bad?

If I were that mermaid, I would feel pretty dirty. It’s not like I’m saying it back, but I’m saying, ‘What about you?’

‘Is that the snout that calls out to the hawk?’

It seems like fights that shouldn’t happen like this will break out...

Fortunately, the Mermaid Queen, who had a good personality like she first impressions, took his tone of voice without much attention. A calm voice came out quietly.

“I don’t have any good reason for that either. What would be the use of making monsters that can’t be controlled



stronger? Even I am here. "If the monsters come all the way here, the most dangerous person is me."

"That... too."

"Then the rest of those here are...."

Hien and I.

Their heads turned towards me and then towards Hien. Seeing them holding moldy... or rather contaminated, seeds carefully, they shook their heads at the same time as if they were thinking the same thing.

"It's not him."

"I'm not a demon."

You got rid of all your doubts right away. Congratulations, Hien.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 127**

### 127. Tightrope Walking (1)

Their eyes moved again and landed on the only remaining human. Yes, damn me. Me.

“....”

“....”

What... Why aren't you saying anything?

The expressions on their faces when they look at me are subtle. An expression that doesn't tell you what he's thinking.

It was strange for them to take the initiative to defend themselves, so I just waited for the words to come out of their mouths, and then the fairy tribe who had left after receiving orders, probably because they had retrieved the brown liquid, fell in front of the fairy king.

“I saved you.”

“Is this...”

A familiar smell passed my nose.

This....

“It smells like coffee.”

“Is it coffee?”

Even if I smell it again, it still smells like coffee. A vaguely familiar coffee scent.

But even if it's coffee, it's strange. Even though coffee makes you mentally alert, it doesn't have the effect of turning monsters into mutants... is there?

‘You have to have fed coffee to a monster to know that.’

The answer came from the Fairy King.

“It is said that monsters became stronger after eating this, so it must not be coffee. “Where did you get this?”

“I collected what fell from the monsters' mouths. “I wanted to find the source, but I couldn't follow it because the traces led to the demons' territory.”

“Our territory?”

They said something about wide-range magic, but it looks like they actually used it. Otherwise, it wouldn't have been possible to come this quickly.

The demon lord, who looks so disheveled that even if he went for a walk nearby and is not a monster opponent, looks at the unknown liquid without any sign of fatigue. After a moment of interest, a laugh was heard as if it was ridiculous.

“It seems like they wanted to frame our race. “I'll allow it, so just find the source.”

I'm curious about the culprit's face.

It was a low, threatening voice, like a growl. The Fairy King stared at him for a moment and then spat out a word.

“Did you hear?”

“yes.”

He’s really busy too.... He

looked at the back of the fairy family disappearing again with sad eyes and then lowered his gaze. The heads of the two tribes made eye contact.

...?!

“This person has no reason to do something like that, right?”

“Yes.”

“But if you look at the ‘reason’, there really is no culprit.”

“That too.”

The atmosphere takes a strange turn.

Does it feel like you’re questioning each reason one by one, only to turn it over again and start doubting it from the beginning? But it seems like it started with me.

“This man is special, but getting him out of the dragon’s wake is another.”

“Yes.”

What, so you’re doubting me now?

I couldn't understand what was going on so I just stayed silent, but the Demon King came out with his face crumpled in dissatisfaction.

"Wait a minute, are you suspecting Daemon now?"

Demon King...!

He confirmed with annoyance, as if he was very uncomfortable with the situation of doubting me.

"Not a demon."

"How can you be sure of that...."

"I told you that when you asked me before if I could trust you. He is very trustworthy 'as long as he is here'. He's here next to me now. "You can trust me."

I don't know what the conversation is about, but I know he's defending me.

Honestly, I was a little impressed. As I was looking at the Demon King with new eyes, the fairies appeared again. He was holding a familiar-shaped water bottle in his hand.

...uh? wait for a sec.

'Why are you holding that?'

It was a tonic... a container... that Remember had brought with him when he came to the demon world... but

he was quick to grasp the situation.

'I went crazy.'

I am the cause. What on earth did Gonggui make?

I'd like to discuss the palace's alchemy... no, the medicine-making skills, but the situation is not right now. What we need to think about right now is how to die without getting sick.

While I was half out of my mind at the shocking truth, the vulgar fairy politely offered me a bottle of water and immediately opened my mouth.

"There was this at the entrance to an unnamed mountain range to the west of the demon realm. "There were several cans, but I thought one was enough, so I brought only this."

"That one smell is the perfect coffee scent. Was it disguised on purpose? I don't know who he is, but he's really meticulous... The devil? "Why is your expression like that?"

"No... nothing..."

The Demon King seems to have noticed too.

In fact, this barrel was discovered in the mountains of the Demon World, and although it is said to be an 'unnamed mountain range', there is nothing that cannot be inferred since the direction is also known.

He raised his hand and gently touched my shoulder. As I slowly raised my gaze, I saw the corners of my mouth turned up a little stiffly, unlike usual.

"Anyway, he's not the criminal... so don't be suspicious.  
"We'll just have to go."

"Without even solving this case?"

"I have a corps commander meeting soon. We'll talk about this separately later. "Okay then."

“sleep...!”

My perspective has changed.

Back in the central garden of the Demon King’s Castle, I quietly raised my head and saw the Demon King.

It’s not something I should say in this situation where I made a mistake... but I still feel like I need to say it.

“You left Hien behind.”

“ah.”

\*\*\*

We need to reduce the use of magic, but do we really need to bring it in?

I thought about it for a moment, but I had no choice. Anyway, Hien is a talented gardener who oversees almost all the plants in the Demon King’s Castle. It was obvious that without him, managing the plants would be quite difficult.

“Demon King?”

“...Okay, I should bring him. wait a minute.”

Actually, using magic is an excuse. Even without looking, I could clearly see how the Fairy King would look at me, so the Demon King quietly sighed.

It’s because I’m so embarrassed. I don’t know how long it’s been since I’ve been this embarrassed. It must have been several decades.

After looking with admiration at the cause of the emotional turmoil, I moved back to the central garden, which had been magically treated for interaction with the heads of each race, as a medium.

“...excuse.”

He turned away from the Fairy King, who was looking at him with a bewildered expression, snatched the gardener with a bewildered expression, and returned to release him in the garden. He still seems dazed, but like a demon who has survived in this demon castle for a long time, he quickly comes to his senses and walks away.

I looked at the guy's back and then turned my gaze to Deon, who was still standing still. He rarely twitched his fingertips, as if he knew he had done something wrong.

“...Deon Hart.”

“...yes.”

“....”

“....”

There is a lot I want to say, but there is not much I can say.

If you say something wrong, the guy who was walking the tightrope might decide where to stand and end up on the floor. As a demon lord with my arms wide open underneath me waiting for this guy to fall on me, I couldn't say anything carelessly.

“...There are situations where I can roughly guess, but it would be better to be sure.”



“....”

“First of all... you brought those drugs, right?”

“yes.”

“It was probably for your body.”

A weak body full of aftereffects.

“you’re right.”

“It was probably built by another human.”

Are aftereffects just aftereffects?

Deonhardt’s body is not the kind that can be healed. So, Deon himself wouldn’t have asked for the medicine. He probably was forced to give it to him even though he didn’t need it.

As expected, Deon nodded in the affirmative. The Demon King, who gained confidence, continued to make assumptions in his head.

“I guess the reason you came over here and threw it away is because you were forced to take care of it, right?”

“yes.”

“To just throw away such a dangerous drug... No, no. “You probably didn’t know either.”

Even if I ate it myself, I wouldn’t have felt such a big effect.

Rather, we should pay attention to the person who created that level of medicine. What on earth is it? Judging from the effects, it felt like he was determined to make Deonhardt’s

body better... no, it felt like he had a desperate determination, as if his life depended on it.

‘Did any of the humans succeed in the alchemy they had only talked about?’

It was only for a moment that a trembling feeling crossed my smiling face.

The Demon King, who has an expression on his face again as if he had never done that before, takes a step closer and places a hand on Deon’s shoulder. A light touch, as if comforting rather than pressuring, was delivered to Deon with the intention of reassuring him.

“Okay, as long as it wasn’t intentional, it’s okay.”

“...!”

“You would be very surprised too. “Go in and get some rest.”

“The corps commander’s meeting...”

“Oh, it’s already been this long... It’s okay to take back what I’ve already said... It’s okay to leave.”

Permission to leave, not a command to leave.

There is nothing specifically preventing you from participating in the meeting, so if you miss the meeting like this, you are doing so out of your own volition, so you are not breaking the rules of the game.

‘It’s already been so long... what is it?’

I knew this and said this on purpose.

If his semi-contractor is a snake, then the Demon King is a thousand-year-old snake, or rather, an imoogi. The Demon King, who naturally narrowed the way to participate in the meeting and reduced the leakage of information, said with a grin.

“Ah, if resting here isn’t enough. If you miss the daylight, you can always go to the human world.”

The location tracking stigma is still clearly engraved.

Additionally, he would have earned points for his response to this incident, so there would be no problem if he were sent to the Empire right away.

‘The demon world and the human world are at war, and there are high-ranking beings from both sides going back and forth between the two camps...’ That

would be fun.

Even though he knew that the moment Deon Hart returned to the empire would be the start of an all-out war, the Demon King calmly raised his other hand and touched both of Deon’s shoulders. The evil eye, the symbol of the devil, faced red eyes.

“Instead, I hope you don’t bring drugs or anything like that. “Even if you bring it with you, don’t throw it away anywhere... so you’d better bring it to me right away.”

“...yes.”

\*\*\*

It only took a moment for me to cool off from the talk about drugs.

‘You can skip the meeting...’

What kind of scary words are you saying?

Did you know that I would just be happy? I’m not a clueless idiot. I always wanted to skip the meeting, but I knew that if I accepted the devil’s words and skipped out, I would never get good results.

‘You don’t have to live only for today. You have to look at the future rather than the present.’

Even if I don’t, I feel pricked by my conscience for lounging around instead of working, so why should I even indulge in this? So be sure to participate.

In the grand scheme of things, life is at stake. I participated in the meeting with the enthusiasm of a newbie who had just gotten a job, and...

I regretted it.

‘Yes, if a meeting were held in the current situation, the topic would naturally be this.’

War with the Empire.

...Passion is shit. Let’s not make a fuss and just stay still.

From now on, I am a bean bug. I quietly lowered my eyes, hoping to avoid being noticed by the Demon Lord as much as possible.

\*\*\*

Deonhardt is not stupid. After all, he is a human walking a tightrope between the devil and the emperor, so he can’t be stupid. If I was stupid, I would have died long ago.

The Demon King, who was staring at Deon, who had entered the meeting with his chin tilted crookedly at the head of the table, raised the corner of his mouth as if he could not be seen.

‘You noticed.’

Deon Hardt saw through the devil’s intention to prevent information leaks and participated in the meeting in the nick of time. The proof is that even though he participates in a meeting, he lowers his eyes and shows no interest as if he is not interested. Close your mouth, keep your ears open, and focus on the information coming to you.

Well, actually, it was a situation where I had no choice but to participate even if I didn’t like it. You can’t go back to the empire without any information.

Even so, in a precarious situation where you have to choose a side in the near future, you go back and meet the emperor, but there is no information to give?

‘It will arouse the emperor’s suspicion.’

It was a sensitive time, with monarchs on both sides paying close attention to Deonhardt’s actions. Doubt in this situation could lead to death, so from Deonhardt’s point of view, he had to get something that could answer the emperor’s question and return home in order to survive.

‘I guess I’ll remain neutral for now.’

The emperor won’t just sit back and watch, but how long can he continue like that?

The Demon King has never been pressed for time and is relaxed even in the current situation, but he is not a human

emperor. It seems like he is holding out for fear that Deonhardt's choice will have a negative impact, but in the end, it is human patience. The Demon King was confident that the Emperor would urge Deonhart again as soon as possible.

That too, with the option of killing being considered.

Either join me or die.

'And Deonhardt, feeling the burden, will come to me.'

It is a mask worn for that moment. Deon Hart, feeling the gaze, quietly watched as he turned his head in this direction and smiled at the moment our eyes met.

"—Let's begin the self-doubt. I'm sure everyone has guessed the topic, right?"

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 128**

128. Tightrope walking (2)

The voice was so light that it felt like flying.

On the other hand, the other corps commanders stiffened, thinking that what was coming was coming.

As status was status, there was a lot of information that could be heard even if one stayed still. Was there really no information about the empire among them?

“It looks like the emperor is determined to start a war.”

“In the end....”

Tsk, clicks of tongues could be heard here and there.

There have always been minor conflicts along the border, so the ‘war’ we’re talking about now probably means ‘all-out war.’ Even the corps commanders who liked battle were not happy, and the corps commanders who said they were a little confused narrowed their eyes at the incomprehensible situation.

‘I thought that if I put enough pressure on him by pretending to step forward, he would back down.’

'Is the name of the Demon World only worth that much to humans? Or is the emperor that serious about conquering the continent?'

Has so much time passed that the warnings from the demon world seem ridiculous?

There was no way he could have known why the Demon King had made such a move, but the Emperor ignored the silent warning to stop at that point and instead openly announced that he would go to war with the Demon World.

This is a situation that cannot be avoided since the Demon King is the first to argue.

"...We always covet the land of the human world and are prepared for war in our own way, but from the emperor's point of view, it would be more advantageous not to go to war."

The lifespan of humans is short, and that of demons is long.

A monarch in the human world must care about not only external enemies but also internal enemies, but this is not the case with the Demon King.

The current demon king is so tired that he does not attack the human world first, but the story that he used to be a fierce man and pushed the human world to the brink of destruction is passed down orally among the demons.

As the past shows, in the end, the longer the war took place, the more disadvantaged it was the human world.

Is there some kind of ulterior motive? Idelia, the 4th Corps commander, frowned and spoke.



“If you really want to fight such an unfavorable war... I don’t understand. “I don’t think the emperor I knew was stupid.”

From the emperor’s point of view, the people who divide and scatter at the slightest opportunity are a loss whether he wins or loses.

If we win, it will be a problem to deal with the aftermath of a fierce war, and we will lose the external enemy called ‘Demon World’, which is a means of controlling the empire and the human world, and if we lose... I don’t need to say more.

“If we just remain in a relationship of moderate conflict and retreat, it will help strengthen the imperial power, so why bother...”

I heard that the empire is still in charge of the boundaries that appear in each kingdom. This would mean that the influence of the empire gained through the use of the demon world was great.

The devil himself came up with a contradictory answer to the foolish actions of the not-so-stupid emperor.

“Isn’t there a rough answer? “You want to die.”

“...Emperor...are you going?”

That toxic person?

When Idelia frowned at the incomprehensible answer, the Demon King smiled as if he understood and called out Develania.

“What does Emperor D’Vellania value most?”

“That’s right... it’s ‘responsibility.’”

“What’s higher than that?”

The half-exposed pupils under drowsy lowered eyelids roll over and then close in annoyance.

Develania is the commander of the 2nd Corps in charge of information collection. It was enough to hurt her pride that there was something she didn’t know.

‘Actually, it’s natural that you don’t know.’

The Demon King smiled and gave an answer instead.

“guilty.”

“...It’s called guilt.”

“okay.”

A voice as fluent as a song rang through the space.

“Shall we go over it step by step again? “What was the reason why Emperor Idelia killed her own brothers to ascend to the throne?”

“Because we decided that the cause of the death of the closest brother was a succession battle between them.”

“Yes, but in fact, he was killed by Stave Illuster, the current Duke of the Empire.”

Contrary to the seemingly insignificant words, the content was something that could not be taken lightly. A fact he knew because his anti-contractor was Starbe Illuster.

The conference room is shaking with the truth that I had no idea about. Develania and Idelia had their eyes wide open.

Amidst the confusion, the Demon King spoke leisurely.

“He must have felt a lot of guilt because he had suddenly killed innocent brothers. “How do humans usually behave in times like this?”

“In extreme measures... they commit suicide.”

He runs away by dying under the pretext of atonement.

Information processing is the responsibility of the 4th Corps. Idelia, who had carefully put together the information given by the Demon King, trembled as if she remembered something.

The Demon King smiled cheerfully, as if he was amazed.

“That’s right, but the emperor has responsibilities. ‘Enthronement’ was the problem. Because I was responsible for countless people. In addition, I have to take care of my nieces and nephews and the children left behind by my close brother. Even if you kill yourself, you will be insulting the brothers you killed to ascend to the throne.”

“...Oh, as expected....”

I think I understand now.

Guilt above responsibility. However, this was the plan chosen by the emperor who could not die on his own.

Only then was Idelia able to understand the emperor’s actions of continuing to fight unprofitable wars. For what

reason did they choose an all-out war against the demon world?

“It would be easier if I did my best to take responsibility and then died.”

“To be exact, I’m ‘pretending’ to do my best, but that’s right.”

If you can’t die from guilt, wouldn’t it be easier to die from being weighed down by responsibility? At least if you die while pretending to do your best to fulfill your responsibilities, you will have an excuse even after you die.

In that sense, I must have been happy that the demon world, which I could not dare to attack first due to my responsibilities and status, started to fight. Thanks to this, the possibility of dying has increased. Problems after death would be none of his concern.

“How selfish. Just for that reason, countless people were driven into the battlefield. is not it?”

I rolled my eyes happily as I looked at Deon.

There was no reply, but the Demon King shrugged his shoulders regardless and spoke again.

“Well... what can I do? “He says he wants to die, so I have to kill him.”

“ .... ”

“I’m jealous. “There are enemies who will kill you.”

He was said to be selfish, but strangely enough, the Demon King was able to understand the Emperor. As beings who

have lived for a long time and as the heads of a species, they are similar in that they are unable to kill themselves, if nothing else.

It is the hero's job to suffocate the devil.

"I think it would be fun to see how far a person who is not a hero and only has the fragments can do, so let's just skip it for now."

Idelia's expression became strangely distorted.

"...Are you really...going to fight an all-out war?"

The Demon King nodded lightly.

"Isn't it embarrassing to start an argument first and then back out? "I heard that the 7th and 9th corps commanders on the front lines are already having fun fighting?"

"If we finish fighting moderately like we have done so far..."

"The emperor will once again turn his attention to conquering the continent, and as long as he lives and breathes, he will eventually pour the national power he gained during the conquest into this side, no matter how long it takes. "It will be a tougher fight."

"Why are you so confident that the emperor will succeed in conquering the continent...?"

"Then you don't think so?"

The last words were a question posed not only to Idelia but also to all other corps commanders.

The Demon King asked again, casting his gaze at each of the corps commanders sitting in their seats.

“really?”

“ .... ”

There was no answer.

The Demon King, who knew that he couldn't openly acknowledge humans and chose to remain silent instead of answering, chuckled.

“It's been a long time since we last had a proper war. Think of it as loosening up your stiff body and just enjoy it.”

“Yes, Idelia. “If Trover were here, he would have grabbed me by the collar right away, calling me weak.”

Idelia pursed her lips and remained silent at the sarcasm of the 3rd Corps Commander Ashild.

In the natural silence that came for a moment, the Demon King looked at Deon, who had his eyes fixed on the desk from beginning to end, as if he could not hear anything, and then spoke with secret mischief.

“Perhaps an all-out war will begin when the demon leaves the mission.”

Deon's eyelids fluttered.

“Do you mean to attack while Demon is away?”

“Trying to take advantage of an opportunity when you don't have the best power... That seems like a cowardly thing.”

“Well... let's say so.”

As long as Deonhardt is in the demon world, the emperor cannot make any moves. If he's not careful, his movements

could be seen by Deon Hardt as an act of abandoning me.

It was natural to be cautious, as there was no record of moving troops after considering profit or loss, regardless of whether the life of a general captured in the enemy camp during the war was in danger.

So, if an all-out war starts now that Deonhardt is in the Demon World and there is a very real possibility that he will be on the Demon King's side, it will probably be after Deonhardt returns safely to the Human World Empire.

"In other words, it means that the authority to open the gates to an all-out war is up to us... or rather, the Demon."

You have already handed over your authority by saying that you can return to the human world at any time.

The eyes of the corps commanders were focused on one place. The Demon King also glanced at Deon. Deon, who seemed to feel the gaze, raised his head, glanced at the crowd, and then slowly came up with an answer.

"We plan to start preparing right after the meeting."

"Did you hear?"

"It's too fast..."

Idelia muttered reflexively.

It was a muttering, almost like talking to herself, but to some it seemed like it was an argument, and Lirinel stood up on one side.

"Are you now criticizing Demon's choice?!"

The red brooch on her chest catches the light and sparkles. Idelia looked at Lirinel with bewildered eyes.

“But it’s true that it’s too fast. “We should have time to prepare too.”

“So now you’re criticizing Demon’s choice!”

“...This cult leader...!”

Suddenly, Idelia also got up from her seat.

“stop.”

“....”

“....”

The air in the conference room became cold.

Idelia, trembling and looking at the Demon King’s notice, slowly sits down. Lirinel also rolled her eyes nervously, closed her mouth, and slumped down in her chair.

The Demon King, who had been watching the two’s actions with his expression hardened, glanced at Deon and then bent his eyes like a crescent moon, hiding his pupils. A painted smile appeared on his face.

“It reminds me of preparation. “When have we ever prepared and fought a war separately?”

“....”

Those who thought of the 7th and 9th corps commanders, who were already in conflict with the empire on the front lines, slowly shook their heads.



What are the preparations? The demon world has always waged unexpected wars. Because of this, preparations for battle have been taking place in daily life, so what would be different even if more time was given?

Although it may be the 2nd and 4th corps commanders who deal with information, other corps commanders did not have any complaints because they did not suffer damage due to the short or long time given.

After scanning the silent audience, the Demon King raised his elbow and supported his chin with the back of his hand.

“Still, what Idelia said is not entirely wrong. It would be much better to prepare than not to prepare at all. When the war begins, the 7th and 9th corps alone will not be enough, so I wonder if it would be okay to withdraw operational troops in advance... Let’s see....” The

voice flows out dryly, as if reading a book. A poor plan thrown together to appease the dissatisfied 2nd and 4th Corps commanders.

In addition to all this, the Demon King may or may not have been aware that his crooked head was showing his haphazard attitude toward living life, but with his eyes half closed, a list of corps commanders appeared in his head.

There was only one thing he cared about and put effort into.

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[In other words, it means that the authority to open the gates to an all-out war rests with us... no, with the demons.]

At that moment, all the corps commanders’ eyes were focused on me.

Cold sweat runs down my back from the stinging gaze that I can feel even without raising my head. When I barely raised my head and looked around, I felt like I was going to burst into tears because I was so thankful for the gazes that met my expectations and did not disappoint.

‘...Anyway, now is the time for me to tell you, right? ‘I’m telling you when you’re going to go.’

So I barely came up with an answer.

[...We plan to prepare immediately after the meeting.]

[It’s too fast...]

How scary it must have been to have complaints follow us without even thinking about it. That alone made me feel like my heart was pounding, but when Ririnelle started a fight with the speaker immediately after, I really wanted to be a bean bug.

It was even more so because I heard stories about the emperor that I didn’t want to hear.

‘If you accidentally spill this in front of the emperor, it will be destroyed.’

Even if you show that you know, you die.

Regardless of whether it is useful or not, it will die unconditionally.

‘It’s fortunate that the gap in memory is particularly large in this part... But now, do I have to consciously control my unconscious mind?’

# I'm Not That Kind of Talent

## Chapter 129

129. Tightrope walking (3)

I know the fear of unconsciousness. Just today, didn't you offend him by speaking without filter in front of the Fairy King? Fortunately, it passed without incident, but the Emperor probably won't.

So, I was tightening my heart and liver again to control the size of my heart and liver so that I would not speak out even inadvertently. I was so surprised when things suddenly turned out like this.

Oh, of course, I have no intention of changing my itinerary to the Empire.

'First of all... I made a big deal here...'

I brought in medicine given by the palace doctor and threw it everywhere to strengthen the monsters... I

suddenly became a smuggler of illegal drugs, so the answer is to get out as soon as possible. The Demon Lord himself said he would just let it go, but looking at the moment of bloodshed when he stopped the fight between Idelia and Lyrinel a little while ago, it would be helpful to extend his lifespan by leaving the place immediately and returning after some time.

‘Let’s go to the empire.’

as soon as possible.

As I was once again making up my mind, the Demon King’s voice continued.

“Still, what Idelia said is not entirely wrong. It would be much better to prepare than not to prepare at all. When the war begins, the 7th and 9th Corps alone will not be enough, so I wonder if it would be okay to withdraw operational troops in advance... Let’s see....”

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Deonhardt returned.

The Emperor did not ask Deonhardt, who returned sooner than expected, whether he had ‘made up his mind’.

I just included the content of looking into his eyes and reflecting on the other person in the conversation. And as soon as I realized that Deon’s role had not changed yet, I turned my attention to the other information he had brought me.

‘...Yes, spies during war are also quite useful.’

—, trying to pass it off.

The problem is that the spy is neither on my side nor on the other party’s side, and is a person who may change at any moment... but it’s still okay. You can wait.

Perhaps the Demon King is waiting for my patience to wear out and put strong pressure on Deonhardt.

‘Waiting for Deonhardt to escape to the Demon World.’

If this were to be expressed in Southern terms, could it be likened to opening one's mouth under a persimmon tree?

It's not even funny. The Emperor's patience was not short enough for the Demon King to look down upon.

"So... is that all?"

"This is the only answer to Your Majesty's inquiry."

I know the missions of each corps commander thanks to Deon Hardt asking me about them.

Therefore, the emperor was not very satisfied with the information he had just asked.

"...Ha, the preparations for the war with this empire were so-so."

Not the quality of the information, but the content of the information itself.

The 6th and 12th corps, which deal with demons, carry out their duties as is. The 5th corps, which patrols the entire Demon World, waits at the Demon King's Castle. Even the 10th and 8th Legions, which guard major cities in the Demon World, do not change their missions... Ultimately, they are used in war. The corps means that in addition to the existing 1, 3, 7, and 9 corps, there is up to 5 corps to prepare for unexpected situations.

The 2nd and 4th corps are also used in war, but they only move in relation to intelligence and rarely engage in combat, so they are excluded. Excluding the 11th Legion, since it is one of the few enemies in history that went into battle...

'There are a total of 12 legions... no, 13, but there are only five...'

Isn't this just looking down on the empire?

What is the point of doing this when it is not enough to immediately bring in all the legions except the minimum troops and have them stand by?

The emperor pressed and released the back of his gloved left hand and frowned in annoyance.

"There are degrees of looking at something funny."

"...."

"...Anyway, good job. "You're going to be busy from now on, so it's best to go back and get some rest."

Deon, who had been quietly listening to the words that flowed naturally and could not be ignored, flinched and shook his shoulders, then slowly raised his head. The inexplicable red eyes that reminded me of someone's green eyes rudely looked straight into the golden eyes.

"...Am I joining the war too?"

"okay."

Even if he does not put pressure on himself, the psychological pressure will be considerable if he goes back and forth between the two sides in the war. If you do that, there will be a day soon when you will be able to come down from that awful single line.

It was a tightrope walk that was initially carried out under the generosity of the two monarchs. If he wanted to, he

could have grabbed him by the collar and dragged him down right away, but the emperor didn't do that.

A talented person who does not have sincerity is just a bomb that will surely explode one day.

“...”

“...?”

I gave a confirmation, but no answer came back. The Emperor, who slowly rolled his eyes and quietly observed the extremely expressionless expression without any emotion, muttered faintly as if he realized something.

“So... I guess this is your first time participating in the war since the eight-year war?”

In the meantime, he only experienced a few minor battles and did not participate in the war. Even during the recent war of conquest, Deonhardt was in the demon world.

“Yeah... I've always wanted to tell you something.”

It was such an obvious statement that I almost overlooked it this time, but thanks to that attitude, it came to mind. Should I say I'm glad I remembered it now?

Something you must say to Deon Hardt before sending him off to war.

The Emperor takes a big step forward and closes the distance between him and him. Deon looked in surprise at the opponent who had intruded into his range, but the emperor didn't care and just stretched out his hands and lightly touched both of his shoulders.

“You do better than anyone else when the battle starts, so I don’t have to worry about your physical health, but I think you should medicate the other side in advance.”

So, let me tell you this in advance.

The slow voice fell with weight.

“If someone swings a sword and kills someone, you blame the person who wielded it, not the sword.”

It was really funny. The author, who has taken advantage of that point and continued to walk a tightrope, has not even thought about this.

Is it because this mindset was hardened at a young age? Thoughts engraved in childhood often remain in the unconscious and influence even adulthood, so it is not completely incomprehensible.

If that’s really the case.

“You are my sword. “Isn’t that right?”

“...That’s right.”

As the owner of the sword, I should personally break it.

I don’t know how much impact these words will have, but I know it’s better than not saying anything at all.

“Does the sword feel guilty?”

The emperor, who did not want the sword called Deonhardt to be damaged, willingly opened his mouth.

It’s really foolish. He tells me not to blame him for falling into someone else’s hands because he is a sword, but he



actually feels guilty when he kills someone with the sword.

As if the words were completely unexpected, the red pupils widened in anger. The emperor watched the scene without missing a beat and quietly spoke.

“Everyone who participates in war is the sword of the commander. All the bad karma they accumulate by killing people belongs to the person who created the platform to wield them and belongs to the commander who wielded them. “The commander must also have a superior who influenced him, so ultimately, if you follow the relationship that forms this triangle, there is a ‘monarch’ at the top.”

“ .... ”

“Do you understand? This means that generals like you are without sin when it comes to fighting a war. Killed someone? What should I do since Jim ordered me to kill him? guilty? That should be entirely mine, so why does the sword try to feel guilty? “This is an excess of authority, arrogance, and disrespect for the monarch.”

All the sins they committed on the battlefield are the emperor’s responsibility. So, it would be right for the cost of doing so to also be the emperor’s share.

But how dare something like a sword try to steal its share of the burden?

“I assure you. All the blood and resentment that existed in the eight-year war, that existed in the recent war, and that will arise in the upcoming war with the Demon World are mine. So do not remember the faces of the dead and do not listen to their stories.”

Whether it’s an enemy or an ally.

“Memories are a burden.”

“ .... ”

Looking into the red eyes that were looking at me, the emperor slowly raised the corners of his mouth, which was rare.

“You just have to do as instructed above.”

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Return to the Empire. Before leaving, I called Hien and Ed and asked them a question about the strange plant I had in my bag last time, and then I thought they were going to kill me, so I had a hard time...!

‘Will Edgar grab Hien by the collar and kill him? I asked...’

Anyway, it was resolved safely...

[Did the plant cause any problem?]

[Hmm... Should I say so...]

[I’m sorry. I will pay for my sin by cutting off Hien’s head.]

[No... Why did you cut Hien’s head...]

[Oh, I will sacrifice my head too.]

[There is no need...!]

Safely....

[The plant Didn’t it help you...?]

[It was useful in the end...]

[Then next time...!]

[No, that's a bit...]

It was resolved safely... I ?

Well, I was told that I would be in trouble if I was caught carrying a strange plant around the human world, and I got a promise not to do it again, so I guess it can be said that it was resolved safely.

Anyway, due to the trauma from the monster last time, this time I returned safely to the mansion empty-handed and without any camouflage baggage. Let's put aside the fact that I coughed up blood as soon as I arrived.

'It's a war against the demon world, not any other country.'

It seems like heaven wants to plunge my life to the bottom.

Damn it, now not only the battlefield but also the two camps that are fiercely hostile to each other come and go. It's a bonus that both sides have to worry about what their superiors think.

So, I took stomach medicine instead of snacks and was prepared to go through a lot of trouble as I was busy going from place to place... Should I say that it was as expected or that my prediction was wrong?

It got very busy. In so many different ways.

"Marquis, your hand has stopped."

"ah."

I moved the pen that had stopped and scribbled my signature on the document.

The Marquis's troops are called out... Of course, permission is given... No, the murderers... No, the Lofty Knights are going out... Oh, they're going quite far. I'm happy to give permission... It's difficult for a normal commander to control, so I ask that someone who can lead it come along... I guess I can just send Lien. Somehow, it seems like he wants me, but I just chalk it up to my mood... nope!

I stopped my pen and raised my head. He made eye contact with Dan, who was looking this way as if he was about to point something out again.

"...But aren't we at war?"

"Yes, that's right."

"But why am I not busy?"

"Aren't you busy right now?"

"No... I didn't say I was busy in this way..."

Don't you go to war less often than you think? I was called in a lot in the beginning, but just looking at the current situation, I'm leisurely processing documents... Of course, the location is not the marquis' residence, but the military hut.

"Marquis, I have a mountain of documents to process."

"...Why are you here?"

"At the request of the guard and butler, I monitor the processing of the Marquis' documents... no, supervise... no..." Are

you this bastard?

“Hmm, I’m here to help.”

“It’s late, you bastard. go away.”

“Ah, the story about ‘the Marquis not being busy’ that you mentioned a little while ago.”

It’s obvious that you’re talking back and forth. Who did you learn from?

If I were to change the subject, it would be me who developed my own tolerance by being bullied by Remember a lot. I still can’t defeat Remember, but I’m not at the point where I can fall for this guy who is lower in status than me and less talkative than Remember.

“It seems that His Majesty does not want to send the Marquis to the battlefield. I heard a rumor that you are busier than usual for some reason...” “

So, why don’t you want to send me to the battlefield? It’s not bad, but it feels uncomfortable. Rather, don’t change your mind and turn it off quickly....”

“Now that I think about it, I recently heard a rumor that the fighting styles of the commander of the 0th Legion of the Demon World and the third hero of the Empire, Deon Hart, are similar.”

“Loss...what?”

Ah, I ended up skipping it.

I learned very well from Remember. Damn it.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 130**

130. Tightrope walker (4)

Dan looks at this side and smiles. Her personality changes every time I see something. Did I get used to it that much, or did the Marquis's characters have an influence on his personality?

No, now is not the time to think about that. I put away useless thoughts and glanced at Dan. I didn't forget to keep my expression firm.

"...What is your intention in saying that?"

"I'm just telling you that there are rumors. "I think you should know, Marquis."

"...."

I relaxed my eyes.

I have no idea what this guy is thinking. Enemy or friend? What should I do with this guy who became vaguely close to me, vaguely comfortable with me, and vaguely became my person?

...Even if I think about it now, I can't find an answer. I looked down at the documents again and muttered.

“I’m the only one at peace. “If this place wasn’t a military camp, I might have mistakenly thought the war hadn’t broken out.”

“I don’t think something like that would have happened.  
“The guns of war exploded so spectacularly.”

“...That’s true too.”

Ah, stress.

He quietly took out a handkerchief and put it over his mouth. It is no exaggeration to say that it is a highly absorbent cloth obtained and distributed at the top of the hem, and the blood that comes out quickly seeps into the handkerchief without leaking.

I grumbled to myself as I neatly organized it and put it in my pocket.

‘The frequency of hemoptysis has decreased. It’s no different than before.’

This is all because of stress. Considering that he vomited blood horribly when he was often called out in the early days of the war, there was no doubt about it.

I feel a stinging gaze from one side. When I turned my head, I made eye contact with Dan, who was looking at me with narrowed eyes. That’s right, I was talking to him. How much did you talk about?

...Yes, the guns of war exploded spectacularly.

“The war of words between the two monarchs was very colorful.”

“The appearance was also gorgeous.”

“....”

“I’m kidding.”

“...You’d better keep your distance from Remember.”

I scolded him coldly and grabbed the pen. However, the hand only held the pen and did not move immediately.

The very impressive declaration of war that day came to mind, and before I knew it, I was lost in thought, tapping my fingers on the desk.

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Surprisingly, the Demon King declared war by following a very standard procedure.

I don’t know if this should be considered standard, but since it wasn’t a sudden attack, it can be roughly considered similar.

As if to show off his magical power, he sent video magic across the entire continent, as if he had sold the magic ban he had issued. So that not only the empire but each kingdom and even small rural villages can see this.

As everyone focused their attention on the unfamiliar magic, Jaykar, the commander of the Guernsey 1st Corps, who acted as the Demon King’s agent, appeared on the screen.

– Inform the human world from the demon world.

It was a start that cut out formalities.



- From the perspective of the Demon World, which loves balance and peace, it was judged that the Empire's war to conquer the continent was overheated and dangerous, so it declared war on the Empire in order to prevent the Empire's excessive actions before they destroyed the human world.

Honestly, I burst out here.

Balance... wow and peace... love... so much... the Demon World... A lot of time has passed and the people who fought the war against the Demon World are no longer alive, but it's still not enough to be fooled by such lies. .

Just looking at history books right now...

'... do commoners ever... ever read history books?'

Ahhh?

I quietly covered my mouth. He spewed blood as he pleased and covered his mouth as he pleased, causing an uproar among those around him, asking if he had vomited blood again, but their voices were not heard.

There is no way that commoners, who are satisfied with just eating well and living well, would be interested in history, not from aristocratic families who provide compulsory education about the dignity of nobility and such! Jaykar, no, the Demon King was aiming for this!

- Since the goal is the goal, we are willing to back down and 'give' the empire if it promises not to move any further.

Wow crazy. He just provoked me.

For some reason, Jaykar looked at the screen blankly, feeling like he could know the emperor's expression even without

looking at it. Then, he looked straight ahead again and gently raised the corner of his mouth.

It's definitely the first time I've seen a smile, so why does it look so familiar?

'I know who you were imitating and laughing at....'

The devil.

One thing about her smile is that she smiles pretty and well. Should I call it a smile that relieves tension?

- Are you watching, Emperor? There must be a shaman there too. The Demon King gave permission. If you can, try interfering with this magic and try to answer the question. Since the barrier has been lowered, it won't be difficult.

...It would only work if the words were pretty. Jaycar's tone of voice is a disqualifier.

Rather, it proves that shamans can reach into the realm of magic. The imperial family has a dedicated shaman, so at least you won't have to worry about finding a shaman.

'Then the question is whether the shaman's skills are capable of interfering with that magic and whether the emperor responds to those words...' The

emperor is not one to avoid provocation. I'm sure they'll call a shaman to intervene.

Sure enough, whether it was true that the words about lowering the barrier were true or whether the shaman's skills were outstanding, it didn't take long for the screen in the air to crackle and shake, and soon changed to the emperor's face.

A young man with blond hair and golden eyes, for an emperor, was draping his arms over a book on the armrest of his throne and glaring at the screen as if he were embarrassed.

- I heard you barking. I received new information that demons have a unique way of barking instead of human speech. I have to tell the scribe to record it properly.

Laughter broke out here and there.

Fake laughter to relieve tension. Everyone is probably feeling it. If we are not careful, the empire could become completely isolated from the human world. If that happens, you will have to fight the demon world alone without any support.

So I couldn't laugh.

'I completely dried this up.'

I am confident as I know a little more about the emperor than others. The emperor never gives up on conquering the continent. He'll probably try to hold the sword as long as he still has breath.

In such a situation, what would happen since Jaykar, or rather the Demon King, even provoked the emperor by saying, "I can step down," in case the emperor meekly steps down.

'What choice will our Majesty, who does not avoid an oncoming fight but gladly responds to provocation, choose...!'

Fortunately, the emperor was also smart enough to say directly, 'Are you not going to stop the war of conquest?

Instead of answering, 'Are you going to continue?', I started by pointing out the blind spots in the other person's words.

- The fact that demons love balance and peace is something that will turn the world upside down. If the whole world knows how cruel you are, why do you have the audacity to tell lies? While Jim is showing his face right now, isn't the devil hiding behind the 1st Corps commander and manipulating him? The personality of those who have such a guy as their ruler is obvious even without looking at it.

They put on a good-natured mask and lie often, causing internal division or backstabbing.

"...oh."

"...."

The flow changed again. The distrust toward demons that had been sown for some time becomes fertilizer and sprouts. The eyes of people who were previously filled with anxiety showed determination and vitality.

From the perspective of an imperial citizen, it is fortunate, but I do not understand. It's not like the Demon King doesn't know anything about the Emperor, so why did he allow interference? There's no way I couldn't have expected this situation.

The moment my thoughts went crazy, a new screen appeared right next to the screen floating in the air.

- It's a shame that you hid.

A converse eye in which the white and black colors are reversed. A familiar face with a gentle smile.

It's the devil. It didn't seem like that would happen, but it seems he eventually fell for the emperor's provocation.

It's not just blocking interference, it's creating an extra screen....

'Do you have any magic power left? 'Have you really abandoned the ban on magic?'

- I never thought the emperor would step forward in person. Thanks to you, I got to see your face in person for the first time. Of course, it's difficult to say it in person, but it's the first time I've seen it live and not just a painting... I knew its age, but it looks much younger than I thought. It's really surprising.

- ...You're confusing the point of what you're saying. Was there anything in Jim's remarks that seemed off-putting?

- What do you mean by the binding part?

The Demon King closed his eyes and smiled as if drawn. His attractive appearance, which was not much different from that of a human except for his eyes, shone.

-There is no lie in what we said?

I could hear the maids expressing their admiration.

That was definitely intentional. I intentionally smiled to hide the parts that were different from humans.

"With that face, I can do anything..."

"That person, that demon... is he a demon lord? "I believe it, Demon Lord..."

The emperor seemed to have sensed the intention of that smile and narrowed his eyebrows.

The only way to deal with this is to smile brightly without giving in to the emperor, but there is no way for the emperor to smile brightly. Ugh, I get goosebumps just thinking about it.

While he was wiping away his goosebump-covered arms, the emperor, as expected, chose logic over face-to-face confrontation, and opened his mouth with a growl in his throat.

- This hypocrite...

- Hmm?

- Get rid of that stupid mask because it's disgusting. Did you say that if Jim retreats, the demon world will also retreat? It's not even funny. Did you think that just because so much time has passed since the war between the demon world and the human world, your past actions and remarks would be forgotten? No way!

Voices get louder. The world fell into silence.

The emperor's voice soared high into the sky through the quiet space.

- Knowledge, wisdom, and events that occurred in the past are passed down to descendants through records. Let's take this further to prevent the same mistake! This must be the proof!

I pick up the book I had placed on the armrest and shake it against the screen.

- This is a history book that was sleeping in the library of this palace. There are quite detailed records of the war that took place in the past against the demon world. There was a lot of interesting content. Let's read just a few of them...

He opened the book, found the page, flipped through it, and fixed his eyes on one spot as if he had found the part he was looking for.

- There is a saying that a human king who was cornered during the war desperately cried out. I asked why they invaded the quiet human world. Then the Demon King laughed lightly and answered.

After saying that, the emperor raised his head.

He looks straight at the screen with fierce golden eyes, as if looking at someone beyond the screen, and speaks slowly. A slow but serious voice resonated throughout the world.

- "As a demon, isn't it natural to covet a land where the sun shines?"

For that moment, no one could open their mouths, as if someone had used magic.

Truly an eerie silence.

Even as I was endlessly staring at the golden eyes on the screen, the emperor struck a nail, breaking the silence that seemed like it would last forever.

- In the end, the Empire's actions were just an excuse and an attempt to induce division within the human world, but weren't they originally targeting the human world at will?

– You’re saying you’re making an excuse, but are you sincere when you say that if the empire withdraws, we will also withdraw? Just pretend you’re being fooled and take a step back. If the demon world does not retreat, it will not be too late to move again.

Both monarchs seem to be talking to each other, but they do not forget their goal of inciting and persuading the majority of people watching this screen.

There are probably quite a few people nodding their heads at the Demon King’s remarks that just came out. For example, people from other kingdoms who looked at the empire that was waging an aggressive war of conquest with uneasy eyes, or people who opposed the war against the demon world within the empire.

The emperor, who could not have been unaware of this, did not give up and raised his voice again.

– Right now, I guess. This book also contains stories about the lifespan of demons. It’s so long that it can’t even be compared to a human. So I was able to guess without difficulty. Currently, the Empire is the most annoying opponent in the human world, so it may be their intention to keep it in check and waste time, and then as time passes and a generational change occurs and the Empire declines, they may easily swallow it up... That’s a pretty reasonable guess. In the end, Jim has only two choices given to the current generation of humans.

It was only after hearing the next words that I could understand what the emperor intended when he said those words.

– Do you seek to ensure the safety of your descendants by immediately going to war with the current empire, which is



so strong that even the demon world feels uncomfortable, or do you run away in the vain hope that it will disappear someday and delay it, leading to the extinction of your descendants?

The cause of the war against the demon world has completely changed.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 131**

### 131. Tightrope Walking (5)

This war is not fought simply out of the personal greed of the emperor who could not give up the war of conquest, but becomes a noble war for future descendants.

People feel uplifted by being involved in something noble and great. Would anyone be so crazy about religion that they would sacrifice their lives for no reason? The legitimacy of 'nobility' has that much power.

– So, I'm asking all the people watching right now. What should we do! Should we really gain immediate peace by selling the future for a single word from those incredible demons, or should we gain the future by turning our overflowing national power against them now that the empire is enjoying its heyday?

A boiling voice that makes you forget that it all started with the empire's merciless war of conquest.

As if in response, somewhere out there, 'We must win the future!' A voice was heard shouting.

This is why public speaking is scary. You can calmly discover loopholes in logic by reading and re-reading the text and pondering the content, but in a speech that touches your

emotions and paralyzes your reason, if you get emotional even for a moment, it passes by before you can even think about the content, making it difficult to notice loopholes or contradictions. . Because of this, everyone shows the same reaction as if they are under hypnosis.

‘Besides, once you get into a mood like this, even those who care about reason won’t be able to point out the flaws in logic....’ From

the devil’s point of view, this should be cut off midway. Instead of the internal strife that was intended, it looks like we’ve come together as one.

Just when it seemed like this war of words was going to end on the emperor’s side, applause was heard.

– Clap, clap, clap.

Everyone’s eyes turned to the Demon World side screen, right next to the Empire side screen. There, the Demon King was clapping his hands with the corners of his mouth smoothly raised.

A light voice continued as if cold water had been poured into the atmosphere.

– Excellent. It was a great speech.

– ....

– But. No matter how well you package it, that’s the bottom line, right?

It’s random, but I think I understand why the Demon King allowed the Emperor to interfere with video magic.

- The empire does not give up on conquering the continent.

Because it's fun.

Although they had been fighting a war of nerves all along, they had the opportunity to meet face to face and have a war of words with someone they had never seen before. Of course, I would have been happy to induce it.

"...."

"...."

The heated atmosphere cooled down.

It was a mistake for the emperor to try to deal with logic in the first place. I'd rather face it like the devil....

Just as the devil said. It was transformed into something plausible, but in the end, when you open the packaging, the core message is, 'We can't give up conquering the continent, so let's go to war.' That's about it. Since the Demon World's early speech saying that they would withdraw obediently if the empire stopped the war of conquest was answered with a war, it is only natural to tie it in like this.

'Is it a close match?...'

The emperor's defeat.

Although there is still a little bit of propaganda left, it will be difficult to have the same effect as before no matter what words you repackage, since the devil himself has torn up the packaging like this. It would be difficult to reverse this atmosphere right now.

It's a dangerous situation where you could fall down if you touch it. What the emperor chose in an uncomfortable situation where almost all humans were glaring at him.

- If you look at it that way, isn't that the conclusion of the Demon World side's argument? To keep the empire in check and seize the moment to take over the human world.

He grabbed the other person by the collar and fell with them.

To give another example, instead of throwing away or avoiding a flying fist, you would completely give up your defense and strike the fist in the same way.

A strong will to never die alone!

The Demon King covers his mouth at the unexpected remark, then lowers his head and shakes his shoulders. The laughter, which was barely audible, grew louder as time passed and burst out loud through magic.

- Ha ha ha! Ha ha ha ha ha!! It's really fun!

- ....

- I wonder if this is the first time I've laughed in years! I admit it. You are the best, Emperor! Maybe I would have coveted you before I met him!

I feel like I'm encountering a lot of scenes today that I've never seen before.

The devil laughs out loud. He always smiled like a mask, but this is the first time I've seen him smile so loudly.

...But why do I have chills....

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"I have chills...."

"...Sir."

"Chill...."

"Marquis!"

"Yes? why?"

I quickly woke up from my thoughts and raised my head. I made eye contact with Dan, who was looking at me with worried eyes, wondering when I had approached him.

...It's too close. It's a burden, so please stay away.

"Are you okay? "You keep muttering that you have chills."

"Ah... it's okay."

"Are you sure you're okay?"

"huh."

"Then please complete the paperwork quickly."

"Now that I think about it again, I don't think it's okay."

"If you lie, you will lose your hands... No, this is not it. "It's become a habit."

what?

"Even if you lie, I won't believe you."

"...are you still gambling at the top?"

“What kind of scary words are you talking about? My top was very clear from the start. “We have never done anything like opening a gambling house under the guise of a merchant and collecting commissions or hiring players to steal money from the players, and we will never do anything like that in the first place.”

“...The explanation is very detailed....”

It is better for your mental health not to delve into it.

Dan went back to his seat as if nothing had happened and looked at the documents again, but suddenly something caught his eye and he narrowed his eyes.

“Looking at that document, it doesn’t seem to be mine...”

“Oh, I brought it because I had to process documents related to the upper part... Damn Lowfel upper part! also!”

The crumpled documents were crumpled.

I know that the top of the low-fel is the top that held this floor tightly until the top of the den rose. It was also the reason why Viscount Rowfel was not ignored by the Empire.

It seems like they are rivals with the top of the den now...

“Maybe they started an argument?”

“They signed an exclusive contract first for something we were looking to distribute!”

“Of course, there are a lot of checks... At this rate, it would have been more difficult to get into that floor, so what did you do?”

“Hu huhuhu....”

A sinister smile even at first glance.

“As expected, gambling....”

“I’ll say it again, that’s not it. “We succeeded in distributing Deusa tea leaves, which had always failed, and made customers aware of the existence of Den Sangang.”

“...You’re the same.”

“There was no choice but to break down the monopoly system. This is the bad one. Rather, the Marquis’ hand stopped.”

shit. In the end, do you have to go around and process the documents?

I sighed and moved my hands. I’ll have to take some time to think about this again, so I’ll put it aside...

‘What was I thinking before Dan called me?’

Oh right. I was thinking of the war of words between the Demon King and the Emperor.

What was the result of the war of words at the time?

‘It was probably a draw.’

My mind gradually leaks to other places.

I put down the pen and rested my chin. Dan, who opened his mouth as if to point out something, called out one step ahead and spoke first, blocking his mouth.

“But who won the war of nerves between the two monarchs at that time?”



“Was there a winner? “They exchanged blows with each other, but at the end, they coolly grabbed each other by the collar and fell into the mud together.”

“Is that so too?”

“Yes, he spoke well during that time. Thanks to you, it has become a good textbook.”

“Textbook....”

Are you saying you will develop further from there? I’m really... scared of what kind of hybrid will be born.

I turned my head to look away from him and went back to thinking.

In fact, I was curious about the reactions of the people of the empire, so as soon as the video magic disappeared, I put on my robe and went outside. To conclude, the Emperor could be said to have achieved only average results.

‘No matter what the ending was, there are those who support the emperor’s previous remarks because they make a lot of sense, and those who have bad feelings toward the emperor, thinking that no matter what the previous content was, it means that they will not give up conquering the continent and will start a war with the demon world. The ratio of people who don’t care how things go in the world, and even if they did, would say that it’s not something we can do anything about, the ratio is 1 to 1 to 1... ‘Ah, there was also a person who discussed the Emperor’s personality, pointing out that he liked the Demon King

. Was it there? Well, that person also belongs to the group of people who have bad feelings towards the emperor...

There were people who were curious as to who 'that guy' mentioned when the Demon King burst out laughing, but it quickly died down.

While most people were debating right and wrong, there were people who were uniquely educating others.

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"Did you see it, Paul? That's how you say it. In particular, that one seems to be a war of words between individuals, but its main purpose is to incite the majority, so it will be a very good textbook that can be examined from various angles."

"It's all good, but why bother using the emperor's appearance as a textbook..."

"Whether you like the other person or not, you have to learn what you have to learn."

The content was quite interesting, so I think I stopped without realizing it.

"The devil used a simple method of obscuring the point of his words and then catching us off guard, so let's move on. ... To be honest, the Demon King should be said to be proactive, but he seems unmotivated."

"It definitely seemed like the reaction was based on interest. Even when I speak, it's as if I'm tapping an interesting bug..."

"Is that so?"

Did you? Now that I think about it, the emperor's words were overwhelmingly numerous. Even though the Demon

King could have hung up, he just listened quietly and said a few words lightly.

‘Those few words were heavy enough to be the final blow, but...’

“As you know, the best thing to do in a war of words is to completely defend against the opponent’s attack and counterattack. But there’s no way things could go that easily, right? If defense is difficult, you have to find another way. In the video a little while ago, when the demon called the commander of the 1st Corps said that he would step down if the empire gave up on conquering the continent, what did the emperor, who has a great weakness of never giving up on this, do?”

“... Instead of answering directly... I diverted the conversation. “I attacked by pointing out the loopholes in the opponent’s statement.”

Attack to evade. And then the attack was carried out under the guise of a counterattack.

“that’s right. That’s why it’s important to listen carefully to what the other person says and find loopholes. “If the opponent’s attack is of a type that you cannot respond to, you must attack in return.”

“You can think of this as evading and counterattacking.”

“yes. And yet, when the Demon King pointed out his weakness and evasion became impossible, what did the Emperor do?”

Ah, this is easy.

“I brought down my opponent as well.”

“answer! Do you know why the emperor did this? This is not a simple war of words between individuals. A war of words in front of the majority must never be lost. How many times have I told you about the importance of images? Images really influence a lot of things. The morale of the soldiers, the difficulty of inciting the public, in addition to the individual perception of the speaker...”

The explanation continued one after another.

I don't know what he does, but he teaches really well. The students are smart and answer well.

The wind is cool and the weather is good. I slightly lifted the hood of my robe and raised my head to look at the sky. The sky was so clear that it was hard to believe that there had been a declaration of war by the devil.

‘Ha yeah, fucking declaration of war.’

Now war is really happening. A war not with another kingdom, but with the demon world!

Ah, I suddenly felt like I was under a lot of stress. For some reason, it feels like the speed is getting hotter and hotter...

“Cough.”

Well, it wasn't an illusion. I'm sure you're under a lot of stress.

I thought calmly, wiping the red liquid flowing down my chin with the back of my hand.

...My questions have been roughly resolved, so I should go back now. To my mansion, where documents that I want to throw as kindling await at any moment.

Without thinking, I lowered my head and made eye contact with the man who was teaching the child.

“got it? Silence equals defeat. If it’s a simple argument between individuals, it may be okay to lose, but if other people are watching, even if it means getting stuck in the mud with the other person...”

“...?”

What, why do you stop talking when you see me?

...Oh, maybe it’s because he vomited blood... No, but the hood was almost taken off! You must have seen my face!

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 132**

132. Tightrope walker (6)

I quickly pulled on my hood and covered my face. Nevertheless, the gaze that seemed to have already inferred my identity showed no signs of dropping.

“Brother Daniel?”

“....”

The student who was listening to the explanation also turned around as if he sensed something strange. However, the student's actions were stopped by a teacher named Daniel.

He played with his waist a few times, frowned when he looked at the corner of my mouth, turned around, and patted my back as if to encourage a student to walk.

“Shall we go back and talk about the rest?”

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“Marquis....”

“...Okay, okay.”

I'll take care of the documents. I do it.

Now, I was completely out of my thoughts, nodding my head at Dan's call, which was almost pathetic.

Yes, you can't put off the documents forever. I braced myself and looked down at the paper on my desk... wow, I really don't want to do this. Because of the war, there was more paperwork.

'Is it because I feel so tired that I don't want to do more?'

To come to my senses, I leaned against the backrest and tilted my upper body as if I was stretching. It was almost at the same time that a sword passed before his eyes.

...huh?!

"Mars... Marquis!"

What is crazy! Why is a sword passing in front of my eyes?

I was so startled that I jumped up without thinking, straightening my upper body. I don't know when someone approached me and my delicate forehead was hit by my chin! It was then that it collided with a sound.

"Ugh...!"

"Tsk!"

It hurts... Seeing the sparks flying in front of my eyes for a moment, it looks like I hit it pretty hard... Is the guy I hit going to be okay? That's a chin.

I quickly placed one hand on the desk and rubbed my forehead a few times before raising my head. The attacker, who seemed to have lost all strength in his legs, and Dan,

who was holding a sword to his neck, gradually came into view.

...No, now that I see it, it's not at the level of holding a sword.

'What are you doing... trying to kill someone before finding out who's behind it?'

A blade that has already partially penetrated the flesh.

I looked at the bloody thing with a lot of blood with tired eyes and then turned my gaze to Dan. He noticed this with astonishment, moved his eyes to look at me, then fixed his gaze on the attacker as if he were wary, and muttered in an admiring tone.

"Somehow... You said you had chills earlier and you didn't even bother doing paperwork..."

"Hmm?"

"I guess they did it because they noticed that someone was sneaking in and were on guard."

"Yes...?"

"Surely 'chills' was a signal? 'I'm sorry I didn't notice.'"

That's not true at all... You don't have to apologize... I

rolled my eyes, trying to ignore the throbbing pain in my forehead.

...Yes, because good things are good.

"are you okay. "You may not know."



As time passed, I became more and more shameless.

\*\*\*

Another shadow, who had been hiding and watching this whole scene until the soldiers who Dan had called outside came rushing in and arrested the attackers, muttered after silence.

“There was no need for me to step forward.”

Is he a hero after all?

It was a long time ago, but now I know for sure. He had been aware of those hiding here from the beginning. Even the shadow itself that is hiding like this right now.

I am certain because when I was consoling a subordinate who was blaming himself that he might not know, he glanced at where I was hiding.

‘...It’s nice that I get the public money.’

Did he ask you to protect him from numerous future attackers?

I think they’ll survive just fine without me, but since I’ve been paid, I guess I’ll have to work.

As if not getting tired of the previous failure, the shadow moved towards the attackers who were sneakily approaching again and taunted them silently.

‘Some people want to kill you for money, and some people want to protect you for money... I don’t know what they’re trying to do.’

\*\*\*

I wonder what the hell is going on....

After dumbly watching the situation being neatly organized, I walked shakily and sat down in front of the desk.

I think Dan was happily talking nonsense, asking if he really wanted to work now that he got rid of his annoying gaze... I didn't want to hear it, so I just brushed it off and ignored him.

'Okay, what happened a little while ago never happened.'

Something like accidentally subduing an attacker with a headbutt, or being misunderstood for some reason... In any case, such embarrassing things have never happened again. I'm erasing it from the list of past records in my head.

'...Let's just shut up and do the paperwork.'

This might be the best way to erase random thoughts.

With a deep sigh, I picked up the pen... and then stopped. Because there was a slight vibration coming from the inside pocket.

My face suddenly crumpled.

'I'm already tired, so why now...'

The side where I felt the vibration was none other than the left side.

So, what was in the left inner pocket... was it a 'communication stone'? A communication device that connects to the Demon King.

On the right is a 'communication device' that connects to the emperor.

Either way, it's not the kind of thing you get here. As I quietly got up from my seat to change places, Dan, who had been sorting documents on one side, quickly raised his head and responded.

"Where are you going?"

"Outside for a moment. I'll be back soon so just wait. "Don't follow me."

"...."

"You can't even do it secretly."

"Yeah..."

Leaving behind the suffocating voice, I left the military camp and headed towards a deserted place, sighing deeply.

'What do you want me to do this time?'

It's quiet now for some reason, but at the beginning of the story, when the war between the Empire and the Demon Realm had just begun, I had to take the lead, going back and forth between the two camps to the point where it was really annoying.

Dan said there was a rumor that the fighting styles of the hero Deon Hardt and the Commander of the 0th Legion were similar. It's worth it. Because that's how I acted! Oh my gosh, most of my memories have been blown away!

'If you put me in the lead here, I'll call you from the other side and put me in the lead too! 'Do you even compete with something like this?'

It's not a child, it's really too much.

Thanks to this, our crazy dogs and members of Legion 0 are fiercely competitive with each other as the vanguard of each faction. Watching them wait for the day when they can properly face each other without even knowing that the leader is the same... Ha... ‘

... Wait, are you really holding yourself back because of those rumors?’

The brisk pace stopped and suddenly slowed down.

There are limits to suppressing rumors, so the only way is to reduce the frequency of using myself. It would be better to at least avoid putting yourself in the lead.

‘So...’

That’s why I’m stuck in that document hell!

I gained enlightenment. Damn it.

...Anyway, there won’t be anyone around here. I didn’t feel like he was being popular, but I looked around just in case, muttered something meaningless and told him to turn off, and then took the communication seat out of his pocket.

“Yes, I received the message.”

- Ah Deon. I’m sorry you’re busy, but why don’t you just walk northwest from where you are now? It’s not that far, probably an hour at four paces.

Suddenly...? Plus 1 hour...?

No wait. If you’re northwest of here... you’re pretty close to the front line. Since my camp is located in the rear... to be

exact, it will be in a remote location about 15 minutes from the border.

‘These demons... Even though there are few battles on this border and the atmosphere is passive, isn’t that too much?’

Do you want to know where it is and move there? What should I do if someone catches me in the middle?

There aren’t even exact coordinates. If you move in the wrong direction and suddenly appear at the border line where you are in confrontation, it is the end!

You could say that it’s difficult to find a direction, but because the boundary line exists in the mountains in the first place, it is difficult to determine the exact direction, and the terrain is uneven, making it difficult to move in the desired direction. Going straight makes no sense.

– Don’t worry about getting lost. If I go in the wrong direction, I’ll let you know.

“Ah, location tracking... I understand. But for some reason...”

I told Dan I’d be back soon, but I guess I’ll have to hurry.

I rubbed the brand on the side of my neck above my collarbone with my thumb and diligently hastened my steps.

– Oh, didn’t I tell you? Sorry I was surprised. I’m a little out of it these days.

“no.”

I think I didn’t say it on purpose.

– Are there any weapons before that?

“yes.”

- That’s it then. It’s no big deal.

Look at this. You’re not saying it on purpose.

When it comes to weapons, I take them with me. They are fully armed. Even though the opponent is from the Demon World, for some reason, attacks have become more frequent these days, so even when I go to sleep, I sleep with the bare minimum of preparation.

There are so many people who would target me just because it is the emperor’s favorite sword, so even if I pass over this side, it would be hard to deal with even a single Demon World, but it is a bit surprising that he has so much leeway to attack a fellow human. I don’t know who it is, but I really want to see your face.

‘...More than that, I’m anxious because you didn’t tell me the reason.’

I just keep pretending it’s no big deal.

...Are you sure you’re trying to kill me?

‘really?’

Should I go back now?

Suddenly, the steps stopped. I stood there, lost in thought. If I wanted to, I could immediately go back without following his words, but I couldn’t... ‘

....’

I belatedly became aware of the stigma I was still touching with my thumb and took my hand away.

...I'm not sure he's the enemy. I am in a position where I cannot be the first to act carelessly.

'...This idea is sealed.'

The thought of becoming deeper and heavier was blocked at some point.

What was I thinking? As I was reorganizing my memories, the Demon King carefully spoke as if soothing me, wondering what he had read from my stationary position and silence.

- No, it's really not that big of a deal. Rather, I was afraid that you would be disappointed and try to go back... so I didn't tell you.

"...."

- If you don't believe me, I'll tell you. Instead of listening and not going back?

"...I will listen first."

-There is a group of monsters at the destination. It's not that much and you can easily organize it on your own... so

it's working fine.

- Deon? Why are you going back...is it because it's so boring? Are you annoyed because I called you for something trivial?

"...."

- I ask for your understanding. I think it would be a good idea to get rid of it in advance because of the location, but it would be a waste to send troops separately...

I don't think it would be a waste. You're saying you're going to send me as a sacrifice, right?

If he had seen my rotting expression, at least he would have stopped talking. The calm voice of the devil, who had no way of knowing what I was thinking, continued.

– Wouldn't it be much more efficient to send one of you and divert the troops to go there to the other side? Moreover, it seems like if we move our troops now, we will create unnecessary vigilance. The emperor is sensitive these days.

“ .... ”

– If it's bothersome, you can just scare it away. The problem is not the 'monsters' but the 'location' where the monsters are. What kind of variable would it be because it's so close to the borderline?...

Where on earth do the humans who scare the monsters live?

First, I corrected my direction again, moved, and got lost in thought. The sound of the Demon Lord's relief heard through the communication seat was so annoying that I cut off the communication.

'If I take a wrong turn, I'll contact you again. Rather...'

...It's not that I don't understand the Demon King's situation at all. It's pointless and a waste of time to fight here.

This borderline where I am now is the borderline located furthest from the capital within the empire. This means that there is no reason for the Demon King's army, which has already selected and pounded several nearby border lines, to advance through here.



Even if you move with the purpose of striking the rear, the news will spread before you even reach your intended location due to the distance.

‘No matter how much the goal is to deal with monsters, if you send troops here...’

The emperor, who can’t just sit there and watch, will send troops to not be outdone. Meaningless conflicts may occur.

However, it is difficult to leave the monsters alone because they are a species that attacks and eats both humans and demons. Since it takes manpower to even constantly watch and monitor the situation, it would have been cleanest to send me in to handle it.

‘I’m not strong...! I’m weak...!’

That’s also when I was strong.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 133**

133. Tightrope walking (7)

...I'd better go back as expected. I know that disobeying the words of either of the two monarchs in the current situation is a dangerous action that could put one's life at risk, but wouldn't it be right to avoid death at hand? If I leave the death that comes after that to my future self, things will work out somehow.

'My life has never been like a candle in the wind.'

It's been like this ever since the day we went to war, so there's nothing new about it.

'I' felt a sudden surge of stress and closed my eyes tightly. My complicated mind became clear and my mental fatigue went away a little.

'Oh, I'm craving medicine. Even alcohol...'

I've always been like that, so even though I quit taking drugs a long time ago, I wonder why I crave it so much these days.

Anyway, let's go back first. As I made that decision and turned around, a vibration came from the communication box I had in my arms.

‘what? Did I take a wrong turn?’

I think I got the direction right....

With a brief question, I took out the communication table. As soon as I connected the communication, what I heard was a short groan that sounded like pain.

“What... did I take a wrong turn?”

– no. Deon better get ready. The work may end sooner than you think. The monster is moving that way now.

“...yes!?”

I was trying to run away now.

The ground shakes slightly, as if to let you know that it is already too late to run away. ... Yes, I was at a level that I could handle on my own. Let me see your face somewhere.

I turned my head to find the source of the vibration. I could see a tree on one side crashing down, revealing five or six large monsters.

...Haha.

‘Is this something I can handle on my own? I’m serious?’

How high did you rate my level?

They say there aren’t that many of them, but that number is definitely smaller than the other groups of monsters I’ve encountered so far.

It’s small, but...

‘He’s no joke!’

The tree is broken! I didn't mean to destroy it, I just moved it!

After silence, I barely opened my mouth. Even so, my voice did not tremble and I calmly called out to the other person.

“Demon King?”

– Oh yeah. If you leave the communication seat on, it will be a distraction, right? I'll hang up first. Please contact me when you're finished organizing.

Pop.

....

“Shii...bal....”

The hand holding the communication seat suddenly gained strength. I wanted to just throw it away and vent all my anger, but...

I quietly lowered my gaze. The communication seat is fine, but only the hand that gave strength has turned white and is trembling, a pitiful sight.

After taking a quick look at it, I relaxed my hands and put the communication stone in my arms.

Yes, living comes first. Even though my body is already weak, I can't relax my strength in unnecessary places.

“Okay, let's see who dies, you bastards.”

I took out my familiar dagger and glared at the guys running towards me.

And I remember my head gradually rising as the distance got closer...

‘Did I go crazy when I realized how ridiculously large it was?’

I don’t remember anything after that.

\*\*\*

They also failed to kill Deon Hart. Some of them were even eliminated by an unknown person before they could reach Deonhardt.

The duke quietly crumpled the note he was reading in his hand and raised the corners of his mouth. His gaze rose and he made eye contact with the other nobles standing in front of him.

...It’s annoying, but dealing with them should be a priority right now.

“So... why did you come to me without any message?”

That’s how many people do it.

I moved my eyes from left to right and slowly looked at the people in front of me. Familiar faces. If they weren’t from the aristocratic faction, they would have been kicked out right away.

While I was swallowing my subtle regret with my tea, one of the people who had been sitting on the sofa watching me mustered up the courage to boldly open my mouth.

“I think the emperor is crazy.”

“oh.”

That's too bold.

It's not completely wrong, but it's not something to say out loud like this. Should I say that it is fortunate that we inherited the users in advance?

I slowly put down the glass I was holding. Once I took the attitude of listening, others seemed to gain courage and began to raise their claims loudly.

"From the beginning, it was a war at a disadvantage for the empire. Even if you win or lose, it's still a loss."

"We have to stop it now."

"It is still early in the war, so it is not too late."

It is true that it is a war at a disadvantage for the empire, and it is true that it is a loss whether it wins or loses. If you can block it, it's right to block it, but...

The duke lifted his delicate hand and placed it on his chin, tilting his head. Her purple hair flowed to the side as she moved.

"What is the reason you come to me and make your claim?"  
"All I have to do is give advice to His Majesty."

"The emperor... doesn't you know?"

Well, that's true.

Even if you rebuke, it's lucky if your head doesn't fly off. Because the emperor is especially merciless towards the noble faction.

"...great. "You insisted that we should stop it, but is there any way to do it?"

“that.”

“For your information, this war has already occurred. Even if you want to stop here, there is a possibility that the Demon Lord will not accept it. “It will have to be a plan that takes all of this into account.”

Even so, I am on edge after hearing some unsatisfactory news. If the plan you come up with is clumsy, it would be a good idea to be prepared.

The Duke smiled brightly as he put the crumpled note in his clenched hand into the remaining teacup. The nobles, who sensed something ominous, trembled as if they were not completely oblivious.

Still, I opened my mouth to see if I was in the room I had brought with me.

“I’m going to hit the emperor’s... neck.”

Unfortunately, it wasn’t a very good method.

The duke stopped and couldn’t believe his ears at the sudden suggestion of treason.

“...I beg your pardon?”

“The Demon King said that he would retreat if the empire made no further moves. But the Emperor is a warmonger. Rather, they welcome the war against the demon world and have no intention of stopping it. So...”

“—You will stop the war by beheading the emperor?”

“If we hand over the emperor’s head to the devil, won’t the devil know what we mean and retreat?”

“Ha...”

That’s stupid.

As he was looking at them, the duke felt like his head was pounding for no reason, so he quietly closed his eyes. Negative emotions such as anger and irritation boil over, but then subside under the pressure of cold reason.

Perhaps due to the aftermath of the rapid emotions that soared to the point of explosion, a voice close to lament came out weakly.

“Why don’t you know that that’s what the Demon King wants?”

“...yes?”

“Have you ever thought about why the Demon King said that when he declared war?”

“yes? “That’s right...”

He trails off. I tried waiting for a while just in case, but there was no answer.

That really is a noble of the empire.

“Of course it led to internal strife, didn’t it? Aiming for division within the human world and division within the empire! “The devil is trying to create strife against humanity!”

Oops. Voices rose unexpectedly.

The Duke wiped his face and lifted the teacup in front of him, then found the note he had put in a moment ago and calmly put it down. I can’t call the employee because of the



topic we're talking about right now, so I have no choice but to endure it.

The brief silence that had fallen for a moment was broken by a calmer voice again.

"You must have learned history with the basic knowledge of an aristocrat."

"Yes, yes... of course..."

"Then you understand. "What was the cause of the majority of countries failing?"

"...."

There is no answer again.

This country is bad. Even if it wasn't because of the monarch, it was because of his subjects. Even the emperor knows the importance of history, so where did such stupid nobles come from?

As I once again see the shortcomings of the hereditary system before my eyes, I feel the urge to wholeheartedly support those calling for revolution. Of course, it's just a fleeting impulse.

The duke sighed and calmly answered.

"It's an internal dispute."

"Ah...."

What is 'Ah....'?

Of course, the proportion of countries that collapsed due to foreign powers has increased due to the current emperor,

but ultimately, throughout history, the cause of the fall of almost all countries was internal strife.

“On the outside, it may seem like it collapsed due to foreign forces, but if you look into the details, there were many cases where it was already in a precarious state due to internal strife.”

When a country is in trouble due to internal strife, another country suddenly touches it and it collapses.

“But... dividing the nobles into various factions and fighting against each other has been the practice since before this country became an empire. According to what the duke said, this country will soon...”

“Oh my god.”

You can't even tell the difference between political confrontation.

A sigh comes out of nowhere. The duke looked at them in bewilderment, not even thinking about removing the hair that had flowed down like a curtain.

“...Who said confrontation was bad? “Political confrontation is a natural and natural phenomenon that inevitably appears in order to achieve better results.”

“Then, just now...”

“However, the confrontation and the replacement of the emperor must be done depending on the situation. Even if such a thing were to be done while the country was still intact, would it be dangerous to engage in a confrontation in a situation where there is a threat from foreign powers? “That's crazy.”

How many times does your blood pressure rise today? There are limits to suppressing with reason.

The duke raised his hand, pressed his forehead, and spoke quietly.

“All nobles have a basic obligation to protect their country, whether politically or militarily. No matter how divided our factions are, if a foreign force attempts to invade, we must join forces to drive them out. “The fight is what comes after.”

Who do you think you are eating well and living well right now?

Protecting the people of the empire is the number one duty of nobles and monarchs. Out of frustration, sharp words well up in my throat.

I swallowed them hard, placed my clasped hands on my crossed knees, and smiled brightly at those who were just looking at me.

“The words leaked to a slightly different place, but you understand now. This means that the thoughts the monks have now were induced by the devil. How can you believe the devil’s words in the first place? There are rumors throughout the continent that demons are prone to lies. “Even if you hand over the emperor’s head and receive a promise of peace, will they protect you?”

“ .... ”

“So, in the current situation, beheading the emperor is consistent with destroying this country and handing over the human world to the devil. “Do you want to wear the

crown alone in a collapsed country and play the role of a master with no one to cater to you?"

Of course, before you can even play such a meaningless game of house, you will already be dead and only corpses will be lying around.

Anyway, I think I understood it correctly as intended. The nobles, whose faces turned pale, hurriedly waved their hands.

"Oh no."

"We were foolish."

"...Your Majesty has said this over and over again. It is a sin for the person standing on top to be foolish. "I think you need to know why history is one of the basic skills of nobles."

I thought they wouldn't leave me alone if they came with a clumsy plan... but when they came up with a plan that was stupider than I could imagine, I lost my strength.

The duke, who was suddenly tired, raised his hand and gave the order to congratulate the guests.

"I also need to find out the truth about the rumor about the Honorable Marquis Adeon Hardt's vampire theory..." "

...Please leave."

"yes yes!"

In the space left behind after the people who were watching hurriedly left, he remembered the note he had been looking at before those stupid nobles arrived.

‘Attacks always fail, and poisonings fail because people either overthrow the poisoned food by pretending it was a mistake or detect it before eating it...’

In addition, there is the protection of someone whose name is unknown.

In addition to formidable skill, unbelievable luck. To be honest, I’m a little disappointed, but...

‘...Whether it’s luck or skill, if I keep pushing until I succeed, it will happen someday.’

Because his thoughts had not yet changed, the duke did not withdraw his initial request for murder, telling him to try until he succeeded, saying he would give him as much money as he wanted.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 134**

### 134. Tightrope Walking (8)

The bet between the Duke and Cruel, which had been postponed for a while due to Deonhardt's absence to go to the Demon World under the pretext of a mission, began as soon as he returned to the Empire.

The loser makes a bet where the first person to kill Deonhardt who grants the winner's wish wins.

'You survived today too.'

Cruel, who received a note reporting how many attacks were made, how many poisoning attempts were made, and how they were resolved, quickly closed his eyes while calculating how many times Deon was at the risk of life and death in one day.

'thank god.'

But the duke won't give up just because of this level of failure.

That is why the request was entrusted indefinitely.

Even though it was clear that money was leaking out of his pockets, Cruel did not give up on the request to protect Deonhart, knowing that the operation was persistent.

\*\*\*

The Duke requested murder, and Cruel requested protection. Also targeting the same person.

When the emperor was reported this fact, instead of saying something right away, he sat down, lowered his eyes halfway, and raised his hand to smooth the corners of his eyes.

Golden eyes wander here and there, seem to focus on empty space, and then hide under the eyelids. The emperor pulled out his dagger with the dexterity he had become accustomed to.

Phew!

“...Whew.”

The gaze of Nemeseus, who was standing still, landed on the emperor’s pierced left hand.

The Emperor exhales slowly while holding the handle of the dagger, opens his eyes and pulls it out. As blood spurted out from the affected area with an eerie sound, Nemeseus familiarly approached and began treatment.

A sneer appeared on the emperor’s lips as he held up the dagger with his right hand and picked up the document he had put down for a moment, leaving his left hand to him.

“...okay. “They want to kill one and protect the other.”

Two people who are seemingly on the same side.

Deonhardt even hates those who try to protect him with all his heart, so what should I say about this?

The story involved was too heavy to be considered funny, and the emperor was not given the right to take it seriously.

I forced my mouth, which wouldn't open easily, to open it.

"Really...."

"...."

"It's an unfortunate fate."

This is not something I should say as a person who had a hand in that unfortunate fate.

Since when did the emperor start talking about qualifications? He shamelessly commented on this laughable comedy and turned to the next document.

"The treatment is not over yet. "Please remove your hand."

"...It's become a habit."

Without realizing it, I withdrew my hand from reaching for the affected area on my left hand.

Ignoring the gaze of Nemeseus following me, I focused my eyes on the contents of the next document. This document also did not contain very good content.

Words filled with sighs flowed out.

"Again?"

"...."

"It doesn't seem like you're getting tired of it. "I guess I'll use the time to spread rumors like this to think of ways to deal with the demons."



There is a rumor that the fighting styles of the Demon King's Army's 0th Legion commander and the Empire's hero Deonhardt are similar.

Both of them have their faces covered, use daggers, and adhere to a brutal fighting style, so suspicion is reasonable. It is the emperor and the devil's job to remove these suspicions from the beginning.

"As always, handle it quietly."

"...."

The hand that was wrapping the bandage stopped.

The emperor, who felt strange that there was no sign of completion of the treatment no matter how long he waited, let alone an answer, raised his head and saw Nemeseus, who was not willing to avoid his eyes, stared into the golden eyes for a moment and then slowly began to speak.

"...May I dare to ask if the two are really unrelated?"

"...."

Until now, he had done everything he was told without asking any questions, but for the first time, he was asking questions about this rumor.

I'm sure you've had quite a bit of trouble yourself. The emperor could not easily tell a lie, so he remained silent for the time being.

Silence descends along with a strange sense of tension. The silence, which was derived from a war of nerves that was not a war of nerves as they stared at each other for what

felt like an eternity, was broken when the emperor fixed his gaze on the documents again.

“Jim... didn’t allow questions.”

The emperor did not answer lies.

“...I apologize.”

The general realized the meaning behind those words.

The emperor, who was about to add something to that, looked at the signal from the communication device and raised an eyebrow.

This communicator must be connected to Deon Hardt.

‘What’s going on? Because of the rumors, I haven’t given any special missions yet.’

Did something happen?

He stretched out his hand and grabbed the communicator and softly gave a command.

“Go away.”

“...yes.”

\*\*\*

Only one guy gets it right.

If you cruelly kill them in front of their eyes as an example, even those damn big monsters will get scared and back off.

Deon’s eyes rolled back and he twirled his dagger as he looked at the guys running towards him, then raised the

corners of his mouth with a grin.

‘I heard that the monsters are increasing exponentially, and it seems like that’s true.’

I thought that as long as I had this brand, I would never be attacked by a monster. How hungry must he have been to think of attacking me?

Hunger enough to overcome the demon lord’s energy felt from the brand. The fact that it was alone, separated from the group, and that it was small and formidable in appearance must have removed their hesitation.

“You can’t do that.”

The bright red eyes sparkle with madness.

Everything else is fine. Even if something more is added to this weak body, nothing will change. As long as you don’t come across as easygoing, it’s okay to vomit blood, get stabbed somewhere in your body, and have your limbs fly off.

but.

“You can’t do that.”

It is not enough to appear easy-going.

After making a name for himself in the Eight Year War and making a rather extreme appearance in his first meeting with the Demon King, no one in either the human world or the demon world looked down on him.

So it’s been a long time since I felt this way. It didn’t matter to the monsters I met before without the stigma, as it was

natural for them to rush at me, but now that the stigma exists, their actions mean that I look easy enough to ignore the demon lord's energy.

"Come on, kids. "It's been a while since you touched my stomach."

I will kill you very well.

The dagger spins, and the thumb folds and unfolds several times as if it were going to use the handle. Deonhardt, throwing away any thoughts of safely returning, smiled brightly and opened his arms to greet his opponent.

\*\*\*

The monsters run away in fear. If anyone in the human world had seen it, they would have been shocked and thought it was impossible. To humans, 'monsters' that are stronger than a certain level are those that will flinch at the opponent's strong inaction but will not run away.

I stood firm and watched their backs, and only collapsed when they completely disappeared from sight.

'It hurts...'

My wrist hurts. The sides too. My legs also hurt as if all their muscles had been torn. There was a fishy, iron taste in my mouth, as if I had vomited blood. When I looked down, I saw that most of my top was stained red.

When I came to my senses, I realized how absurd it was to see that my body was in this state. I don't remember, but I think I know what I did. It's the only thing that can destroy my body so delicately.

‘It was quite a dangerous situation for me...’

It was the only way to do it once while still in a normal state.

Drawing on and using power beyond physical limits.

‘Or maybe I panicked and used the technique recklessly...’

It was natural that my body, which couldn’t withstand it, was destroyed.

...No matter what the situation, going back is the priority. I was away for too long.

Strengthen your legs to get up from your seat...

“...Huh?”

I looked down at my legs dumbly and then gave them strength again. I only feel sharp pain and no strength.

I did not give up and tried to strengthen my legs several times to get up, but as soon as I could barely take a step, I fell hard and ended up hitting the floor with my throbbing wrist.

It hurt so bad that I rolled on the floor without a sound.

“Haha, I’m screwed.”

Although I expected it to some extent.

Should I crawl too? What is the distance from here to the military camp? What if the monster comes again in the meantime....

I was lying down on the floor and staring blankly at the sky, then a thought crossed my mind and I suddenly raised my

upper body.

‘Let’s report it to the Demon King first...!’

And you’re asking me to do something about it! To take care of a light human, it’s enough to send just one demon rather than multiple troops!

I put my trembling hands in my arms and rummaged around, perhaps because of the pain or something else.

So... I’m in a daze right now, probably because of the aftereffects of the battle, but... the ‘communication seat’ was on the right, right?

\*\*\*

– Mission completed. I plan to return to the Empire right away, but I am injured and have difficulty moving. I would like to ask you to send just one demon to help me.

“ .... ”

Communication was cut off.

The emperor, who had been looking down at the ‘communicator’ while leaning loosely in his chair, stood up.

Without saying a word, I put on my cloak and took my sword. After taking a quick look at my condition, I went outside and Nemeseus, who had been waiting a little distance away, approached me. The emperor stopped him, who was accustomed to following him, and summoned another soldier with a wave of his hand and ordered him to do so.

“Bring a first aid kit and a set of clean clothes.”

“yes!”

Nemeseus, who was quietly watching the scene, suddenly spoke.

“Where are you going?”

“walk.”

Even if you provide a first aid kit, there is no way you would take clean clothes with you just to go for a walk. I even prepared a horse, but how could this be a walk?

...But there must be a reason for me to go for a walk.

Normally, he would have retreated as he wished, but this time, Nemeseus, who had been silent for a moment because of what wind was blowing, opened his mouth in an attempt that would not work.

“|...”

“That’s it. “Don’t follow me.”

Of course, it was cut with a single knife.

The emperor gathers the prepared items and turns around without regret. The hem of his cloak fluttered in time with his movements.

The general watched his retreating figure and calculated which direction he was going, then realized his disloyalty and closed his eyes.

\*\*\*

The monsters caught me lying down a little while ago. It looks like they couldn’t completely chase it out in the end.

Yeah... these guys are simple and one feeling doesn't last very long. It is natural that persistent hunger is more influential than a moment of fear.

'Wait a minute, isn't this almost a mission failure?'

I should have chased away the monsters and left. That way, monsters that haven't gone far don't know where I might be wandering around, so they take precautions and run far outside the area that is inferred to be my territory.

The mission failed, my body was damaged, and now my life is in danger...

haha. I laughed as I looked at the monsters running towards me with a confident spirit.

'Good.' very good.'

Of course, this is irony.

I summoned my will based on my survival instinct and managed to stand up, ignoring the pain I felt in my legs.

Perhaps because of the pain, my vision became blurry, but if I waited a little longer, it would return to normal. Dripping cold sweat can't be helped, but you can hide your facial expressions. Holding the dagger, I pretended to be as nonchalant as possible and fixed my gaze on what I could infer was the front.

As if the aftereffects of the fear from earlier had not completely gone, I felt the footsteps that had been relentless for a moment slow down.

'Just go like this... please. huh?'



Otherwise, you'll die. I.

Despite my expectations, the sound of footsteps became faster again as if it had never happened before. The vibration of the ground beneath my feet conveys their harsh energy to me.

The hazy vision slowly cleared and the world began to appear on my retina. The first thing I saw through my blurry vision was the monster that had arrived right in front of me —

Suddenly!

—It was a sword that cut it like cutting tofu.

‘...Are they demons sent by the Demon King?’

I blinked blankly for a moment, then moved my gaze along the hand holding the sword and looked at its owner.

Brilliant blonde hair and golden eyes like a beast. A very familiar atmosphere.

“Uh...”

Why are you here...?!

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 135**

### 135. Tightrope Walking (9)

The emperor, who glanced at me in suppressed astonishment that leaked out like a groan, jumped off his horse, scanned the remaining monsters, raised his sword, and lightly slashed from left to right. At the same time, the upper and lower bodies of the two animals were separated.

‘Someone almost died...’

Once again, I can feel the emperor’s skills.

The rest of the arrangements were done in an instant. In the quiet forest, he lightly swings his sword to shake off the monster’s bodily fluids, puts it back in its sheath, and looks back at me.

“...For someone who has difficulty moving around, he looks better than expected...”

“...Ah, glory to the empire...!”

“I guess that’s not it. Was it miasma?”

While trying to say hello in a hurry, he picked up the body that was collapsing as if pulling out a radish.

...Since he held my arm, I guess I can see him as a supporter, right? But why am I so embarrassed?

As I was hanging on by one of his hands, the emperor, who was silently looking at me to see what he was thinking, slightly raised the corners of his mouth and spoke leisurely.

“This is my first time meeting you like this. Isn’t that right, Commander 0 Corps?”

“...!”

“It looks like you confused the communicator and communication seat. Both are magic stones, so it’s easy to get confused, but it’s better to be careful next time. “Does a spy have to be this sloppy to be useful?”

The communication seat was on the left...!

It feels like all the blood in my body is draining out. The world, which had barely found its color, turned white again. My face is probably whiter than anything else in the world right now.

As if my stress had exceeded its limit, something hot surged up inside my body without any time to suppress it.

“Wow...! “Cough!”

“Is this an internal injury or a curse...”

He clicks his tongue softly as he looks at the red liquid dripping down my chin and slowly sets me down on the seat.

The emperor looked down at me with eyes that I couldn’t tell what he was thinking, and soon he opened his mouth as

if he had discovered something strange.

“My eyes aren’t focusing well.”

“Ah... this is....”

“Now that you have an excuse, just answer this. “Is this temporary or a permanent injury?”

“This is a temporary phenomenon.”

“That’s... fortunate.”

“....”

It was an ordinary voice, just a little slow and nothing special, but I had to do my best not to show the fear that washed over me like a tidal wave.

‘I almost died...’

A moment ago, the emperor’s mood was one of measuring the usefulness of objects rather than treating people.

If I had answered that it was a permanent injury, I would have died right here. If you lose your eyes, your usefulness as a spy drops and you almost lose your combat abilities. The emperor is not one to keep a broken sword in his hand out of affection. This is probably the same for the Demon King as well.

As I was calmly breathing to calm my pounding heart, a bundle was thrown right next to me.

“Clean clothes. “It looks like he came out secretly. If he went back like that, wouldn’t there be an uproar?”

“Oh, thank you.”

“And...”

The emperor paused for a moment while handing me the bandages and medicine, looked me up and down, and sighed.

“...It’s almost like my vision is blurry. Do you know that blood is flowing from your side right now? “It’s almost flowing like water.”

“yes...?”

Oh right. When I was assessing my body condition, I felt pain in my side.

I lowered my head slightly. As if he had overlooked it because his entire clothes were stained red, he later saw the affected area bleeding through the torn clothes.

The front turned white not because of the pain, but because there was a lack of blood.

“The wound... looks like it was cut out. Why is that? Was it difficult for you to come to your senses because of the curse?”

“....”

“Or could such a wound have been caused by a monster attack?... It looks like you let your guard down.”

How are the difficulty of coming to one’s senses and the shape of the wound as if cut out?

And why don’t you think it might be a lack of skill? The Demon King and the Emperor... how highly do they rate my skills?

The emperor looked at me blankly for a moment, wondering how he could handle being speechless from the absurdity, then took out disinfectants and hemostatic agents, lined them up, and took out a bandage.

“Anyway, it would be best to get treatment quickly.”

“Yes, thank you...”

“Take off your clothes. No, the wound may open in the process of taking it off, so it would be better to just cut it.”

“...yes?”

“Stay still. “If you’re not careful, you could end up with one more wound.”

No, no, I’m going to die if I don’t! Are you going to cut my clothes off with that scary-looking sword? You’re not cutting me too?

‘That’s the sword that was cutting monsters just a little while ago! I just don’t want to get treatment. Please don’t push that in...!’

Save your life....

The opponent is the emperor, so you can’t run away. As I looked at the emperor holding the sword with trembling eyes, I eventually gave up and closed my eyes.

Please don’t cut me in two...

The brutal treatment is over.

Until I picked up the sword, I thought I was going to die like this, but fortunately, after cutting off my clothes, they treated me well as usual. Should I call this surprising?

“Thank you...thank you.”

“Now that we’ve said hello, let’s get dressed.”

After fiddling with his neatly bandaged side as if curious, he took out a clean shirt from the bundle the emperor had given him and put it on his arms.

The Emperor, who was standing a step away with his arms crossed and watching me button my shirt, opened his mouth.

“I buttoned it wrong.”

“ah.”

I was nervous because I was in front of the emperor.

While I was finding the wrong button and fixing it properly, he took out his pocket watch, checked the time, and called me.

“Can you walk?”

“...yes.”

maybe.

There was no way the emperor would believe an answer that showed such obvious hesitation. He frowned slightly, then came back and grabbed my ankle.

...?!

‘No... Your Majesty the Emperor...?!’

The position of your head is lower than my eye level...?

Should I bow down too? How to lower your body while sitting.

“You keep sitting there without getting up... What are you doing?”

“...no.”

I slowly straightened my awkwardly bent upper body.

The emperor, who had been looking at me with a subtle look, seemed to have chosen to ignore me and move on, lowering his gaze again to look at the ankle he was holding and repeating what he had left unsaid.

“You kept sitting without getting up...”

“....”

“You are not so rude as to dare to sit while the emperor is standing....”

“Your muscles are just a little damaged.”

It is better to have been forced to show no manners due to one's physical condition than to be seen as wanton and rude in front of the emperor.

The emperor, who was feeling the bones of the ankle, shin, and knee in that order, chuckled at the overly quick answer.

“I guess so. “There is nothing wrong with the bones.”

“....”

“I'll give you a bandage, so wrap it properly and return home safely. “You will be called in a few days, so it would be a good idea to take good care of yourself until then.”



“Call... do you mean?”

“Yes, since you followed the Demon King’s words this time, wouldn’t it be fair to follow Jim’s words next time?”

Wow... oh my...

why is my life like this? It’s really driving me crazy.

Even when I reflexively took the bandage the emperor gave me and was alone again, I couldn’t hold back the spirit that had escaped.

\*\*\*

Ironically, because the ideology of the emperor and the duke, the two leaders of the imperial and noble factions that are at odds with each other within the empire, are somewhat similar, the nobles have basic common sense related to noblesse oblige regardless of faction.

For example, the country and its citizens should be considered top priority.

Nevertheless, if you were to ask why there are so many selfish and senseless nobles, it could be said that it is similar to hitting someone even though you know that you should not hit them, but in any case, no matter what their actual behavior was, the basic common sense of being an aristocrat was clearly embedded in a corner of the heads of the current nobles.

Why did this story suddenly appear?

“As a noble of this empire who puts the country first, shouldn’t we clearly clarify the truth about the rumors about the honorary Marquis Deonhart? “It is a rumor that,

depending on whether it is true or not, could endanger this country.”

There are rumors about the Honorable Marquess of Deonhardt.

The rumor is that he is a vampire!

“I came looking for an old book. “The number and territory of the demons was overwhelmingly large, so they were not exposed to the human world that much, but it was said that ‘vampires’ definitely existed in the demon world.”

“Isn’t it past tense?”

“There is no way to know at the moment. However, we cannot ignore the possibility that the Honorary Marquis of Hart is the last remaining member of the clan.”

“It’s definitely suspicious. Also, the fighting style involves excessive bloodshed!”

“Your eyes are red too.”

“What about that pale skin? “I heard they can’t be exposed to sunlight for a long time, but aren’t the vampires written in the book like that?”

Surprisingly, they were serious.

If it’s written in the old book, vampires and demons live in the same demon world, so isn’t there a high possibility that they will take the demon world’s side when the human world and the demon world go to war? As if various kingdoms within the human world were at war with each other but stopped the conflict to fight against the ‘demon world’!

"I need to make sure I know this time."

"you're right. But His Majesty surrounded him..."

"What I would like to say to His Excellency the Duke is..."

"I was kicked out before I could say anything."

To the Duke, who knew the truth, it was only natural that it was nothing more than the nonsense of foolish people.

"It seems we have no choice but to find out for ourselves."

"I have already set my eyes and ears on the Honorable Marquis of Hart."

"I posted it too, but I wonder if the news hasn't stopped..."

"Now that I think about it..."

"It looks like he's dead. "He's a hero too, so he must have developed a sense of spirit."

As expected, it is a formidable opponent.

This was the thought that all the nobles present thought of at the same time.

"...I'll have to pick them as carefully as possible and put them back together."

"Then I will attach some people to watch from afar, just in case."

"But... what do you plan to do if he really is a vampire?"

"...."

“....”

Can the emperor definitely get rid of this even if it is cheap?

Even if it is revealed to the world that he is a vampire, the only thing that will change is that his hostility towards Deonhardt will become stronger, and it is unlikely that the Emperor will easily throw away his useful sword.

Maybe it's about knowing and embracing it. We definitely control the information about him. Rather, we cannot ignore the possibility that vampires taking the empire's side can be used to form positive public opinion.

“...Let's think about it then.”

“is it so. “The authenticity hasn't even been determined yet.”

The method most people who face unanswerable problems choose is to look away.

The nobles avoided uncomfortable families that were sure to be complex and headache-inducing.

“Oh, and there are rumors that the combat styles of Commander 0 and Deon Hart are similar... Could it be that they are the same person?”

“Hehehe, even a joke! Could that be possible? “Whether it's the emperor or the devil, they won't stay still.”

“Haha, that's right. It has been more than two years since the existence of Commander 0 emerged as an open secret. That means there is a possibility that it existed in the Demon World even longer than that. You saw the day when the Demon World declared war, right? It is impossible for the

parties involved in such a war of words to have been unaware of it for over two years. "It was a funny joke."

"Ahaha, isn't that right?"

In the meantime, a nobleman suggested a unique hypothesis, but this was dismissed as a joke to lighten the mood and was met with laughter.

It was a ridiculously unreliable hypothesis, but it actually lightened the mood.

In a warm atmosphere, everyone praised the nobleman's witty jokes and focused on the 'Deonhart Vampire Theory'.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 136**

136. Cracked dam (1)

The ground shook and dust arose.

I don't think I would be full just by eating this small body, but there weren't many, but large monsters running towards me with excitement.

The good news is that they run as if they are competing, as if they know that they cannot share 'me', so the distance between the person running at the front and the people behind him has widened a little.

'I', who was standing still and watching the scene, grinned.

'That's enough.'

I don't know who is running in the lead right now. That you may be hunted by your prey again.

'I' have some talent for this type of play. Especially when the opponents are such simple people, leading the play according to the scenario is a piece of cake.

If you make one guy the scapegoat and reveal the twist, the other idiots that were chasing you will be embarrassed and stop. That gap is enough time to create fear for me.

‘They say they’re failures who couldn’t become demons, but they’re simple and stupid... I really like them.’

The dagger in my hand spins. My thumb kept folding and unfolding as if it were going to be used as a handle, and ‘I’ slowly lowered my posture—and

when the leading monster reached right in front of me, I jumped out of my seat and ran out.

In their eyes, it probably seemed like I had disappeared for a moment.

Because I was going at a speed that my body couldn’t bear, I heard a snapping sound from my legs. I ignored it, jumped into the air, swung my arm, and plunged the dagger into the guy’s neck. It took a bit of effort to insert the dagger into the tough leather, but it was okay.

Ignoring the burden on my entire arm, I shifted my weight and lowered it as if I was hanging on.

“Kaaaa!”

“Maybe it’s because he’s big. “Even though I was stabbed in a vital spot, I still have a lot of energy.”

So who looked down on ‘me’?

Before falling, the dagger in his other hand was re-inserted into the wound, fixing it and sticking to it.

Looking at the location and size of the wound, it seems like it will die even if left alone, but ‘my’ purpose is not to ‘kill’ this guy. Those who are following behind must also be taken into account.

“After all, attacking the eyes would have a good visual effect, right?”

Deep.

I committed this against humans as well, so there is no way I would hesitate against monsters. I raised my weak arm, thrust the dagger into the guy’s eye, and twisted it.

“Kaaaaa!!”

“it hurts?”

He kindly put his face in front of his remaining eye and smiled innocently.

Eyes the size of fists shake. The screams of ‘anger’ at being attacked by prey began to take on the quality of ‘fear’.

The other monsters who were running in a panic at the unexpected situation that happened in front of them stopped and glanced at them. ‘I’ raised my dagger and started to roughly cut out the remaining eyes.

And then it stops.

“...Oh, there was poison in your fingernails.”

The front paw of the struggling guy scratched his side.

I looked at the wound that was turning purple and saw the guy. Even though he lost his eyesight, he has a triumphant look, as if he has a general idea of the situation he is going through.

...For someone who will die soon to struggle.



After glancing at the monsters that were beginning to approach from behind, he plunged the dagger in his hand deep into his eye and jumped down.

And without any time to waste, 'I' took out a clean new dagger, cut off the side, threw it on the floor, and trampled on it.

Clap.

The crushed flesh beneath my feet made an unpleasant sound.

"I thought about throwing it to you guys, but I didn't want to create any unnecessary variables."

Wouldn't it be a big deal if you eat something and end up rolling your eyes at how delicious it is?

Only then does the mangled monster fall down with a thud, as if its tenacious life has run out. The monsters that followed behind had already stopped a long time ago.

'I' said with a wide smile at the guys.

"What's wrong with you? "I can't wait to come."

I thought he had managed to inject poison after chopping up one of his compatriots, but he cut off the flesh himself before it could spread to his body... and even smiled brightly, as if he was not even conscious of his side, which was bleeding.

Basically, a crazy person is recognized regardless of his or her race.

The monsters slowly began to retreat.

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I had a dream again. I seem to be having strange dreams often these days... I

frowned as I stabbed the neck of a small, rabbit-sized monster with a dagger.

‘The contents...’

I don’t remember the contents.

‘So in the dream, I...’

I don’t remember.

I definitely don’t remember the content, but seeing as how I didn’t feel very good after waking up, it couldn’t have been good content.

‘Ah, I’m craving medicine...’

Against the background of a beautiful moonlit night, I was wearing comfortable everyday clothes with my face bare for the first time in a while... I sighed as I slayed the crowd of little monsters.

As if considering my poor physical condition, the emperor ordered me to hunt a minor monster a week later.

Yes, I’m glad it’s not a big, fierce and scary monster, but...

‘There are too many small monsters and they run away easily...!’

I threw my dagger angrily at the fleeing guy. The guy whose torso was pierced precisely fell apart.

It's not threatening. If we were to compare it to a wild animal in the human world, it is literally a monster the size of a rabbit or rat. However, since they also try to eat the flesh of living things, it is only difficult if their numbers increase.

'Well... let's just say it's dangerous.'

Although their numbers had not yet increased to a threatening level, it was an order from the emperor who judged that it would be better to eliminate such variables in advance as it was a war situation.

Whether it's the emperor or the devil, they pretend to care about my body, but in the end, they use it here and there. Is that really the case when you become a monarch?

"Anyway, it seems like everything is roughly organized..."

Rustle.

"...I don't know what to say."

As soon as you speak, the remnants appear?

I held the dagger tightly in my hand and looked towards the grass where I heard the sound. As if it sensed that it had been caught, the grass shook, and then something jumped out and ran towards me at full speed.

"Demon Nieiim!"

"!?"

I barely stopped the dagger I was swinging reflexively.

A familiar-looking demon with leaves on its head runs towards me, calling out a familiar name in a familiar voice.

For a moment, my head felt overloaded.

Was I... on a mission as a 'Demon'?

"...Ben?"

"Yes, Demon! "I managed to escape from the Demon King's Castle and come here to seek treatment for this Ben Demon!"

What is that now...!

My feet were twisted because I was embarrassed. I reflexively stretched out my hand to get my balance, but it had no further effect than touching Ben's shoulder.

'No, usually he just supports me, holds me, and lifts me up, but now he's asking me to do something.'

Yes. I fell on top of Ben now.

One hand pressed down on Ben's shoulder and the other hand holding the dagger rested on the ground next to Ben's head... while inserting the sword into the ground.

Anyone can see that this is attempted murder or at least a threat to kill...?

Thinking that Ben would misunderstand me, I quickly put away the dagger and tried to make an excuse, but Ben, who rolled his eyes and checked the blade next to his head, spoke first.

"sorry! "I received a signal that Demon-sama was injured, so I was in a hurry... did I get in the way?"

"yes...?"

“As expected. sorry...!”

No, that’s not it... didn’t I raise my eyebrows? Why are you doing that?...

I opened my mouth to explain, but this time, Ben spoke faster.

“still...!”

“...?”

“I’m so glad you’re safe.”

“...under.”

What should I do with my doctor who has this crazy professionalism?

He smiles happily, as if he is truly happy. I couldn’t bear to get angry at that, so I slowly withdrew the dagger.

‘I didn’t mean to get angry in the first place.’

The snake scales that cover part of his face remind me that he is a demon, so how dare I get angry about that. Being used to it and having a swollen liver that makes you angry are two different things.

Still, due to the unexpected worry, the fatigue that had accumulated without knowing it appeared, and the stiff expression on my face relaxed. Ben, who astutely noticed this as he was watching me, did not miss the opportunity to ask a question.

“Are you feeling okay? “When you look at the signals, it doesn’t look like there are many places in good condition.”

“...it’s okay.”

“It’s probably a lie, so I won’t believe it.”

Rien said the same thing and he too... If he was going to do that, why did he ask?

“Based on the movement, it seems like the muscles in the limbs are also a problem... Ah, the sides! Is your side okay?! “The signal was no joke!”

“It’s okay....”

“I don’t believe it!”

Then don’t ask!

“Excuse me, but let me take your clothes off.”

“Don’t be rude, just.”

“Can I take off the bandage?”

“no.”

“Yes, I will solve it.”

This bastard...?

The hand inside the clothes fumbles to find the knot of the bandage. It’s cold! Maybe it’s because they’re demons, but their hands are cold. I got goosebumps.

I felt like even if I refused verbally, they wouldn’t listen, so I quickly shook off his hand, stood up, and took a step down.

“I’m really fine. I finished the treatment and my body is in some condition...”

“Marquis?”

“!”

An unfamiliar voice.

I quickly turned my head to check where the voice came from. A man dressed in imperial uniform was holding a weapon and looking at me and Ben in turns.

Ah...

‘I’m ruined.’

I made a mistake. Just like when carrying out the Demon King’s orders, this mission should have been carried out in secret.

Honestly, there is no need to keep it a secret when carrying out light orders given by the emperor in the imperial camp. The emperor didn’t say it was a secret mission, and the mission itself was really light and nothing special.

So I moved confidently. As a result, they said they could not send the Marquis alone, so three knights from the military camp followed along to guide the way.

‘I barely managed to separate Dan from following him...’

Originally, more knights were going to follow, but the reason the emperor moved me in the first place was to minimize the waste of troops, so I read his intention and compromised with just three. .

‘Your Majesty, I did my best...’

In fact, I wanted to take more, but... this was the best.

Because our numbers were small, we had to divide the area into separate areas to deal with the monsters. Still, why didn't I go alone? Giggle... Not!

I never thought a problem like this would occur.

'What should I do with that person?'

Kill me? If you explain the situation, the Emperor will understand. But...

I looked at the imperial knight with troubled eyes and quietly touched my forehead. My head hurts and I feel my stress level skyrocketing.

"Cough."

Oh nice timing. It's a bit absurd that my head hurts and blood comes out of my mouth, but now is not the time.

"place...!"

"go."

First, he threw the dagger next to Ben's face as he tried to call out 'Demon' and blocked his mouth.

It was a small voice, almost like talking to oneself, but since he was a demon, he must have understood it well. Even if you didn't hear it, he's not a completely clueless person, so he would have roughly figured out what he meant by his actions just now.

Sure enough, Ben, who slowly got up, quickly turned his back and left. The driver who saw it tried to chase after it, but...

"Cluck, cluck, cluck!" Cooler gasp! Keheek kek!!"



“Marquis Hu!”

I guess I got caught once or twice.

He broke the blood in his mouth into his trachea and coughed out a very bloody bloody cough. Then he gave up on Ben and quickly came to me.

Okay... I’m sick, so let’s leave that guy behind and go back quickly. Ben, don’t come back again.

\*\*\*

‘The demons... ‘Marquis Hart...’

The knight who was restlessly examining Deon Hart, who was coughing up blood and almost as if he was dying, gritted his teeth and recalled the situation from a moment ago.

The Marquis stands proudly holding a dagger in front of a demon who barely raises his upper body from a lying position.

It wasn’t difficult to understand the situation. The Marquis, who was alone, was busy hunting monsters when the demons attacked him.

‘Still, the Marquis would have won.’

The result would have been the scene I saw.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 137**

### 137. Cracked Dam (2)

The problem is that due to the circumstances, the Marquis was not able to subdue his opponent completely without damage.

“Cough.”

Blood came out.

Without missing the opportunity, the demon rises up. The Empire's third hero caught sight of this and threw the dagger even as blood was spitting out of his mouth.

The dagger barely passed by the guy's face, as if his fingertips were shaking due to hemoptysis.

‘If you were in good shape, you would definitely have been hit.’

As if the demon had sensed that fact, he retreated with a white face and quickly ran away.

The Marquis is the one who tried to catch him by going like that. You must never miss it.

With firm determination, I pulled out my sword and tried to chase after the demon...

“Cluck, cluck!” Cooler gasp! Keheek kek!!”

“Marquis Hu!”

Maybe you will be angry. From the Marquis’ point of view, he would have wanted to chase the demons rather than take care of his own body.

But still, the Marquis’ body comes first.

Preparing to be severely scolded later, the knight put back the sword he had drawn and quickly approached Deonhardt.

\*\*\*

Demon sacrificed himself. The sight of him spitting out blood and telling me to go away...

I can’t be stubborn even though he did that. Ben did as he was told and walked away, biting his lip.

‘I need treatment...’ Instead of providing treatment, it became just a burden.

It was the first time the signal was so strong. A sign of massive bleeding due to trauma, not simple hemoptysis.

I think that’s why I fell into a panic. When I came to my senses, I succeeded in escaping, which had always failed.

When I met Demon, I felt joyful at finally being able to examine the wound in person...

“Cluck, cluck!” Cooler gasp! Keheek kek!!”

“Marquis Hu!”

With a violent coughing sound, I feel the imperial knight who was trying to chase me return to Demon.

My running speed slowed down due to my miserable feelings. No one is chasing me. Ben stopped on the spot and muttered lowly.

“Daemon... you were a nobleman, after all.”

I expected that he would never be of insignificant status.

“My status on the human world is still alive.”

Was it to act as a spy? Since you went out in the name of carrying out the Demon King’s mission, the Demon King must have known.

It is an important issue to understand and is confidential. Even if I were to die after finding out about this, I would have nothing to say.

So let’s just think about it to this point. Ben consciously stopped his brain from calculating and understanding further.

‘In the end, I found out it was my fault.’

I had no desire to dig up his information, and even now that I know some of it, I still don’t.

So....

‘I don’t know anything.’

Ben chose to just forget.

\*\*\*

The rumor spread.

“Honorary Marquis Deonhart was ambushed by demons while subjugating demons.

Because of that, he suffered internal injuries and lost most of what he had caught.”

This changed after Deonhart received a medical examination from the palace doctor personally sent by the emperor.

“Honorary Marquis Deonhart was ambushed by demons while subjugating demons.

Nevertheless, I caught almost all of them without any damage, but I lost them due to the devil’s curse.”

The reactions of those who heard the rumor were varied.

Some argued that the title of ‘Hero’ should be taken away, asking if the title of ‘Hero’ is worthy of a person who is so stubborn that he misses every demon he caught due to a curse, while others argued that it is not right to take away the title since it was a curse obtained while recovering the body of a warrior, and it was not something else. He argued that it would be better to just step away from the front line and let him recuperate.

Some people said that since at least one more person is needed to deal with the demon world, they should choose tasks that are not immediately important, such as subjugating monsters, while others said that it would be a waste to hire someone skilled enough to take the demon’s surprise attack without damage and subdue them in reverse. He even said that he couldn’t leave them out there and that they should just do what they were doing.

Regardless of these claims, there were also people who sighed in relief and sighed.

“It looks like he’s not a vampire.”

“At least it doesn’t seem like they are on the side of the demon world.”

“That’s right. “If we were on the side of the demon world, rather than taking the damage and trying to subdue the demons, we would have tried to kill the knight who was a witness and steal the demons away.”

“I’m so glad.”

You don’t have to worry any more about the Honorable Marquess of Deonhardt.

In this way, the Deonhart vampire theory, which had been a hot topic among some nobles, was resolved to some extent and slowly died down.

And the emperor, who heard this news along with the rumors, sat back loosely in his chair and let out a light laugh.

“Vampires... It’s absurd that the idiots who believe such rumors are the nobles of this empire.”

“ .... ”

“Rather than that, they are demons.”

I guess I’ll have to call up Deon Hardt sometime soon.

\*\*\*

At some point, the emperor’s hallucinations became worse.

The emperor, who had called for Deonhardt and processed the documents until he arrived, quietly frowned as his hallucinations became more severe than before. He also took out his dagger for a moment...

"Your Majesty."

"...Why do you do that, general?"

"You were aiming at the wrist, not the back of the hand."

"...."

A giggling voice rings in my ears.

My vision, which had been obscured by hallucinations, cleared and I belatedly saw the position in which my wrist was being aimed. To prevent this, Nemeseus took the risk of being rude and grabbed the wrist holding the dagger.

"...It would be difficult to remain sane in this state."

"The wound on your hand is big enough."

"I know Jim."

Cheer up.

The emperor obediently laid down the dagger. He watched Nemeseus pick it up and take care of it in preparation for an unexpected situation, and then leaned against the backrest as if to relax his body.

The Emperor lowered his head and covered his eyes with the back of his hand for a long time before opening his mouth as if muttering.

"Something is strange..."

“What do you mean?”

“hallucination. Rather than the familiar malice that comes from Jim’s imagination, there is a feeling of blatant and unfamiliar malice. Every time that happens, the surroundings become cold....”

It lifts up reason that has lost its function due to fatigue from war and hallucinations. I reorganized my messed up brain and forcibly squeezed it out and rolled my head.

The emperor is a man who has clearly trained his mental powers. He skillfully found the decision I needed to make despite all the distractions.

“...Quietly call the shaman.”

A shaman, not Taei.

Nemeseus paused for a moment and then lowered his head as if he had never done that before.

“All right.”

It wasn’t long before the shaman arrived.

She followed Nemeseus steadfastly, trembling as if she had heard the explanation, and turned pale when she saw the emperor. It got worse as he got closer to the emperor, until he stopped and started to gag.

“Ugh...!”

“dare.”

“done.”



The emperor, who stopped Nemeseus from drawing his sword, slowly turned his eyes to the sorcerer.

“It looks like Jim was cursed as expected, right?”

“Yes, yes... you were cursed... but...”

“It seems like it was a curse so strong it made you feel nauseous.”

“Ah...no...! “I can handle the curse itself!”

“if?”

The curse was not caused by poisoning and nausea.

If so, what is the cause?

The shaman, who made eye contact with golden eyes full of questions, hurriedly lowered his head, avoided eye contact, and stuttered as he opened his mouth.

“That is... the karma and resentment that His Majesty has carried is so great...”

“Ah, it seems you can see what he has done. “Is that really that harsh?”

“How do you maintain your sanity? I dare to ask.”

“impolite.”

Now Nemeseus drew his sword.

“It’s okay, General. “Isn’t that wrong?”

The emperor smiled and waved his hand, uncrossed his legs and leaned his upper body crookedly on the armrest.

A relaxed posture to relieve the other person's tension.

Nemeseus, who read the emperor's will, also sheathed his sword and took a step back. The emperor slowly spoke while the air was much more relaxed than before.

"Anyway, it's true that Jim was cursed... Is it possible to trace it back?"

"Backtracking is inherently difficult. "How can we trace something that leaves no trace and can only be seen by the person who suffered it and those with special eyes?"

"is it. "I was wondering who it was, but it's a shame."

It was a simple voice without any regrets.

The shaman who was watching carefully asked.

"Are you... not angry...?"

"Well... I'm sure more than half of the world hates and hates me, but isn't it funny that no one among them uses witchcraft, and it's even more funny to find them and take revenge on them? "Jim was just curious about who would be so foolish as to curse the monarch of a country that is on the front line fighting the demon world in these times."

"Ah, it's been quite a while since the curse took effect... but it seems you didn't know about it."

"hmm?"

This is also unexpected.

"How long has it been?"

“It seems like it’s been more than a year...but it’s only recently that it started to take effect. “It seems like you’ve been suppressing it with your mental strength.”

“As for mental strength... I’ve certainly become quite tired recently, and perhaps because of that, my hallucinations have gotten worse.”

“Even hallucinations... When you look at that karma and resentment, it’s even weirder not to see it... but how on earth have you held on until now?”

The emperor just smiled cheerfully.

In any case, your mental strength has been recognized.

‘This fulfills one of the qualities of a monarch.’

Meanwhile, the shaman took out a piece of yellow paper from the luggage he was carrying and began to write something down with blood on his finger.

“I can’t do anything about the karma and resentment caused by what Your Majesty did, but...”

“That’s something I don’t want.”

“As expected, you say that. In any case, the curse on Your Majesty can be removed. “Right now, we are not ready, so it is best to temporarily suppress that power. Please call us again in three days and we will make sure to prepare and remove the evil spirit.”

Evil spirit?

The emperor’s eyes twitched at the first words that appeared after meeting the shaman.

Was the curse the type that attached evil spirits?

“I thought it was a curse that took my life away... but it was just an evil spirit attached to it.”

“When you kill, you receive in return the most precious thing of the caster himself and the most precious thing of the person who asked the caster. In most cases, it is your own life or the life of a precious person, such as a family member or lover. Since you are directly taking the other person’s life, shouldn’t that be the right amount to balance the scales? Therefore, the type of curse you mentioned...”

“I don’t think it will ever be used. However, if the ‘direct’ method is the problem, then there must also be an indirect method, right?”

“The evil spirit that possessed your Majesty is an example of that indirect method.”

Yellow paper with red letters stretches out.

As if it wasn’t painful enough, the shaman bit his fingertips again every time the bleeding stopped, causing the blood to bleed and create an amulet.

Unauthorized people cannot wear weapons in front of the emperor, so that is the only way to shed blood...

“Give me at least the Nemeseus dagger.”

“...Yes, Your Majesty.”

“Oh, it’s almost done, so you don’t have to.”

“I dare you to ask for His Majesty’s favor....”

“That’s it, General. Let’s continue what we were talking about earlier. “I don’t think that was the end of the explanation.”

The Emperor, who calmed Nemeseus down by tapping his fingers on the armrests of the chair, chuckled.

Nemeseus is also fun to look at. I told him to practice hiding his facial expressions, but when I ordered him to hand over the dagger, what would I do if he blatantly showed signs of dislike? He actually felt bad when the shaman refused...

I glanced at the shaman. As if she had finished making an amulet, she gathered up the scattered papers around her and continued her interrupted explanation.

“The evil spirit that has attached to your Majesty is the kind that shakes your mind and slowly sucks your vitality. “It’s one of the methods commonly used against someone who really wants to die.”

“Interesting.”

“It’s a sad and vicious way to use a dead person to harm someone. First, I will temporarily burn this talisman to suppress the evil spirit.”

Using the dead to harm someone... You might think so.

The emperor waved his hand, signaling them to take care of it, and rested his chin.

After listening to that explanation, I think I understand how I have endured for such a long time.

I can’t believe how crazy it would be if the malice of a weak guy who used the dead without even having the courage to

harm him directly affected me. It's just laughable.

As I was quietly watching the shaman do the work, I heard a voice outside.

"His Majesty the Honorable Marquis Deonhardt has arrived."

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 138**

138. Cracked Dam (3)

“...How much is left?”

“You just have to burn this.”

“Then come by.”

Permission was given and the entrance was opened to let in, but the person involved did not come in.

Is there some problem? The emperor looked at the entrance with doubt. As the weather got closer, my sensitive ears heard Deon Hardt muttering, ‘What kind of smell is this...’

After some time delay, Deon Hardt finally enters. As soon as I entered, I thought it was unusual to see him coughing while covering his mouth and nose...

“Cough, cough, glory to the empire... Cough!”

“...blood?”

At this moment, everyone except Deonhardt was of one mind.

Nemeseus and the emperor reflexively looked back at the sorcerer. After understanding the meaning of his gaze, she

couldn't help but shake her head in embarrassment.

'no.'

'Isn't it really true?'

'Not really. That person is definitely a living child... wow.'

A talisman that suppresses the energy of evil spirits. Deon Hardt hesitated, mentioning the 'smell' before coming in. And as soon as I entered, I started coughing and bleeding. Moreover, when the shaman approached to check, he even started to gag.

Can a coincidence like this even happen? Naturally, I was suspicious, but the shaman who covered his mouth resolutely shook his head.

'That person also committed a lot of sins. 'I'm carrying a grudge on my back.'

'Then Deonhardt...'

'Certainly my talisman does not affect the living, but that does not mean he is an evil spirit. It's just pure coincidence.'

"...Then is it because of the Demon King's curse? "How can this not be solved?"

The day Deon Hart retrieved the warrior's body with an unprecedented brand on it, of course he first went to a shaman to remove it.

The shamans who saw his brand said that it was magic that the devil had planned and used, and that no shaman could interfere here.

"...I guess I should call the council member first."



They say there is no treatment, but we can't just leave him spitting out blood like that.

The Emperor snapped his fingers.

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What on earth are you burning in the space where the emperor is? It's full of an acrid smell.

My throat curled and I coughed. Because of that, I put too much force on my stomach and the blood ended up flowing backwards. It probably hurt my delicate neck too.

In the meantime, General Nemeseus was watching me with his hand on his sword, and a woman I had never seen before slowly approached me and made me nauseous... "...Then is it because of the

devil's curse? "How can this not be solved?"

The presence of the two was immediately erased by the emperor's voice.

"...I guess I should call the council member first."

You don't have to call me.

This is very ordinary hemoptysis, no different from usual. At this point, you'll probably get used to it.

Of course, the thoughts I muttered to myself never reached the emperor. The strange woman disappears and Tae-ui comes in... Tae-ui?!

"your majesty?"

“The only member who came the fastest was Taeui. “You don’t have to worry because he is more capable than other lawmakers.”

That’s because it’s exclusively for the emperor!

If you call, of course they will think something is wrong with His Majesty’s precious jade body and will come running!

burden. I wondered if I would dare to receive a medical examination from Tae-ui.... After looking at him, I quietly took a step back.

“Honorary Marquess Deonhardt. Are you ignoring the emperor’s words now?”

I had to stop at that one word.

In the end, it was only after the diagnosis was made that no action could be taken that I was finally able to escape from Tae-ui.

Even though I endured the pressure and even received a medical examination, the mood was not very good.

When they were told that no action could be taken, they would have been told that the devil’s curse was the cause.

“...Everyone, leave except the Marquis Hart.”

The emperor presses his eyes and holds out his hands as if he is tired.

I’m left alone with the emperor, who seems uncomfortable! I feel like I’m left alone in a beast’s den. I lowered my gaze slightly, fearing that I might offend him in this breathtakingly quiet space.

I was so preoccupied that I forgot, but I was summoned by the emperor. It's probably not a good thing, and it's probably related to the contact with Ben, the demon.

'It really wasn't intentional...' It's unfair.

Ben, what a bastard.... While I was chewing on Ben in my mind and thinking about how to prove my innocence, the Emperor's voice fell.

"Raise your head."

"...?"

Following his words was a reflex action.

The emperor made eye contact as if he had been waiting for me to raise my head. Fierce golden eyes capture my gaze.

"...."

"...."

There was no way he didn't know about the demon incident that was widely known in the world, but he didn't mention it at all. He simply looks into the eyes, softens the corners of his mouth as if reading something, and speaks.

Unlike his soft mouth, the words that followed were quite... sharp.

"You will be going to war soon, so prepare in advance."

It was fortunate that there were no persistent interrogations and reprimands, but I could not bear to be happy.

\*\*\*

After being called to do odd jobs for a while, I ended up on the battlefield again.

‘It would be nice if I could just leave it to you to deal with trivial monsters.’

After inspecting the white uniform that seemed like it had been a long time since I wore it and fiddling with the white mask and cloak hood that covered my face, I looked up. A clear, high sky filled my field of vision, just like it did one day.

I can’t be sure because of the mask, but the air will be clear and clean. Well, it’s going to be full of bloody smell soon, so I don’t really want to take down my mask to check. If you feel that sense of disconnect, you will feel really strange.

While I was just staring at the sky, I felt someone’s presence behind me.

“Junior.”

An unfamiliar yet familiar title and a neat voice.

I turned my head reflexively. A man with a straight and upright posture was smiling elegantly in this direction.

“...Stigma senior?”

“Yeah, it’s been a while. “I was looking forward to meeting you again, but I never thought we would meet in a place like this.”

“Yes, yes....”

“You seem very embarrassed by the way you keep talking.  
“If anyone sees me, they’ll think I’m scary.”

Honestly, it’s a bit scary... no.

“Hmm, I see that you put two heroes in one place in a situation where power is important...”

This place seems to be very important. Well, I heard it was a bit dangerous situation.

I watched him muttering like that, dumbfounded. I gave up thinking about this a long time ago. Why should I get stressed out by thinking about something when all I have to do is do as I’m told.

These thoughts seem to have surfaced. Stigma slightly narrowed his eyes and called out to me.

“Junior.”

“yes.”

“Junior, don’t you also have troops under your command that you have to take responsibility for?”

“That’s right.”

“So that means your junior is also a commander. I’m sure you don’t know the dangers of a commander who doesn’t think...”

Scary... Scary!

Is it because the place is a war zone? Why is it so scary? I’m sure it wasn’t like this when we first met...

...wasn’t it? Was it like this when you first met?

As I was shaking and unable to answer, someone who seemed to be a Stigma knight approached me.

“My lord. “The war of nerves between the Knights of Lofty and the Nameless Knights directly under the Imperial Family is overheating and is affecting our children. What should we do?”

“I’m sure none of the guys under me will act rashly. If so, take responsibility and make sure they are educated.”

“Yes, I understand....”

“And.”

Sigh.

Stigma grabbed the knight by the collar and pulled him.

“I’m talking to my junior. “I guess I’ll only use it if I get involved with something like that.”

“...sorry.”

...Okay, now the stigma from a little while ago is no longer scary. Instead, I am very scared of the current stigma.

He was being very kind to me...

I shrunk even further and started shivering, then suddenly raised my head as a thought crossed my mind. No, wait a minute. Didn’t you hear something very familiar in the conversation a little while ago? The Lofty Knights...

‘They’re our kids!’

The official name of the Murderous Knights!

I was startled and looked around for the kids. Finding the crazy dogs wasn't difficult.

"In a place where there is no fragment of a hero!"

"On the topic of the nameless knights!"

"The name of the knights has nothing to do with combat power?!"

"We fight well even without the hero's fragments!"

"...If you fight properly, you will lose!"

"Jujureutmun rat-eye jujuwe-."

"you!"

As expected, there is a constant commotion where they are. Where has Lord Lien gone?

As I quickly looked around, thinking that a fight was going to break out, I heard a voice.

"If you are looking for the knight commander under your command, I am away to talk to our knight commander."

"ah."

That's right, I said I'd be away for a little while to do the bare minimum.

The only person who can control the crazy dogs...! As I silently despaired, Stigma, who was looking at me blankly, suddenly asked.

"Isn't there a vice-captain?"

“It’s Milan... The guy in front with his sleeves rolled up is the vice-captain. “Yes, the one who just drew his sword.”

“...Your knighthood as a whole will need training.”

The tone is extremely light and elegant, but for some reason it is scary.

I suddenly wondered how well Stigma had been trained, so I turned my head and saw knights waiting in an angled posture as if they were in a completely different world.

The gaze is straight ahead and the facial expression is expressionless.

‘Wow... I wonder if this is what elites are like.’

“It is said that the attitude of subordinates sometimes replaces the dignity of their master. Junior, you need to learn more about the posture of nobles. “If a noble is noble, shouldn’t he be treated as a noble?”

“Uh...”

That... doesn’t have a good feel to it.

Since it seems unlikely, is the stigma also that way?  
Aristocratic supremacy?

This time, Stigma added, as if his thoughts were being revealed.

“It seems you misunderstood what I meant. This doesn’t mean you should be arrogant. I don’t mean to catch your subordinates like you would catch rats. “When people judge others, they usually judge them based on their facial



expressions, posture, tone of voice, and the way other people treat them, right?”

Ah, I understand.

But was my expression this easy to read? Probably not.

In that case, the only assumption that remains is that Stigma has a good sense of vision and that he is focused on me enough to notice even the slightest change in facial expression.

...The latter is scary, so let's think of it as the former.

“I'm just saying this because I don't want my junior to go somewhere and be ignored, so I hope you'll listen carefully. “Especially, if you are ignored not because of your mistake but because of the attitude of your subordinates... I think you will feel quite bad.”

I can feel the murder in his words....

I couldn't answer and was staring at him fiercely, and when he met my gaze, he gently raised the corner of his mouth.

“More than that, if I do that, someone is really going to die. Do you mind if I don't stop you?”

Oh right!

“I'll be back for a bit!”

“Please come back.”

\*\*\*

‘Hero candidates’ do not recognize Deonhardt as a hero.

How can a human being without a fragment of a hero be a 'hero'? The place should have been theirs.

No matter how outstanding his achievements are and how good he is in battle, he is ultimately only an average human being and is confident that he will win if he fights properly, so the eyes of those who see Deonhardt are naturally based on a mentality of looking down on his opponents.

What was the reaction of the Murderous Knights who saw this?

'How dare you, my child... no, the captain... Are you looking down on the Marquis?'

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 139**

### 139. Cracked Dam (4)

How dare these kids who have never experienced a war dare to discuss who deserves to be a hero?

In the first place, a 'hero' is not determined by the presence or absence of a warrior's fragments. A hero may not seem like much, but it is a truly special title.

A person who runs into a burning house and saves people is a hero, and a person who shouts to evacuate because there is a fire is also a hero. A person who shows kindness to a child on the side of the road becomes that child's hero, and upright parents also become heroes to their children.

Something that is both easy and difficult to obtain is the title of 'hero', but isn't it natural that someone who covets it without even knowing it doesn't have the qualifications to be a hero?

Moreover, the Murderous Knights were saved by Deon Hart during the Eight Years' War.

There are many people who are guided by that small hand at the crossroads of life and death. Even if the Empire does not recognize him, they recognize him as a hero, but when they show Deonhardt in front of their eyes by not

recognizing him as a hero... isn't the reaction of crazy dogs obvious?

"Are you jealous?"

"...what?"

"Hey guys. "These bastards are jealous of our Marquis!"

"These guys? Our Marquis? You don't even know the topic? dare?"

I will secretly stab you during the war.

In the chaos, at least one person might be killed by our allies.

Above all, Deon Hardt, whom I first met during the Eight Years' War, was too young.

No matter how small the age difference between him and the Knights Templar is, they go from being an older brother and a younger brother to being like an average uncle and nephew, so how could there not be affection for the other?

Some of them have a really large age gap, and the difference is on the level of father and son, and their leader is a monster when it comes to combat and psychological warfare, but in the end, he is a child who is not good at everything else, so in the process of taking care of him secretly, knowingly or unknowingly, he naturally comes to think that he is 'my baby'. I had no choice but to get stuck.

'In the end, I failed to put underwear on...'

Did you say that if underwear gets wet with blood and sticks to it, it will interfere with movement?

It became such a habit that I ended up not wearing underwear even after the war was over.

‘The war ruined everything.’

Tsk. After regaining his appetite, Milan grinned as he walked towards the ‘hero candidates’.

“Marquis Arthur is not of such a low standard that you guys would dare to be jealous. You should look at stairs you can climb, but what if you’re looking at the sky? “Why don’t you just give up cleanly?”

“...under!”

Of course, I know that the hero’s fragments are not something to be trifled with. If you fight them head on, you will lose out of a hundred.

Still, I can’t just sit there and watch my baby being ignored, right? In particular, our captain hates being ignored more than anything due to his fighting style.

“In a place where there is no fragment of a hero!”

“On the topic of the nameless knights!”

“The name of the knights has nothing to do with combat power?!”

“We fight well even without the hero’s fragments!”

“...If you fight properly, you will lose!”

“Jujureutmun rat-eye jujuwe-.”

“you!”

I giggled as I saw the guy grabbing me by the collar, then looked at me with a straight face and pulled out my sword. As they have been working together for a long time, the other guys also take their own positions and raise the tension.

While the hero candidates were shocked, Milan twirled the wrist holding the sword a few times, then put his chin on his shoulder and smiled crookedly.

“Let’s fight? “We can’t see anything, but you can’t, right?”

“ ....”

They are not murderers... but the Lofty Knights are directly under Deon Hardt.

They went through hardships and hardships on the battlefield for 8 years, and the bond they shared even afterward is not going anywhere, so even if they curse, they will overlook most accidents, but the ‘nameless knights’ in front of them are under the direct control of the emperor.

There was no need to go through hardships and hardships with the emperor, and the emperor would not be swayed by his affections, so if an accident occurred, it would have been the same.

“Ah, since you are a hero candidate, you don’t want to die.”

Because the emperor cherishes talented people.

“In return, there will be some disadvantages.”

“All we have to do is get criticized.”

“The captain will probably hit you a bit.”

“Oh right. “That was it.”

As we stood there making useless small talk like that, for a moment I asked,

“What are you guys doing?”

“Ah, Marquis!”

Deon Hart has arrived.

Milan immediately smiled, put away his sword, and turned around. A white hood can be seen with the top slightly folded, as if the hood had been lifted for a moment.

What should we do if our captain still can't organize his outerwear like this?

“It's no big deal!”

I slowly reached out my hand to clean up that part and smiled as if nothing had happened.

\*\*\*

And there was a battle. A battle to stop the Demon King's army advancing toward the empire.

—No, it wasn't blocking, it was 'annihilation'.

It is said that the devil used his brain a little. They pretended to push through the shortest border and then entered the human world through another border.

The 'border line' is a passage connecting the demon world and the human world. Just as it is not possible to see every corner of a house from the outside just because the door is open, it is impossible to infer movements with the naked

eye from a distance, so it is difficult to notice what is happening in the human world in the demon world and the movements of the demon world in the human world without going through a spy.

Still, the emperor, who had a rough idea of the devil's thoughts by combining various circumstances, sent troops fairly quickly, but it was not enough to drive out those who had already arrived. On the contrary, they were pushed to a very dangerous position and all the major troops were almost gathered together.

The second hero, Stigma Primiro, and the third hero, Deon Hart.

In addition, there are hero candidates who can provide great power against demons.

'It's very luxurious.'

I understand the 'annihilation' order not to send even a single person alive.

This combination would be quite possible.

'The compatibility wasn't good, though.'

Cletor, a member of the Murderous Demon Knights, recalled the clash with the hero candidates that had occurred in the morning, sighed and retrieved the weapon that cut into the demon's stomach.

Since the Marquis Primiro and his knights were responsible for blocking the retreat route and killing those who were running away, the murderous knights inevitably had to kill the enemies along with the hero candidates.



He growled right before the battle started, but will he become calm after the battle begins?

“you! “You almost died!”

“Oh my gosh, why is it going that way? sorry-.”

“This crazy bastard...!”

The blind weapon strangely aims only at the back of the hero candidates' heads. Perhaps out of pride in being on the same side, those who failed to defend themselves only received minor injuries to their arms and legs and did not injure any vital parts...

“Do it in moderation!”

There is nothing good about fighting between allies with the enemy right in front of you. As expected, I could hear the angry shouts of leader Lien Reiner.

Normally, I would have tried to stop him before the leader stepped forward, but this time, Cleter pretended not to notice and just ignored me. I looked down on the Marquis, but I have to do this.

‘Well... I can’t even think of looking at you funny anymore.’

I rolled my eyes and looked at a corner of the battlefield.

A place where the smell of blood is stronger than anywhere else. A lump of red meat, presumed to be a demon, was rolling on the floor, and in a place filled with fear, there was their leader, smiling broadly.

‘You’re tough, our Marquis.’

The conscious mind thought so, but the unconscious expressed rejection.

Even though I know that relying on drugs is not a good thing, I keep wondering if I should have taken drugs like other people.

It was difficult to see the devastation committed by Deon Hardt with a clear mind.

‘I didn’t use medicine because I was dealing with a demon...’

Wouldn’t it be better to do it now?

Since this war was not against humans but against demons, there was a divide within the knights between those who practiced medicine and those who did not.

Those who decided to turn to medicine because they could not deal with human-like demons with their sanity, and those who decided to treat them on the same level as monsters since they are demons that are different from humans in at least one part.

Cleter chose the latter because he did not want to abandon ‘reason’.

‘I failed to consider the Marquis’ actions...!’

Regardless of feeling rejected, my eyes keep going in that direction.

This feels similar to not being able to take your eyes off a wild animal you accidentally encounter.

The unrealistic and unreasonable feeling that if I looked away even for a moment, that beast would bite the back of my neck, caught my attention.

Even I, who have watched him closely for a long time, feel this way, but what about the hero candidates I met for the first time today?

‘I was scared.’

Their frightened gaze is fixed on Deon Hart. Her eyes were confused and were trembling.

Even the guys who were good at fighting suddenly found Deon Hart in their sights and couldn't easily take their eyes off him, as if their gazes were tied together. It was a dangerous act to look away during battle, but since this applied equally to demons, the damage was less than expected.

Cleter indifferently looked away from the hero candidates and adjusted his grip on his weapon.

‘...Should I also take medicine next time?’

Annoying hero candidates are not even considered.

Although not as good as Deonhardt, he gained time and recovered his stamina by brutally killing demons in his own way, and took up his weapon again to end this damn battle quickly.

Even if you are someone who has not mastered even the most basic sword techniques, you will develop some knack after spending several years on the battlefield.

Cleter: The Murderous Knights no longer recklessly and cruelly kill their opponents.

Deonhart alone is enough to create an atmosphere, so at the start of the battle, he only acts cruelly to suppress the momentum, leaving that field to the captain and focusing on ending the battle quickly by killing as many enemies as possible. The cruel hand was a tactic used to buy time when stamina was low.

This is not a rational way of thinking and acting, but an instinctive behavior that occurs even while under the influence of drugs.

Should I be happy or bitter?

‘For now... let’s think positively.’

Cleter stopped thinking and moved.

\*\*\*

Of course, the battle did not end with just one fight.

The Demon Lord sending support, the unchanging ‘annihilation’ order.

Is it fortunate that they did not send a corps commander? Stigma Primiro was able to observe Deon Hart in his own way through these several battles.

Deon Hardt, he observed, was quite anxious.

‘Maybe it’s because it’s a war zone.’

I can’t explain it exactly, but it feels like water is slowly overflowing from a cracked dam. Even if a single small stone

falls, a wave occurs and the water overflows, making it impossible to take your eyes off the water.

It looked dangerous just by looking at it, but it was an area that no one else could compensate for. Stigma wondered for a moment with a bit of regret whether other people had not noticed, but then turned his gaze elsewhere.

“Keep your back straight. Straighten your shoulders and lift your chin appropriately. Walk straight and without shaking. “When talking to someone, you must make eye contact and speak elegantly.”

Advice as a ‘senior’.

Although I didn’t realize it, he called me ‘senior’ and I also acknowledged him as ‘junior’, so as a senior, I guess I should give him some help.

Deonhardt’s fighting style is the complete opposite of Stigma. So, he can’t or shouldn’t touch this area, and the only advice he can give is ‘how to go somewhere and not be ignored’.

In noble language, wouldn’t it be ‘the attitude of an aristocrat’?

“If your subordinates ignore you, others will also ignore you. So, be a respected boss. It doesn’t matter which way. Whether it is respect due to fear or respect due to affection. “You just have to show others that you are respected.”

Among the information obtained while observing Deonhardt was about his immediate order, the Knights of Lofty.

At first I thought they were ignoring Deonhardt. But when I watched closely, I saw it.

“Youngjae, you are already loved so much, so all you have to do is train him into the knighthood. “How should I express ‘respect’ for the boss I love?”

Their blind love for Deonhardt.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 140**

### 140. Cracked Dam (5)

How can I receive that much affection from my subordinates? This goes far beyond the walls of superiority. How can a junior with a cruel hand receive that much affection?...

Swallowing his doubts, Stigma continued.

"You often used profanity during the war. It may be strange to use kind words in a rough battlefield, but use vulgar words as they will lower your reputation, so try to refrain from using them. "Try to refrain from thinking in your head as much as possible."

"Just thinking in your mind...."

"Thoughts become words. Words you say often often become habits. Moreover, swearing is a type of habit that can easily become a habit. What kind of habit is easy to change? "It would be better to catch it in advance."

"...."

He said, flicking his index and middle fingers and tapping the lips of the guy who muttered that it had already become a habit.

“I’m saying this for my junior.”

\*\*\*

It was from then on. Stigma started to hit me.

Whenever someone swears, he says ‘I have a bad habit of talking’ and snaps his finger to hit his lip, so I have no choice but to keep my mouth shut even though it hurts.

What should I do if it has already become a habit? Si...  
burre.

“Didn’t you think of a swear word just now?”

“no.”

“It seemed like his eyes were swearing.”

It’s a ghost!

As he was checking the weapon, he looked at me as if checking for authenticity. Because he was about to go into battle, his keen senses caught every single place his gaze landed.

The gaze scanned the entire face, starting from the eyes to the mouth, and then focused on the eyes again.

“Hmm... I’d like to give you one more piece of advice before the battle begins.”

“yes...?”

What else are you trying to say?

“It seems that hand signals are a habit, but for clearer communication, it would be better to give signals along with



words. Who would be watching the junior's hand signals in all that chaos? "At least you have to raise your voice to get attention from your junior."

Oh, that's... I guess it'll be okay because there's a kid who's paying close attention to my hand signals.

Actually, it would be better to speak out now that I don't have to hide the blood, but... habits are really scary. I was making hand gestures without even realizing it.

Anyway, at some point, Stigma started giving advice like this whenever he got the chance. Duties as a senior? It seems like it, but it's pretty useful advice, so I'm listening to it... but the conclusion is always strange.

[All of this is irrelevant as long as you are overwhelmingly strong.] They say that

your strength before the start is the best.

Elegance? atmosphere? Culture? etiquette? If the power you have is overwhelming, you don't need it all....

[But since there is someone else in power above you, and you yourself don't have the warrior's fragment, your power cannot be considered 'overwhelming.' And above all, wouldn't it be much easier if the other person reads the mood and responds before you even show your strength?]

...Well, I'm worried about Stigma's personality.

But since you are nice to me, it doesn't matter, right? I looked at the sheath of the dagger Dan had strapped to his body, thinking that if someone had heard, they would have been worried about my personality as well.

A total of 6, crossing both thighs, waist and back! ...but they added one more to each ankle, bringing the total to 8.

‘Six wouldn’t have been enough...’

I can’t remember because I was distracted during the war, but I can’t be unaware of the aftermath.

Every time I came to my senses, my hands were empty. Or maybe he only holds one dagger.

‘...and then Stigma laughed.’

How many battles was it? When I came to my senses covered in blood after the battle, the hero candidates who looked at me with strangely negative eyes were startled and averted their gaze every time we made eye contact, and on one side, they were laughing and saying that Stigma was also my junior. At first I thought it wasn’t him because he burst out laughing.

What on earth happened?...

“If you do well, junior, this could be the last battle here.”

“...?”

“It seems like the Demon King realized that sending clumsy troops here would be useless. “There was news that they had diverted their troops to the other side.”

“ah...!”

“I wonder why they don’t send the corps commander.”

It seems he has finally noticed it. The news is so slow. Well, since there was no news for a while, there was no way to know the situation here.

The battle here consisted entirely of surprise attacks.

At first, we were wiped out in a surprise attack. They went up to the metallurgical border and hid there, and when the Demon King felt strange about the lack of news, he sent his troops again, and they were ambushed and annihilated at the corner of the road. In other words, the demons had no time to report to the demon king.

But at this point, even the Demon King couldn't have known. After this battle, there may not be any battles for a while.

'Freedom...!'

I was hesitant because I hated every battle where I had to overcome the risk of death, but this time I didn't hate the approaching time.

\*\*\*

Correction. I hated it. It would be nice if the battle time didn't come forever.

I looked down at my blood-soaked hands in a daze in a space filled with the smell of blood and screams.

'Why... have you come to your senses now?'

The war isn't over yet? It's in full swing. Isn't it normal to be more alert?

I looked up. In the distance, you can see the stigma of a graceful person disappearing and turning into a beast, cutting down enemies.

‘Before, that person was a beast disguised as elegance... I thought he was like a black leopard...’ But

now I see the true value like this.

In the meantime, it was so amazing to see that he looked clean in contrast to me covered in blood.

I belatedly came to my senses and lowered my gaze. A lump of meat whose shape cannot be identified is in sight... Ah?

‘What is this...’

Looking at the size... human? No, the opponent in this war is the demon race, so it must be the demon race.

Why is this lying at my feet?

why?

“—Wook.”

Horrible. When I came to my senses, my body was often covered in blood and I was fine, but I had never seen a corpse like this before.

...Not even once?

The vomiting spewed out and blood flowed out. My vision became blurry and I raised my hand to rub my eyes, but when I saw that they were soaked in blood, I lowered them again.

A blood-soaked hand, a dagger in that hand, a horrible corpse lying in front of me.

‘Ahhh.’

—My hair turned gray.

‘I...’

I blinked. My vision clears again and I feel liquid running down my cheek.

‘I didn’t do it.’

No alcohol, no drugs. I need to take medicine...

Even though I knew I wouldn’t be taking any more medicine, I searched through my pockets, which were obviously empty.

My current state would be strange to anyone. There is no way an enemy would miss this opportunity.

Sure enough, the enemy moved.

“Die, you monster!”

It’s like a demon calling a human a monster.

Thanks to you, I came to my senses. I looked blankly at the spear aimed at the heart and smiled slightly.

It’s a close call, but it can be avoided. But I stopped reflexively trying to avoid it.

‘If I avoid it, what happens next?’

It is not unusual for the attack path to be clean. Since I couldn’t see it when I just came to my senses, it must be a general-level demon that came to me. I don’t have the confidence to kill this demon that has reorganized its stance.

‘You want me to fight like this?’

If there are a hundred, a hundred will die.

Do you dodge it first and dodge the demon’s attack again, consuming all your stamina and looking for an opening that might come out at any time, or do you just close your eyes and lose a lot of stamina and take the guy’s life?

‘...If you have a general, you can show off.’

During the war, he vomited blood and panicked. After it’s over, interrogation will be inevitable. You have to catch at least one general to make a profit.

More than anything, I want to rest right away.

I turned around. Instead of avoiding critical points, attack other areas. The blade of the spear dug into my shoulder, causing a burning pain.

‘It hurts more than I thought... Oh, I really want medicine...’

The demon clucks his tongue at having missed the mark and gives strength to retrieve the spear. But I was faster.

simplicity and honesty.

The blade of the spear, which had been digging deeper and deeper as I moved, pierced my back and completely popped out. Despite the terrible pain, I continued to stride forward without stopping.

Because I know that if I stop here, I will die.

“what...!”

“Die, you bastard.”

I'm getting paid for my shoulders!

He suddenly stabbed the dagger in his hand into a vital spot.

....

And I got scolded.

One general died, and perhaps he felt a sense of crisis, and another general gathered his troops and defeated them. The moment I sighed, feeling fortunate, I was attacked by crazy dogs.

"Captain, no Marquis! shoulder! window! Oh my, what should I do!"

"In the meantime, you also vomited blood!"

"From what I saw earlier, it was like stabbing yourself! Are you crazy! What are you going to do with this shoulder?"  
"Take responsibility!"

If anyone hears it, they'll think you have a bad shoulder... I

couldn't even put my hand on it, and while I was looking at the people in front of me who were frantically trying to fix it, not knowing what to do, I quietly opened my mouth.

"First of all... can't we call the military doctor first?"

I feel like I'm going to die like this...

Even if I don't, I've shed too much blood.

As if my face had turned unnervingly white, they started noisily looking for a military doctor.

“Old military doctor! “Military medicine department!”

“Cut off the spear stem first! “Don’t cut it so close that it doesn’t bother the Marquis when he carries it around!”

“Oh my, our captain is dying! “Look at how pale your complexion is!”

“I won’t die! Don’t be so lucky! But why is your face so white? “Uneasy!”

“Marquis, can you see us? Don’t lose your mind! “How many of us are there?”

How do I know when so many people are walking back and forth right in front of me? I’m going crazy so please get out of here....

With sloppy first aid measures, I was picked up by crazy dogs and taken to the barracks.

“oh my god! “Is this all your blood?!”

“No way! What do you think of this person? Of course it’s someone else’s blood!”

“ ....”

“Where are you going? “We have to treat the Marquis.”

That guy’s crazy snout...

Fortunately, the treatment proceeded properly, although the military doctor had to avoid the useless behavior of those damn people.

After removing the window and sitting down to receive treatment, I inadvertently raised my gaze and met



someone. His eyes were extremely harsh, as if he had been looking in this direction the whole time.

“My lord. The damage to our knights in this battle was....”

“If there are those who died from those insignificant demons, they were probably just weak creatures, so I’m not interested. The same goes for injuries. “I don’t need weaklings in my knights.”

Stigma, who pushed away the approaching subordinate, approaches this way.

The elegant and dignified steps that I always talked about leave footprints with wide strides. It was clearly his usual gait, but for some reason I could feel the spirit of a rampaging beast I had seen on the battlefield a moment ago...

He came right in front of me in an instant, looked at the affected area being treated, and closed his eyes tightly, stroking his hair as if to drown out his emotions. It’s all gone.

“Junior...”

“ ....”

“You need to respect your own body.”

I already value my body enough.

Still, the battle ended quickly because the general died. Since the order is to kill, we’ll have to fight another battle...?!

Damn I didn’t think of this.

“When you talk to people, you have to look at their faces.”

He snapped his fingers and tapped my forehead, then crawled over and made eye contact with me.

“This decision was foolish. “You probably know this too, right?”

“Yes, what...”

I had forgotten the ‘annihilation’ command.

Although I killed the general, I was also injured, so I was unable to clearly break the enemy’s momentum. Because of my injury, even my allies had to watch them retreat.

‘Of course, they won’t return to the Demon World, so there’s still a chance.’

I will contact the Demon King at the military camp. There are the second and third heroes and hero candidates of the empire. The Demon King who heard this news will never order them to return, even though he knows there is no hope with them alone.

‘Once you’ve faced off against Deon Hardt, someone might realize that he and Commander 0 are the same person.’

In case of an unexpected situation, I will choose to throw them away cleanly, even if it is a waste.

The emperor must have taken that into account and issued the order to ‘annihilate’...

‘Huh?’

Why do I think like this...

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 141**

141. Cracked Dam (6)

I was blinking blankly, but Stigma quietly called to me as if he had been observing me the whole time.

“Junior... do you know that your mood fluctuates between extremes?”

“yes?”

“It looks quite dangerous, but I’d like to ask if you can guarantee that there will be no problem.”

“yes?”

“...It’s not an area I can touch, so no matter what the answer is, the result will be the same.”

After saying that, he reached out his hand and lightly brushed the area around my eyes.

“But you’re not crying now. That’s a good thing. “It will be troublesome if something like this happens often, so I hope it can be resolved as soon as possible.”

“ .... ”

You saw it all.

There was a short silence.

With only the military doctor busy, the nagging that seemed to have ended, as if the previous conversation had been treated as if it had never happened, continued.

“I’m sure my junior could have avoided it at that time. Is not it?”

“...yes.”

“Of course, killing a general is important. However, if that method involves thrusting yourself into the enemy’s weapon and risking injury to kill him, then I would give him the worst possible score. “You should have avoided me at that time.”

Brown eyes look again at the healing wound.

I’m not sure because I’m under anesthesia, but how serious is it? Just as I was about to slowly turn my head to look at the wound, Stigma pressed down on my head.

“Don’t move as it may interfere with the treatment. “Do you know why the enemies retreated when you killed the demon general?”

Is that because the general died?

“It’s because I was nearby. If all you did was simply kill the general, there was no way you would just leave behind a good, injured prey. Even if I retreated, I would have killed my junior and retreated.”

“....”

“Do you understand? “The judgment my junior made today was the worst.”

It's really hitting my bones...

I know, but it still hurts.

"We killed the general, but our junior was also seriously injured, and we failed to boost the morale of our troops. However, it did not reduce the morale of the enemies. As a result, the allies had no choice but to let go of the retreating enemies. why? "Because my junior, one of the people with high status and status here, was seriously injured."

"...."

"We need to quickly stop the battle and look at my junior's wounds, because if we keep blocking the retreat, the battle will never end."

The battle continues whether a single soldier dies or not, but the higher the rank, the more sensitive he or she becomes to death and injury. Its influence is such that it can even influence whether to stop fighting and retreat.

"I'm not saying your junior's behavior itself is the worst. It was just bad judgment. "Such actions should only be used when there is really no other way, after carefully examining the situation."

"...."

"Your junior wouldn't have made a foolish decision without a reason..."

I wish I could just move on without mentioning anything.

It's just that I didn't have the confidence to fight in this mental and physical condition, so I just wanted to grab a general and show off.

“I think it was due to my junior’s unusual condition, but I guess that’s why I made the wrong decision, right? Rational thinking seemed impossible. “If you think about it, this shoulder is not a wound caused by being completely distracted during the war.”

When I came to my senses, I was embarrassed because the war was in full swing.

Ah, thinking about it again makes me crave medicine again.

“...You’re mesmerized again.”

“ah.”

“Okay, junior, you must be tired too, so it would be better to get some rest. It looks like the treatment is over, so go in.

“I’ll clean up after you.”

He left. Even the military doctor left, saying that the treatment was complete, and stood up while fiddling with the bandage on his shoulder.

Dan, who heard the news of my injury and ran out nearby during the treatment, quickly comes over and puts a coat on me. Even though it wasn’t, I felt cold as the cold air touched my bare skin, so I quickly took it and put on my coat.

“...I’ve felt this every time, but each knight has a strong personality.”

“hmm?”

I thought they were going to lead me right inside, but suddenly I heard something out of the blue.

I glanced at Dan, then turned my eyes to follow his gaze.

‘...ah.’

Dan’s gaze fell on the three knights lined up under Stigma’s command. To be exact, the attire of the three knights.

A murderer covered in blood from head to toe... The Lofty Knights.

A nameless group of knights dressed in appropriately blood-splattered clothing, as if they had just fought a normal battle.

The Knights of Stigma maintain a strangely neat appearance.

‘No, Stigma is almost at the level of tearing his enemies to pieces when he fights, so how can he maintain such a neat appearance?’

The same goes for his knights.

Similar to their master, they never had a calm fighting style. In fact, it was quite the opposite.

A wild beast let off its leash.

Yes, I can define it in just one word. And yet, it was clean without a single drop of blood...

As I was standing still and admiring it, Dan, who was busy looking at the three knights with his eyes, muttered softly.

“...Three stages in which a person becomes soaked in blood....”

“Phew.”

“ .... ”

“....”

Let's go in.

\*\*\*

Does your junior know? Every chance they get, there are people who try to take their lives.

Even in the military camp, which provides a place to rest even on the battlefield.

“Keuuuu-.”

“I don't want to make a fuss, so please be quiet. Otherwise, everyone is tired from the battle, but I can't rest because of you.”

Your life isn't worth that much.

Stigma tightened the hand strangling his neck and raised the corners of his mouth.

“Who sent it?”

Although my junior has many enemies due to his political position, it is not to the extent that many people come here without any break. So, rather than several people sending one or two people at a time, it would be one person persistently sending many people. If you just find that person and kill him, things will be resolved smoothly.

Even so, my junior is not in a good condition these days, and on top of that, these flies have been caught in his way.

“Idiots who don't even know the dangers of this war.”

You just want to ruin the human world, right?



Wow.

“...Such a mistake.”

Just killed it.

For a moment, I couldn't control my strength. He shrugged his shoulders and laid down the still warm body, then raised his head and fixed his eyes on a certain place.

“Do you know where they come from?”

“ ....”

“There is no answer. “If you hadn't been dealing with the attackers coming towards you, junior, you too would have died by my hands.”

Perhaps my junior knows that too, so he is keeping it alive.

I can feel the shadows getting tense in the darkness. Stigma laughed and turned his back as if he was not interested.

“I hope you take good care of your junior.”

\*\*\*

Cruel arrived at his office as usual, opened the door, and paused for a moment at the scene unfolding before his eyes. A familiar feeling of déjà vu arose.

“What are you doing if you don't come in?”

“...Your Excellency the Duke.”

When did it happen? It wasn't that long ago. The duke was in the office at that time too.

I wasn't that surprised, perhaps because I was used to it since I had already experienced it once, but the small round table in the middle of the room, which seemed to have changed the structure of the furniture at will, was a bit unexpected, so my eyes immediately landed on the changed furniture.

"Lord Cruel."

"...."

At a short prompting, Cruel, who looked alternately at the chessboard on the table and the smiling peacock sitting in front of it, silently closed the door and came in.

As if there was some kind of wind blowing, the Duke offered me a seat across from him and smiled.

I was always smiling, but perhaps because of my mood, I had a particularly uncomfortable smile.

"It looks like you enjoy playing chess. Would you like to play a game with me?"

It's ominous. The instincts trained as a prosecutor were warning of danger.

However, it is an unavoidable situation.

"...Gladly."

Cruel obediently followed his words.

Takkak. Just right.

The chess pieces are placed without hesitation, as if any hesitation has been thrown away. Turns change quickly without time delay, and each person's eyes move busily,

examining the opponent's movements and the resulting change in the game.

They were too busy concentrating on the small world that was running without stopping, so the conversation between those coordinating from above was a luxury. In fact, the last conversation between the two was probably before the game started.

[What color are you going to choose?]

[...I will choose white.]

[I see.]

Cruel is white and the Duke is black.

—Just right.

‘...’

The flow was broken. Purple eyes take their eyes off the board and slowly look at Cruel. The eyes, which had completely hidden emotions, were examining the other person tenaciously as if trying to uncover their intentions.

The white horse was placed in the wrong place. It is a place that is not even a bait, much less an attack, but an imaginary number.

“...I received a very interesting note.”

The situation was clearly one in which Cruel had the upper hand.

The duke pretended not to notice and began speaking slowly.

“I thought it would be good to see the landscape, so I came here in person.”

“....”

Takkak.

The tables have turned. If it weren't for Cruel's mistake, this would never have happened.

—No, is that really a mistake?

The White camp, which was gaining momentum, collapses. The black words that did not miss the opportunity gradually became suffocating, and eventually.

“Checkmate.”

The Duke won.

The Duke stretched out his hand and picked up the white king, rolling it in his hand and then putting it down as if he was throwing it. What was thrown in front of Cruel was not only chess pieces.

A small note lying around next to a chess piece.

Cruel, who was staring at it, couldn't resist the Duke's gaze telling him to open it, so he slowly stretched out his hand.

“....”

It was a report note that always came.

The problem is that it is a report note personally requested by Cruel, not the Duke.

A report on the request to protect Deon Hardt, how many people attacked Deon Hardt and how many were dealt with just today.

The Duke, who waited patiently for his green eyes to focus on me again, met my gaze and smiled.

“Unfortunately, there was no name of the client.”

Although I am already convinced.

Just because you got that note means you already know everything. You can’t get it without knowing the route through which messages are sent.

Cruel kept his mouth shut even though he knew that he was playing with his neck, as if giving a cornered rat some breathing room. Since the note was revealed, he was in a position where he had to bow down.

The Duke traced the note with his finger, fixing his gaze on Cruel.

“Lord Cruel. “Is this note yours?”

What answer should I give?

Cruel seemed to know what answer he wanted.

“I don’t know.”

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

There was no further conversation beyond that. The two quietly looked into each other’s eyes as if something big would happen if they avoided eye contact first, and the

subtle tension was cut off when the duke opened his eyes first.

He picked up the note again and made a strange voice.

“Isn’t that right?”

Grumbling.

A note thrown into the fireplace burns up in an instant. Cruel’s eyes turned towards him for a moment and

he said, “Kneel.”

The green eyes returned to their original position at the words, which did not match the neat behavior of the duke, who was leaning against the back of a chair with his legs crossed and his clasped hands placed neatly on his knees.

Cruel, who was looking at the Duke calmly without answering, stands up and slowly kneels down on one knee. The duke, who was quietly looking at him, spoke in a low voice.

“more.”

“ .... ”

The mask of laughter was removed and a cool expressionless expression was revealed, staring at Cruel. Cruel, who made eye contact with him for a moment, lowered his eyes and bent his remaining knee.

“ .... ”

There is no answer even though both knees touch the floor.

In response, both palms touched the floor and the head was lowered. The head, which was lowered until there was an answer, stopped only after the forehead touched the floor.

Perfect prostration.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 142**

142. plaudite!(1)

It was the first time.

The Duke and Cruel had a delicate relationship. Although Cruel claims to be the Duke's subordinate and follows him, the Duke also respects Cruel, and the relationship is neither vertical nor horizontal, but rather vaguely inclined.

As such, the Duke treated Cruel differently from his subordinates, giving him the honorific title of 'Lord', and the only time he brought Cruel to his knees was when he had suspicions.

The Duke, who was looking down at Cruel, who bowed his head, got up from his chair.

Since the distance was close to begin with, he reached in front of Cruel in two steps, lifted his shoe and placed it on his hand on the floor.

"What should I do with my husband?"

Weight is placed on the foot resting on the hand.

"By nature, I am not the kind of person who gives these types of spies or traitors another chance."



“....”

“Kicking away the opportunity I was given.”

The duke was sure.

“Receiving the Hart Territory as a reward for the Salvation Church incident must have been for Deon Hart, who rejects the Hart Territory.”

Pop. Ttuduk.

An eerie sound is heard and a crushing pain is felt, as if the hand is being strained.

Nevertheless, the Duke, who was silently fixating his gaze on the floor and looking at the motionless Cruel with a venomous look, put his foot away as if something occurred to him.

“The Lord was right-handed.”

“....”

“You almost got into big trouble. “I almost broke the right hand of a right-handed prosecutor.”

Move your foot with your left hand.

Crunchy. When I stepped on it with enough force and rubbed it, the sound of a broken bone echoed throughout the room.

There was no screaming or moaning.

“Rather than killing Deonhardt, I’m trying to protect him...”

“....”

“There is evidence. Originally, I should have killed him or made him of the same level and kicked him out, but even so, I care about him, so what can I do?”

You should give it one more chance.

Finally, he stepped on Cruel’s hand, then took his foot off and bent his knees in front of him. Place one hand on your shoulder, lower your head, and whisper in your ear.

“Kill Deonhardt.”

“!”

Even when I crushed my hand, my body, which had been steady, started shaking.

The duke continued, pretending not to notice.

“Pick up the guy’s head with these hands. “This is the last chance I give you.”

I’ll keep my eyes peeled, so don’t even think about foolish things.

\*\*\*

Only after the Duke left and left alone did Cruel wake up. Before I knew it, the crushed hand was covered in purple, blue, and red and was swollen.

Without hesitation, he removed the chessboard from the table and brought out another chessboard.

A chessboard I gave as a gift to a child who only stayed at the mansion when he was young. It was a worn-out chessboard that had been left around for a long time, but

Cruel did not forget to take it with him when he left the mansion where the disaster occurred.

‘Deon, kill that kid yourself.’

Takkak.

Pieces move on an old chessboard.

The Duke himself said it was his last chance. If you fail or show any strange signs, they will most likely kill you. Basically, all of the official heroes of the empire are under the emperor’s protection, but the emperor may not want to protect even the heroes under the opposing duke.

‘...is it about time?’

The old shaman said.

If you feel like you’re going to die, kill that kid and die.

I was reviewing the chessboard I had left before going to the hunting competition, then I cleaned it up and started putting it back up again.

A messy and messy game of chess where you must send a pawn to the edge of the enemy’s lines at any cost and turn it into a queen.

Cruel completed his duty and grabbed a chess piece that was lying outside the board.

‘Is it Acta est fabula?’

A long time ago, when I was learning culture as the eldest son and heir of an aristocratic family, I chuckled while repeating a phrase I came across in a book.

‘There is no need for applause.’

It was a play with no audience to begin with.

It would be right to bring down the curtain quietly, without anyone knowing.

\*\*\*

“I’m going to commit suicide.”

“...In this current situation?”

“yes.”

As soon as I returned to the mansion, I wondered something about the unexpected visitor.

The duke quietly touched his forehead as he looked at the leader of the revolutionary army with a stern expression.

“I thought I told you the timing wasn’t right.”

“I waited too long. “There are limits to quelling discontent within the revolutionary army.”

“Haven’t you done well so far? If you hold on just a little longer...”

“Just a little longer...?”

The duke paused for a moment at the mocking tone. Daniel was laughing as if it wasn’t an illusion.

He stopped laughing for a moment and slammed the table.

“The end of the war cannot be easily guessed! How can we be sure when it will end? Even the lifespan of demons is

longer than that of humans!”

“....”

“If things continue like this, rebellion may not be possible for our generation.”

“If you leave it to the next generation....”

“Emotions are not passed down!”

He seems quite excited.

If you see them laughing, interrupting, and doing things they wouldn't do to a duke.

However, the opponent is the leader of the revolutionary army. This is a person who needs to be held on as tightly as possible and consoled and comforted because you don't know where he will end up. The duke quietly paid attention to the saying that emotions are not passed down.

“The majority of the revolutionary army is a group of people gathered together out of anger! There are many cases where even knowledge is lost, so how can emotions that cannot be written down be passed down from generation to generation? Next generation? It might be possible right now. But it won't be as good as before. So what about the next generation? Even if you go down three generations, you will forget the past! The revolutionary army will disintegrate. “I would rather give it a try and fail if it fails. I don't want to see those who worked hard to save and their plans go to waste!”

Looking at that situation, I don't think it's possible to appease her.

“...Are you really saying you want to move?”

“Yes, since we don’t know when the war will end, I think it would be better to stage an uprising in the early stages before it gets more serious. “This is just a thank you for your help so far, and I’m just saying this out of affection, so you don’t have to help me, Duke.”

“No, I will help you.”

“...yes?”

In that case, I should kill you.

I can’t guarantee how the headless revolutionary army will turn out, but since the party that should be holding the reins is trying to run amok at the forefront, what can be done?

“It’s not that I don’t understand your feelings, and it bothers me that you’ve been telling me to endure it for so long. “I will help.”

Impatience narrows your perspective.

A narrow perspective turns even a genius into a fool.

The revolutionary army is now over.

\*\*\*

The leader of the revolutionary army is not stupid.

Although his remarks and actions just moments ago were definitely stupid.

Daniel, with a calm expression on his face as if he had never been so excited, slowly walked down the hallway and

arrived in front of a familiar room. As always, knock and ask for permission.

“This is your mother, Danielle.”

“Come on in.”

I tried to keep my usual expression, but it seems I can't avoid the mother's feelings.

He said with the gentlest smile he could muster toward his mother, who greeted me with a soft smile and then her expression hardened when our eyes met.

“I know it's rude, but I want to return the gift I gave you last time.”

\*\*\*

When I am in the Empire, I am loyal to the Empire, and when I am in the Demon World, I am faithful to the Demon World.

Maybe that's why only a very few people, including the Emperor and the Demon King, know my identity.

Why are you suddenly saying this?

“Don't fucking chase me!”

I mean that I am the number one power that both sides aim for first.

When in the Empire, the number one prey of the Demon World's generals. When in the Demon World, the number one prey of the Empire's generals!

I'm not happy at all! damn!

“go away!”

I was now running away from the demons with the crazy dogs.

I shouldn't have given a chance in the last battle. I never thought that my injury caused the demons to come back in such a big way. I should have just avoided it then.

‘...But why did I just get hit? It certainly seems like it could have been avoided.’

I tilted my head and strengthened my legs that were trying to give out at the urging of the crazy dogs.

This time, even if you swear as much as you like, the stigma of ‘speech habits’ doesn't follow. Because he stayed in that hell island to buy time.

So, to briefly summarize what has happened so far, I fell into a trap.

I chased after the retreating demons to carry out the ‘annihilation’ order, but it turned out to be a trap. The fact that even the escape route was clearly blocked gave me a strong feeling that they were intent on exterminating us, filled with their resentment.

[Sssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss...bts!]

[Junior's speaking habits.]

[I haven't told you everything yet...!]

[If I hadn't stopped you, I would have said it all the way.  
Hello junior. Those who come in from here will be blocked by



me and my knights, so run away. You can break through the escape route on your own, right?]

While rubbing his numb mouth, Stigma smiled and pulled out his sword.

Retreat? Even if I die, I have to break through. If you don't get through it, you die... but you stay?! I was startled and grabbed his sleeve.

[Then, senior...!]

[Did I look weak enough to be worried about you?]

[...Still, be careful.]

I just happened to become attached to you.

Although they harassed me by saying it was a nobleman's dignity and speaking habits, I know that it was advice given with me in mind. It was too beneficial to accept it as the nonsense of an old man who wants to act like a senior.

Stigma's eyes widened as if surprised, but then he folded the corners of his eyes and smiled.

[okay. See you later.]

I turned my back and moved to lead the murderous knights to clear a retreat route...

"Why are you the only one chasing me!"

"Stand there!"

"Damn it!"

This is why I can't help but swear!

Of course, I'm focusing on running away, and Sir Lien and the mad dogs are mainly doing the breaking through, but even if that's not the case, I can't help but lose my stamina quickly.

Where have the hero candidates gone? Since they are all scattered, is there any way to know?

How long had it been since I had been fighting and running away like crazy? At some point, the people following me disappeared.

Seeing that there was no one blocking the way, it seemed like I had escaped properly...

"Where am I...?"

"Hehe... I don't know... I'm sorry...."

"Huh... Where should I go? Ook..."

"If you don't know, just keep your mouth shut! I'm sorry, my lord. "I don't know either."

Yeah, I'm an idiot for asking them.

As I looked around, I realized that this was a street corner somewhere and my body trembled. It was a reflex reaction of rejection because I had fallen into a trap on the street earlier.

"Marquis, are you cold?"

"Hey, someone please take off your clothes."

"Shut up... Don't show me your blood-soaked clothes..."

I'll kill you...

I raised my eyes fiercely in frustration, but stopped when I heard a sound.

“...Can’t you hear something?”

“yes? “What are you talking about...”

“His low voice...”

“Who is there!”

“...There is no need to go out. attack!”

“Master?! It was so sudden...”

“Wow!”

I never thought a siege would have formed this far!

I looked at the guy in the lead and then looked behind him. It’s hard to see until the end because the road is a little curved, but at a glance, it looks like the leader is that guy in the lead.

‘...Then if I just hit that guy, everything will work out.’

For some reason, this situation seems embarrassing, but I guess it’s just my mood. Even if that’s not the case, as long as those over there are demons and this side is humans, nothing will change.

I twirled the dagger. I habitually folded and extended my thumb, swept the handle, and adjusted my posture.

I could vaguely hear Cleter’s shout coming from one side.

“Milan! “Take care of the Marquis!”

“Take care of the Marquis!”

\*\*\*

Deon Hart cut off the demons’ supply route.

Even while running away from the enemy’s trap, he managed to find a supply route and cut it off.

In the process, due to overexertion, he was carried back by murderous knights, but the empire welcomed the hero who brought good news and provided him with a competent doctor to ensure his speedy recovery.

“I told you to please be healthy... It’s not a difficult request, but why...”

There was a rumor that a desperate cry was heard somewhere along with a muttering of a double-effective medicine, but it quickly disappeared after hearing the news of a hero. I sat down.

Stigma Primiro, who survived by slaughtering his enemies safely, burst into laughter upon hearing this news.

“As expected, you’re a junior. But...”

“ .... ”

“Where is the person behind that rumor now?”

“That thing...”

“I heard it was definitely here.”

The room where Deon Hardt was said to be located was empty.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 143**

143. plaudite!(2)

About an hour ago, Cruel checked the sword.

Seeing him carrying several daggers not only on his sword but also on his thighs as if he was very determined, and drawing and retracting them several times, his subordinate Senzer, who had been quietly watching his actions from a corner, quietly opened his mouth.

“Are you leaving?”

“okay.”

“I will follow.”

“no.”

Crash. After finishing preparations, Cruel looked back at him with an expressionless face. The subordinate who had always silently supported me from behind, as if he was there or not, was looking at me.

How long has it been since I met him? Since we were together before going under the duke's command, I guarantee that it won't be a short time.

Even though he couldn't express it on the outside, he was a subordinate whom he trusted enough to trust and entrust to him.

Thanks to this, Cruel was able to learn one thing.

"Senzar."

"yes."

"When did you stop calling me 'master'?"

The fact that the measure of betrayal does not vary depending on the time spent together.

I thought about it. How did the duke get the note? When I broadened my horizons a little, the answer came quickly.

Cruel quietly closed his eyes. The eyelids that cover the eyes are fluttering as if they are wandering.

"Since when?"

Compared to the price of life for the truth being discovered, the answer is extremely shabby.

"Have you become the eyes of a peacock?"

I swallowed the devastation that I could not bear to express.

There is no one else who knows the existence and route of the message and can intercept it. Because Senzar was always watching Cruel from behind when he was doing something.

Even if they were not together 24 hours a day, Senzar would have been aware of the contents of Cruel's request, as when Cruel participated in a hunting competition to save

Deonhardt, he assembled the circumstances and reported it to the duke without having to follow him and see it. So, I guess I reported it this time too.

“...Does it matter?”

Senzer lifted his downward gaze for a moment and faced Cruel. The gaze was so confident that the viewer was left speechless and looked directly at the green eyes.

“...no.”

The green eyes were calm, as if they had never shown signs of agitation.

Now is not the time to waste your attention on things that cannot be undone. Cruel skillfully looked away.

“I will not allow you to follow.”

“But I...”

I know. You must follow the duke’s orders to keep an eye on me.

But should I really take that into consideration?

“I’m not good enough to leave a traitor by my side on important matters.”

“....”

“Is there a need to follow and monitor something that can be killed if it fails? “There must be people other than you who are secretly watching me.”

“...All right.”

The guards will move as soon as they see anything suspicious.

Senzer nodded obediently and stepped back.

\*\*\*

Talk. Something cold landed on the tip of my nose.

“Ah, it’s snowing...”

It was hard to believe that it had just begun to fall, as the snow filling the sky and falling was filling my vision. In direct contrast to the pure white snow, I feel like my insides are burning black.

Damn my son. The war is going to be tough. Looking at the thick snow, it looks like it’s going to pile up quite a bit...

‘Anyway, how far is this bastard going to drag me?’

With eyes full of dissatisfaction, I glared at the thick hand that was grabbing my wrist.

It was obvious that he could feel my stinging gaze, but there was no way his hand would loosen even when he was struggling and swearing just a moment ago. Since I had already lost my strength after making a fuss, I soon gave up and followed the guy’s lead, remembering the previous situation.

After barely escaping from the demons’ trap, getting lost, encountering another group of demons, and managing to return alive from that shitty situation.

To be honest, I don’t remember the situation when I returned. My arms and legs were hurting like crazy and my



body couldn't move, so I was too busy focusing on my situation. I remember the crazy dogs carrying me away... Anyway, I am certain that I returned safely.

And became a hero! He was originally a hero, but...!

'shit. 'I never thought that that road was a supply route.'

The demons I encountered were carrying supplies.

'The number of internal enemies that used to be numerous has increased...'

As usual, the closer one gets to power, the more radical those who cannot sit still and watch someone rise to succession become more radical.

The checks will become more severe. The number of raiders will definitely increase.

There is already talk about the road that could have been used as a station being arbitrarily cut off.

Of course, it seems like no one is listening because it's bullshit, but it's still unfair. That's not what I meant.

'What should I do when the crazy dogs ran amok and caused a landslide, causing the cable to break...'

Because I almost died, I remember that much clearly. At that time, I thought that place would be our grave.

I was a little touched by the actions of the guys who never let go of me, who was a burdensome burden, and took care of me while I was frantically running away, but since they were also the ones responsible for almost killing me, I didn't have very kind words to say.

‘But I should think it’s thanks to him that he got better quickly and is moving like this.’

As soon as the crazy dogs arrived, they started screaming and running wild, so he is in good health. I heard there was no major problem with my body, but my muscles were damaged a lot due to excessive movement. Oh, I heard that my leg bones were slightly misaligned, so I had to adjust them again.

I heard that our talented Lien managed to find the road.

‘Finding the way and controlling the crazy dogs... You must have had a hard time, Sir Lien...’

Anyway.

I looked at the front. A black figure walking ahead caught my eye.

After barely finishing my treatment, I was resting in the assigned barracks when they suddenly attacked and dragged me out, leaving me to just walk around like this.

“What on earth are you talking about? “I said I didn’t want to listen.”

“....”

“...damn you bastard.”

Damn Cruel Hart.

I cursed with a lot of emotion. It was then that his steps, which had not stopped the entire time he was moving, stopped.

“...Deon.”

Chaang!

It was nice that he let go of his wrist, but Cruel drew his sword.

...I said I cussed a little, but is that something that would go that far?

The sight of him approaching with a sword in one hand against the entrance of a familiar mountain range was quite scary, so I hesitated to retreat, but he narrowed the distance completely and raised his bandaged hand to grab my shoulder.

A small voice whispered.

"...there are people trying to kill you."

"That's it..."

"I was very determined this time. "You sent me with a force capable of killing a hero."

"...."

The words, "It's always been like that," were easily heard.

Aside from having enough troops to kill a hero, you sent Cruel? To kill me?

'...crazy.'

I know Cruel's skills well.

Are you intentionally trying to drag me to a place where there are no people and kill me? I've moved too far for too long to say that it was unnecessary...

Perhaps my senses have become dull due to his incomprehensible actions. I should immediately shake off this hand and increase the distance, but even though I'm this close, I strangely don't feel any murderous intent.

So, after hesitating for a moment, he turned around and nudged my shoulder in the direction of the mountain range.

"Go to 'that side'."

"...!"

At the entrance to the familiar mountain range, Cruel traveled a long distance to this place and pushed me in that direction.

Understanding the situation was quick.

"Go and never come back."

Cruel knew that I came and went from the demon world.

This must be considered. The guy's voice seemed somehow submerged, so I gathered my composure, thinking that my hesitation might have been just an illusion.

"You..."

But before I could finish speaking, a dagger flew from somewhere.

Cruel, who swung his sword like lightning to hit the target precisely at my left eye, looked back at me as if urging me to do so. When I encountered eyes that rarely showed emotion, I hesitated with an unknown sense of fear, like someone facing something unknown.

‘But... I can’t cross the border of the mountain range like this...’

The border here is a border that both the Demon King and the Emperor are deliberately hiding. If you are not careful, you may end up guiding attackers who may not know where they are hiding.

‘If that happens, won’t the Demon King kill me...?’

I moved to survive, but it could end up being a situation where I die...!

It seems as if Cruel, who protected me, is also regarded as an enemy, and numerous daggers are flying among the snowflakes. It looks like it will be a hedgehog if it is targeted at the two people in a wide range and rains down like rain.

It is even difficult to accurately determine the location of the dagger due to the snow.

I laughed out loud.

‘Well, one way or another, it looks like today is the day I die.’

Still, I don’t think I’ll die trying to cross a mountain range, so I guess it’s a good death.

Although I was able to move around after receiving treatment, it was still difficult to do intense movements such as in battle, so I gave up and stood there when Cruel pulled me and swung his sword.

Kaga River! Sigh!

...Hook?

“you...!”

There is no pain in the body. It means I wasn't hit. As I rolled my eyes a little, I saw that there was a dagger stuck in Cruel's right arm that I had never seen before.

His left hand was also covered in bandages, and even his right arm... It was all very different.

Maybe it was because it was for my own benefit, but sarcasm couldn't come out of my mouth.

“Why...”

It seemed like an illusion as blood seeped out in droplets, staining my clothes red and slowly running down my sleeves. I couldn't understand.

Even though it wrapped around me, it only allowed one attack, so if Cruel was alone, it would have been possible to block them all and avoid them. So why?

‘Why did Cruel get hit instead of me?’

Didn't Cruel abandon me? Since when did you treat me like this? No way....

“Don't think about it.”

My vision darkened.

A low voice interrupted my busy thoughts.

“Just like always, rationalize and ignore it.”

Chaeng chaeng! Sigh! Suddenly!

My hearing, which has become more sensitive due to my vision being blocked, picks up the sounds of metal clashing and flesh being cut. Perhaps it was because of the bandages, but the large hands covering his eyes were as cold as a corpse.

“But...”

The direction of my body changed and my vision opened up. Cruel and the raiders are on the other side of my field of vision, and the only thing I can see is the entrance to the mountain range, which is closer than before.

Cruel, who had his hand on my shoulder from behind, spoke slowly.

“If you really want to open your eyes.”

There is still a bloody sound in the background. Phew! And right behind me, I heard the sound of someone being stabbed with a blade.

I was about to turn around quickly, but a hand on my shoulder stopped me with force. Instead, a low, calm voice, different from usual, rang in my ears, as if letting me know that I was fine.

“Before that, face everything you have done so far.”

“....”

“Now go.”

hurry.

\*\*\*

On the day when the Count's mansion was covered in blood at the hands of his only brother, Cruel was faced with a choice.

Should I take revenge by killing Deon, or should I protect him who has become my only bloodline?

Cruel's choice was the latter.

I know that my younger brother did this because there was some misunderstanding. It also has something to do with the 8 Years War.

In such a situation, if you take revenge by killing that child, all you gain is a huge sense of loss.

Cruel had no confidence not to aim his sword at himself in the midst of that enormous loss.

That was the reason why he decided to pour his life on his younger brother rather than die even if he got revenge.

'in action.'

I learned that there was a reason behind Deon's participation in the Eight Year War.

However, the family has already died at the hands of Deon, who misunderstood. They decided to hide the fact in case the child, who found out the truth, went crazy with guilt and revenge and ended up pointing his sword in all directions and trying to kill himself.

'more.'

I learned that Duke Stave Illuster was targeting Deon.



He volunteered to be by his side in order to distort and purify the duke's orders.

'What should I do?'

Cruel Hart became the bait.

By focusing Deon's anger on me, he prevented anyone from questioning his participation in the Eight Year War, and served as a filter to filter out the Duke's murderous intentions toward Deon. In the meantime, it was a bonus to erase any evidence that might raise questions about Deon.

That may be why the shaman said that at the time.

[If you feel like you are going to die, kill that child and die.]

I know.

When I die, sooner or later, that child will know the truth.

We all know that we will be weighed down by guilt and sharpen the blade of revenge, and that the sword drawn for revenge may turn into a situation where we find a target for revenge in order to swing the sword.

but.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 144**

144. plaudite!(3)

[The second Confucius... is very weak. You are also very vulnerable to stress. I think it would be a good idea to create an environment as stress-free as possible.] [

The child called me because he was vomiting blood... Does that mean he vomits blood even when he is stressed?]

Yes... That's right.]

[Oh my god. ]

[...Did you hear, Cruel? Our second child broke many people's hearts when he was born, and it looks like he will do so often in the future. Although he has a unique appearance, there is no denying that he is our child and your younger brother. You will live longer than us, who are all old, so please take good care of me as an older brother.]

[Yes, father.]

[Yes. They say children are sensitive, but if you take care of them too much, your child may think he is a useless person and fall into a sense of shame, so don't do that. It would be better to keep a reasonable distance and take care of him knowingly or unknowingly.]

[Brother, I want to go outside the mansion.]

[That...]

[I'm just kidding. I don't even have time to go out because I'm busy reading books. What do you have in your hand? It says 'chess'... Is it really the 'chess' mentioned in the 'Basic Chess Rulebook' I read the other day?] [

Yes, I thought it would be good to keep it with you.]

[Oh, of course it's good. I was bored just reading books, but it was good... oops.]

[....]

[... tongue hyung. How is your swordsmanship these days? How's it going? Last time I took a peek out the window, it wasn't a joke, so show me properly later.]

Yes, but.

How could I kill this child?

It is only necessary to combine a few circumstances to know that the child is the leader of Corps 0 in the Demon World. Since he was even given the non-existent position of Commander of the 0 Corps, his life and treatment there must have been quite good. That's why I took the time to come here.

It would be better to lead a safe and peaceful life in the demon world than in the human world, which is full of all kinds of threats.

The right arm with the dagger in it is hot.

It was so clear that it was an action for the child, so even Deon seemed agitated this time. As a bright child, I could already see his head spinning, so I reached out and covered my eyes to stop my thoughts.

“Don’t think about it.”

“....”

“Just like always, rationalize and ignore it.”

Perhaps because of the content, the mouth that spits out the words is bitter.

It wasn’t long before I discovered something else. Perhaps it is an aftereffect of the war, but the child remembers only what he wants to remember.

I was devastated beyond words when I found out that I had given myself two personalities and that the other personality, which remembered everything, was only brought out when needed. I was truly sorry and saddened. How hard would it have been to make such an extreme choice?

It was probably a choice made to protect the body, which is vulnerable to stress. therefore.

Rather blame me.

Don’t have any doubts, just think of it as refreshing.

He continued speaking while striking down and cutting down those who showed up and attacked. Since the child’s eyes were still covered, some injuries were inevitable.

“But...”

Since that day, you have always disobeyed me, so you will be stubborn this time too.

therefore.

“If you really want to open your eyes.”

I can't stop you

“Before that, face everything you have done so far.”

This is my arrangement.

To prepare my younger brother, who is weak against stress, so that he does not collapse from shock.

Even this might be too much for you. I would rather live and die without knowing anything.

It's a small desire because I've realized how great a blessing a peaceful death is.

‘The choice is up to Deon.’

As an older brother who loves his only younger sibling, I will support every choice you make from now on.

Even if it means destroying the world.

‘Deon baby.’

I will protect you even if I die.

“Now go.”

hurry.

No matter how much of a hero you are, there is nothing you can do in the face of overwhelming numbers.

Cruel laughed while holding numerous weapons on his back.

....

He had to see his parents die at the hands of his younger brother, and

in order to protect his younger brother, he went under the duke's wing and served as a dog.

At the end of the war, he rolled over and over again to become a hero, and

fought a battle of wits with the Duke, who was trying to kill his brother.

It may seem like a pathetic and shabby life. Some would say it is a miserable life.

But Cruel was quite satisfied.

In any case, isn't it a death he faces while protecting his younger brother?

'It's the perfect ending.'

I hope that the child receives a lot of love in the demon world. If not, I sincerely hope that you will receive a lot of love in the future.

I don't mind dying, but I'm worried that after I die, you'll be left alone in a world where no one will love you.

\*\*\*

Stupid Cruel Hart.

Even if you cover your eyes and turn your back, you won't be able to hide it until the end. Just now, isn't he pretending to run away and then looking back like this?

Deonhardt looked at Cruel, who was dealing with the attackers with arrows and daggers stuck on his back, with an expressionless face. It was no exaggeration to say that he had enough troops to kill a hero, and he was struggling against numerous enemies.

Arrows and daggers fly and raiders rush in. Funny enough, in a situation where his life was at stake, Cruel prioritized blocking attacks aimed at Deonhardt rather than at his own body.

Bisu stretched out his bandaged left hand to block. His palm was pierced, but he pulled it out without any hesitation and struck down another dagger aimed at Deon. The guys running directly towards Deonhardt threw the small weapons strapped to their thighs as they passed me, piercing vital points, so it was natural that the priority they had to kill was set on Cruel.

Deon, who had been moving diligently considering the other person's sincerity, slowed down and stopped before he knew it, tilting his head.

'Do I have a reason to do something like that?'

The reason he ended up in this situation is because of me.

I'm thinking about it again, but didn't he abandon me? I thought he was probably hiding his feelings of dislike beneath that terrible expressionless expression...

Cruel paused as he resumed his interrupted thoughts.

[Don't think about it.]

But.

[If you really want to open your eyes.]

[Before that, face everything you have done so far.]

Since when did I listen to him?

Just as I was about to ignore it and continue my thoughts, I heard a voice that I couldn't ignore.

"Now he's dead."

what?

My head turned reflexively. I could see people dressed in black stabbing the fallen Cruel with their weapons, as if confirming the kill.

"Toxic guy. I didn't even shed a moan until the end. "How many people has this bastard killed?"

"Since he is a hero, let's give significance to his killing. "Of course... there was a lot of damage."

uh...?

"Anyway, I have to complete the remaining requests."

One guy gestures towards Deon, who is standing in the distance.

Even though he hesitated and moved reflexively, Deon could not fully accept the situation just a moment ago and



only blinked his eyes blankly.

‘Is he really... dead?’

I didn’t think I would be very impressed if Cruel died, but I thought I would actually be happy.

‘Uh...’

Is it because I have doubts about his actions?

Emotions wander aimlessly, as if confused about what to express. Even my head, which is supposed to make a cool decision, doesn’t turn as if it’s blocked by a white curtain. While looking at Cruel’s tattered body, I saw the remaining attackers moving towards me and turned my back.

Even though Cruel has killed many of them, the remaining numbers are still a threat. They are seasoned human hunters who work well together, and their confidence has already increased by killing one hero. Even Deon himself is not in good condition right now, so fighting would be a loss.

‘First... first, to the Demon World...’ Okay,

let’s go to the Demon World. No matter what anyone says, living right now comes first.

I forced myself to start walking faster. When I heard the sound of someone chasing me from behind, my feet picked up speed and I started running with all my might.

It seemed like the weapon was being thrown from behind, but because the distance was quite wide and the snow was blowing from the front, only a few hits were made.

However, it wasn’t like it wasn’t there at all.

Clink!

One day, the magic stone necklace that Lirinél gave me broke. This means that there was a threatening attack among the attacks coming from behind.

Deon ignored it and ran on.

I'm glad it snowed. Thanks to the cold snow hitting my face, my head began to spin to some extent.

—No. It wasn't 'fortunate'.

As my mind accepted the previous situation, emotions came flooding back like a tidal wave.

It wasn't until the cold wind scratched his face and stole the liquid running down his cheeks that Deon realized he was crying.

'What is this... what on earth...!'

The pursuers had long since lost sight of the enemies and covered their tracks with snow, but they didn't even realize it and kept running. Even though his ankles were buried deep in the snow, which would have cost him a lot of stamina, Deon didn't even realize it and forced his body forward.

"Cough!"

Patter.

Blood pours out of my mouth. A fishy liquid seeped onto the white snow, causing dark red flowers to bloom.

In a way, it was natural. With the physical and mental shock added to the harsh cold weather, it would be rather strange

that my physical condition was normal.

Only then did Deon realize that the chase was over and stopped walking.

‘Why why?’

Damn Cruel. Stupid Cruel.

If you wanted to stop thinking, you shouldn’t have done anything that would raise suspicion in the first place.

Don’t think about it? Rationalize and ignore it like you always do?

“Haha- lol, I never thought I would get back what I said to the crazy dogs like this! Ouch! “Big!”

Blood dripping down my chin. The two eyes, filled with clear liquid and bloodshot, shake as if they will break. I wasn’t even blinking, but for some reason, countless tear marks were left on my cheeks.

You died for me before my eyes. The contradiction of what I had believed to be true up to now was clearly revealed before my eyes, but did you think I would be so simple as to just ignore it and be happy about it?

rationalization? outside? There are degrees to that too!

‘To begin with, I’m the type of person who knows and buries everything, whether I rationalize it or ignore it.’

Deon raised the corner of his mouth trembling.

But... yes, considering your actions of sacrificing your life for me, I would like to listen to your last will.

I said that if you really want to dig into it, you have to face everything you've done so far. That shouldn't be difficult.

I knew everything from the beginning.

Even so, it had recently reached its limit. Now that the mind has been devastated by war, there is a limit to forcing yourself to ignore the memories that keep coming back and pretending not to notice.

Therefore, Deon gave up holding on to the cracked and leaking dam, using Cruel's will as an excuse.

After I gave up trying to hold on, it was a quick time.

The embankment that had been built for the past 10 years collapsed. All kinds of memories that I had been ignoring come pouring out, and the emotions of the time come flooding back vividly.

I know that no matter how limited it may be, it is an issue that needs to be seriously considered and decided over and over again. Although it was somewhat impulsive, it was an action that came from the judgment that it would be okay since, unlike back then when I was immature, I have now become an adult for a long time.

"Huh huh huh huh huh huh..."

I can't breathe.

My head felt like it was going to explode, I couldn't move my body, I stumbled and fell down in the snow.

The cold touch woke me up, but unfortunately it had the opposite effect.

“Ugh ugh ah... ah ah ah....”

My vivid mind replays the nightmare-like situation over and over again. It feels like my brain has been hacked countless times by sharp daggers. As the scene plays out vividly before my eyes, I find myself contemplating whether to gouge out my eyes.

“Aaaaaah!!!”

I felt like I was going to strangle myself with these overwhelming emotions, so I clenched my frozen hands into fists and hit the ground for a long time until my bones broke.

“Daemon!”

The last time he heard the young voice, Deon Hardt lost consciousness.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 145**

145. plaudite!(4)

In the end, I couldn't retrieve the poison from my mother.

I shouldn't have given it in the first place. He has never defeated his mother, so even if he goes back, he will give it to her.

Daniel pulled up his scarf to hide his increasingly dark face and diligently headed to the meeting place. Wherever he walked, a sense of solemnity appeared like a trace.

"You're here. "Are the people behind you the only ones you brought?"

"yes."

"It's less than I thought..."

"The Duke said he would provide military support, so I think this will be enough. Still, it's only half of the total number of people, so you can't say that's a small number."

Daniel grinned.

The man who had been quietly looking at his face turned his body. Daniel slowly gathered his thoughts as he said a word to follow and followed behind the man walking ahead.

As if keeping his promise to help, the duke sought various information. The times when the emperor is in the palace, the changing times of the palace guards, the shortest route to the room where the emperor is, etc.

They even went so far as to make plans on the condition of providing troops.

“Team 3 can follow that person from here.”

“yes. See you later.”

“It’s finally really starting. “It’s a new feeling.”

Despite all the delays, the work progressed steadily.

The plan was sound, but since they could not fully trust the Duke’s troops and could not completely rely on him for any mission, the revolutionary army decided to split their forces and move with the Duke’s troops.

“The second group is that person.”

“I’ll see you again after work.”

At first, Daniel didn’t pay much attention to the plan.

Knowing only the bare minimum and agreeing to carry out the plan, he remained with a small group and walked without expression.

It was when he was surrounded by the duke’s troops that his steps stopped.

Chaang!

Those who blocked the revolutionary army drew their weapons all at once. Feeling ominous, the revolutionary

army did not give up and each took up their weapons. Despite their quick actions, their eyes were shaking mercilessly, unable to hide their embarrassment.

“What is this now...!”

“Hey guys! What are you doing now? “This is not the time!”

Some of the leaders who followed Daniel could not overcome their anxiety and raised their voices. Daniel, who had been looking at the duke’s troops without any hesitation, glanced at the pitiful sight and slowly opened his mouth.

“...Is this a betrayal?”

– It was a trap from the beginning.

The answer came from the communicator of the person standing in front.

Daniel frowned at the familiar voice and spit out the other person’s name as if he was chanting.

“...Peacock.”

“What is that!”

“Are you saying he is a real duke?”

– ...I want to have a quiet conversation with Daniel, but there are a lot of interruptions. It would be a good idea to tidy up your surroundings first.

The duke’s troops moved at the words coming out of the communicator.

“Now sleep...!”



Suddenly.

Well-trained elites cut down the revolutionary army. Although the revolutionary army was taken aback for a moment, they did not give in and fought back, but due to splitting up the personnel earlier, they were short in numbers and did not work well together, so it was not enough to defeat those who had been thoroughly trained by working together for a long time.

The sound of weapons clashing gradually decreases. Daniel, who had been watching the scene from beginning to end, turned his eyes to the communicator.

“The duke obviously wants a revolution....”

– Ah, of course that’s a lie.

“False....”

– As a duke, why would I want to give up my power because I regret it? What I want from you is to lower the emperor’s approval rating. “That was it.”

The sound of the weapons stopped.

The duke sitting in front of the desk across from the communicator swiveled his chair around with a sneer on his lips.

The emperor must not die at the hands of the revolutionary army. What the duke wants is to bring down the emperor, not his death or the disappearance of the throne.

Therefore, the duke was thinking of using the revolutionary army but abandoning it at some point.

“It wasn’t funny to call it a revolution. Do you think revolution is that easy? “Even if there is only one change in government, the country will be greatly shaken.”

Even if the monarch changes through proper succession procedures, there will be confusion for a while.

“But changing the political system at all? A world where everyone is equal? Are you planning to throw this world into chaos?”

It’s a dangerous idea. The duke realized as soon as he heard their argument.

The ideology of the revolutionary army is like an infectious disease. It is highly addictive, gives you faith, and makes you feel justified in everything you do for it.

Their ideas will spread around the world at a rapid pace.

Those at the bottom of the hierarchy will firmly push that dangerous belief. Nobles will not be willing to give away what they have easily. If this continues, an armed conflict is expected.

It was obvious without even looking at what consequences an armed conflict within one country would have, let alone with another country.

“If you follow your thoughts, this country will self-destruct. Of course, you may be able to achieve your goal. But who will guarantee the lives of those who suddenly lose their country?”

- ....

“You probably don’t know how the people of a fallen country will be treated. Did they really say they wanted to create an equal world? They didn’t say anything like that and didn’t want that kind of world, but do you really think they would be happy if you were to destroy the country of those people who lived well and ate well without any complaints, claiming it was for their own benefit? “It’s so ridiculous that a minority goes out of their way to represent the opinions of the majority.”

- ....

“Do you really think that the revolutionary army is a saving group? no. Rather, they are a group of evil people trying to throw the world into chaos.”

- ....

“I picked up a philosophy that didn’t even seem like a word from somewhere.”

Thank you so much. I hope you have peace on your way.

The duke, who was about to end the communication with those words, stopped when he heard a soft laugh coming from the other side.

- We.

Daniel, who was holding both shoulders of the person holding the communication device connected to the Duke through the communication device, was smiling without hiding his brightly shining eyes.

“He is a revolutionary.”

A revolutionary, not a philosopher.

"I don't know anything about philosophy. The philosophy I know is something that people who are well-fed sit at the table and talk about. "The revolution occurred because the hungry were angry at injustice."

- ...This is a remark that disparages all philosophers in the world.

"I can't help it. "How can those who cannot eat or learn know the sublimity of philosophy?"

Daniel lightly shrugged and turned around.

The body of our comrade lying on the floor was the first thing that caught my eye. As I raised my gaze a little, I saw that the people who had dispatched all the revolutionary troops were glaring at me without raising their swords.

A situation from which it is impossible to escape.

Daniel smiled calmly.

"The Duke was worried about chaos after changing the political system."

- ...That's a long story. Is this just to kill time? Even so, the fact that you will die remains the same.

"I just want to have a conversation before I die. So far, we haven't been able to talk comfortably because we've been hiding our cards from each other. "You don't want to even accept the last conversation of someone who will die soon, do you?"

- ...Keep talking. I will listen.

In the first place, I had no intention of returning alive.

Therefore, Daniel began to leisurely express his thoughts.

“Humans are animals of adaptation. Even if you initially act as if the world will turn upside down when you implement anything, you will eventually get used to it and over time, you will take it for granted. “If we had not tried for fear of confusion, humanity would not have developed this far.”

– ...It doesn’t have to be now. It’s not wrong, but isn’t the situation the situation?

“you’re right.”

The duke fell silent at the obedient affirmation.

This is why his actions do not match his words at all.

Contradictions in actions and remarks that seem to take time. The duke did not allow a conversation with Daniel for nothing. I used this as an opportunity to rack my brain to find the source of my discomfort, and Daniel continued.

“Shall we move on to another story? In the Duke’s remarks a little while ago, there was also a part where he was worried about the country being ruined. My goal is to abolish the throne, not the country. So I thought about it.”

Is there a way for the country to run properly while everyone is equal?

“The answer was simple. All we had to do was share power.”

– ...So do you think the country can run properly? What happens when power is divided and a conflict of opinion arises among those in power?

“Why can’t I? Rather than handing power over to people, you can hand it over to institutions. Many people work in one powerful organization. Of course, there will also be a need for someone to oversee the institution, but...” “

I said we would share power. All you have to do is create multiple institutions with power. “If there are too many, they will not be able to come together properly and the country will not run, and if there are two, the country may be torn apart even though it is compatible, so there is an appropriate number of three.”

Rock Paper Scissors. I’m sure you’ve tried it at least once, right?

“People’s greed cannot be trusted. Therefore, by giving each of the three organizations different powers, they can keep each other in check and prevent them from going astray. “It would be better for the people of this free country to elect the heads of each organization.”

Dangerous. The duke stared at the communicator and quietly clenched his fist.

I’m so glad Daniel was going to die here. I can’t imagine how far he would have planned if he had been given more time.

At that time, Daniel’s voice continued as a mumble through the communicator.

– Of course, in the end, the institution is run by people, so it cannot be completely free of loopholes... but at least it will be much better than one person holding all the power, and that part can be left to future generations... future generations

. ?

After a moment of doubt, the duke slowly opened his mouth.

“You were a dreamer, not a philosopher.”

– He is a revolutionary because he does not stop at just dreaming but takes on the challenge of realizing it.

“...Why did you question the caste system?”

– It started with my mother. But after that...

“....”

– Once the question was asked, it didn't stop. Why are humans' class and status determined from birth? It's unfair that we're just born, but our status is divided based on luck. A long time ago, a nobleman blamed the sins of his past life, but how can he prove it and believe it? At the very least, if this country was a sacred country with devout religion, it wasn't that. So I was angry.

A nobleman's statement about 'crimes from previous lives' did not work.

In the aftermath, there was a backlash.

– Why do we try to blame our past lives on those who were born with good fortune?

“....”

– Why do we even want to pollute our souls...!

“....”

- In fact, I suspected that it was because they themselves knew that this was wrong.

It's a good thing that Lee didn't make a speech in front of the people of the empire.

A voice full of appeal. Even the duke himself sympathized for a moment, but what would the reaction of the people of the empire have been if they had heard this statement?

While I was feeling fortunate that I could once again kill Daniel on the spot, the voice continued to speak.

- The current emperor abolished slavery. Isn't this because he also knows that it is wrong to divide people into different social statuses and serve the same people?

A conclusion has been reached.

"...As expected, you are a dangerous person."

- haha.

Daniel laughed lightly. A burst of laughter spread through the air, as if all the burden had been thrown off.

Each of them held their weapons and looked around at those who were aiming at them, then stretched out their hands and snatched the communication device from the leader. Perhaps because the duke had allowed the conversation, the guy obediently handed over the communication device.

There was no way he could see the person on the other side, but Daniel said while staring straight at the communicator.



“Now that I think about it, there was a time when I said something stupid.”

The day I insisted on performing a rebellion against the duke.

“It was said that anger cannot be passed on to future generations, so if it takes too long, it will die out.”

- ....

“I will correct this. The pulse of the revolutionary army is uninterrupted.”

Only then did the duke understand the identity of the sense of discomfort.

- So, nothing changes, does it?

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 146**

146. plaudite!(5)

“Why would I tell this dangerous story openly? Are you sad that you will die soon? “It can’t be.”

Why did I insist that I would move in this situation?

The duke’s head must be complicated by the dizzying situation. One of the few moments when the duke’s judgment was short-lived.

Was it really a coincidence that he moved at that moment?

“I was sending hints to the Duke all along.”

- ....

“I left a successor.”

bang! The sound of a desk being struck was heard from beyond the communicator.

Daniel added, giggling like a child who succeeded in a prank.

“I handed over all the knowledge, including the remarks I made earlier. “Even though time was tight, the extremely loving and bright child absorbed it in an instant.”

- ....

“This will not lead to personal anger towards the emperor, but it will continue the anger from ‘unfairness.’”

won

The revolutionary army’s core ideology is ‘creating a world where everyone is equal.’ In the sense that it is for the majority, it would be the same as already gaining the support of the majority. Who would reject an ideology for their own sake? I wouldn’t know if they were drawn to the group and gathered together.

Paul: Since the importance of education was emphasized to the child, this ideology will continue unabated even when the child becomes the leader. In the end, ‘anger’ will continue as long as the unfairness of the ‘class system’ does not disappear.

- ...You used my troops to cut out the cancerous mass inside the revolutionary army.

“Didn’t you use my troops to put pressure on the emperor before? “Did they use the emperor to keep the revolutionary army in check?”

He shrugged, mentioning an incident where Saerin once incited one of the leaders of the revolutionary army to lose 1/9 of its strength.

From a distance, those who gathered in anger against the emperor are no different from the cancer of the revolutionary army. As the first leader of the revolutionary army, I have to sort this out for future leaders.

In the end, half of the troops that Daniel brought out committed embezzlement and corruption, such as stealing and selling self-made bombs from within the revolutionary army, or were buried in the goal of killing the emperor, ignoring even the words of the leader and trying to pressure them again. This means it was a lump.

“And His Excellency the Duke was also an obstacle blocking the revolutionary army’s path forward.”

– I understand that you are trying to cut off the leash that is tied to me with this, but... do you think that if I take your life, you will let the rest go? And those with dangerous ideas? That’s foolish.

“Why do you think I came to the point of death, even leaving a successor?”

The premise is wrong.

Daniel did not come here by creating a successor and sacrificing his life just to remove the cancerous lump.

– What is that...

– This is an urgent report from the duke!

“Oh, I guess the news has finally arrived.”

Before I died, I wanted to see the Duke’s reaction and die, but thanks to this, my small wish came true.

You can hear the rustling sound of paper unfolding. Soon, an exasperated shout came out through the communication box.

– Daniel!!!!!!

“Looking at the reaction, it looks like we did the right thing.”

Why did Daniel come here?

It was to focus the Duke’s attention on this area.

So that the majority of the troops near the Duke are concentrated here. So, to make it easier for the revolutionary army to move their base and raid each of the duke’s territories to deal a blow to his troops.

In the end, the main purpose is to get rid of the peacock, and the secondary purpose is to clean out the cancerous mass inside. The goal is to shake off the duke, but the life of this leader should be put on the line as bait.

“I have calculated to reduce it by at least half, but I am curious what the result will be. “Did that really happen?”

Since this side also loses half of its troops, the other side also needs to give up at least half of its troops to make ends meet.

Of course, the pitfall is that what this side loses is useless troops.

“For your information, the Duke’s location is the very last location in the raid plan.”

– Kwaaaang!!

No sooner had he finished speaking than an explosion was heard from the communicator.

Daniel raised the corner of his mouth lazily, looking at the confused enemies around him.

Perhaps the revolutionary army will not be able to kill the duke. Still, his troops will definitely be reduced. That's enough.

While the revolutionary army is gaining strength, the duke will also be busy gathering himself and will not be able to target the revolutionary army.

"The leash must be definitely taken off. "Isn't that right?"

By now, the revolutionary army's base will have already been moved.

Since the leader of the revolutionary army, who was the only one who could contact, contact, and follow the duke, dies here, there is no longer a link between the revolutionary army and the duke.

'It's impossible to create new links.'

The first leader died due to the 'duke's betrayal', so there would be no way for the second revolutionary army to join hands with him.

It is truly a clean break.

- Kill me now!

Daniel smiled faintly as he looked at the weapons coming at him from all directions, thinking that it would be enough to kill just one person. Perhaps because of the thick scarf, it appears to be targeting the heart instead of the neck.

Out of frustration, I let my thoughts out and provoked people to think that I was a person who must be killed. So as not to distract the duke's senses and prevent him from taking me hostage.

Daniel himself was well aware of the value of the first leader.

‘Self Paul.’

This brother dared to use the killing department under the pretext of protecting the future of the revolutionary army.

Who within the same revolutionary army has the authority to arbitrarily decide the life or death of others? I, who polluted the ideology of the revolutionary army, will die along with those who are buried in personal emotions, so I hope that you will move forward with pure anger towards the ‘unfairness’.

No regrets.

Oh one thing. There is something that bothers me.

‘Not getting back the gift I gave to my mother.’

That one thing bothered me.

\*\*\*

Could it be that the love for one’s children is connected by one thread?

Even before the news of Daniel’s death was delivered, the mother who lost her child was already crying.

Who helped me realize my ideals? When did I say I wanted your sacrifice?

Are you really saying that you, a clever person, did not understand the meaning of what this mother said when she gave me the scarf she knitted herself?

“You foolish thing, you foolish thing...!”

What is left for someone who has lost their beloved spouse?  
What did you think I had seen and lived so far?

I didn't have to make it big, so I just hoped to survive.  
Watching my son grow and live has been the joy of my life.

I killed you.

“I am a sinner...”

I feel like my heart is being torn apart. Even if my body and limbs were torn apart alive, it wouldn't have been this painful, so I couldn't control my body and ended up sitting down and shedding tears.

You always thought you could never beat me. One thing was wrong.

Is it for no reason that it is said that no parent can beat his child? If I could have defeated you, I would have defeated that dangerous revolutionary army a long time ago.

I was eventually defeated by the way he moved around with a lively face and full of motivation, so I just left him alone.

“I am a sinner...”

I shouldn't have said that in the first place. They should have refrained from making comments that might raise questions about the caste system, and even if they had said it, they should have at least prevented it from being put into action.

The poison that was demanded from you in the name of a gift was this mother's last stubbornness. The safety of



Daniel, the son who risked his mother's life as a hostage to secure it. That was all, and now even that has failed, so what's my life worth?

"...This mother will soon follow."

What should I do if my child, who has many enemies, is still being harassed by vengeful spirits even after he dies?

He took out the poison that he had once requested from Daniel. I hear footsteps outside, so I pour it into my mouth and swallow it without hesitation.

Not long after the liquid passed down my throat, I quickly felt drowsy. As he fell asleep without pain, he felt Daniel's own efforts as he could not bear to give his mother false medicine, so he smiled faintly and closed his eyes.

'Did you know that a mother would not know what her child is thinking?'

This is a child born after being born for ten months and raised with love. As a mother who anxiously watched every step he took, I knew what was going through my son's mind.

He probably wanted to leave this mother to the next leader after his death. He probably said it already. The sound of urgent footsteps like that is the proof.

"...But my brother directly asked me to look after my mother. "Even if I postpone the arrangement a bit, I have to personally come and apologize and take care of it."

The sound stopped at the door.

smart.

“This is Paul, Daniel’s younger brother. “Can I come in?”

“ ....”

“...Why are you answering... Mother? “Are you there?”

“ ....”

“Mother?”

“ ....”

“...Excuse me!”

Suddenly. The door opened and it seemed as if it had found me with my eyes closed, as if it was about to rush in at any moment, but then stopped.

“...Please call Representative Iram.”

“Yes?”

“Come on!”

An urgent, muffled voice is heard, as if submerged in water.

Is it necessary to entrust oneself to an organization without a son? It is clear that as time passes, my handling of it will become an embarrassing burden that I cannot bear to throw away.

‘My son must retreat like this until the end...’

It seemed like he had planned a new start, but he left behind the remnants of the past like this.

—That was the last thought she had.

\*\*\*

[Side: I will protect you even if I die]

The revolution of the revolutionary army must not succeed. Because Deon is under the protection of the current emperor.

However, it cannot lead the duke to victory. Because the Duke is trying to kill Deon.

A situation in which both the revolutionary army and the duke are trying to harm Deonhardt.

So I calculated it.

Takkak. Just right.

Chess pieces go back and forth. The thick, bony fingers stretched out comfortably grabbed the pieces of both sides and moved them alternately.

While the mysterious green eyes watched this, the horses moved without stopping.

The black horse attacks the white horse. The white horse does not lose and eats up the black horse. The black horse pushes the white horse away and sits down, but then the other white horse pushes it away and sits back down.

Sigh.

“Checkmate.”

The leader is dead.

Cruel picked up the black king that was lying on its deathbed and rolled it in his hand. A pensive green eye

captures the chessboard where the war ended.

The winner is White, but considering the pieces remaining on the chessboard, Black has the advantage. Unlike White, who lost most of his operational troops, Black only lost some of his pawns.

A revolutionary army that has lost its head but its main strength is still alive.

A duke who has lost his troops but whose head is still alive.

The two must be pitted against each other. It would be best to completely destroy oneself, but since that won't happen, it would be better to calculate the damage so that it is as big as possible. If you're too busy taking care of yourself and don't even pay attention to Deon, it's a success.

Cruel was prepared to die from the moment he stepped onto the tightrope of psychological warfare with the Duke. It wouldn't be surprising if his life were cut off at any time, so why would we believe it and wait until Deonhardt dies naturally?

He acted as if he was only going to live for today, and so he had the distant future in mind.

'We have to find a way to keep Deon safe even after I die.'

A future in which Cruel himself is not dead.

Looking at the times, it would be difficult to achieve complete safety, so at least some of the countless dangers in the child's path should be removed. So I shook my head.

Since you can't do anything about the Demon World, just look away. With his eyes set on the Empire, he looked for

the child's greatest threat.

'The duke and... the revolutionary army.'

Even a single duke would be in trouble, and even the revolutionary army.

The gloom was short-lived. Daniel is the leader of a group called the Revolutionary Army, and the Duke is a skilled politician who rivals the Emperor. They are not bound by promises based on affection or trust, but are joining hands for their own benefit.

The calculation was done quickly.

'Did the revolutionary army leader's mother say she wasn't feeling well?'

After investigating, they also found that hemoptysis....

Cruel thought for a moment that he paused as he remembered his weak younger brother.

'The leader said he doesn't know about it yet.'

I heard that at her request, all the revolutionary troops serving her kept quiet. But even that has its limits. It is certain that it will be discovered at some point.

You don't even have to look at the psychological shock that the leader of the revolutionary army would suffer at that time.

I gave an order.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 147**

147. plaudite!(6)

[Keep a close eye on Daniel. The location doesn't matter, so if he goes in or comes out of somewhere, let me know immediately.]

That would be the moment I found out about her hemoptysis.

There's no way he's sane. Daniel, whom Cruel investigated, was usually rational, befitting his bravery, so it can be said that that was the only moment when his mind wavered.

Even a fool would know that this is an irreplaceable opportunity.

'The only problem is when you find out.'

If we induce Daniel's actions, we can adjust the timing, but that is not as easy as it sounds, and it is impossible to move carelessly in a situation where the duke's eyes are on you.

Rather than taking risks and reaching out to the revolutionary army, Cruel decided to respond flexibly to the given situation.

[Will you contact me when Deon is in the empire or when he is away?] It

would be best if you contacted me when Deon was around, but it doesn't matter if you don't.

The main purpose is to engage the revolutionary army and the duke, and the secondary purpose is to prevent the leader of the revolutionary army from killing Deon. Those two premises were among the conditions that influenced the latter.

Contrary to his detached attitude, as if heaven was helping him, the call arrived when Deon was at a banquet hall within arm's reach of the Empire.

Cruel looked at his younger brother, who had suffered an accident and his physical condition had deteriorated rapidly, even hemopting blood, and then he sighed faintly.

'I'm sorry Deon, but I still have to take it while I have the chance.'

Because your body is in a mess, you become more determined.

Please understand that I will not allow the leader of the revolutionary army to directly touch your life.

I forced myself to open my mouth that wouldn't come out easily.

"Go tell Deon. "Just for today, don't just wander around the streets and go home right away."

Since that child never listened to me after 'that day', he will end up on the street again.

You have to move one step faster than Deon. Cruel put on his robe and quickly moved away.

“That boy... just have a conversation about the festival near that guy and mention Day Street to the east.”

“Are you really paying me to do just that...?”

“okay.”

As soon as the news came in, the movements of the leader of the revolutionary army were being reported in real time. Currently, he is wandering the streets of Day in a dazed state.

We need to have him and Deon run into each other. In that sense, it was not difficult to induce the child to move.

Cruel’s plan was simple.

‘The key is to show the hemoptysis of someone who ‘looks like he’s about to die’ to the head of the distraught revolutionary army, making it look like his mother’s.’

So it makes you impatient.

‘Did he say that the reason he created the revolutionary army was to show his weakened mother the ideals she dreamed of before she passed away?’

When I think about this, it’s strange that I don’t become impatient.

However, in order to start a rebellion, you must meet the Duke, who is your biggest helper. The duke would be against it. The reason the duke joined hands with the revolutionary army was not to support them but to keep them in check.

Perhaps, seeing Daniel half out of his mind, he may let his guard down and try to suppress him by revealing his



arrogant personality.

No, it definitely will.

‘Because the duke is arrogant.’

Cruel has been watching him closely for quite some time.

That’s why I assure you. The duke’s weakness is arrogance.

Arrogance catches one’s guard down, so it’s likely that the mask he’s wearing will crack and show cracks. There is no way the leader of the revolutionary army, who was quick to notice this, would not know this.

‘I will definitely find a way to escape from the duke.’

Since you are a smart person, you will quickly realize that you will not escape unscathed.

After this, it is the responsibility of the leader of the revolutionary army. However, after thoroughly researching him and understanding his tendencies, Cruel was able to roughly predict what choice he would make.

So, it was such a bold move.

‘...And determining ‘who’ in ‘showing the hemoptysis of someone who is about to die’ will determine the success of the secondary purpose.’

It would be best if that ‘someone’ is Deon, but if not, you can send a candidate you have looked at in advance.

As for why he chose Deon... Cruel knew that Daniel was a softer person than he thought.

‘Especially if you meet him while he has not yet recovered from the shock of seeing his mother’s blood, even if the opponent is Deon Hart, he will not be able to survive that day.’

Since we cannot prevent the group called the Revolutionary Army from targeting Deonhardt, we target its individual leader.

Although he doesn’t seem like he will live that long, it would be better to keep him from targeting children at least until then.

In the first place, small things like this can determine a person’s life.

[It would be best if the image of the child bleeding would remain deep in his mind and Daniel would not be able to personally take Deon’s life from then on.] [If he hesitates to kill Deon when he encounters him from that day forward, that is enough

. ]

[The worst assumption would be to let them go safely on the day the panic occurred and then try to kill them without any regrets when they encounter each other....] In the

last case, it would be a wasted effort, but when viewed as a whole, there is no harm in trying. does not exist.

Above all, even in the final case where failure is assumed, Deon will eventually return safely.

So I tried it.

“Cough.”

“...?!”

After giving money to passers-by several times to encourage the child to walk, the path finally overlapped with the leader of the revolutionary army. Cruel did not miss the opportunity he had managed to seize, and, aiming for the moment when the two passed by, gave Deon a moderate shock to his back and pushed him.

Blood comes out of Deon's mouth and Daniel, embarrassed, starts to panic and immediately picks up Deon and carries him.

Cruel watched from a distance and turned his back only after they disappeared from sight.

‘With this, all the seeds have been sown.’

I'm a little worried about my younger brother who vomited blood, but judging by the attitude of the leader of the revolutionary army, he'll probably go on a rampage to save his life, so I guess it'll be okay. The treatment will be done in secret, and even if he is found out and his colleagues demand that he be killed, the child will eventually come back alive.

As I said again, the leader whose reason has been clouded cannot kill Deon today, and his colleagues who are guilty of hiding his mother's hemoptysis will have no choice but to lose to him in the end.

‘Let's go back.’

The growth of the seed is not related to the life or death of the person who sown it, so even if Cruel Hart is dead or absent, it will germinate on its own.

So let's go back now.

'I have to continue my daily life.'

The duke is still trying to take the child's life.

Now is the time to look at reality again and live.

\*\*\*

"The last breakwater has collapsed!"

The blinders of disaster have disappeared! Disaster will soon wake up!

An old shaman woman who was looking at the stars in the deep night sky of a small mountain village suddenly shouted. Ignoring the granddaughter's words to calm down a little, the loud shouting finally seemed to wake up the villagers, and lights began to come on in each house one by one.

People come out rubbing their eyes. A look of slight annoyance was directed at granddaughter Ran, who was attending to her grandmother, as if requiring an explanation.

"We have to move town!"

"...What is going on?"

"...Grandma is right this time. "I need to move quickly."

It was a very sudden remark in the middle of the night.

However, since he had already saved his life by moving villages based on the advice of the shaman grandmother

once during the 8 Years' War, the villagers looked at Ran's expression instead of saying what nonsense that was.

Her face was somewhat pale as she comforted her grandmother and examined the stars in the night sky.

"...Where do I have to go?"

"Esperanes!"

"When should I move?"

"Within a week!"

Should I say I'm glad it's not tomorrow?

But still, there is not enough time.

"There is not enough time to move from village to village... Shouldn't we erase traces like we did during the eight-year war? If you give me a little more time to prepare..."

"No! "I will be here first before the disaster becomes active!"

"But..."

"Yekki! no!"

"Everyone calm down for a moment."

As expected, it was Ran who calmed down the somewhat overheated atmosphere.

She held her grandmother's hand tightly and looked back at the villagers who looked troubled and anxious.

“It’s definitely sudden. “Would you mind if it were 10 days plus 3 days?”

“Ran!”

“If it’s 10 days...”

I checked them as they nodded and turned my attention to the grumpy-looking grandmother.

“Do not worry too much.”

“Ran, but...”

“Even if we do meet them, they will come before they are active, so no one will die.”

“...Okay, you must have something in mind too...”

As if she was convinced, the grandmother’s momentum also decreased. Ran bowed her head to the villagers while supporting an old woman who seemed exhausted from shouting in the middle of the night.

“You were rude late at night. “We’re going in now, so you guys can go in and rest.”

\*\*\*

It is said that the king of the Shan Kingdom somehow persuaded the monarchs of other small kingdoms to make him a vassal state. Not to be outdone, the Rweche Kingdom also promised material support and protection and placed the Kingdom of Taehon under its command...

‘With this, the number of kingdoms in the human world has been reduced to four.’

The empire of Rwece Esperanes.

The demons, who welcome fighting among humans, would not be very happy because their forces were united without bloodshed. Perhaps the monarchs of those two kingdoms were aiming for that.

“Deacon, the cleaning of all floors has been completed.”

“Good job. “I’ll take a look, so you can go in and rest.”

Remember continued his thoughts as he walked down the hallway.

The current empire is in a noisy situation in another sense. Deonhardt, an honorary marquis and the third hero of the Empire, has gone missing.

Opinions are divided even within the empire, as it is not easy to be sure whether it is a betrayal or whether someone has put one’s life in danger.

Because of that, like now,

“Deacon.”

“Ah, Lord Rien. “What’s going on?”

“Deacon... do you really not know your master’s whereabouts?”

“How can this old man know something that even Lord Lien doesn’t know?”

There were many people who asked me about Deonhardt’s whereabouts.

How could a mere butler managing a mansion know the whereabouts of a knight who had a master-servant relationship with him?

Nevertheless, perhaps because of his unique, suspicious atmosphere, Remember remained silent in response to the people who kept asking him questions.

Dan, who had been quietly observing the situation, spoke cautiously.

“Since he even disappeared leaving behind the knights... isn’t it also intentional?”

“...It seems like they would have abandoned the country, so it’s not credible.”

Remember, who heard Lien’s words, smiled kindly, as if looking at his cute grandchild.

“Do you really think so?”

“....”

As if caught off guard, Lien closed his mouth.

Even though Deonhardt seemed to hate her and push her away on the outside, she knew that there was an underlying trust and affection that she could not understand.

‘Of course, trust seems to be greater than affection.’

I turned my head and looked out the window. Perhaps due to the disappearance of their lord, a group of murderous knights, who had recently become depressed, came into sight.



...I usually don't like the idea of having accidents, but seeing him drooping like a dog in the rain just now doesn't bother me.

'It seems like I've become attached too.'

...More than that, where is my lord really?

When I looked at them, I felt like my mood was sinking, so Lien took her eyes off the knights and thought of something else.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 148**

148. Cruel Truth, Cruel Fate (1)

The captain has disappeared.

Thanks to this, I was able to escape the battlefield for a while and return quickly, but I was not happy at all.

The members of the Order of Murderous Demons, sitting huddled together in one corner of the backyard, each sighed deeply.

“Where have you gone with that body?”

“You weren’t kidnapped, right? “If... if that’s really the case... is the kidnapper providing proper meals?”

“Are you planning on eating in the meantime?”

“It’s important.”

“That’s right.”

“....”

I wonder if our Marquis is eating properly.

“...More than that, what should we do now? “The Marquis isn’t there either.”

“Shall we go look for it ourselves?”

“I don’t know if we’ll be able to find it, and more than anything, we’ll catch it quickly. “It’s called desertion.”

“Then what?”

The answer was given by Cleter.

“...Let us follow the Emperor’s words only until the Marquis returns. “Now that the hero has disappeared, he must be looking for him diligently.”

\*\*\*

Deonhardt was dying.

The extreme stress that came from the combination of the terrible memories that had been forcibly separated was added to the stress that had accumulated so far, and this caused the work.

My fever rose like crazy and I was coughing up blood all the time. The situation of crossing between life and death several times a day did not change even though I was safely transported to the demon world.

“Do something!”

Lirinel, who was the one responsible for transporting Ben to the Demon World, came running after receiving the signal from the necklace given to him and scolded Ben.

Her voice sounded like she was about to burst into tears.

“This is the realm of the mind. All I can do is... cool your body and replenish your blood...”

“You’re the doctor! “I’m Demon’s doctor, why!”

When I saw him lying in the snow, I was scared and brought him to the demon world. I moved around with only one thought in mind: that as soon as I get to the Demon King’s Castle, everything will be resolved.

Lirinel wanted to burst into tears right away, but she knew that crying wouldn’t solve anything, so she picked up a handkerchief instead. I looked at my bloodshot, bloodshot, unfocused eyes to see what on earth I was looking at, and then wiped the corners of my eyes. There was blood on the handkerchief.

“If that doesn’t work, try using magic, please...”

The sight of her not even blinking when the handkerchief touched her eyes made her look like a doll whose soul had been lost, and she began to cry.

“You’re crying...”

I’m sure I just wiped it, but the blood is flowing down again, leaving a trace as if it was never clean again.

Tears would have been better, but the red liquid flowing down her cheeks was so unsettling that she had no choice but to cry like a child.

“...The ban on magic has not been lifted yet.”

“Say it now!”

“and.”

Ben looked down at the 11th Corps commander, who was grasping his neck with both small hands.

The voice continued in a choked voice, perhaps because the throat was strangled or because of emotions.

“If it had been possible to solve the problem with magic, I would have used it a long time ago.”

Magic or whatever, the top priority is Demon’s life. He who escaped from the Demon King’s Castle and went to the human world because he already received a strong signal, would he now think about what to do next? If there was a way, I would have used it right away.

That means he really has no choice.

A doctor who can’t do anything with a patient in front of him. The most miserable demon here was none other than Ben.

“More than that, Demon, it seems like your body is starting to heat up again. Could you please let go of this hand?”

“....”

“...Thank you.”

I walked towards Demon, pretending not to notice the arm that had fallen helplessly.

My whole body is boiling. With a fever so severe that he thought he was going to die, Ben chewed his lip until it bled and took out a towel he had soaked in ice water.

He muttered as if he were lamenting while wiping his scarred upper body, which he had taken off to relieve his fever.

“Unfortunately, the Demon Lord was out at this time...”

He said he would come back soon after hearing the news through the communication box, but why hasn't he come yet?

I sent Ed to wait for a detailed explanation, but did something go wrong?

—As soon as I could think of this, the Demon King appeared right next to me.

At the same time, the strong smell of grass filled the room.

The Demon King who appears with Ed looks around the room, which is hot due to the heat from Deonhardt, and at the crying Lyrinel, and then sets his sights on Ben.

A cool and calm voice came out softly to the point where Deon would have asked who it was if he had heard it.

"I'm a little late because I received the news and received herbs from the Fairy King. How is your condition?"

"...It's serious."

The mouth that was supposed to report the patient's condition in detail uttered only one word.

Ed, who belatedly saw Deonhardt's condition, let out a faint groan. The Demon King rolled his eyes and glanced at Deonhardt without paying attention, then quietly nodded.

"It seems so. "I have been receiving various herbs as needed, but I don't know if they will be effective."

"...."

"You should know better what these things are. Ben, please classify it properly and use it."

Fairy herbs are effective, so if you use them well, you may be fine. The first thing to do is to bring down that fever.

Ben's movements became busier.

Ed was the one who took over the role originally played by busy Ben. He soaked the towel in ice water again, took it out, twisted it, and wiped Deon's upper body.

The Demon King, who had been standing still and watching this whole scene, took a stride.

After just a few steps, he stands at Deon's bedside and extends his hand. A finger delicately wiped away the blood flowing down from the corner of the eye, and a low voice continued.

"What on earth did I see?"

I wonder if she's crying this painfully.

I waved my hand to roughly shake off the blood and looked into the eyes of the human whose eyes were wide open and seemed as if he was about to suffocate due to high fever.

Eyes with bloodshot whites and even redder eyes, as if they were looking at something.

The answer came out without difficulty.

"...You quit."

Turning away and rationalizing.

The Demon King paused for a moment, then straightened his slightly bent back as if nothing had happened.

Meanwhile, Ben hurriedly approaches, holding a small pill that seemed to be made of medicine. The Demon King took the medicine from him.

“It’s a fever reducer.”

“Well... I think sedatives or sleeping pills would come first.”

...Still, it might be a good idea to give it a try.

I approached Deon with the medicine I was looking around for. Meanwhile, the corners of his mouth were messed up, as if he had vomited blood.

Ed quickly turned his head to the side and wiped his face again, gesturing with his hand and calling out to him.

“Daemon. “Can you hear me?”

“ ....”

“I need to take this medicine, can you take it?”

“ ....”

“...that can’t be possible.”

In the first place, there is no way you can feed him something when he is vomiting blood.

Fairy herbs are effective, but this is a problem.

For a moment, he thought about forcing his mouth to open and force the medicine down his throat, but since it could cause serious trouble, the Demon King gave up and threw the medicine away.



The small bead containing Ben's efforts rolled across the floor and disappeared somewhere.

"...I don't think you'll die easily, but it would be troublesome if you die already."

It's finally starting to be fun, but I don't plan on losing this long-awaited opportunity like this.

"Yes, it would be fun to check your fate at this time. "Will you die here or not?"

"...Demon King."

Ed realized what he was trying to do and urgently called the Demon King. On the contrary, seeing Ben silent, the Demon King stretched out his hand and covered Deon's eyes.

—All creatures living on this earth have a certain lifespan.

In general, the majority of people die before they reach their designated lifespan due to problems such as unexpected accidents, so much so that people who have lived their entire lifespan are said to 'enjoy their life in heaven.'

Are you dying now because you have reached the end of your life span, or are you dying from an 'unforeseen accident'?

'If it's the former, no matter how much I reduce the fever, calm it down, and put it to sleep, it will die.'

If not, I will buy it.

Even if it is the latter case, the current actions of the devil can be seen as changing the 'future' of a human being's 'death'. Because it saves people who could have died.

Changing the 'future related to life' requires a considerable price.

'The price is 90% of the magical power I have.'

If it were other demons, they would have felt significant inconvenience in carrying on with their daily lives, but the demon king is different. Not only is it inconvenient, but even after doing this, you will probably have the most magical power among the demons.

How can we compare 90% of the water in a basin with 90% of sea water when the sizes of the bowls are different in the first place?

If we were to say the problem, would it be that the difference in magical power between the second-ranked demons is not as overwhelming as before and is narrowed to a difference of a bucket of water?

'Ah, it will be quite annoying when dealing with heroes later.'

...Well, let's think about it then.

I concentrated my mind.

"...get a good night's sleep first."

What you need now is mental rest.

Bright light from the hand filled the room.

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The Demon King, who left Deon Hart sleeping lazily, immediately summoned the corps commanders. To be precise, 'those who are familiar with demons'.

The corps commanders who could not come due to work were connected to the communication table, and with Ed, Ben, and even Hien in attendance, he softly opened his mouth.

“Who is the demon that Demon Arut trusts the most here?”

“....”

A silence fell, heavier than ever.

I definitely thought they would fight each other, claiming it was him, but the situation was completely different from what he expected, so the Demon King raised an eyebrow.

“Why is there no answer? Daemon asks who he trusts most. “If you don’t know whether to trust me, it’s okay to be your closest demon.”

We need a demon to help restore Deonhardt’s broken mind.

Fortunately, if the demon he trusts or is closest to is by his side, he will quickly stabilize.

But...

‘Deonhard, how on earth have you been?’

Those proud people are just looking at each other and can’t move forward.

He looked around at the demons who could not easily step forward, and then fixed his gaze on the 2nd Corps commander, Develania, who was the source of information.

“Develania. “Didn’t you guys respect and follow Daemon a lot?”

“...because feelings are not always two-way. “I can assure you that I like Demon-nim second to none, but if you ask me whether Demon-nim trusts me the most, I think it would be difficult to give a definite answer.”

“He always treated us with an invisible wall.”

3rd Corps Commander Ashild nodded and added.

Silence fell again.

The Demon King, who was speechless due to the unexpected situation, quietly turned his head and looked at Ed and Ben Hien. As if Deon’s behavior was no exception to them, each of them shook their heads as soon as their eyes met.

The Demon King opened his mouth a few times, but instead of speaking, he let out a deep sigh and waved his hand.

“Okay... I understand, so let’s just disperse.”

\*\*\*

The memories that came pouring out when the wall collapsed were roughly resolved, but that does not determine whether the mind is healthy or not.

As soon as Deon Hard woke up, he began frantically gathering information.

How can your body be healthy if you are doing this and even giving up eating?

The bloody tears stopped and the frequency of hemoptysis decreased to a level similar to before, but the fever that the

Demon King had managed to keep down rose again as soon as he came to his senses.

Pop.

Cold sweat broke out.

Deon Hardt paid no heed, moving with unsteady steps and standing in front of the huge door on a certain floor.

A place I've been to once before. A place where information compiled by 2nd Corps Commander Develania and 4th Corps Commander Idelia is located.

"open it."

"Daemon?"

"right now!"

A sound like an animal growling came out of my throat.

What kind of spirit is this for a subject who is pale and dripping with cold sweat?

It is completely different from his usual moderate appearance. Maybe he was nervous because he was sick. The gatekeepers hurriedly opened the door.

# I'm Not That Kind of Talent

## Chapter 149

149. Cruel Truth, Cruel Fate (2)

0 The corps commander took a step back after stopping for a moment.

As if the rumor that he was suffering from a high fever was true, the gatekeepers could not help but stiffen in shock at the intense heat they felt from him as he passed by.

‘No matter how you look at it... I think you should go to your room and rest rather than the library...’

Putting aside the worries of the gatekeepers who couldn't reach him, Deonhardt entered the library.

The librarian on one side saw him and jumped up, but Deon passed him as if he didn't even see him and stood in front of a familiar bookshelf.

I was able to find the book I was aiming for without difficulty.

[Information about the heroes of the current empire]

[Author: Idelia Develania]

I urged Idelia and Develania to provide information about Cruel. If I didn't have it, I uncharacteristically forced myself to scrap it together and give it to them. The answer was

that it would take a long time due to the vast scope, but even that was forced to shorten the time.

I have no intention of sitting still while the two of you move to gather information.

Deon reached out and took out a book. Skip the previous content at random and stop at the part where Cruel's portrait appears. My eyes met with familiar green eyes.

[(Former) Fourth hero. Cruel Hart. (Currently deceased. Information to be deleted.)]

[Known to be related by blood to the third hero, Deon Hart. Although he is known not as a person of the emperor, but as a person of the duke who opposes him...]

Yes, I closed the book here.

It takes strength in your hands. Deon read the following without even blinking.

[...He acts as if he is suppressing the Duke's orders rather than following him faithfully, such as distorting or offsetting them.] There is no way the Duke would have

entrusted Cruel with handling important information, so even if the orders were given, they would be of the type to kill or bury someone. It must have been an order from .

So who was the person the duke mainly wanted to kill?

Although his head was not working well due to the heat, Deon was able to find an answer even in that situation.

"...under."

I just laughed.

“Hahaha... Ahhahaha!!”

I feel like I’m going crazy. I’m really going crazy.

I never thought I would resent the head that praised Cruel for being so smart when I was young.

If I had read this when Cruel was alive, I would have laughed it off and wondered if that person would be me. Then, unable to overcome his discomfort, he began to investigate.

The Duke, who gives orders to harm someone, and Cruel, who acts as a filter between them.

And since Cruel died with me wrapped around me, the suspicion that arose from the first clue was put to rest.

There can be no clearer evidence than this.

Deon laughed maniacally, spitting out the blood that was surging in tears.

It was me.

You were protecting me.

From the perspective of the head of the aristocratic faction, who would be the most annoying person?

He is known as one of the emperor’s favorite swords and his faithful dog. Unlike other heroes who act openly, he moves underwater, making it difficult to predict where he will land.

Isn’t that Deon Hardt?

“Then why did you do that?”



Habits built up over ten years are trying to ignore the truth that is difficult to handle. When I consciously stopped this, the direction of my thoughts reversed and I chose to blame Cruel.

Because there were still unanswered questions.

“Why did you send me to war?”

If you’re going to die like that, then you better not abandon me. When did you send me to the battlefield and why are you trying to protect me now?

Did you feel guilty later? Then I don’t have to feel guilty. It was probably just an action to alleviate the guilt of an abominable hypocrite.

“Daemon.”

“...Demon King.”

I raised my head feeling a little dazed.

The Demon King, seeing Deon’s face filled with all kinds of indescribable emotions, including anger, frustration, and guilt, slowly lowers his gaze as if assessing the state of his body. The clothes soaked in cold sweat were a sight to behold, but when white feet wearing nothing came into view, he clicked his tongue.

Even though he spoke as if he hadn’t seen anything for a while.

“I heard you asked for information about Cruel Hart.”

“....”

“The kids were amazed at the vast scope...”

I looked into the red eyes with deep saturation.

“Did you say that because you really couldn’t specify the range you wanted, or was it because you couldn’t tell them the range you wanted?”

“....”

“It’s the latter.”

Well, Cruel Hart is also related to the Empire’s third hero, Deonhardt, so I had to be selective about what I said. If you are not careful, it will be discovered that you are the same person as the commander of Corps 0.

It may be difficult to think clearly when you’re so heated, but it’s helpful to know what to say and what not to say.

Seeing Deon with new eyes, the Demon King couldn’t just leave the patient he saved for a moment like this, so he smiled softly to reassure the other person.

“Then tell me. “It’s okay if it’s me, right?”

“....”

“I’ll help you.”

The Demon King knows his identity and hides it, so there is nothing to worry about.

Perhaps because he felt a little relieved, Deon’s senses were overtaken by the heat and he staggered closer to the Demon King. He raises his trembling hand and grabs the demon king’s collar as if he is hanging on, and he stutters to open his mouth.

Like a child, unfinished sentences came out randomly.

“So, Cruel died instead of me... We obviously had a bad relationship...” “

...Aha.”

The Demon King, who had carefully picked up the gibberish words and put them together, realized what was happening and let out a low exclamation.

“okay. “I will investigate.”

“Thank you...”

“So let’s get some sleep for now.”

I didn’t touch it directly, I was just grabbed by the collar, but the air touching my skin was hot. How did I walk all the way here in this condition? And barefoot.

I touched Deon’s forehead with my fingertip. Only after slowly closing his eyes and lifting him up as he fell, did the Demon King remember that his magical power was no longer what it used to be.

‘Before, even if I used this level of magic, I didn’t feel anything at all.’

Now I can feel my magic power decreasing a little.

Still, I rolled my eyes again and looked at the poor human, thinking that I should restrain myself from using the magic I had already used, even putting Deon Hart back in the room.

Even though he was asleep, he narrowed his eyebrows and was breathing heavily, as if he was suffering from a fever.

“Deon Hardt.”

I softly whispered his name as if to check that he was asleep.

“Do you know when humans fall?”

He lived as a demon king for a long time and saw the corruption of countless people.

Oh yeah. It would be more correct to say ‘broken’ rather than ‘corrupted’.

“It’s when you lose something precious.”

Precisely when there is nothing left to lose.

When people are cornered and cornered and can’t even breathe, they are completely broken and corrupted. There will never be another person as creepy and scary as him.

He quietly whispered cruel facts as if he were reading a book.

“You lost the only person who truly cared for you.”

It will probably be difficult to find a person like him ever again.

Who would want to give their all for others?

“Poor Deon.”

The Demon King laughed quietly.

“I’m really alone now.”

\*\*\*

[Bring the information to me first before you bring it to Daemon.] After receiving

the information he had researched from Idelia and Develania and organizing it appropriately, the Demon King went to Deonhart with only a single document summarizing everything. .

Knowing exactly what information Deon Hardt wanted, he asked everyone in the room and without hesitation placed the document in his hand on Deon's lap.

"The amount of information Develania and Idelia sought is so vast that it seems difficult for you to find it, so I summarized it. "Is this the information you wanted?"

"...."

Deon sits on the bed and looks at the Demon King for a moment, then picks up the paper on his lap. His red, bloodshot eyes began to read the letters.

The whites of my eyes, which were fine until I read the first letter, were only a little bloodshot, but as they move back, blood lines appear and the corners of my eyes turn red. Is it because it's sad?

...No, this was anger.

"Ha haha...."

A terrible murderous intent towards oneself.

Originally, Cruel was supposed to participate in the Eight Year War. The documents changed in the middle and I had to go.

“|...”

The cause is the Duke. He touched the papers and sent me away.

The family I killed with my own hands sent several documents to the imperial palace requesting corrections in the early stages of the war to bring me back, but they couldn't wait and even sent people, but they all remained silent, so there was nothing they could do.

Of course, the person who cut off communication between the families was also the duke.

“What have I done?”

I want to kill him.

I wanted to die. I wanted to send this useless body to death in the most cruel way right now, but I couldn't easily end the life that Cruel had saved by sacrificing herself.

Deon Hart, who closed his eyes to drown out his emotions, was unable to hold on and threw everything he could get his hands on the floor, forgetting that he was in front of the Demon King.

Wow!

A flower pot thrown into the air shatters and splinters fly out. Deon looked at a large piece of debris that had ended up on top of his blanket, then stretched out his hand.

The attempt to catch it failed due to the Demon King's actions, which stopped him by grabbing his wrist.

Thanks to this, Deon seems to have come to his senses a little and looks up to follow the hand holding his wrist and makes eye contact with the Demon King. The red eyes were overflowing with suppressed murderous intent and anger.

“...Did the Emperor know this?”

Hmm. The Demon King let go of his hand, crossed his arms, and tilted his head to one side.

I intentionally left out the information about ‘why the duke did what he did’, but they really didn’t ask. Well, I probably don’t have time to think about that right now.

Well, it doesn’t matter because it’s comfortable and good from this point of view.

“I even worked as a businessman, so there’s no way I wouldn’t know.”

“haha.”

Deon slowly wiped his face.

I think I know why Cruel said that.

If I hadn’t knocked down the ‘wall’ in advance, when I got the current information, the wall that had reached its limit would have collapsed and I would have been even more stressed than I am now.

“Cough.”

It’s a truth and stress that even I, who had already knocked down the wall and managed to fix, can’t handle, but what would it have been like if it had been combined with what was pushed in by the wall collapsing?

'Just because the wall collapsed was the difference between life and death.'

Needless to say, he was definitely dead.

'You protect me even in death.'

The more I know, the more murderous intent I have towards myself, so what should I do?

I can't easily throw away the life you saved.

As my anger reaches its peak, I become calmer. Instead of throwing things or screaming again, Deon quietly raised his head and looked into space.

'brother.'

Sorry.

I know that I don't have the right to apologize and that there's nothing I can do by just saying I'm sorry, but I can't think of anything else to say.

'I shouldn't think like this anymore.'

Really.

'I want to die.'

As if the suppressed emotions have been replaced by blood, a fishy liquid gushes down the throat. After hearing the Demon King click his tongue and say, 'Oh my...' at the unexpectedly large amount, Deon surrendered himself obediently to the darkness encroaching on his consciousness.

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The world made up of misunderstandings and illusions was shattered.

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As soon as Deonhardt regained consciousness, he started looking for the Demon King.

The Demon King quietly looks up at Deon, who is standing in front of his office desk as solemnly as when he submitted his resignation letter, and picks up a nearby communication seat. A few signals went through and someone received the communication.

“Ben, come to the office door right away.”

– yes? Where are you hurt?!

“no. And don’t be confused as it is not the office but ‘in front of the office door’. “I’m waiting there until I’m called.”

A look of puzzlement at the incomprehensible command was clearly conveyed through the communication device, but since he was not the person he should be concerned about, the Demon King ignored it and hung up.

After putting down the communication desk, he raised his head again and looked at Deon. Their eyes met and his dark eyes hid under his eyelids, which were curved like crescent moons.

“Then I’ll ask you now.”

“...”

“What brought you here?”

Even though I’m not feeling well.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 150**

150. Cruel Truth, Cruel Fate (3)

The answer did not come right away. The low, red eyes seemed to be looking towards the floor, but then they looked at the Demon King again and then looked towards the floor again.

Soon, a slightly cracked voice came out in a rough tone.

“Do you know why the duke did what he did?”

“...no? “How can I know the true intentions of mere humans?”

Could it be that he noticed something? The Demon King's nerves were tense.

Fortunately, Deon lowered his eyes and said, ‘Is that so?’ as if he had just thrown it away, then raised his head again and asked the question that seemed to be his original purpose.

“...Can't we turn back time... with magic?”

“Hmm?”

The Demon King, who was surprised by the unexpected question and realized for a moment what the question was asking, arched his eyebrows as if he felt sorry.

“Magic is not omnipotent. “There are areas that can never be touched no matter what, and the most representative ones are raising the dead and turning back time.”

“...I see. All right.”

“....”

The demon king, who was expecting hemoptysis and seizures and was about to call Ben, who had been waiting outside, stopped at the reaction, which was much calmer and calmer than expected.

Deon calmly turns around, as if he didn't notice the devil's signs. He walked towards the door and looked back at the Demon Lord for a moment before putting his hand on the handle.

“I'm going to go to the human world for a while.”

“....”

Instead of an answer, an embarrassed silence returned, but as if that was enough, he placed his hand on the doorknob.

The Demon King expressed his belated approval by not bothering to capture him.

....

“Daemon!”

When I opened the door and came out, the person I met was Ben.

The man who was restlessly pacing in front of the door suddenly approaches, looking angry as if he had been

waiting. There was blatant concern as his gaze scanned his body's condition.

"Are you feeling okay? I still have a bad fever, so if you move like this..."

"...."

"...Daemon...?"

"...."

It wasn't long before I felt something strange.

Ben, who had been walking at Deon's pace and unable to help him as he stumbled, and was giving advice filled with concern, stopped in place. I am standing here, but I am walking forward without stopping as if I can't even see him.

Ben, startled by the sight of someone seemingly lost, hurriedly walked to the side.

"Daemon, can you hear me?"

"...."

"Daemon?"

"...."

"Daemon!"

"Uuuuk cluck!"

Blood dripped down the hallway.

As usual, urgent action had to be taken, but Ben couldn't bring himself to move.

‘What kind of look...’

I could see the oppressed life so clearly in his eyes as he wiped away the blood with the back of his hand.

Although he seemed calm on the outside, his senses, which had been trained while living in the Demon King’s Castle, were warning him not to mess with him now, so Ben could only stop in place and watch his back as he walked away.

\*\*\*

The emperor does not lie.

If you ask someone who thinks he is a tyrant and calls himself evil whether he has done something bad, what reason would there be to lie? Since I am a wicked person, I will answer with confidence.

Even if that wasn’t the case, there were many reasons for the emperor not to lie.

‘The emperor... is obsessed with being an emperor.’

Stigma was like that. He doesn’t acknowledge his status and is obsessed with proving it.

After hearing that, I saw it. The symbolism of the emperor’s manner of speech, manner of speech, etc.

He was not trained as a successor from a young age to become an emperor, but he appeared to be too perfect for a man who ascended to the throne by rebelling.

‘I don’t know why I didn’t know about it all this time.’

Everything that makes up Edoard Desert is blatantly proclaiming that he is the emperor.

So he will most likely not lie. Because those in the highest positions have no reason to lie.

‘Even if you commit a crime and say you did it, no one will say anything. Because that’s power.’

Of course, this is an extreme example, and if the emperor made a mistake, he would be scolded by the nobles, but Deonhardt was confident nonetheless.

All lies, unless they are white lies, are generally ugly.

The emperor was a human being who never became ugly even if he died.

Before discussing the nobility of the ‘emperor’ who should not be ugly, this is his innate nature.

Jerk.

Footprints were left on the white snow. Deon Hardt, standing in front of the ornate main gate, looked at the gatekeepers who were on high alert and glaring at him, then immediately lifted the hood of his robe.

“...Hart...honorary Marquis?”

“I want to meet your Majesty.”

“Oh, please wait a moment...”

“Right now.”

“...!”

The unidentified person who walked to and from the imperial palace in a carriage without saying a word was the missing Honorary Marquis of Hart.

This alone is making me lose my breath, but I want to see Your Majesty right now.

Normally, he would have gotten out of the way without hesitation, but the atmosphere surrounding him was unusual. Moreover, every time he exhaled, his breath contained more heat than the others...

“...Are you feeling well?”

I think you have a fever.

“I don’t think it’s within your authority.”

The answer that came back was cold.

The gatekeeper, who was startled, looked at his colleague, nodded, and stepped aside. At the same time, his colleague also turned his body to get out of the way.

“Excuse me. Please come in.”

In the first place, he had no authority to stop Deonhardt.

The Honorable Marquis Deonhart is someone whom the Emperor has given permission to visit in any form at any time, and now that he has returned from disappearance, the first person he must meet is none other than the Emperor.

\*\*\*

“Where is your Majesty?”

“Who... Honorable Marquis Harhart?”

“answer.”

“He is in the office. Please wait a moment and I will contact you... Marquis!”

Office. It's the office.

Without even having to remember, Deon moved forward without hesitation.

In fact, he was more familiar with the office than the throne room. For him and the emperor, who had secrets that should not be revealed, an office with fewer people and good soundproofing was much more comfortable.

How long did he walk? It wasn't long before he came face to face with the knights guarding the office door.

The knights, who had been looking at the intruder who dared to enter the emperor's presence with harsh eyes, soon realized who they were and opened their eyes wide. With the return of the missing hero, the vigilance became even more relaxed.

“...Marquis? Are you really the Marquis? “I'm sure you went missing...”

“I need to see your majesty.”

The knights fell silent at the sudden remark.

The atmosphere calms down. The boundary that seemed to have been broken rose sharply again.

One of the silent knights cautiously opened his mouth.

“No matter how much you are the Marquis, it would be difficult for you to just leave like this. At least ask His Majesty for permission...”



“That’s it.”

The door to the office, which seemed sturdy, opened.

“Your Majesty has given permission.”

Nemeseus, who was looking at Deonhard with disapproval, turns his body that was blocking the door to the side and nods for him to come in.

Deon walked past him and entered the office without any sign of regret or hesitation. With Nemeseus’ voice commanding the knights from behind to retreat, I looked straight ahead and my eyes met with familiar golden eyes.

“...You don’t look well.”

The emperor, who immediately noticed Deonhardt’s physical condition, put down the pen he was holding and began to remove the documents on the desk.

“Why did you bring my body to find my luggage when you could contact me through a communicator?”

I didn’t say anything like whether I was okay, whether I needed to rest, or that I would call the palace doctor.

There must be a reason why he came to me with such unreasonable force, and more than anything, it was because I couldn’t say anything else with that look in his eyes.

As I waited leisurely, organizing the documents so that the other person could speak comfortably, Deon Hardt, who had been unable to speak easily by opening and closing his mouth several times, finally spoke with difficulty.

“...Did you know?”

Stop.

For an instant, the hands that were organizing the documents stopped.

There was no need to ask what it was about. The emperor let go of his hand holding the document and raised his head to meet the red eyes that were looking at me as if waiting for an answer.

“okay.”

“...why.”

The simple answer without any lies or excuses actually makes my voice tremble.

The Emperor expressed his approval. That alone would have been enough, but Deon couldn't help the emotions that were boiling over him, and he spoke out with doubts and resentment.

“Why did you do that?”

“....”

“If only you had let me know, if only you had at least given me a hint, if only you had at least refused my request!”

What if the emperor had chosen something else instead of silence during the 8-year war?

“Everyone would have survived...”

Parents would not have suffered the tragic death at the hands of their children, and older brothers would not have sacrificed themselves for their younger siblings.

And Deonhardt wouldn't have wanted to kill Deonhardt.

The last words were almost a whisper, but the emperor, who understood them with his excellent hearing, slowly opened his mouth.

"Are you blaming Jim now?"

"...."

"The direction of resentment is wrong. In the world of nobles, not knowing is a sin. "The resulting damage is also your responsibility."

Is there an adage that says you should pretend to know something even if you don't know it?

"You are still a child."

Even the emperor clearly gave him a chance.

Should we call it the price of silence? The emperor offered a better option: a solid title, jewels, and fiefdom. The person who defied all of this and wished for the extinction of his family was none other than Deon Hardt himself.

"...but."

"...."

"It was all your choice, and Jim just listened to your request, but if you ask why, yes."

"...."

"I guess it was based on my desire to acquire a talented person like you."

Actually, there was something else I originally wanted to say.

Do not blame others for your sins. Do not take other people's sins upon yourself. Judge objectively and think about who you should really blame and hate.

Nevertheless, putting all that aside, if I were to say that as the reason why I called myself a villain, then it would be fine.

'It's just a whim.'

No, in fact, it is ambiguous to even consider him to be a villain. The emperor can never be considered a good person.

Deonhardt's expression hardened.

He was silent for a moment, as if suppressing his rising murderous intent, then looked at the emperor with cool red eyes and spoke as if chewing out each word.

"I am not the type of talent your Majesty thinks I am."

The emperor did not bother to answer.

\*\*\*

After Deonhart returned, Nemeseus, who had been watching the situation the whole time, quietly opened his mouth.

"Why did you just send it away?"

I don't know much about the circumstances, but I do know for sure that Deonhard harbored an indescribable hatred for the Emperor.

That alone was a reason not to just let Deonhardt go, and especially the moment he saw his eyes turning around, his senses as a general sent a strong warning.

“It will definitely come back later.”

“...I know Jim too.”

There was no way the emperor did not know this.

He is the emperor who always meets Deonhardt whenever he travels to and from the demon world, looks directly into his eyes, and determines whether he is neutral or not. He spoke to Deon Hardt here today and noticed that he had completely turned his back on me.

Nevertheless, if you were to ask why I sent it, it could be said to be a whim.

“If you do it, why!”

“Well...”

But that’s the reason and I can’t say it out loud.

Nemeseus would definitely be angry. I won’t understand. So, if I had to pick a specific reason... okay.

“Doesn’t he resemble Jim?”

Killing my family in a moment of misunderstanding.

“Of course, the difference is that Jim had a bad relationship with his family from the beginning.”

“ .... ”

As the emperor had intended, Nemeseus could no longer say anything.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 151**

151. Cruel Truth, Cruel Fate (4)

The snow fell without stopping, as if I was not tired.

Deon Hardt arrived in front of his mansion hurriedly through the snow without any intention of putting on his hood, which had fallen backwards due to the heavy snowfall. He spotted me from afar and stopped in front of the noisy gate.

“The Marquis is back...?!”

The gatekeeper could not finish his sentence.

Deon Hardt's knee buckled. He falls to his knees as if collapsing. The situation was not directed at a specific person, but simply occurred because the body could not withstand it.

Even though I knew that, I couldn't help but feel embarrassed. One of the gatekeepers, startled, was about to approach him in a hurry when Remember, who did not know when he came out, passed him and approached Deon.

“Marquis.”

The old butler, who was also kneeling because he did not dare to look down at his master, let out his usual old voice.

It's a normal voice, but it makes me nervous for no reason.

"Can you hear me? Wake up. "It's cold."

"...Remember."

"I will take you to your mansion, so please forgive my rudeness."

Remember, who had reached out to support him, paused for a moment as he felt the sudden heat.

He pretended not to notice for a moment and tried to support him, but his attempts were thwarted by the owner's actions of holding on to both shoulders and almost clinging to him.

'....'

The white hand that was tightly grasping the butler's shoulder trembled painfully. The tremors that started in my hands gradually grew, and soon my whole body began to tremble.

The desperate calls continued, like a helpless child clinging to its only adult.

"Remember Remember...."

"...Yes, Marquis."

"My I...!"

A suppressed cry, not knowing whether it was a scream or a sob, came out with difficulty.

I thought there was nothing more to break since my spirit was already broken after going through all the trouble in the



Demon King's Castle, but it seems that wasn't the case.

Funny enough, I'm finally starting to realize it.

'I killed my family.'

They killed innocent family members and made them die.

Maybe it's the heat or the emotions that are too much to handle, but my eyes are spinning. At the same time, the direction of the accident jumped out at random.

Now I understand why I asked the emperor 'why' at that time. I was hoping for an excuse.

It's not like a petty feeling of betrayal. What kind of idiot would trust a monarch who is supposed to be for everyone in the first place? At least it wasn't Deon.

just.

'If you say you were swayed by someone's intentions from the beginning.'

The Emperor's affirmation is an affirmation of the Duke's actions informed by the Demon King.

In other words, it is an affirmation that they calculated and intended to use me thoroughly from the beginning.

'I'm becoming so miserable.'

There is a difference between using something just because the situation happened to be right and using it intentionally by creating a situation from the beginning.

Participation in the 8 Years' War among numerous 'exploits'. Thinking that it was not someone's calculated situation, he

chose to 'exterminate the family' and moved on.

'What kind of life have I been living...?'

Maybe that was someone's intention.

My fingertips were cold.

In a seemingly precarious and dangerous situation, Remember stopped watching him and patted his back with one hand, aimed at the back of his neck with the other hand and lifted it up.

puck.

"...!"

Amid the silent astonishment of the gatekeepers, Deon Hardt's eyes slowly close.

At some point, Remember, who had lost his strength and was supporting the collapsed body, cast his gaze towards Dan, who was watching the situation nearby.

"Take me to your room."

"...yes."

Despite the confusion in his eyes, he strides over and hugs Deon.

Remember watched him enter the mansion, then turned his head again and saw the gatekeepers, who were dumbfounded by the situation.

...There's still some work to be done. You kneel down and cry in this open space.

“You... haven’t seen anything today. Do you understand?”

“Yes...yes!”

\*\*\*

Deon Hardt locked himself in his room. I didn’t even eat food.

The food that Remember had carefully brought inside the door without even touching it had dried out and had to be collected again, as it never came out. At times like that, where the stamina comes from, the sound of breaking things resonates violently throughout the mansion, putting the mood of all the occupants on thin ice. It was made with

He even strangled himself or pointed something sharp at his body, and Remember often had to rush in to stop him.

It was like that today too.

“Marquis, this is enough, right? “Stop hurting this old man and stop now.”

“Huh huh—.”

After receiving a call from the personal limb attached to Deon Hardt, Remember immediately rushed in and overpowered the owner who was about to hit a piece of glass on his forearm.

My body, weakened by complete lack of food and drink, was unable to resist properly and was held powerless.

“Marquis...”

I know that he only targets non-vital parts because he can’t bear to die, but as a butler, I can’t just sit by and watch my

master get hurt on my body. Remember took the sharp piece of glass from Deon's hand and let out an inaudible sigh.

"This old man does not know what the Marquis has seen, experienced, and learned."

"...."

"But we can't keep doing this forever. "He's not even going to die."

I don't know what bound him to life.

Most likely, something he saw or a truth he learned made him want to die and at the same time held him back from dying.

"So, come to your senses now. "You have to live."

"...."

Dan, who was watching this whole scene from the hallway outside the open door, was silent.

The state of Deonhardt, who was devastated and had no idea what had happened, was truly a sight to behold. It was a shock.

'I came to follow disaster.'

Which aspect of the author is the cause of disaster?

I thought that a mental shock would reveal the appearance of a disaster, but the current Deon Hart is just a weak human being eroded by emotions and struggling, and the appearance of a 'disaster' was nowhere to be found.

I decided not to doubt it.

‘Did I guess wrong?’

When I see this, confusion comes to me.

In the meantime, Remember, who had laid the calmed Deon down on the bed, quietly closed the door and came out.

Even with Deon Hardt out of sight, Dan couldn’t move easily. Until Remember, who couldn’t wait, urged him to get out of the way.

\*\*\*

The confusion was resolved sooner than expected.

The deacon’s words had an effect, as a few days later he gathered himself and came out of the room.

“Are you out already? “You don’t rest anymore.”

“ ....”

Deon passes by Remember, who is worried about his health, and stands in front of Dan.

A gaunt face and deep dark circles, as if the new weight had been lost. In addition to the completely different atmosphere from usual, Dan flinched at the extremely dry expression. For a moment, Dan tilted his head as if he had something to say.

“Marquis...?”

“ ....”

Remember, who was looking at the two in turn, quickly found a nearby room suitable for a private conversation and guided them, and Dan, who was rolling his eyes here and there in the space left alone, couldn't overcome the awkwardness and opened his mouth.

"I'm feeling fine...."

"What am I to you?"

"...."

Deon, who was quietly looking at him, spoke.

"Why are you following me?"

I know that Dan's purpose is to follow him. The person he wants me to be is not a gentle person, but a rough one.

However, since he had no idea what the reason was, Deon decided to make a different decision based on his answer and waited for Dan's answer.

"...."

Dan looked at Deon's sunken eyes and fell silent for a moment.

After following him and learning various things here, Dan realized that he had a talent for speaking. So, I could have come up with an answer to this question in a fancy way, but...

...I just didn't want to do that.

"The person who ruined my life."

He gave a raw answer.

Dan smiled softly at Deon, who was silent for a moment as if embarrassed by the unexpected answer.

“And the person who will achieve my goal and the goal itself.”

I resent you, but at the same time, I like you.

I know you are not guilty. I know very well that what was wrong was the witch doctor grandmother who spoke the wrong way, the village people who were swayed by her words, and ultimately, some evil adults who wanted me dead.

‘But without you, my life would have been pretty easy.’

You would not have appeared in the future predicted by the shaman grandmother.

That’s why I felt resentful, but I was also glad that it was you who was the one who could give the mean adults a proper blow. It couldn’t have been better because during the short time I followed you down and set up the upper level, I encountered all kinds of dirty people.

‘disaster? It’s good. very good.’

Let this dirty world be destroyed.

“...Come with me.”

Deon, who had been silent, held out his hand.

Dan is neither the emperor’s person nor the devil’s person, but he is the only person of mine who has followed me solely for Deon Hart. It wouldn’t be a bad thing to have at least one person like this.

Dan, who saw the bright red eyes, smiled faintly.

Instinct was speaking. That's the 'disaster' you wanted to see.

...iced coffee.

'In the end, no matter how many excuses I make.'

I guess I'm destined to fall in love with you in the end, just as the shaman predicted.

Yes, in fact, any reason I came up with was quite weak as a basis for following 'disaster'. Looking at this, it seems like fate really exists.

Otherwise, I wouldn't be overwhelmed by the sight of you right now.

We held hands.

Deon pulled up the corners of his mouth and drew a dry smile.

I was going crazy alone in my room, and after coming to my senses after hearing something from Remember, I was worried the whole time.

'What should I do?'

What can I do to atone for you, Cruel, even just a little bit?

A way to atone for my brother and suppress the desire to die right now. After thinking about it for a bit, the answer came quickly.

'plural.'



[You have to live.]

[...Yes, you have to live.]

Let's get revenge.

I'm going to kill them all.

\*\*\*

And Deonhardt asked.

[You've met me in the past, right?]

Dan nodded.

\*\*\*

Early part of the Eight Years' War.

Dan was moving with the village elders following the instructions of the shaman grandmother.

Did they say that this village will soon become a sea of fire, so we need to move the village quickly? Young Dan only remembered 'having to move' and ignored the rest.

And a short break during the trip.

Dan, who had curiosity and great stamina like other children, quietly got up and walked around.

Because he was an orphan who lost his parents at a young age, it was not difficult for him to secretly leave his place as there was no guardian who would notice and pay attention to him even when he was away.

After walking through the grass for a long time, not far from where he started, he came across a boy covered in blood.

“....”

“...cough.”

He was vomiting blood.

Instead of opening his mouth carelessly, Dan carefully examined the other person.

White hair and red eyes. Extraordinarily white skin. I thought his eyes resembled those of a cat, but as if he were really a cat, he was glaring at Dan with his fur bristling and snarling.

“...who?”

“....”

Yes, there was no way I could answer...

Instead, I lowered my gaze and looked at the other person's doubles. It was hard to see because it was covered in blood, but I was able to figure it out right away without having to wait too long. This is an outfit I once saw from afar while traveling.

The uniform of regular soldiers in the Imperial Army.

The moment Dan realized this, he blurted it out without even thinking about his age.

“A soldier? “A child like this?”

“....”

The child's eyes narrowed with embarrassment and irritation.

"do you want to die? go away."

"...You have a foul mouth."

"Show me what a real foul mouth is? Fuck you, you little bastard, if you don't go away right away, I'll cut off your limbs and rip your light snout off..." "

Stop it! I'm sorry I was wrong."

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 152**

152. Cruel Truth, Cruel Fate (5)

Why do children speak so harshly?

Is this the harmful effect of war? It seems like the swearing I've heard here is worse and more numerous than the swearing I've heard since I was born...

Dan hesitantly backed away with a pale, tired face.

"...Are you okay alone? From the looks of it, he looks like he's been left behind and he's vomiting blood..."

"Do I have to tell you twice? Really porridge...."

"Ahh, okay. "I'm really going."

However, the feet do not fall off easily.

How long would a child like that survive in this war?

A small and delicate body, and a sharp attitude that seems to have gone through a lot of hard work. Dan was so anxious about all of this that he couldn't take a few steps before turning around and speaking to the boy who was glaring at him warily.

“Um... is the thing that caused you to vomit blood an injury or a chronic illness?”

“You really, you bastard...!”

“If you have a chronic illness, I recommend hiding it.”

“ .... ”

“You’re an ordinary soldier, right? “In fights between ordinary soldiers, the most formidable ones are targeted first.”

While on the move, I once watched a battle in a valley from the top of a mountain.

“Whether you swallow the blood or stuff a cloth in your mouth, it would be best to hide it at all costs.”

“ .... ”

\*\*\*

I hear someone coming down the stairs of the mansion.

Remember, who was standing in the central hall, looked up and saw Deon and Dan following him. In the atmosphere that seemed to have been sorted out, the old man’s unique playful voice flowed leisurely as always.

“Are you leaving?”

“yes.”

“I was just about to teach you some internal affairs, but you’re leaving out talented people like this. “I am also very old, so I don’t know where to find a replacement.”

Deon chuckled at the playful grumbling of the old man who noticed that Dan was being taken away. It was a dry laugh.

“Now that you’ve decided to teach me, what have you been teaching me so far?”

“I was only entrusted with processing documents that were superficial and auxiliary, leaving out all the important information. “In the beginning, we were entrusted with processing fake documents to determine whether he was a spy or not.”

“...Then why on earth did Dan change the filing system...?”

“Isn’t it possible to understand how the document system works just by processing fake documents? In that sense, Dan was an excellent candidate for deacon.”

“...I’m asking this again, but what is Remember’s true identity?”

“I am the butler of the Marquis Hart.”

“....”

Deon, at a loss for words, began to walk again, having stopped for a moment.

Remember passed me and spoke to me behind him as he headed toward the door.

“Aren’t you taking the Murderous Knights with you?”

“It’s easy to get caught in large-scale movements. Besides, they are the ones who will not move quietly even if they die soon...”

“That’s right.”

“So, I’ll just leave...”

“Then what about Lord Lien?”

Are you not taking me with you?

Deon stopped and turned his head to look at Remember.

“She is so upright. It won’t fit where I’m trying to go. “You know.”

Don’t ask questions you know.

Remember, who smiled kindly despite his irritated voice, spoke softly to Deon, who was just stepping outside.

“I’m so glad you recovered.”

“....”

Deon paused for a moment and walked out without even looking back.

Dan, who had stopped for a moment to watch his steps seem to be a little faster, nodded in greeting to Remember and hurried after him.

....

“There’s a place I’d like you to stop by before you go.”

“...I’m not asking where I’m going.”

Deon, who was loosening the reins in the stable, just rolled his eyes and looked at Dan.

The eerie red gaze scans the expression. Dan smiled calmly in front of him.

“I think I know.”

“...So where would you like to stop by?”

\*\*\*

The people of a small village in a mountain valley who were just about to pack up their belongings and move were frozen by the unexpected visit of an uninvited guest.

“Was it here?”

“yes. It’s usually a quiet place, but today it’s very chaotic.  
“As if... they were about to move.”

The man whom the shaman grandmother referred to as ‘disaster’ and Dan, who said he would be a ‘pawn of disaster’.

Dan puts his hand on his sword and looks around at the people without any emotion. He spots the person he was looking for and raises one corner of his mouth. He kept walking and approached an old man who was trembling with fear and anger.

“Long time no see.”

“you you...!”

“I suddenly remembered it. “I came here because I wanted to see my grandmother’s face at least once before I put her prophecy into practice.”

Dan, who had said that far, burst out laughing.

“Then why are you shaking?”

Shamelessly.



He took a step closer with an eerie expression that didn't contain any emotion, then lowered his head and whispered softly into the grandmother's ear.

"You are the one who made me like this."

I shouldn't have said something like that so carelessly. I went astray like this.

It is not for nothing that shamans are reluctant to talk about the future. Dan smiled as he kindly showed him the consequences of breaking the shaman's unspoken rules.

"I won't kill you. "You must live to see me fulfill your prophecy."

"...."

"So live your whole life in guilt."

I hope you live your whole life as if you are suffocating, and at the very last moment, die in a more painful way than anyone else.

Words are like blades. Even though it was not directed at him, Deon felt his heart ache and gently closed his eyes.

He opened his eyes when someone approached him.

"...!"

"...what?"

Deon opened his eyes and snatched the hand that was trying to touch his shoulder, glaring at the other person with full of frustration.

He had no intention to kill and had received help before, otherwise he would have put the knife in his head a long time ago.

Without even trying to free his wrist, Ran looks at Deon. When Deon, who couldn't wait, was about to get annoyed, she whispered softly in a voice that no one else could hear.

"Watch your eyes."

"...eye?"

What does snow suddenly mean...

Moreover, it is not clear whether you are talking about snow falling from the sky or snow that is a part of the body.

There was no way he would have noticed Deon's questioning expression, but Ran pretended not to notice and tapped the hand holding his wrist to signal for him to let go, then quickly blended into the crowd and hid.

'...Even if you ask me, I won't say more.'

This is what an excellent shaman said. Deon, who remembered her words in the back of his mind, turned his head and looked at Dan.

He was standing three steps away from the trembling grandmother and looking in this direction.

"...Are you done?"

"yes."

"Then let's go."

The two people suddenly disappear, as if they had suddenly visited.

Ran walked among the people leaving the village at a much faster pace than before, and muttered softly as he watched them riding away.

“Please don’t commit too many sins.”

This too may be just a vain wish.

\*\*\*

0The corps commander brought a human!

In the Demon King’s city, where all kinds of rumors and news were abuzz due to the war, a rumor that overwhelmed them all spread.

If the people he brought in were prisoners or hostages, there wouldn’t have been such an uproar. However, since that human seemed to anyone to be the assistant to the commander of the 0 Corps, the demons had no choice but to go on a rampage in many ways.

[I’ve never even been able to wash feet, but a human is helping me?]

[I won’t forgive you in the name of demonism.]

[De-se.]

I was jealous.

[How capable is he that Daemon himself brings him here?]

[They even say he’s a human. Other than Demon, I am the first proper human being who is not an intruder.]

[If possible, I would like to have a conversation with them at least once.]

There were also demons who showed pure curiosity.

[Bringing humans into the Demon King's Castle?]

[Daemon-sama is a special case, but other humans are a bit...]

[Daemon-nim brought them directly, so wouldn't it be better to kick them out rather than kill them?]

Showing conservative tendencies There were also demons who expressed a shocked reaction.

And Deon Hardt, the hot potato of the Demon King who drew all these reactions.

"I heard that your fever has gone down, but are you really feeling better?"

The altar was separated and the two of them were face to face with the Demon King alone.

Deon, who answered by nodding roughly, lowered his head, clenched and unclenched his fist for a moment, and then looked at the Demon King again. It's been a while since the red eyes that lost their vitality and completely hid their emotions faced the devil's eyes.

A low voice came out slowly.

"Once upon a time, a shaman predicted my future."

"Hmm... It seems like telling me that will make it come true, right?"

“...yes.”

If I were to be honest, yes.

The Demon Lord, leaning back comfortably in his chair and crossing his arms, touched the corner of his mouth as if he was interested.

“It’s a prophecy.”

“....”

“In case you get confused, I would like to add that prophecy is different from seeing the future.”

Prophecy is an absolute thing that cannot be changed no matter what you do.

Looking at the future is a fluid thing that can be changed depending on how much effort you make.

“Prophecy is the future seen and uttered by those who can break the rules of the world. “It’s that absolute.”

“That means that the shaman...”

“He was a person with enough skill to break the rules of the world if he wanted to. “It’s great for human subjects.”

The topic of conversation continues with no meaning or intent. If it had been anyone else, he would have cut off the conversation right away, asked for the main point, or gotten annoyed, but the patient Demon King willingly rolled his eyes and accepted Deon’s words.

Deon, whether aware of this or not, lowered his eyes as if thinking for a moment and then slowly asked a question.

“So does that mean you can make prophecies?”

The Demon King is the most representative person who can break the world's rules.

The Demon King raised an eyebrow at the mention of 'you' and laughed for a moment as if it was funny.

“of course. Not only me, but all demons can basically make prophecies.”

The race that was born from the errors of the world, ignoring the world's intentions, is the demon race.

The fact that he was born from the power of the Demon King is proof that he can break the rules of the world, but how can it be that the birth itself is like this?

Deon furrowed his eyebrows as if he didn't understand.

“But... I've never seen demons make prophecies...”

“They just don't. “Looking at a future that can't be changed is meaningless and not fun, right?”

Prophecy becomes the basis for even attempts to change it.

It would be better not to make the prophecy at all than to experience something so unpleasant.

Rather than that.

The Demon King smiled happily while looking at Deon.

‘We always exchanged only our goals and kept small talk to a minimum, so I wonder what kind of wind was blowing.’

This isn't as bad as it is, or rather, it's more fun, so I have no complaints.

Deon, who had been silent for a moment as if he was finally getting to the point, slowly opened his mouth.

"Before... when we caught a hero candidate who had infiltrated the Demon King's Castle, do you remember delaying the reward because we didn't want anything right away?"

"of course."

"I want to use it now."

"However much."

The Demon King nodded willingly.

His eyes showed interest that he could not hide, but since he meant no harm to me, Deon spoke without hesitation.

"Please completely destroy the empire."

"...what?"

The Demon King's eyes opened wide.

Deon paid no heed and continued talking like a runaway carriage.

"I've thought about it. "Is there any way to get revenge on the duke and the emperor?"

What is the Duke's most precious thing?

What did the emperor consider most important?

“Empire. The emperor always said that the burden is the empire. Toppling the empire would mean overthrowing the emperor. “We need to investigate the duke’s side more, but he probably also values the empire.”

Because the duke seemed to be aiming for the emperor’s position.

So, if you completely destroy the empire, you will be taking revenge on both of them.

If I succeed in my goal of destroying the empire, their lives will easily fall into my hands. If you directly end that life, revenge becomes closer to perfection.

“So I dare ask. “Please completely destroy and trample the empire so that it can never rise again.”

“...Haha!”

“....”

“Ahahahaha! Hahahahaha!! I never thought I would use it like this! very good! Do you like it!”

In the end, the Demon King couldn’t suppress his laughter and burst out loud.

It’s truly the best! That’s an awesome request! As expected, I chose the right toy!

“You said more investigation was needed on the duke’s side, right? For that purpose, feel free to do as much research as you want! “I’ll help you!”

“That purpose...?”

I was so excited that I made an uncharacteristic mistake.



I smiled and hurriedly added, pretending like nothing had happened.

“You know that request is too big compared to the contribution you made, right?”

“...yes.”

This is not a request worth making just for one hero candidate.

“I will conquer the human world.”

Deon Hardt’s eyes darkened as he realized what his intention was.

He got down on one knee. He lowered his head and bowed his head.

“...I will follow you with all my heart.”

“good.”

Foolish human being.

If the emperor is a hypocrite, then the devil is a hypocrite.

The Emperor is the same on the outside and the inside, but the Demon King is different on the outside and the inside.

Compared to the devil’s sins, the emperor’s sins are nothing more than fireflies in front of the full moon, deceived by the outer shell.

The Demon King smiled, closing his eyes as if to hide his true feelings.

at las.

After a long patience.

The toy fell into my hands.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 153**

153. Deon Hart, the traitor to humanity (1)

Obtained general command from the Demon King.

I also volunteered to do the paperwork.

Perhaps because only satisfactory things have happened recently, the Demon King willingly accepted the offer.

[Since this is the human you brought in yourself, it will be useful anywhere.]

I received permission, so it's okay. Whether it was material or spiritual – I ignored the murmurs that followed.

He also requested an investigation into the duke. The Demon King, who knew the situation, personally went to investigate.

And I am.

'If the general commander is looked down upon, the command center and control will not work properly.'

In the past, if there was a problem, I could afford to go to the human world, but now there is no such thing as a second option for me.

I thought.

‘You shouldn’t look funny.’

If you look funny, you die.

The demons view my physical durability and combat power separately. In reality, it was not like there were such demons, so I accepted it more easily. That’s why, even though he showed signs of weakness, such as hemoptysis, he has been controversial until now.

But what if you completely turn to the Demon Lord’s side and see him face to face and fighting every day?

‘Demons may be a little dull, but they are not stupid.’

Maybe you will find out. The fact that Deonhardt is not as strong in combat as we thought.

If this fact is discovered, what happens next is obvious.

I will fall down the ranks of the demons, and the position of general commander that I have achieved will become a scarecrow. It was obvious that the demons would have no mercy towards ‘humans’ who were low in rank.

The reason I was able to be at the top of the demons until now was because I was recognized as strong before I had the protection of the demon king.

‘So keep the fighting to a minimum.’

Even if you fight, don’t drag it out, keep it short. By being as cruel as possible, you have to not only bring the atmosphere in this direction, but also bring out fear in your allies.

Don't let anyone analyze me. So don't even think about nonsense.

'You can't show overwhelming force, so you have to show at least overwhelming fear.'

Demons who are oppressed by force, oppressed by force, and determine rank by force will naturally mistakenly believe that the reason for their fear is 'force'.

'I shouldn't become friends with demons.'

Bonding and fear have opposite properties. When you face fear, your bond decreases, and as fear decreases, it becomes easier to build bonds. Also, if the bond is solidly built, even if you face fear, the fear may disappear...

To me, the bond with demons is poison.

'Let's build an unrivaled image.'

Fortunately, my image before was one that was not easily accessible, so there is no problem.

'Have you been subject to unintentional misunderstandings and misunderstandings before?'

Now it is my turn to intend it myself.

Just doing what you did before is not enough. Not being ignored and building more walls than before. The purpose of all these actions is to make you not doubt my powerlessness.

'For someone to whom being up there seems as natural as breathing, they wouldn't even dare to doubt its location.'

Coincidentally, Deonhardt remembered one person from that premise.

‘Stigma Primiro.’

The time has come to put to use what I learned from him.

\*\*\*

Winter passed by in an instant.

How many things have happened so far, with the snow melting and the grass sprouting.

It wasn’t a very long time, but the events that happened were so outrageous that Paul stared at the tree forming new leaves outside the window with a new expression on his face.

‘The most outrageous news I heard recently was that Deonhardt was on the devil’s side.’

At first I thought it was a rumor.

That’s right, Deonhardt is a hero who faithfully followed the emperor’s orders to the point where he was called ‘the emperor’s dog.’ Even the emperor cared for him so much, so who would dare imagine his betrayal?

‘But it was true.’

As if waiting for this news to become known, the death of the fourth hero, Cruel Hart, was also announced. The news that he was the one who was with Deon Hardt until the end is a bonus.

People’s minds were shocked after they realized the context.

[Deon Hart killed Cruel Hart.]

[To be exact, he killed him and fled to the Demon World.]

No one doubted him.

Deon Hart hated Cruel Hart so much. Everyone knew Deonhardt's hatred toward Cruelhardt, as he openly showed his hostility without any intention of hiding it.

'The announced timing is so elaborate that I'm suspicious... but let's move on.'

When this news became known, the continent was greatly shaken.

A traitor to heaven who even killed his last blood relative. A traitor to humanity who turned his back on the human world and sided with the demon world.

It is truly a terrible sin.

Almost everyone was in shock. The majority couldn't help but be angry at his sin, and some shouted that his inhuman appearance was exactly the limbs of the devil. From the beginning, all kinds of malicious rumors, including that he was on the devil's side, were poured out, but soon they lost credibility and were gradually buried.

As a result, Deonhardt became everyone's enemy.

'And if it's another big incident...'

Dalkak. At the sound of the door opening, I lifted my head and lifted the hand that was resting on my chin.

Mr. Lee Ram, who was one of Daniel's strong supporters, was seen coming in, looking tired and squeezing his eyes.

Paul smiled weakly and waved his hand.

“Are you here?”

“Okay, I’m a little tired.”

“Hmm... I guess you came here after fighting with the leaders. “I thought there would be some cooperation now.”

“How can cooperation be possible when the new guys are trying to secure their share of the future by suppressing the others, and the remaining guys are trying to protect their share as they did?”

Moreover, since I am not the official head but a temporary acting head, I

smiled awkwardly and pretended not to hear the strangely stinging remarks.

“I thought my brother cleaned up all the trash, but I guess he didn’t.”

“If we had tried to remove all the trash, 90% of it would have been lost, not half. Then it becomes difficult to maintain the revolutionary army itself, so we have no choice but to compromise. Still, I was able to get through it because Daniel cleaned up the really toxic trash.”

“That’s a good thing.”

“...More than that.”

This time, Iram looked at Paul with thorns in his eyes.

It was impossible to understand the meaning of the gaze, so the moment Paul tried to sneak away, he said something blunt as if he would not tolerate any more avoidance.



“Paul Daniel nominated you as his successor.”

“...i know.”

Paul paused and then smiled quietly.

...Another big incident is that Daniel, the first leader of the revolutionary army, died.

Yes, Daniel is dead.

Even when he died, he did not die meaninglessly. After noticing the duke's mastery, he used some of the revolutionary army, including himself, as bait to strike back, completely cutting off the link between the revolutionary army and the duke.

Thanks to this, the leash of the revolutionary forces that had been tied ever since they formed a relationship with the duke was loosened.

As soon as this news spread, Paul moved quickly and made Daniel and the trash that was dead at the time into heroes.

‘If I hadn't moved first, other leaders would have tried to make the ‘Second Leader Paul’ incident something that never happened, pointing out my brother's poor judgment in wasting half of the revolutionary army's strength.’

I can't bear to do something so bold as to denigrate the hero of the revolutionary army.

It feels bad that trash is being revered as a hero, but I like that my brother became a hero.

Paul, who admirably followed Daniel's will and maintained his position, smiled faintly at Mr. Iram, who was having a

hard time trying to control the revolutionary army, which was already showing signs of division, and dealing with the leadership who were pecking at him, saying that he could not leave the leader's position vacant for long.

"I'll get my seat right away tomorrow. Instead, please give me freedom today."

"The situation is confusing...."

"I'm going to be busy from now on, but there's someone I want to see one last time when I have free time."

It wasn't hard to guess who that person was.

Iram touched his forehead.

"Daniel and you, really...."

The disciple looks just like the teacher.

What can we do to resemble useless things?

"...I won't stop you, but since you are important now, please bring some guards with you and move."

"yes."

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After the Salvation Bridge collapsed, Shiia resumed living in the slums.

A life that would not be surprising even if it ended at any time. Will I die today or will I die tomorrow? Even though she made an uncertain bet with herself, she continued to live her life in the hope that salvation would come miraculously if she had to die.

If she was hungry for a long time, food would make her sick, and medicine would be given to her.

The human need for survival is so extreme that even she, who has no will to live, has no choice but to reach out for dubious salvation in the end.

and.

Even today, there were eyes watching the child from afar as he buried his head in his lap without any motivation.

‘I don’t seem to be sick, I feel like I’ve eaten roughly, and most of all, I’m alive...’ I

don’t know if that can be considered safe, but I’m glad that I’m still alive and well.

Since I won’t be able to come often from now on, I’ll have to watch it a lot now.

My mouth is bitter. I hope Siia lives with motivation, but Paul doesn’t have the right to have her back. Because he had already led her down the path of destruction called Salvation Church.

‘I checked, so it’s okay. Let’s go back now.’

Paul, who had been standing there watching the child, disappeared and soon after, someone stood in front of Shiia.

“—.”

One-sided words fell out. As if something interesting had been said, Shiia, who had been motionless, flinched and raised her head.

“...Demonism?”

A child who had once been possessed by a pseudo-religion and had yet to escape it showed interest in a new religion.

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“...Demonism?”

It seems to be a pseudo-religion that worships some kind of devil, right?

The duke laughed at the evilness that could be felt from the very name.

“They say that where there are no tigers, foxes reign as kings... Now that the Salvation Church has become quiet, an unheard-of pseudo-religion is rampant....” “....” “We can’t

lose

. Aggressively increase the number of believers in the Salvation Church.”

I need to let people know that the tiger is still alive.

The tiger was clearly alive, although it was pretending to be dead for a moment. How dare something like a fox try to reign as king in the tiger’s territory?

‘In these times, it is a religion that worships the devil...’

It is obvious even without looking at the background. At least it must be a demon world.

The corners of the mouth naturally went up in an asymmetrical way.

“Let’s try to get along with each other properly.”

Who attracts more believers?

Even as he said this, the duke was confident of victory.

How many people would go to a religion with an ominous name? Even if the religion that opposes it has the name of 'salvation' and has once done good deeds, it is natural that people's hearts will be drawn to this side.

That's why the duke was able to draw a leisurely smile.

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There is something the duke overlooked.

In the eyes of the poor, Salvation Church has already failed once.

Even if the tiger is alive, if it has lost all its claws and teeth and is still alive, how can the tiger's territory be recognized? It would be better to stick to the lively fox who invades his territory and claims it as his own.

A religion that has already collapsed once will not collapse a second time. What the poor wanted was a religion they could depend on, so Salvation Church no longer suited the religion they pursued.

In comparison, what about Demonism?

[The name makes it seem strong.]

[It won't fall down easily.]

[Like the Salvation Church, they hand out food.]

In the first place, the 'Demon Church' is not a fox. If I were to compare it, I would say it is an animal whose identity I

have never seen before.

Since we don't know its identity, we don't know the power it has. Is he stronger than a tiger, is he more trustworthy, and what is his personality? Since I had no idea, I was just looking forward to it.

[Then there is nothing to worry about.]

Except for those who turn to the Salvation Church and those who miss the good memories of the Salvation Church and those who have completely withdrawn from religion, the majority of these people turn to the Demon Church.

Contrary to the Duke's expectations, who thought it would be overwhelming, the situation was going smoothly.

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"Lirinel, you are not participating in the war, so why do you look so busy?"

"I'm busy with Demon Cult work, so the ignorant and ugly commander of the 9th Corps, go away! You're not even a Demon Cult believer!"

"..."

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 154**

154. Deon Hart, Traitor of Humanity (2)

As if it had been a joke before, the Demon King's army began to advance towards the capital of the empire in earnest.

The general commander is 0 Corps Commander Daemon Arut.

What was your expression on your face when you heard that a city in the empire had fallen to the devil's army not long after hearing this news?

[You finally became a hero. Really readable. I can only admire the fact that brothers became heroes side by side.]

[I am so grateful.]

[Those who have become official heroes so far have received what they wanted from Jim one by one. I can't make an exception for you. Is there anything you wish for?]

Funny enough.

[If not, an appropriate title and money...]

[There is a request.]

The Emperor ended up thinking of Cruel Hart, not Deon Hart.

The remarks of a foolish person who could not bear to hate and chose to embrace the person who slaughtered his family in front of his eyes vividly replay in my mind. The emperor quietly closed his eyes.

[I dare to guess what Your Majesty thinks of me. Since you are the duke's man, you must be on guard. You can remain vigilant. You don't have to believe it. No, I am clearly a manipulative person, so it would be better for you not to believe me.]

[...This is an unbecomingly long story. What is Cheong?]

At a private meeting with the emperor on the day the fourth hero of the empire was born.

[Just as you did when you listened to the third hero's request, I dare ask you to ignore me covering the eyes of the child I brought in.] [....] [It will be a

request

that is beneficial to His Majesty as well.]

The victim is the perpetrator . I knelt in front of a bystander for the sake of it.

The emperor, who played the role of a character in a comedy that cannot be laughed at, suddenly realized what Cruel Hart was thinking.

They are trying to blind Deonhardt so that he cannot know the truth. The guilt of killing an innocent family member must be so severe that you want to take your own life.



'If that happens, you won't know that your life is being threatened.'

Are you trying to present yourself as bait?

Deonhardt, who hates his family, is obsessed with aiming for Cruelhardt's head, leaving no time to doubt the truth.

Even though it was clear that the feeling of having his head targeted by the hands of his beloved family was absolutely terrible, Cruel Hart was trying to protect his younger brother with everything he had.

It was strange. I thought stories of people who sacrificed themselves this much were stories from far away places that only appeared in books.

Maybe that's why the emperor suspected that he was weak against 'Hart' and gave him another chance, just like he did to Deon Hart.

[As you said, it is a request that is beneficial to Jim. Couldn't they have put it forward as a 'suggestion' and asked for the 'what they want' separately?]

[I don't want anything other than that.]

[...This is terrible.]

I showed mercy at best, but the answer I got was terrible.

[good night. I accept your request. However, since that alone is not enough to merit the name of a hero, I will give you additional wealth. It would be twice the wealth that other heroes received before.]

[Wealth is not needed.]

[Also, a request that is beneficial to Jim. I will also help cover Deonhardt's eyes as long as the gain does not turn into a loss.] [...

Thank you.]

[There is no need to be thankful.]

He calmly bowed.

[Do not say hello, but accept it confidently. There is not a single thing that I have decided to give you that you will stoop down to receive. I intended to blindside Deonhardt without you asking, and riches are my reward for not bestowing the title on you. Since you called yourself the duke's man and told me to be on guard, I can't give you the title easily.]

Now that I think about it, Cruel Hart could have asked for 'covering my eyes' instead of asking 'to stand by'. . Since he wasn't stupid, he wouldn't have known that option.

Nevertheless, if that's the reason you chose to 'stand by' and take the loss...

'...you're reprimanding Jim.'

The Hart family disaster occurred due to the Emperor's neglect.

Even if it's like this, it's a subtle way to feed it. Although it was polite and subtle enough that a dull person would not have noticed.

I didn't feel the need to point it out, so I pretended not to notice.

[...In the end, Jim didn't give you anything. Is there really nothing else you wish for?]

[It is enough. Thank you.]

A faint smile spread over the expressionless expression that made it impossible to tell what he was thinking.

Faced with green eyes that contained as faint a warmth as a smile, the Emperor stopped what he was about to say further, sighed, and waved his hand.

[Jim definitely gave me a chance. Since you were the one who kicked it, let me tell you in advance that there is no use in regretting it later. Go away.]

A lot has happened since then and a lot of time has passed, but the memories are clear.

Perhaps it was because it was a moment when I personally experienced that there were things that even the emperor could not give, which I only knew in my head.

but.

'In the end, your efforts failed.'

Deon Hardt found out the truth.

Wouldn't it be fortunate if, instead of taking his own life right away, he decided on a target for revenge and rushed forward? At least I won't die until I get my revenge.

He willingly took on the stigma of being a traitor to humanity, stood on the side of the demon world, and pointed his sword at the empire. The targets of revenge are most likely the duke and the emperor.

'It's become a nuisance... but at least Deon Hardt doesn't die right away, so I guess I've done my best to honor you for serving others until the end.'

The moment Deonhardt came to me and asked me if I knew, the Emperor had no choice but to know.

Cruel Hart is dead. He would have died for Deonhardt. So, he must have come half-crazy like that.

That was why. It was an unusual whim.

'It was a foolish action for the emperor.'

He knows it too. But what can we do with the desire to pay appropriate respect to a person who served others from beginning to end?

Perhaps he wanted to relieve the feeling of defeat that he couldn't give him when he was alive, or perhaps he wanted to apologize in advance in anticipation of what would happen next because he realized who was the culprit who killed Cruel.

'Even so, it's still a whim in the end.'

Some may be surprised that the word capricious does not suit him, but if you know the reality, it is nothing new.

Because the emperor is a contradictory person in and of himself.

He is a man who cut himself down and crushed himself to fit the position of emperor that he was not suited for. Because of this, the gap between him as 'Emperor' and him as 'Edoardo Desserte' was significant.

Even if one wears a golden crown and a monarch's cape, it does not determine the 'true emperor'. Likewise, even if he changed his tone of voice and acted appropriately to the emperor's position, in the end he was 'Edoardo Desserte', so his nature would suddenly overwhelm his reason at critical moments.

It gives birth to contradictions and leads to capriciousness.

'The price is too high compared to the whim.'

What should I do if it has already happened? I have no intention of regretting anything, so I have to move to make things right.

Hearing that a city had fallen, he took his sword. If it weren't for the news of the VIP's visit, the order would have been moved by now to the area where the easy battle was taking place.

...If it weren't for the 'news of a distinguished guest's visit'.

"...so."

The Emperor, who was sitting in front of an ornate circular table and fiddling with the back of his left hand, rolled his golden eyes and looked at the two distinguished guests who had come to see him.

The circular table represents equal positioning. The moments when this table is placed where the emperor sits can be counted on one hand.

"I wonder what the king of the Mountain Kingdom and the King of Leweché are up to here."

It was natural that the person sitting at the round table would be the monarch of a country.

The emperor looked at the two kings, who made eye contact as if they were choosing words, and leisurely recalled some information in his head. Shanguk and Leweché are allies. Since two allies have come to visit me, their purpose is obvious.

‘Is this an alliance offer? ‘That’s clever.’

I heard that the King of the Mountain Kingdom ascended to the throne with a brilliant mind, but it seems he was quick to grasp the situation.

It would be good for the Empire and Rweché to form an alliance to deal with the Demon World. No, there is no choice but to tie the knot. The empire has excellent military power and Rweché is a wealthy kingdom with plenty of supplies.

But what about mountain country?

‘The leader’s head. That’s all there is.’

Even if we remain silent, it is an alliance between Rweché and the Empire that will be formed someday. From Sanguk’s point of view, it would be better to take the initiative and show condescension. Coincidentally, we are allies with Rweché.

Even if they stayed still, they would have been connected through their ally, Rweché, but it is natural that the right to speak out and gain a direct connection would be stronger than that.

The military power of the material empire of Rweche.  
Mountain country on top of that.

When the emperor, who had figured out the current situation and made all the calculations, was inwardly admiring the quick judgment of the king of Shan State, she exchanged glances with the king of Rweche, nodded invisibly and looked at the emperor.

“As the king of the Mountain Kingdom and an ally of Rweche, I would like to make a proposal.”

“It’s expected, but I’ll give it a listen just in case. Something.”

“...How about forming an alliance?”

I knew it.

Instead of answering right away, the emperor relaxed his posture as if he wanted to listen first.

As if she didn’t think she would get an answer right away, she continued to persuade me without showing any signs of embarrassment.

“This war is a war between the demon world and the human world, not a war between the demon world and the empire. “It may be possible for the Empire to stand at the forefront when dealing with the Demon World, but shouldn’t it happen that the Empire deals with the Demon World alone?”

This is natural as a king in charge of a country and as a human being. The king of the Shan State grinned as he described the situation of the empire.

Before the war with the demon world, the emperor waged a war of conquest, inciting the vigilance and anger of all kingdoms.

The kings of each country are not easily helping with this scandalous behavior. Meanwhile, a city has fallen into the hands of the Demon King's army, so the current empire desperately needs support.

'So there's no need to bend this time.'

Usually, in an alliance, the party who proposes first gives in, but this situation is advantageous.

"As many countries as possible must join forces. "There is nothing more ideal than all the kingdoms of the human world joining forces, but that is difficult, so the only way is to gather as many countries as possible."

"I guess that was the reason for his recent moves."

King Yeonhwa of the Mountain Kingdom smiled instead of answering.

The emperor must have also heard that not long ago, Shanguo and Leweché each swallowed up other small kingdoms in a peaceful manner. In particular, I don't know what kind of trick was used, but I'm sure you also know that in that short period of time, the number of kingdoms that it had as vassals increased to three.

Thanks to this, it is safe to say that the main kingdoms of the human world have been completely liquidated, with only four remaining.

'It's not for nothing that they emphasized the 'war between the demon world and the human world' instead of talking



about the synergy between the empire's military power and Rweche's materials.'

An alliance offer is not something that can be made lightly. In the process of forming an alliance, or even after forming one, a clever battle of wits takes place to gain the upper hand, and as a king responsible for the fortunes of the nation, it was natural for him to make thorough preparations in advance and make a proposal.

The empire can show off its military power and Rweche's materials. So what about mountain country?

'If you don't have anything to show off, you have no choice but to create it.'

Military power is average, production of various materials is also average. Nevertheless, the State of Shan was at some point referred to as the untitled southern empire. There is only one reason.

Because the monarch's capabilities were outstanding.

The current state of Shanshan had a strange structure in which it was abnormally dependent on a single king.

'Fortunately, it was easy to persuade one kingdom because it had helped the king in a battle for the throne...' The

other kingdom quickly gave in after a moderate amount of fear and coaxing, and another kingdom bowed with a bit of threat.

In this way, she created a card that San-guk could present.

The Taehon Kingdom also tried to keep it as a vassal state, but Rweche, perhaps feeling uneasy, quickly took it away.

Still, this is enough.

‘At least it won’t be pressed without a hitch.’

As the importance of unity within the human world was also mentioned earlier, the possibility of the emperor comparing Shan-guk and Rweche and trying to gain the upper hand by suppressing Shan-guk was also blocked.

At the starting line where we were somewhat equal, she held her head high and spoke.

“yes. “If the Mountain Kingdom and the Rweche Empire form an alliance, 3/4 of the human kingdoms will unite. Esperanes is a very small kingdom and is inherently a closed kingdom, so assuming it does not exist, virtually all kingdoms will unite.”

“ ....”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 155**

155. Deon Hart, Traitor to Humanity (3)

There is no reason to refuse. I had no intention of refusing in the first place.

No matter how much an empire it is, there are limits to how it can fight against the demon world alone. The king of the Mountain Country also knows this fact, which is why he can be so confident.

The emperor quietly touched the back of his hand.

I know that the King of the Mountain Kingdom prepared in advance with the post-alliance battle in mind and is now tongue-in-cheek.

'It's a little disappointing.'

If the State of Shan didn't have a vassal state, they didn't know how to use it, so if they had just talked about the synergy effects of what Rweche and the empire had, they could have lowered the state of Shan's say in future alliances.

The emperor, who had a glimpse of his opponent's intelligence, lowered his eyes, thinking that he would be quite tired from now on, but paused for a moment when he

noticed something. The King of the Mountain Kingdom added, as if he seemed to be hesitant.

“The enemy we must prioritize the most is the demon world.”

“...okay.”

It wasn't because of that, but it was definitely a question I was swallowing because I couldn't ask it first.

According to the Demon World's claims, this war is being fought because of the empire, but is that okay? Even if that's not the case, it's an empire that has been waging wars of conquest before, so is there really no emotion for it?

It could be a weakness if I uttered it hastily, so I tried to swallow it, but it seems that the king of the Mountain Kingdom already knew.

‘This is okay.’

It may be a little disadvantageous in future alliances, but the empire is not so easy as to be intimidated by that.

That wasn't why I stopped in the first place. A faint, silent sneer spread across the emperor's face.

‘The curse must have been removed through a shaman.’

Perhaps because the war continued, the hallucinations became more severe.

But not now. Pretending not to have seen anything, he raised his head to face the two kings and nodded slowly.

“I listened carefully to your opinions.”

“If you do that...”

“Isn’t it a war between the demon world and the human world? “I’m happy to accept it.”

\*\*\*

When the news that Deonhardt had turned to the side of the demon world spread throughout the human world, who suffered the most?

Deon Hart?

How can harm be inflicted on someone who is not in the human world?

Traitors to humanity and the endless anger of people. Their anger, which was too great to just suppress, was poured out on the murderous knights who were quietly waiting according to the emperor’s orders.

Pow!

“Fuck yes! “Let’s start by killing you before we kill the demons!”

“Are we easy?! uh? “Is it easy?”

“I’m going to kill you guys who only live for today anyway!”

“Your Majesty... I don’t know! “We can just say that we will do the work of the two knights!”

“Guys, take your medicine!”

puck! Kwasik!

It is ambiguous to say that he quietly waited, but it is worth acknowledging that he has not committed murder even after receiving a lot of discrimination and insults.

Moreover, it is enough to get angry at those who hurled excessive insults at Deon Hardt and say, 'Don't insult our captain!', but as if they had not survived the battlefield for a long time for no reason, they poured out all kinds of harsh words at him. He seemed to be holding back what he was saying.

That's why the emperor tolerated the actions of the murderous knights to a certain extent.

"That's the limit now."

One of the knights sitting huddled together in a deserted corner opened his mouth.

"We had some accidents, right?"

"I heard that the emperor is slowly showing signs of putting us on the front lines. If you're not careful, you could end up facing off against our captain."

"How did you get that information?"

"The deacon told you?"

"What about the deacon..."

Recently, the voice of the old deacon, laughing in vain as he said that there were crazy people coming into the marquis' residence with torches, passed through the minds of the knights.

I didn't see him face to face, but I heard him dragging something heavy, right? I didn't see him face to face, but I was talking through a communication device he secretly gave me, not in person. It was like the sound of a human corpse being dragged...

"If you were a deacon, you should have known."

"Yes, I approve if you are a deacon."

"Honestly, I don't think anything will surprise you, Deacon."

It's no longer surprising that he readily handed over a precious communication device that I don't know where or how he got it.

The members of the Murderous Demon Order returned to their initial topic.

"Now that we know where the captain is... let's jump out."

"Where?"

"Where can I go?"

devildom.

... The member who was about to say quickly closed his mouth as a chill ran down his spine.

The others seemed to feel the same thing and quickly covered each other's mouths to hold their breath. As they are close to birds, their perception was accurate.

"I always wondered how far it would go, but I thought I would die of fire before I could see the end. "You said you would proudly run away from my territory."

Jerk. Footsteps filled with pressure were heard.

His short green hair sways as he walks. The brown eyes, which were far from friendly, were filled with scorn and turned towards the murderous knights.

Stigma Primiro, the second hero of the Empire, who was temporarily in charge of the members of the Order of Murderous Demons by order of the Emperor, muttered in a cold tone.

“If it weren’t for your knights, I would have killed hundreds more times.”

Not dozens, but hundreds.

Each member of the Murderous Knights’ Order was horrified and lowered their bodies at the blatant flow of murder. Milan, the most fearless of them all, barely raised his head and spoke playfully to lighten the mood.

“Marquis Primiro, what brings you here? Are you going to give me training again?”

“Didn’t you say earlier that you were giving up on education? You are the first people since I was a child to draw my wrath to such an extent. “I almost died from a vase that day.”

“Aren’t we the ones who almost died? He pulled out his sword that day...”

Boom!

“Who in the world can instill culture in you?”

“ .... ”



“I tried to teach you for my junior, but my fundamentals were flawed, so what can I do? “I decided to take it easy and think of them not as knights, but as bastards raised by my junior.”

“방금 개새끼라고....”

“내가 그런 상스러운 말을 했다고?”

Patter. Stone dust fell from the wall Stigma hit.

As I slowly rolled my eyes and looked, I saw a dent in the wall...

“No!”

Even crazy dogs have instincts for survival. The knights shook their heads like crazy.

After the Emperor found it difficult to control the murderous knights who were causing trouble every day, they were forced to experience the fear of Stigma after they handed it over to Stigma.

Even though Deonhardt was labeled a traitor to humanity, he accepted them as before, calling them ‘your knights.’ Rather, I entrusted the training to the knight commander and vice-captain under my command, thinking that it would be a good opportunity to teach culture to my junior knights who were like wild dogs. Until then, the atmosphere was good.

They both declared giving up on the first day, until Stigma, who felt doubtful, stepped forward and said he would rather educate them himself.

He willingly stood in front of the murderous knights for education, and not long after...

[Which ear is the one that doesn't listen to people?]

He pulled out his sword.

[It's only a nuisance and doesn't seem necessary, so I can cut it off, right?]

[Hey!]

[Stay still. If you're not careful, your neck might fall off instead of your ears.]

That was definitely sincere. I loved the look in your eyes.

Anyway, after the commotion that day, Stigma also declared giving up. It was such a big uproar that it was surprising that there were no casualties, so even the shameless murderous knights trembled for a while at the mere sight of the shadow of the stigma.

“....”

Stigma sighed as he looked at the trembling knights.

“You can't run away from under me. Even though you are an order of knights that even His Majesty has a hard time controlling, I have been given orders to take charge of you anyway. “If you run away, what will happen to my honor for losing it?”

Templar Cleter suddenly raised his head.

It's not something you can't miss because it's the 'emperor's order', but it's something you shouldn't miss because it's 'honor'?

That means....

“I will tell your Majesty to change your affiliation. I’m not sure where I’ll go, but it’ll probably be possible to change affiliation. “I think you’ll understand if I use the fact that I’m likely to die from a fire.”

I’m listening to everything, but it’s too much.

“The officially recognized criminal is my junior, but you are not yet a criminal, so if you change your affiliation, the surveillance will not be as thorough as when escorting a criminal. “The accompanying troops will also be relatively small.”

In any case, it is compared to a sinner.

Since they are not official criminals but are treated as potential criminals, there cannot be no surveillance at all. However, with their skills, they will be able to shake it off and run away.

“Then...”

“If you desert then, it won’t be a big dent in my honor. Because you have already left my hands. “If it were anyone other than me, I would have faced a situation like this.”

Of course, nobles who were waiting for him to reveal a loophole would think he was right and try to bite him.

However, this level can be defended. If the honor was to be reduced to that level, it could be considered as if it never existed in the first place.

Stigma lightly raised the corners of his mouth.

“So just wait a moment. You don’t have to worry about me catching it. “I also want to get rid of you all as soon as possible.”

“You... you’re being too harsh...”

“What?”

“no!”

\*\*\*

Click-click-

The cube spins roughly. Deonhardt sat right below the Demon King and turned the cube with a sour expression.

Contrary to his calm expression, his insides were quite twisted.

‘The results are less than I expected.’

If things had gone according to plan, one of the imperial castles should have been taken down sooner.

The Demon King had issued a ban on magic, but I thought that with the demons’ innate physical abilities, they would be able to overcome it smoothly.

‘Damn it.’

There was a lack of information about the demons. Just because I spent some time in the demon world doesn’t mean I know everything about demons, so I was arrogant. Before making a plan, I should have made sure to know information about my allies.

Is it irritation at one's own incompetence or is it irritation created by impatience? My nerves suddenly become sharp.

Feeling like he was going to get unreasonably annoyed at the meeting that was about to start like this, Deon touched the corner of his mouth in dissatisfaction and closed his eyes.

The Demon King glanced at him and naturally turned his gaze to scan the conference room, pretending not to have seen anything.

"I think all the demons have arrived... Then, let's begin. Idelia, you said there was new news about the human world, right?"

4th Corps Commander Idelia nodded.

"yes. Kingdoms of interest in the human world have formed an alliance. Imperial Rweche Mountain Kingdom.

"Esperanes, the only one left out of the alliance, is a very small and closed kingdom, so assuming that it is not there, it is safe to say that almost all humans have banded together."

"...at last."

Someone muttered lowly.

A calm voice without any surprise or shock expressed resignation as if something would come.

"It's a little surprising considering what the current empire has done..."

It's not unexpected news at all.

Rather, it would be fair to say that it was later than expected.

The demons relaxed their tense bodies, crossing their arms or leaning back on their chairs with an expression that said they would come.

“Then now, the plan...”

“...the plan?”

The hand that was turning the cube stopped.

bang!

The completed cube is placed on the desk roughly, as if being hit. The tension that had loosened tightened again, and all the demons’ attention turned to one place.

“Is there any solution?”

The white-haired man had flashing red eyes.

“It will all be wiped out anyway.”

“...Haha!”

The demon king met the red eyes that were looking straight at me and burst into cheerful laughter.

After asking me to completely destroy the empire, Deonhardt would occasionally express his dissatisfaction with me in this way.

Unlike his previous method of asking for his resignation and expressing his regrets about his situation, he has now expressed his dissatisfaction with the occupation of the human world with a subtle sarcasm.

'It's worth it.'

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 156**

156. Deon Hart, the traitor to humanity (4)

I said I would follow him with all my heart, but I cannot help but be dissatisfied.

Clearly, the Demon King had no desire to occupy the human world. He realized that the reason for the Demon King's purpose of taking over the human world was none other than to test and utilize Deonhardt himself.

'But now that I have a toy, shouldn't I use it?'

The Demon King is not the type of person to just store toys in a storage box and look at them. Aren't toys meant to be played with?

A place where you can make the most of the toy called Deon Hart.

Without hesitation, the Demon King thought of 'war'.

'Let's wage the largest war. That would be a sufficient stage.'

I also understand Deonhardt's dissatisfaction because it is a meaningless and unnecessary war that is literally a waste.



That's why Deon's actions and remarks, which can be considered arrogant, are dismissed with a light complaint, like in his resignation letter.

The Demon King grinned without avoiding his red eyes.

"Yes, we should sweep them all away."

"...."

Deon's brow furrowed for a moment.

For a moment, he took his eyes off the Demon King with a calm expression, as if he had never done that before, and turned his attention back to the meeting. A calm and oppressive gaze, different from before, swept over the corps commanders as if pressing them down.

"...The empire has excellent military power and Rweche is rich in materials. Sure... it'll be a hassle if you leave it alone. It will be easier to get rid of at least one of the Empire or Rweche from the alliance. "I will take charge of this."

"Any way?"

"Can I use the magic that was used during the last declaration of war again?"

...aha.

I feel like I'm laughing a lot these days.

The Demon King, who had a vague idea of what the intention was, couldn't suppress the rising corners of his mouth and laughed again.

"It's possible. "Are you trying to warn me?"

“yes.”

“I’m sure the mental blow will be effective. “It’s also cruel.”

Humanity still does not know the identity of Commander 0.

Even in the demon world, the only people who know that ‘Demon Arut’ and ‘Deon Hart’ are the same person are Ed Ben Hien, who is close to Deon, including the legion commanders.

This was a situation induced by Deon.

[I hope the fact that ‘Deon Hardt’ is the ‘0 Corps Commander’ has not been made public yet.]

[Why? It is already widely known that you are a traitor to humanity. There would be no reason for the emperor to keep your identity a secret, right?]

[There is no reason to reveal it. Humans bite and fight with each other whenever they get the chance, so just because I, who was protecting them, betrayed me, doubts about the Emperor’s vision are already being raised within.] In such a situation, it was revealed that Deon Hardt, the third hero of the Empire, was the commander of the

0 Corps. If so?

As an emperor who cannot reveal the fact that he played a dangerous game with the Demon King over Deonhart, he becomes a foolish person who did not know that important fact for a long time.

Of course, there will be doubts about his insight, and using this as an excuse, the nobles’ right to speak will become considerably stronger. They are always looking to create a

gap in the imperial power, so rather than considering the current situation, they will even try to use the current situation for their own power.

In other words, the emperor becomes quite tired both internally and externally.

[You may not know that doing this would mean holding the hilt of a sword to us, but what can you do?] There is

no choice.

From the emperor's perspective, it was better to postpone the revelation of the 'same person' case, even if it meant handing over the hilt of the sword.

[However, if the war continues, the demons will often hear news from the human world, and the number of people who will know about it will increase.]

At the very least, there will be people who have doubts.

I heard that the third hero of the Empire named 'Deonhardt' betrayed the human world and sided with the demon world. Who on earth is this? The only human being in the Demon King is 'Demon Arut'.

no way.

Could it be that Demon Arut is Deonhardt?

[There is no need to hide it from the demons, but thorough control is needed to prevent this fact from being passed on to the human world. It is an immutable truth that the fewer people who know, the more tightly a secret is kept, so it would be better not to reveal it until the right time comes,

but that doesn't mean it can't be kept a secret at all....] The end of the sentence drags on

.

His voice slowed down, as if he was thinking, and continued, pretending to be relaxed.

[I guess I'll have to pick out people I might find out about if I just leave it alone. Ordinary demon soldiers, who will fight frantically and be thoroughly controlled, are put on the back burner...] [....

]

[A corps commander with a wide range of action and relatively freedom, and the 2nd and 4th corps commanders who deal with information will definitely know. No, you must have guessed it already.]

[...You mean to reveal it to the corps commanders, right?] [

To be precise, I am informing the corps commanders and others close to me in advance and having them join the group.]

For example, give more to Ed and Ben . Like Hien.

For those who have been watching me closely, it will only be a matter of time before they notice even a few news from the human world. Deon didn't want to waste his attention trying to hide the fact that it was going to be revealed anyway.

'I knew my head could turn to some extent, but...'

This is completely different.

Aside from the unstable nature of his personality coming and going as a result of merging his separated memories, Deon Hardt, who had no memory gaps, was sharper than ever.

The corner of his mouth twitched at the sharp analysis, but the Demon King naturally laughed for a moment.

[Do whatever you want. However, it's not like humans can't make reasonable guesses, so is that okay?]

Deonhart betrayed the human world and went to the demon world.

He must have a place as a hero, but I can't hear his name anywhere?

Of course you will have doubts.

[There will be various guesses. There is probably some truth in it.]

[It's okay. The important thing is 'not being sure.']

[...Good!]

So the Demon King and Deon gathered the legion commanders and Ed Ben Hien that day and revealed that 'Demon Arut' was 'Deon Hart'... ..

I was able to see a variety of reactions beyond what I expected.

The 2nd and 4th Corps commanders nodded as if they had expected this to happen, and some were slightly surprised but convinced that it was not something they had expected. Some people, including the 9th and 7th corps commanders,

were very surprised as if they had no idea, but they quickly laughed it off and said that it was indeed Demon.

‘Lirinel had the most unique reaction.’

He grabbed his head with both hands and shouted, ‘I can’t believe the leader of the Demon Cult didn’t even know his name!’

Anyway, the identity of Demon Arut will be revealed in this ‘Warning from the Demon World’. Humanity, which has not been able to even deal with the shock of Deonhardt’s betrayal, will suffer considerable psychological shock.

Deon looked with an emotionless face at the Demon King, who was joking that he was cruel, and then turned his head.

“...So let’s skip the alliance issue and focus on the current battle. No, before that, there’s something I need to address...” When

he remembered the fall of the castle, which took longer than he had calculated, he couldn’t hold back his irritation and frowned as he chewed the words out.

“I knew that demons cannot use their natural power in the human world, but to what extent is that true? “It seemed like there were more restrictions than I thought.”

I expected restrictions on the use of magical power and the inherent abilities of demons, but I had no idea that my physical abilities would also decline. I didn’t know that even if it did fall, the difference would be this big.

Somehow, the preparation I had made when fighting back and forth between the demon world and the human world turned out to be easier than dealing with the demons. I

thought it was because they were ordinary demon soldiers, but it seems that their physical abilities were limited.

Well, no matter how much of a henchman he is, he is a demon, so does it make sense that a mere human being who is not a 'hero' would be easy to deal with?

"Um... it's because I came out through an abnormal passage called the border."

The Demon King said with a troubled smile, as if telling him to calm down.

"The original border was only for warriors. The demons were not given permission to use it. "Unauthorized people are using it as they please, so restrictions are bound to be imposed."

"...Can I ask you to explain in detail?"

"How should I explain this?... Do you know that demons are a race hated by the world?"

"...I think I know why. Is it because you know how to use 'magic'?"

"Well... right."

He glanced at the corps commanders who were sitting in their seats and silently watching the conversation, and then his eyes fell on Deon again.

The Demon King is a mistake and error created by the world, and the Demons are a race born from him. It was natural that it would be an eyesore to the world.

But there's no need to go on here. The Demon King chose his words slowly.

"The border is for the movement of beings that will exterminate such a thorn in the eye. But conversely, what would happen if demons came into the human world and exterminated the species they cared about the most? What if the Demon King comes to the human world before that?"

"...."

"The border is ultimately a passage. If it is possible to come in, of course it is also possible to go out. Since we cannot completely prevent the movement of all demons, we are imposing restrictions. So that they cannot easily run amok in the human world."

"...Then, the Demon Lord, in the human world...."

"I can't go to the human world at all through the border.  
"The world used all its remaining power to stop me."

It is impossible to prevent all demons, including the demon king, from using the border.

The world faced reality and made a quick decision. Instead of preventing the movement of demons, they changed their direction to impose 'restrictions', reducing power consumption and putting all remaining interference power on the demon king.

Because the Demon King is the most dangerous person who should not go out to the human world.

'Thanks to this, only the other races of the Abyss benefited.'



Thanks to the demons unintentionally attracting the world's attention at the forefront, other races were freed from restrictions.

There are no particular restrictions on both the friendly fairy race and other races that do not have any special feelings about the world when they go to the human world through the border. Only demons, including the demon lord. Ah, those who think the monsters are a bit strong are subject to restrictions.

In any case, it was a measure that was met with ridicule.

"...That's enough. Please explain the rest separately later."

This is not a topic to be discussed in depth here.

Deon, who belatedly became aware of the corps commanders around him, raised his hand to signal a halt to the conversation and pointed out a point worth paying attention to in the Demon King's remarks.

"You said the borderline is an abnormal passage... Then what is a normal passage?"

"contract. Originally, you had to come out to the human world through a contract with humans. "It cannot be said that there are no restrictions at all."

A brief explanation followed immediately afterwards.

It is said that the total amount of power that can be used in the human world is determined depending on the vessel of the human who signed the contract.

Deon quickly raised his hand as it seemed like the conversation was about to continue like this.

“Wait a minute... before that, there’s something I’d like to point out. What exactly is the scope of the restrictions imposed upon crossing the border into the human world? “I knew my physical abilities were low... but what about the use of magical magic?”

“It’s possible. “Because we have to consume twice as much magical energy as when we were in the demon world, everyone tends to restrain themselves, and now that there is a ban on magic, we don’t use it at all.”

“But... if your life is in danger, it’s worth using, but I haven’t seen that happen...” “

...Really?”

The Demon King’s expression, which had been relaxed the whole time, hardened for a moment.

“... Did you say that knowledge and wisdom are passed down to descendants through records... Even if that were the case, it would have been lost if time had passed... That’s terrible.”

It feels like it’s going to stop, but it keeps crawling on and on, like a cockroach.

The Demon King, who pondered what the Emperor had said in the previous declaration of war, lightly sneered and muttered lowly.

“Deon, I’ll have to include this in your account too.”

“What is that...?”

“It’s a camp. A jinn that suppresses the magic of demons.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 157**

157. Deon Hart, Traitor of Humanity (5)

"A long time ago... so, about two or three hundred years ago, there was a big war between the human world and the demon world, and at that time, this was installed by default in each castle in the human world."

Of course. Jinn is a part of witchcraft, and witchcraft was meant to deal with magic.

Humans have found a way to bind the demons' most threatening weapons.

"Either what was installed at that time still remains, or the method was not lost, so it was installed anew... It looks like that."

With this, another chain was wrapped around the hands and feet of the demons.

The more the situation was sorted out, the less the demons could do, but Deonhardt remained calm.

No, rather, I was admiring it.

'I shouldn't have said anything about the fact that the castle fell later than expected.'

It is rather surprising that they fell despite following the words of the general commander who was ignorant of the demons.

I habitually moved my fingers and tapped the desk.

I have no intention of questioning why you didn't tell me earlier. It was his own fault for not asking questions first, as he had to prove his worth to the Demon King and show his competence to the corps commanders.

Instead, he asked a question.

"... Since we have to assume the worst, it would be better to think that the method is not lost. "What is the scope of the group you mentioned?"

"I can't say for sure because it varies depending on the shaman's capabilities and intentions... but I think most of the things installed in the castle were capable of suppressing magic up to a 2-3 km radius."

"You can't expect magic in a siege. Is it really unusable at all? You can break it with very strong magic..."

"Unless you are me or my contractor, you won't be able to use the magic inside it. It would be even more impossible to wake up. "It would be easy if it were done using a method other than magic."

"other way...?"

"It's not difficult to break Jin if you know the core. "If you disturb the main object or place even a little, it will break."

Because of this, I have seen several cases where Jin's main shaft was hit and broken by the feet of unsophisticated

passers-by.

“Of course, finding the core is a different matter.”

“...It means it’s hard to find. All right. “Let’s go back to the contract.”

“It would be a good idea to keep this in mind before that.”

“...What...”

Deon noticed the faintly playful voice and was about to ask, but closed his mouth. I’ll tell you without you having to ask.

just as expected.

“Force is not the only way to suppress the magic of demons. If an individual is allowed to possess a specific talisman, the demons they face will not be able to use magic. To be precise, I should say they are demons within a 3m radius.”

Information was thrown out as if showing mercy.

“I don’t know if this method has been lost, but wouldn’t it be convenient for you to know?”

The Demon King rolls his eyes and smiles.

When walking the tightrope between the Demon King and the Emperor, Deon did not first tell any information that was not asked. Is this revenge for that? Just as Deon did back then, the Demon King would faithfully give answers ‘only to the information he asked for’ after Deon turned to his side.

Deon Hardt is the general commander, and the most important thing for a general commander is information.

This is free information thrown out in that situation. It would not be a bad situation for Deon. Rather, it should be seen as a benefit...

Deon could not accept this purely.

Knowing that this benefit was given purely for the devil's own fun and interest.

"...yes."

The emotion disappeared from Deon's eyes.

"thank you."

"It was nothing."

"...."

No matter what I say to that smiling face, it won't work. I wasn't even given the right to do that in the first place.

After looking at the Demon King for a while, Deon returned to the topic he was originally interested in.

"If there are fewer restrictions on the side that goes to the human world through a contract, the general troops will not change, but core forces such as corps commanders will be able to easily win if they go to the human world through a contract. What do you think?"

"Oh, that..."

The Demon King stretched out his voice and smiled awkwardly.

"A contract can only be made if the human side calls for it first, but now that a boundary has been created, you can

freely go to the human world without a contract, right? “In some ways, it’s more comfortable because you don’t have the burden of being a contractor.”

“No way...”

“Yes, the method of summoning demons has almost been lost in the human world. Even when summoned, everyone refused the contract.”

In return for granting one of humans’ wishes, they are legally allowed to stay in the human world.

That was originally the traditional way for demons to enter the human world, but even though the border has been established, there are no demons who will stick to such a troublesome method.

From a human’s perspective, the method of summoning demons was difficult, and even if summoned, the contract was rejected, so it was natural that methods of summoning demons and making contracts were lost.

‘It looks like it wasn’t lost at all, but...’

It was said to be an old and banned book hidden deep in the royal palace, and it was burned with a half-contract, so there won’t be any more.

The Demon King remembered Duke Starbe Illuster, who had summoned me, and immediately laughed, pretending not to notice.

Deon touched his forehead.

“In that case, it would be difficult to write a way to contract with demons and spread it to the human world...”

“It would be difficult.”

At most, the proposed plan was cut off by the devil. The explanations continued one after another.

“First of all, in order to make a contract with a corps commander-level demon, you need to be a basic vessel, but there are few such people, and even if the method of contracting with a demon is known in the current situation, the trick will be blatant, so vigilance will only increase. Of course, it is not that there are no crazy people among humans, so there may be crazy people who try it, but will they be able to escape the eyes of the emperor, who is on heightened alert? “Summoning a demon requires a huge sacrifice, like a human’s life?”

“ .... ”

The environment is harsh, and even if you manage to summon a demon through it, there is a high probability that it will be a small bug.

Instead of answering, Deon quietly took out a handkerchief and put it over his mouth. With a small cough, the black handkerchief became damp with the smell of blood.

Unlike his blood-spitting mouth, the corps commanders who were watching him quietly lowered their gazes as his bright red eyes filled with anger and frustration. After a short silence, a voice disguised as calm came out in a low, boiling voice.

“Explanation... thank you.”

“ .... ”



“The bottom line is that tricks will not work and we must fight back purely through the use of troops. great. “Let’s give it a try.”

He calmly folded his handkerchief, put it in his arms, and looked back at the corps commanders.

“First of all... I think I should first apologize to those gathered here.”

Apart from the dull expression, an extremely calm voice came out.

Since I am speaking as the general commander, I speak in a low tone.

“Due to my ignorance, an unfortunate incident occurred where only the two of us had a conversation in a gathering where everyone was gathered. Even if it wasn’t, I apologize for wasting your precious time.”

“Oh...no!”

“You don’t need to apologize!”

“Rather, we are sorry! “I couldn’t tell you in advance...!”

A fierce response came back.

Deon smiled faintly in response to the expected reaction. Lirinél was heard muttering in admiration about the portrait.

“Now that we have obtained enough information, let’s go back to the beginning and talk about the sluggish battle we are currently engaged in.”

“By the current battle, are you referring to the battle taking place in Paras Territory?”

“Yes, only by breaking through there can we advance to the Amiable territory, and only then can we clear the shortest route to the Illuster territory.”

Following his voice, Idelia, who had been looking at the map of the human world on the table and scanning the travel route, stopped.

The four eyes on each cheek that were always closed and resembled painted cat whiskers slowly opened.

I wondered if I had misread the names of the territories on the map and ended up on a strange route. I even opened my eyes, which were usually closed, and checked the names of each territory again, but I was not mistaken.

A cautious voice came out as if he was watching.

“I understand as far as Paras, but... if you go through Amiable and Illuster Territory, you will have to go back a bit to the imperial capital...” “

So?”

“yes...?”

Deon tapped the desk with his fingertips and raised the corners of his mouth.

“It’s not like you’re going back that badly.”

A deep and eerie smile that is far from refreshing.

The atmosphere calmed down in an instant. Idelia flinches and closes her mouth at the bloody smell of Deon, who is trying to crush his opponent.

Deon, who was looking at the corps commanders in silence while even the Demon King watched in silence, slowly opened his mouth.

“...Well, okay. It’s not that I don’t understand. But think about it. Do you think Duke Illuster will just sit back and watch as the Demon King’s army advances toward the imperial palace? huh? Edelia, please answer. “Do you really think that’s the case?”

“....”

“No, right? The Duke is not someone who will just watch the empire collapse. Our goal is to conquer the human world, but if we just pass by, we will definitely become a very annoying enemy. And above all—”

Of course, all those words are excuses and revenge is the main goal, but whatever. It’s not wrong at all.

Even if you are wrong, you cannot be pushed out of this place where many eyes are watching. For Deon Hardt, authority has become his life.

Deon remembered Stigma’s teachings.

‘...Let the other person read the atmosphere and wait.’

Lift your chin appropriately and lower your voice pitch in a calm manner.

Look at the other person with your eyes and speak elegantly so as not to look condescending.

“I am the general commander. So don’t focus on the wrong things, but focus on the agenda I put forward.”

It looks like it's daring to attack me, so I need to nip it in the bud beforehand.

After siding with the Demon King, he focused on not appearing ridiculous and became sensitive to his own shortcomings, so Deon reacted sharply.

For Idelia, it was a disaster.

"...All right. sorry."

The pale-faced woman quietly retreats. Devellania, who had been watching the situation with his eyes drowsily lowered, slowly rolled his eyes and raised his hand.

"I think we should do something about Rweche before focusing on the current battle. "It is the Rweche Kingdom that is currently supporting Paras territory with a certain amount of troops and supplies."

"...I heard you held on more tenaciously than I thought, but maybe this is why... I guess we have to get rid of Rweche first, as Develania said. "I don't think it would be a bad idea to use this as an example."

There is no way they would cancel their alliance just by sending out a warning to humanity that has formed an alliance. If that were the case, they wouldn't have formed an alliance in the first place. I'm sure they'll just snort and ignore it.

Nevertheless, there is a reason why he decided to issue a warning himself. Shocking humanity by revealing his identity and dealing a blow to the emperor's battle of wits with his allies and internal nobles—and laying the groundwork.

Warnings are ground food. Rweche will be an example of the price of disobeying warnings.

“There was a rumor about the king of Rweche...”

Just. Just. Just. Just.

I habitually snapped my fingers and knocked on the desk.

I’m sure I heard some useful information, but I don’t remember much. Deon’s brow furrowed slightly.

“...Let me recite the family relationship of King Dvelania Rweche. “I think there was a family member who died and couldn’t survive.”

“If it’s a family that can’t live without death...”

Develania rolled his eyes once and immediately gave an answer.

“I have a half-brother from a different father. “It is a secret to the outside world, and he is the current general of Rweche.”

“Oh, right. It did.”

To be precise, it can be said to be an open secret.

It is a rumor that is secret to the outside world, but everyone knows and whispers about it. It seems that even I, who is not interested in rumors, remembered it because it was almost exclusively talked about openly in front of the person in question.

...It was also an impressive friendship.

A twisted smile appeared on Deon’s lips.

“Let’s make him a scapegoat.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 158**

158. Deon Hart, the traitor to humanity (6)

Leweche achieved the Tahon Kingdom. They promised protection and support with supplies.

And there is a border in the Taehoon Kingdom. This is the borderline that I personally crossed and checked.

As we were advancing toward the empire, where most of the territory was in the north, I thought the border line connected to the south was of no use, so I remembered it but pushed it to a corner of my head, but now I think I have the chance to use it.

"...Before that, Develania."

"Yes Deon... Demon."

"You can call me whatever you want here. More than that, do you know the personality of that Rweche general? As far as I know...."

"Stiff, right?"

"I think I heard you were strong."

also.

“There is a border in the Taehon Kingdom. They probably know that, but since we’re busy knocking on the gates of the empire, we’re neglecting them, so they’re probably letting their guard down. “A week after I finish ‘Warning to the Human World,’ the 5th Corps is to go over there and engage in the so-called ‘fighting.’”

“...Me?”

Orel, the 5th Corps commander who was sitting quietly, looked at Deon in surprise.

“okay. You can be as active as you like. Of course, do as much as you can without overdoing it. “If you have more time than you think, you can just eat the taehon soup itself.”

Since the goal is to conquer the human world anyway, there is no big problem if you eat it first.

Well, that won’t happen.

The Demon King, who had been quietly observing the situation until now, raised his hand, perhaps because the great power of the 5th Corps was moving.

“Can I ask for a more detailed explanation?”

“This is an attack by the ‘5th Legion’, which is not even an ordinary army, so the small kingdom of Taehon would be helpless. “As the king of Rweche, who has already made a promise of alliance with the Empire of Mountains, he must not be shown to be neglecting his promise, so he will most likely squeeze in his troops to send support.”

“I guess so.”



“Some of the troops have been sent to the Empire, and some have been sent to the Tahon Kingdom, so Rweche’s defense will be considerably weakened.”

The Demon King, who had been listening quietly, tilted his head slightly.

“...To attack Rweche before the Empire?”

Because I had already predicted what Deon would use to warn the human world, a doubt was naturally expressed in his eyes.

Fortunately, Deon shook his head as if his prediction was not wrong.

“no. “Didn’t you say you need an example?”

In order to do so, Rweche must be the first country to break the alliance and the last country to collapse.

“If we maintain an offensive against the empire and send an appropriate number of generals and troops to attack Rweche, whose defense has become weak, the king will become desperate and request support from the empire and the State of Shan. “We cannot withdraw the support we sent to Taehon, a vassal country that promised protection, so we will contact our allies.”

Since the number of troops in the Demon World is not infinite, if you are lucky, you will be able to send troops that can barely breach a castle, but they can provide enough of a threat. In general, demons look scary, so it is difficult to guess their skills just by looking at them with the naked eye.

So, even if that were not the case, the king of Rweche, who had become sensitive due to weakened national defense,

would be as shocked as a rabbit just by the fact that demonic troops came to the castle.

Deon touched the corner of his mouth.

“I will request the return of the support I sent or request support from allies...”

“From the perspective of the emperor who received support, it would be difficult to safely return the support received, and even if that were not the case, it would be even more difficult to send support to a country with a shortage of troops. . Even if we send them, it is obvious that they will be discarded troops for show off, and since the Kingdom of San was not a kingdom with a lot of troops to begin with, even if we send support, it will not be much.”

“Yes, more than anything, the emperor drove the supported troops into Paras Territory, where the fiercest battle took place. If the damage to one’s own citizens can be reduced through the blood of other citizens, it is a monarch’s duty to do so. So, it is one thing to withdraw the supported troops again, and even if you send other troops from your country to replace the supported troops and send them back, a lot of time will already have passed after all the procedures have been followed.”

Rweche cannot just sit back and wait for that gap of time.

“In the end, the king’s younger brother, the ‘general’, will personally step up and stop it.”

He was said to have a strong personality, so even if the king tried to stop him by saying it was dangerous, he would come out in the end.

After understanding, the Demon King had a happy smile on his face.

“I’ll lend you Develania.”

“thank you.”

Develania would be able to easily cut off that head.

Since they were brothers who could not live without death, the king must have lost his mind. You will become extremely sad, frustrated, and eventually angry.

Anger towards the emperor who took all that was given to him but did not give it back, or anger towards the two monarchs who sent clumsy troops to show off.

Since the alliance has become meaningless, of course we will break it.

‘The important thing here is to never attack Rweche who is alone.’

If they attack and occupy it, other allies in the human world will unite even more strongly. Because I saw the end of the kingdom that fell away.

But what if the demon world never attacks Rweche?

‘There will also be kingdoms that try to break the alliance.’

In a complex situation like the present, we should not feel reassured that we have other kingdoms as vassals. Especially if it was not brought into submission by force, but was twisted with three inches of tongue.

They became vassals for the security and benefit of the country, not for losses.

“good.”

The Demon King clapped his hands a couple of times as if to brighten the mood.

“Then we will proceed as our general commander says, and the meeting will end here.”

“Thank you for your effort.”

“Adeon.”

As the corps commanders left their seats one by one, Deon, who was standing up holding the cube, paused and looked back at the Demon King.

“I know that? “Do the restrictions of demons disappear when dealing with ‘heroes’ or ‘heroes’, whether they come through borders or contracts?”

“ ....”

...I informed you late on purpose.

The hand holding the cube gained strength.

We can’t deny that it’s important information, but how can we like it when people play around with it and wave it around like this?

A low voice came out between my clenched teeth.

“thank you for the information.”

“what. Oh and.”

“ ....”

“I understand, but take the medicine in moderation.”

This isn't even worth answering.

Deon quietly touched the corner of his mouth and then turned his back.

....

The first thing I noticed as soon as I came out was Ed, who was having a war of nerves with Dan, and Ben, who was looking at them pitifully... and Develania, who seemed to have been waiting for him to come out.

...Yes, Develania had something to say. Did the Demon King say that he would combine the information that he had researched on his own with the information that Develania had researched and hand it over to her? So, after seeing it, I told her to listen.

‘Well, there was something I ordered for her anyway.’

Since you can hear all the information at once, there is nothing to lose.

When Deon spotted me, he gestured to Dan and Ed, who were approaching quickly as if they had started a fight, to step back for a moment, and then faced Develania.

“What happened to what you asked me to do?”

There are two pieces of information he needs to hear from Develania.

At first, he only asked for information about ‘what the duke values most’, which he had ordered through the Demon King right after his last visit to the empire, but Deon then

gave a personal order and ordered that this be given the highest priority.

‘Recovery of Cruel Hart’s body.’

The location is roughly known. I told them to go and check to see if Cruel’s body was there and to retrieve it.

however.

“...Why are your hands shaking?”

“That...”

It’s ominous. My fingertips feel cold.

It was clearly an order that would not be difficult. It was an order that didn’t take very long.

“... Now that I think about it, it’s been a while since I ordered it, but there hasn’t been any news about it until now.”

“...sorry.”

“are you okay. I had expected that it would be difficult to safely retrieve the body. Is that really why you couldn’t tell me until now?”

“ ....”

Deon silently clenched his fist in the continued silence.

“...Surely you couldn’t even recover the body?”

“I’m so... so sorry.”

“...are you okay.”

Yeah, I expected this too. This is not surprising news.

Deon lightly wiped his face and adjusted his expression.

"I guess that's not all. If that were the case, there's no way you would be shaking like this."

"...There were marks of his throat being cut."

"...."

"There are traces of someone cutting off the body's head...."

"Up to that point."

Ah really.

As the news was more devastating than expected, I was unable to control my expression and raised my hand to cover my face.

"Are you okay...? I'm really sorry..."

"No, yes. "Yeah, it's okay."

"...."

"Really."

Okay. It should be okay.

Develania is a demon with a high rank as commander of the 2nd Corps. It was not possible to overthrow the 'authority' by showing unsightly agitation here.

After a long moment of silence, Deon managed to control his broken expression and lowered the hand that was

covering his face.

“He said there were traces of his hair being cut. “Then what about the torso?”

“There are also signs that someone else took it...”

“...I see.”

‘Someone else’ probably means someone different from those who cut off their hair.

“Was there a time difference?”

“It appears that someone came and took your body about three days after cutting off your head.”

“ ....”

Deon put his trembling hand into his pocket and took out a uniquely shaped cigarette.

I don’t know the body, but I think I know who cut off the head and why.

‘Those bastards who tried to kill me and my brother that day.’

Their original purpose was to kill me.

Since you lost me, you would need proof that you definitely killed Cruel, the traitor and saboteur. So... So...

‘Fuck it.’

Deon finally stopped thinking and put a cigarette in his mouth while swearing under his breath.



Ben, who was standing at a distance where no sound could be heard and glanced around with anxious eyes, came rushing over with his eyes wide as if he had discovered this.

“Medicine won’t work, Demon! “What are you trying to do with your body in that state?”

“...”

“Better eat this!”

As if he couldn’t see the absurd expression on his face, Ben took the unlit cigarette out of Deon’s hand and handed him a pill full of the smell of grass.

OMG, Develania exclaimed a little.

‘What happened to his liver?’

Demon... Deon has become more difficult to deal with since he became seriously ill. You have changed to the extent that almost everything that makes up you has changed.

A dignified demeanor and noble tone of voice. A high-pressure atmosphere where even the occasional hemoptysis is sublimated into elegance. The almost perfect attitude with no flaws was like a thick wall to all the demons.

How dare I easily approach someone who seems to be sitting on that high throne? I feel guilty even making eye contact.

Whether Develania was shocked or not, Deon glanced at Ben when he felt the feel of the phantom in his hand. He could tell what it was without even looking at the familiar smell that could be felt even from a small distance.

“It’s a sedative.”

A medicine made from fairy herbs.

This is a medicine I have already taken several times. One of the effects was outstanding, so Deon put it in his mouth without saying anything and waved his hand to tell Ben to go away.

Surprisingly, it was Develania who caught Ben, who kept glancing back and forth, unable to take his steps as if he was worried.

“There is no need to get bitten. “You want to ask me about the first task you asked me to do, right?”

“...okay.”

“It’s still vague... we need a little more time. “When I gather more information, I will combine it and give it to you all at once, would you allow me to do so?”

“Sure.”

There’s still time left.

Devellania bowed his head, expressing gratitude for the gentle affirmation, glanced at Ben and walked away.

Dan and Ed, who were watching Ben from afar with anxious eyes, notice that the conversation is over and quickly approach him.

Ed pushed away Dan’s face with his hand as he opened his mouth and said ‘Master’ as if he was calling me and opened his mouth.

“De....”

“Daemon!”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 159**

159. Deon Hart, Traitor to Humanity (7)

“...I want to destroy all the Incubuses in the world before my eyes.”

“Oh my.”

Ben clicked his tongue as if he felt sorry.

However, Ed, who was clearly annoyed by the raised corners of his mouth, began to fight with him, and Deon, who was watching the comedy unfolding before his eyes without a smile, turned his head and saw Hien approaching him.

The gardener of the Demon King's Castle was smiling brightly at him, holding a normal flower for the first time.

“It is the flower of the human world!”

“...Didn't you only show me flowers from the Demon World and give them as gifts? “Why bother?”

“Recently... you have been staying in the demon world for an unprecedentedly long time. “I think you miss the human world....”

I'm obviously not interested in flowers, but this flower strangely catches my eye.

A flower that knows it will attract attention, but is not unpleasant and has a rather gentle feel.

This is the flower of the human world?

"Where did you get it?"

"There was a small well-groomed mound near the border on the human world side. There is this flower blooming pretty on top of it, and it attracts attention..."

"Mound?"

"yes! There was a well-cut stone standing in front of it."

It's a grave. The stone erected is a tombstone.

The human who created a grave near the border is absurd, but Hien, who plucked the flowers that bloomed on the grave, is also absurd. Should I say that I was fortunate that I didn't bring the flowers that were 'placed' on the grave?

'Bloomed' flowers are natural, but 'laid' flowers are a gift from someone to the dead.

'...did you say demons don't make graves?'

If so, it's okay to not know.

I slowly rolled my eyes and looked at the other demons watching. As expected, everyone is watching this situation blankly, as if they don't know anything.

Oh, just one person. Ed, who often visited the human world, had a pale complexion.

“You dare say, where did you get the flower from...”

“Hien.”

This time, Ed’s words were cut off.

Deon, who had been silently examining the flower with his gaze down without extending his hand, raises his eyes and looks at Hien. The corners of his mouth slowly rose as if drawn.

“It seems like my personality has become a lot sharper these days. “Seeing how he saves even the flowers of the human world and carefully observes them.”

“That’s not what I meant.”

“thanks.”

“...!”

Even if you’re near a grave, you should feel uncomfortable, but strangely, even though it’s a flower that was blooming on a grave, you don’t feel unpleasant at all.

Hien freezes with his eyes wide open at the positive meaning, and Dan approaches to receive the flowers. However, just before Dan took the flower out of Hien’s hand, Ed quickly snatched it.

‘...He’s keeping Dan in check to a great extent.’

Now that I think about it, Ed’s reaction was quite significant when I first brought him up.

With a shocked face, ‘Are you saying I’m not enough?’ Did you shout?

[I... I know that I am not trustworthy. That's why it's not easy to trust and entrust something. Still... I will try harder to be recognized, so if you rely on me more than that person...!] [

...Calm down.]

Even though I have been seeing him for quite some time, this is the first time I have seen such an expression.

Deon looked down at Ed and his empty hands, who were carefully holding the flowers, then shrugged his shoulders and looked back at Dan, then turned his back and walked into the room.

Ben seemed to have gone back to his room when the footsteps of two people followed behind him.

Deon soon arrived in front of the room and turned around. He looked back and forth between the two men, who were looking at me as if waiting for an order, then fixed his gaze on Ed and said,

“Thank you for taking me. “You must be tired, so leave the flowers with Dan and go rest now.”

“...!”

Ed's hands tremble at the obvious sign of congratulations. Dan held out his hand as if to quickly hand it over, fearing that the trembling flower would be damaged.

He managed to maintain his senses even though he was adding fuel to the fire. He moved his lips as if he wanted to say something, but in the end, he passed the flowers and turned away without being able to speak.

‘....’

Dan, who had been silently watching his back, followed Deon into the room and clicked. After making sure the door was locked, he found a nice vase and put some flowers in it, and uttered a few words.

“You’re heartless, Master.”

“Because they are demons.”

The relaxed tone of voice, different from the outside, returned with a tacit affirmation.

Even though he was on the loose side, the distinctly different atmosphere was disconcerting, but Dan said calmly as he filled the vase with water.

“Still, he was so enthusiastic, but I feel a bit sorry for him.”

“well. It would be better not to get too attached. “No matter how passionate you are about me, you are still a demon in the end.”

Deon clearly remembered the situation at the time when the Demon King tried to save me as I was dying.

At that time, Ed was clearly trying to stop the devil.

[Okay, it might be fun to check your fate at this point. Are you going to die here or not?]

[...Demon Lord.]

A call that seems to be reluctant and contains the meaning of restraint.



At the time, I was unable to analyze the incoming information because it was too much to store in a corner of my head, but when I regained my senses and recalled my memory, I was able to understand.

Ed valued the price the Demon King would pay for saving him more than the life of the 0 Corps commander.

‘Although his attitude toward me is not false.’

He does not serve ‘Deon Hardt’, but the ‘0 Corps Commander’.

Absolute authority recognized by all demons....

“Authority.”

“...yes?”

“That guy doesn’t serve me, he serves my authority. “If I keep it by my side, someday I will be able to open the camouflage and check inside. How would I react if I found out that the monster-shaped shadow owner that I trembled and worshiped was actually just a rabbit?”

It would be better to distance yourself before something like that happens.

“Master is a kitten rather than a rabbit....”

“...?”

“Well no, that was in the past and now... Snow fox? Does it resemble a snow fox?”

“...What is he saying now.”

Dan, who was steadfastly touching his chin and thinking of a white, furry snow fox despite the pitiful gaze, focused on Deon again when he heard the voice that followed.

“You are a ‘human’ who relies on my ‘authority’ and has a foot in the demon world. If my authority becomes an illusion...”

“I know, Master. “You will die.”

“I will definitely die.”

Even in the face of the horrifying truth, Dan grinned.

“It is very difficult for them to tell us that we are a community with a shared destiny, so we should help with all sincerity.”

“....”

“So you’re helping me like this now.”

I put the vase in my hand down on the window sill.

I know he can’t fully trust me from his perspective. In a conversation the other day, I pointed at him openly and said, ‘He is the person who ruined my life.’ How can I trust him?

He later said, ‘He is the person who will achieve my goal and the goal itself’, but that is not a reason for Deon Hardt to trust the person named ‘Dan’.

In the end, Deon Hardt decided to trust the ‘situation’ instead of trusting the person ‘Dan’.

A situation where Dan is obsessed with his ‘goal’. A situation where Dan is gaining safety under Deon Hart’s status and

authority in the demon world. If Deonhardt falls, Dan will also face death.

"I will leave the flowers here. "It's the Demon World anyway, so it wouldn't make sense to put it by the window."

"...Don't be attached to demons for no reason."

"Yes. "I said I felt a little sorry for you. You are too sensitive."

"Pity is also an emotion close to a kind of favor."

When divided into good and bad, at least it is not 'bad'.

"That soon becomes affection, and affection becomes the cornerstone of building friendships. "Friendship will make you relax your boundaries, and relaxed boundaries will make even your tightly closed mouth loosen."

"...Okay, I'll be careful from now on. Rather, even if you lie down on the bed, take off your outer clothes and lie down. "Are you uncomfortable?"

"huh."

"...Take it off."

\*\*\*

"Master, it's still chilly so take this."

Dan puts on the outer garment and fastens it tightly. Not to be outdone, Ed took Deon's hand and put on a black glove, saying that his hands might get cold.

Deon, who had been silently accepting all of this while standing in the middle of them, resolutely refused when they even tried to give him a scarf, turned his back and

picked up a black robe that resembled the symbol of the 0 Corps commander.

Suddenly, the color of the robe caught my eye and I laughed.

‘The outer garment, gloves, and even the scarf that was supposed to cover it were black.’

Does he really want to make it known that Deonhardt is on the side of the demon world?

Even though he wasn’t the doll he was dressing up, Deon gave the two people a pitiful look as they were fighting over who would dress them, and began to put on the robe.

“Master, are you going to wear it alone?”

“why?”

“No, Master... your clothes...

are dressed in a mess. ... Is this what you call humanity?”

As if he wanted to relieve his sorrow over the long distance between him and Edgar Deon, who quickly accepted Dan’s slurred words, he made eye contact and belatedly added his words.

Anyway, it was too late. Isn’t that all they added that they will ignore it because it’s not humane?

‘I dress messily?’

Deon lowered his head and looked at his new robe. It is perfect. Well, it’s a robe that you can just put on and roughly tie, so is there any problem with it?

“Master, I will put it back on. So don’t make any more weird wrinkles there...”

Correct. It looks like it’s not perfect. There could be problems just wearing a robe.

Dan lamented, ‘It’s an important day today, so I wanted to dress you neatly,’ and quickly approaches and starts putting the robe back on. Deon, who was quietly watching his actions, tilted his head and suddenly asked a question.

“Am I bad at dressing like that?”

“I have never seen clothes this wrinkled in my life. “If I hadn’t seen you put it on from the beginning, I would have thought someone had crumpled the master’s clothes into a ball on purpose and gone crazy.”

“Your language is rude. “How on earth do you serve Demon?”

“So I guess you don’t think that way?”

“...Humans say that is humanity.”

...Is it that serious?

Even though Ed said it himself, he avoided eye contact as if he was being stabbed. Dan laughed openly.

“Even if you defend your humanity....”

“...What’s the problem? I don’t think that’s wrong. “I heard that this aspect is also necessary because being too perfect can actually lead to feelings of distance or rejection.”

At this point, Deon felt like he needed to take a serious look at himself, leaving the two growling to recall his memory of

clothes.

‘...Now that I think about it, I haven’t really dressed myself.’

Even if I wore it myself, someone would always adjust the look of my clothes later.

Even during the 8 years of war, crazy dogs used to style their clothes. Sometimes, I felt like I couldn’t do anything about it, so I completely unpacked it and put it on from scratch. In the process, nagging me to please wear underwear is a bonus.

‘What are those guys doing now...’

I thought of the murderous knights for a moment, but then I looked back at Dan, who said that Deon was done and withdrew his hand. Then, I noticed the Demon King leisurely waiting for me a little distance away and took a step back.

“Are you ready?”

“yes.”

“Your clothes look a little wrinkled. Are you okay? Today is an important day. “You can change if you want.”

“...it’s okay.”

“What do you like?”

The devil with a grin turns around and takes the lead, as if asking me to follow him. Not long after I followed him carefully, my steps stopped in front of a room in the Demon King’s Castle.

Suddenly he opens the door. A cool wind scratched his face as if he had been waiting, but Deon was not even aware of it

and just slightly widened his eyes at the scene unfolding before him.

“...oh.”

“how is it? Are you fine?”

It's not okay.

A wide open window and three vivid moons visible beyond it. In addition to the gorgeous interior of the room, there is even a luxurious office desk and chair placed in the background.

“You can just stand anywhere... It's not important and you don't need to talk about it for too long, so there's no need to go this far...” “It's not

important, so of course it's important. Today is the first day you stand in front of everyone, right?”

To be exact, it will be the day I stand before everyone as a traitor to humanity.

The day when Deonhardt uses his tongue as a representative of the demon world to divide the human world that has formed an alliance.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 160**

160. Deon Hart, Traitor to Humanity (8)

"You can just sit here in front of this desk and talk."

As soon as I saw it, I realized why the Demon King had gone to such lengths to prepare the place.

This may be to show that the Demon World is kind to humans who have betrayed and turned away from the Human World. That's why they placed three moons outside the window in the background as evidence of the demon world and indirectly showed their treatment of humans by giving them a luxurious room.

The weapon he will wield in his upcoming speech is also related to this, so it is clear that there is a significant benefit... Why is he so bitter?

Deon slowly touched the corner of his mouth.

"It begins..."

"If you place your hand on this magic stone, three seconds later, a white light as big as your fist will appear in front of your eyes. Just look at it and say it. If you want to end it, just raise your hand. Simple, right? For reference, this magic stone was made together by Lirinel and I. "I haven't actually used it, but it will work well."



“I said, ‘I’ve never actually used it.’ “Didn’t you try it once last time?”

“Back then, I just used my magic right away. “It takes a lot of magical power.”

“...I understand for now. “Let’s get started right away.”

I sat in front of the desk.

Deon, who was left alone after the Demon King quietly left the place as if telling him to speak in peace, slowly closed and opened his eyes with the magic stone in front of him.

‘...’

His eyes are lowered, unable to tell what he is thinking in the quiet silence. However, even for a moment, Deon raised his gaze as if he had nothing to worry about and reached out for the magic stone.

A white light appeared a little away from the face.

‘Okay...’

Ego

, ‘Let’s leave our name in history.’

It’s time to become the worst human being ever.

\*\*\*

A huge screen appeared across the human world, which was at its peak due to war.

There was little confusion, as if I had already experienced it once and had become accustomed to it. People quietly

focused on the screen as they saw a familiar face that was briefly visible.

As if to prove that it was a demon world, a man in black clothes with white hair and red eyes was staring straight ahead with three moons outside the window in the background.

“...Deon Hart.”

Even if you haven't seen him in person, his external features are widely known. Someone muttered as if moaning.

This was the first time he showed his face since he turned to the devil's side, so it naturally attracted attention.

The man on the screen calmly opened his mouth, perhaps knowing that the entire human race was looking at him with hostile eyes.

- Empires are selfish.

It was a sudden and blatant remark that made even those who were not interested raise their heads and doubt their ears.

- The current emperor of the empire must be viewed as selfish. When I heard about the human world's alliance, I did not understand why humanity had united around the empire. No, actually, I still don't understand.

The man on the screen tilted his head innocently, as if he truly couldn't understand.

-Are you guys incapable of learning?

It was truly an action and statement that made me cry.

The gazes that were just filled with curiosity turn into anger and stick to the screen. Even those who were working and listening stopped what they were doing and raised their heads.

As a result, their attention will be fixed on the screen until the speech ends.

‘What are you trying to say that attracts so much attention?’

The Emperor sat in front of the desk in his office, leaning loosely on his chair and quietly staring at the screen. The screen was kindly displayed in this room as if it wanted everyone to see it.

– The emperor of the empire started an eight-year war as soon as he ascended the throne. Countless countries were cruelly trampled under his feet without even knowing why. And it seemed like it was finally over, but only two years later, war broke out again.

...iced coffee.

I reached out my hand and pulled the string.

“...call the shaman. Tell them to prepare for intervention.”

It’s a rift again. The devil must have already tried it.

Of course, I understand that there is nothing more effective than infighting.

Deon Hardt on the screen continued speaking without any sign of hesitation.

– The end of the eight-year war was not a truce, but an end to the war. It’s only been two years since they declared the

end of the war, but they've changed their word and started another war! Thanks to this, the emperor's intentions were clearly revealed at this time.

Conquer the continent.

– It's so blatant that you wouldn't know. But it was so funny to me to see them rally around him. Isn't this like a fish asking a cat to protect it or a sheep forming an alliance with a wolf?

Deonhardt thought.

I'm not that smart. When I was young, Cruel... my older brother praised me for being smart, but that only goes to show affection and consideration for my family. He knew that his smarts were just above average and that he had no talent for speaking.

I had been confined to the house for most of my life and had been on the battlefield all my life, so where would I have had time to have a coherent and in-depth conversation with someone?

'It would have been better if only the voice had been transmitted rather than the screen... or if someone else had stood here.'

A weak thought reared its head.

However, this position would not have much effect if it were not me, and the screen is also inevitable to attract attention. It is difficult to be sure who the other person is based on the voice alone, and it also reduces attention, and it will be more difficult to find loopholes in the speech if you focus on both the screen and the content than if you focus on the voice.

‘Let’s be confident.’

In any case, this is not a discussion but a one-sided incitement.

Rather than using logic as a weapon to persuade the other person, use emotions as a weapon to sway the other person.

There is no need to say anything long. It jumps in suddenly, shakes your mind, and then you fall quickly. As for your attitude, raise your head confidently and manage your facial expression as if there is nothing wrong with what you say.

“...Is the shaman still there?”

“I am sorry, but the shaman says it is difficult to interfere with his own capabilities. The barrier is higher than last time...”

“....”

The emperor quietly frowned.

– My goal is empire. Even if you stick to the empire, there are two results. Either they are trampled by the demon lord’s army advancing to attack the empire, or they are eaten by the empire that safely blocked the demon world and pretended to be calm.

A single voice rang out in a world immersed in silence.

– Ultimately, it means that there is nothing good about being attached to the empire.

That mouth needs to be shut.

But how?

‘...There’s no way.’

The emperor lowered his eyes in resignation. I was just thinking about how to respond to a situation that would make me a bit tired in the future, when the screen floating in the air shook and turned black.

Is it over? At a moment that seemed a bit sudden, the screen brightened and a man appeared.

Not Deon Hardt. A man with an ordinary appearance, going from a boy to a young man, was standing in the background of an unknown back alley.

– In the end, it’s just a statement from a traitor who sided with the devil.

The world is shaken by the appearance of a completely new impression, as if deducing the man’s identity.

Deon Hartman, who had lost control of the screen, raised an eyebrow and focused on the man in the room. I’m sure I’ve seen this face somewhere before.

‘...Oh yeah. On the day of the war of words between the Demon King and the Emperor, he was being educated using that as a textbook.’

Ed hurriedly brings a new magic stone. Deon stared at it on the desk, but instead of reaching for it, he turned his gaze to the screen.

Even though he was young, he had a sturdy expression on his face, as if he had quite strong beliefs.

Paul, the leader of the revolutionary army, who had to move behind the scenes until the coup, stood in front of everyone

for the first time to protect the human world. I felt Iram's dissatisfied gaze on one side, but I paid it no mind.

- You are also speaking for the purpose of internal strife in the human world. What makes you different from the devil?

As soon as Deon Hardt appeared on the screen, Paul quickly gave an order.

It would be good if the emperor came forward and refuted it, but in case he couldn't, he had called in a competent shaman belonging to the revolutionary army in advance. The fact that the shaman was a shaman with a history of curses and evil spirits for the purpose of killing the emperor was an obstacle to persuasion.

"...Why do I have to use magic for an emperor or something like that?..."

"Because the human world has to be alive to have a revolution or not. Thank you for your cooperation."

It's a good thing that I succeeded in persuading him in the end.

Iram quietly comforted the shaman and watched Paul standing on one side. He was using his mouth to change the minds of those who were swayed by the propaganda.

And as if he wasn't going to sit still and watch, Deon Hardt's screen appeared next to Paul's screen.

- How is it different from the Demon King? That means I am a 'human'. Aren't you curious as to why I, a human, decided to turn my back on the human world and stand in the demon world?

He pauses for a moment and grins.

The smile disappeared from my face in an instant. What took the empty space was none other than extreme hatred.

A voice filled with as much murderousness as the expression burst out like a growl.

- Because there was no better place to kill the emperor!

The emperor is by nature a man with many enemies.

So it was nothing new, but this time it was different. The emperor was strongly engraved in everyone's minds. And there was a thought that occurred to me subconsciously.

It was said that the purpose was to kill the emperor. So, will this problem be solved if only the emperor is killed?

-Why did I mention the emperor until now? My grudge is limited to the Emperor. If it's difficult, you can just give up the emperor's head.

Deon raised the corners of his mouth again with an effort.

The Duke, who was the bigger culprit, was intentionally not mentioned. In order to induce not only a division in the alliance but also a division within the empire, the aristocratic faction's speech must become stronger. That's why he aimed everything at the emperor and shouted, even to the point of killing the duke.

Since they said the emperor was the cause, they, as seasoned politicians, would excitedly push the emperor with the weapons they had acquired for so long.



However, this is not Paul who will simply let the atmosphere take over. He made a big decision today and interfered with the screen. Since I couldn't lose without even getting my due, I opened my mouth again.

- That's funny. I know that even if we do that, the advance of the Demon King's army will not stop.

- Why do you think that? Didn't you hear what I said earlier?

- That's 'your' story and purpose, not the story of 'the devil's army'.

- ....

- Your intentions are obvious. After destroying the empire according to your purpose, you would have retreated and tried to make a joke like, 'I said my goal was an empire, but I never said the Demon World's goal was an empire.' The Demon King's army would have swallowed up the human world, which had become easy prey. Isn't that right?

The Empire is the strongest barrier between the human world and the demon world.

If the human world couldn't eat because of the barrier, but the barrier collapsed, would the demon world just ignore it? They'll swallow it up as if they've been waiting for it.

- Having already watched the war of words between the Demon King and the Emperor, we learned of the Demons' desire for the Year and realized their purpose. Did you think that we would fall for such a clever play of the tongue? There are degrees of looking at people foolishly. How ridiculous are you looking at us?

- ....

- And if you wanted to kill the emperor in the first place, wouldn't you have joined the revolutionary army? Isn't it still the same human camp there? From the moment you went to the demon world, you were already wrong.

Deon silently suppressed the laughter that was about to escape.

My goal is an empire. It seems like he was unconsciously trying to save his last conscience.

'It's funny. 'Since when did I have a conscience?'

You gave up being human during the 8-year war, and now you're trying to take care of your conscience?

The red eyes darkened. Deon Hart grinned at the other person on the other side of the screen. Instead of responding to the criticism pouring in about the revolutionary army, he gives an answer to his previous remarks.

- What if the Demon World promises not to touch anything outside of the empire?

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 161**

161. Deon Hardt, Traitor to Humanity (9)

Even though you know that he is trying to sneak up on an important attack that caught you off guard, you will have no choice but to skip it. This statement is also appetizing because it shows a loophole that can be exploited.

I knew it.

- ...How can you believe what the demons say...!

- As a human being, I promise in my name as the representative of the demon world.

Deon raised his eyebrows at the sight of his opponent being easily captured.

A single voice rang out in a world that remained silent due to the heavy statement.

- In the first place, the rumor that demons were not a trustworthy race was unfounded. Wasn't that rumor the reason you didn't even think about negotiating with the demons? It's really not funny to be swayed by rumors like that.

- ....

- The Demon King accepted me, a human. They treat me very generously, without backstabbing or backtracking.

After the news of Deonhardt's betrayal spread, rumors about him continued to circulate.

It was mostly a rumor about his treatment in the demon world. It was said that he was clearly on the side of the demon world, but it was really strange that the name of the man who was a hero of the empire was not heard at all.

The prevailing rumor was that he was stabbed in the back by a demon and was trapped underground or died, but this too will be overturned as of today.

Stigma Primiro, who was sitting upright with his sword resting on the floor like a cane and his hands folded on the handle, smiled lowly as he looked at the screen. In contrast to his smiling face, his head was shaking.

"You're wrong, junior. "A promise made in the name of a junior is not a basis for trust."

As expected, an unwavering voice began to refute step by step.

- first of all.

- ....

- The value of someone's name is determined by society's perception of that person and the value of the person making the promise.

As if he understood the meaning of the words, Deon Hardt's face on the screen cracked for a moment. Although his expression returned to its original state in an instant, he did

not miss Stigma, who was concentrating his attention on his junior.

Maybe you also saw the objector on that screen.

- You are a traitor to humanity. Society's awareness is at its lowest. And you yourself...

Paul, the man who stopped talking, stared straight at the screen for a moment as if examining Deon Hardt's expression.

- ...I don't think you think of yourself very highly, do you?

- ....

- How can we trust the promises made by such a person in his name?

I took a hit.

Deon Hardt fell silent. Without missing the opportunity, Paul continued his momentum and began to push forward.

- Did you say that the Demon King accepted you as a human? You said you were being treated generously, right? Well, it's worth it. Because you are closer to a demon than a human.

It's a fabrication.

- Red eyes white hair pale skin. In addition to his appearance not suitable for a human being, he also has cruel hands! Even as a demon, there would have been less resistance.

It must be refuted.

Deon opened his mouth, but Paul was one step faster.

- Above all, aren't you a traitor to heaven who not only killed the members of your family but also killed your last remaining brother? Who would think of someone like this as a human being?

"...what?"

The accident stopped.

"Who..."

killed who?

This is a completely unexpected attack. Deon held his breath for a moment.

...So, in the human world, it is known that I killed my brother. It's worth it. If I become my own worst enemy, the human world will become more united. Even those who knew the truth would have closed their eyes and mouths and blamed me.

'I have to manage my facial expressions...'

Even while my mind was covered with blank paper, some reason was able to recognize that the screen was being broadcast.

In this situation, you can't even raise your hand to cover your face, so you have to use reason and calmly overturn that fabrication. but.

'I can't speak.'

My hands under the desk are shaking. It seems like I'm thinking calmly because the only thing I can do is apply

strength to prevent the vibration from reaching my shoulders, but I'm so embarrassed by my body's reaction... I'm worried that even my voice will tremble when I open my mouth, so Deon has no choice but to stare straight ahead with as expressionless a expression as possible

. There wasn't.

The first time he opened his mouth was when Paul was about to take the floor again, right before people recognized his silence as 'silence' rather than breathing before answering.

A calm voice matching the expressionless expression flowed out.

- There's so much ridiculous content that I don't know where to start. You better be aware of where you are and what you are saying. It's so cruel to tell a lie in front of all mankind. At least you should have told the truth and not fabricated it.

- That's....

Deon continued, as if trying to end the conversation before I could say the same thing to you.

- I say this once again as the third hero of the former empire and the current commander of the 0th Corps of the Demon King's army. The emperor is not a trustworthy person, and we have no choice but to get rid of the obstacles that stand in the way of conquering the empire.

-...!

- And please know that the Demon World is not prejudiced enough to give humans the position of Commander of the 0

Corps. The gates of the Demon World are always open to humans who want a friendly relationship. more.

The entire screen disappeared with a pale face slowly smiling.

And there was an uproar throughout the continent, beyond the human world and even into the demon world.

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“...It seems like you were a greater person than I thought.”

The commander of 0 Corps. Stigma laughed.

He said that the man on the screen had a big liver, but the person with the big liver was actually his junior. The existence of the Commander of the 0 Corps became known shortly after the end of the Eight Year War. Doesn't this mean that my junior served as the third hero of the Empire and the commander of the 0 Corps of the Demon King's Army for a very short period of time?

Perhaps the reason why he often went somewhere at the emperor's command was to travel to and from the demon world.

'The statement that the emperor is not a trustworthy person would mean that His Majesty also knew Deonhardt's identity.'

I thought I lost my mind at the end and was helpless.

“You're leaving a very big bomb. “As expected, you are my junior.”



A murderous spirit... As Stigma left the letter on his desk containing the news that the Lofty Knights had escaped while en route to the Amiable territory, Stigma recalled the face of Deon Hart he had seen on the screen.

Yes, even if we leave all these things aside.

“I was worried that he might have been hurt somewhere, but I’m glad that he looks okay.”

I can’t be sure because I haven’t seen his face in person, but even if there is a problem, it will be okay now.

Those bastards won’t just watch their master die.

I didn’t even consider the possibility that they wouldn’t be able to reach Deonhardt. Even in hell, those guys will tell the devil that they have to go to the leader and make them go over.

And those bastards who would make even the devil fall by the back of his neck were climbing the mountain. To be exact, I had unintentionally stopped and rested for a moment due to the shocking news I heard on the screen floating in the air a little while ago.

The screen turned off, and in the indescribable silence that had continued until now, someone barely spoke.

“...Wow, our captain... was he the commander of Corps 0?”

“Didn’t the existence of Commander 0 exist long before he even went to the Demon World? That means...”

“He was holding the positions of hero of the empire and commander of the 0 Corps at the same time. Was that why you went somewhere for a long time under the pretext of a

mission? “It was a ‘mission’ excuse, so the emperor knew about it and was protecting it.”

“what?”

Milan’s eyes widened without hiding his surprise at Cletter’s cool analysis. The other knights also stopped admiring each other and looked at Cleter.

“That means you were fooling everyone. That’s really....”

“....”

“It’s ridiculously cool!”

“As expected, our captain!”

“It’s so far from a normal life that it’s pitiful!”

“...That’s what you guys are like.”

Cleter sighed deeply and quietly touched his forehead.

“This is no time for admiration, you bastards. There is no chance to meet the commander unless it is now. “If you get caught here, it’s all over!”

“Oh, that’s right. Are you going to be thoroughly monitored?”

“Wouldn’t I be tortured?”

“Do you think the leader will kill you before that? “You left behind only a note from us.”

I didn’t see him often because he was called around and interrogated, but he was still the leader. With their affection and feelings of regret, the members of the Order of the

Murderous Knights left a note for Leen Reiner before running away.

[Sorry, leader]

“These... damn bastards...!”

Even though they had no way of knowing that the note had been horribly crumpled, the members instinctively felt a sense of horror and stiffened their backs.

“...I’m not sure, but I think I’ll die if I get caught.”

“I think something terrible will await you if you get caught.  
“I have a bad feeling.”

“So if you don’t want to die, stop talking and move, you damn bastards!”

I must have gone a few more meters while chatting like this!

Cleter, who was pounding his chest in frustration, changed the direction of his fist and urged his colleagues by hitting them on the back of the head.

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Deon Hart, the third hero of the Empire, and Demon Arut, commander of the 0th Legion of the Demon King’s Army, are the same person!

The Demon King revealed this fact at the moment Deon Hardt stood in front of the public. As it was shocking news, almost all demons focused on this, but there was less confusion than expected.

[Daemon is Deon Hartra.]

[Really?! ...But what is that? In the end, you are on our side.]

[Right...right? Because he was acting as a double agent.]

No matter what his past was or what his identity was, the current person is clearly 'on our side' as he belongs to the Demon King's army.

Although it was surprising, it was not negative news, so there was no further reaction.

[I said it was unusual, but I never thought he would become a hero in the empire. You're no joke after all.]

[Because he became the commander of the 0 Corps in human form. You can't be ordinary.]

Should I call you Deon now? What happens to Demonism?

Despite the commotion, the demons quickly fell into other concerns.

\*\*\*

They say they used magic to interfere with the screen, but in the end, the key is the magic stone on this desk. I should have turned it off right away when I saw a sign of the screen taking over control.

I never thought that as soon as they took control, they would drive a nail into it to prevent it from being turned off at will.

[Even so, in the end, it was just a remark from a traitor who sided with the Demon King.]

With that remark coming out, Deonhardt was no longer able to turn off the other side's screen on his own.

It was a powerful statement with a powerful appearance. If you just turn off the screen there, his last words will be strongly embedded in the minds of those watching. Not only that, but turning off the screen at that time means that there is nothing to refute, that is, admitting what he said and admitting defeat, so Deon had no choice but to deal with him even if he didn't like it.

So Deon calmly reached out and turned off both screens at the same time, then quietly took out a black handkerchief and put it to his mouth.

If you remember what your goal was in the beginning, at least you weren't defeated. They prevented counter-incitement, and furthermore, they threw and extinguished a powerful bomb that could damage the internal affairs of the empire, the alliance between the emperor and the country, so the other side must be in a state of panic.

But...

"Develania..."

Mentally, I was defeated.

Someone's name came out muttered under a black handkerchief. Despite knowing that he had to remove the handkerchief from his mouth to call the other person clearly, Deon raised his voice instead of putting the handkerchief away.

A voice cracked with excessive emotion fiercely scraped the vocal cords and rang out in a demonic voice.

“Develania!!!!!”

Whoops. The black handkerchief became damp.

....

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 162**

162. Uproar (1)

'I suppressed it even when I heard the news about Cruel's body, but it finally exploded like this.'

I guess I should say it was fortunate that it exploded when no one was in the room.

Emotions that are revealed beyond a certain point are unsightly. Anger was no exception. It's an ugly and vulgar thing to raise one's voice and shout loudly, swayed by one's emotions. I could have been caught by someone and completely destroyed the image I had built up so far.

[My junior, there are many ways to express your anger without having to raise your voice. So don't belittle your dignity by shouting until your throat hurts.]

Don't get excited. Emotions should only be shown in refined form. Even if your insides are boiling, your head is cool. Always take care of the opposite sex at any moment.

After biting Ben, who rushed in saying he had received a signal, Deon calmly folded the handkerchief he had stolen from his mouth and put it in his arms, then looked at Devellania standing in front of him.

"I think there's some missing information about Cruel."

“...sorry.”

“I guess you knew.”

“....”

I was a little angry. If I had told you in advance, at least I wouldn't have been embarrassed in front of everyone.

“...Why did you do that?”

“I'm sorry....”

“I wasn't asking that.”

I slowly got up from my seat.

Step by step. Step by step. The slow steps seemed to move a little and stopped in front of Develania. Deon brought his face closer and made eye contact.

Unlike the raised corners of his mouth, his bright red eyes were shining with an eerie madness.

“Why did you think I would be so shocked? Or did you think I would not be able to control my anger and go on a rampage?”

“...!”

“It's the latter.”

Yes, it would have been funny if it had been the former. How can a person who saw his brother die in front of his eyes and later tried to collect the body, but then heard that someone cut off his head, let alone the body, be shocked now?



“How did you see me as a person who couldn’t control his emotions...”

“That’s not it...!”

“Looking at the fact that I omitted information for just that reason, it seems like I was quite easy on myself.”

“Ah... no...!”

Sigh.

I didn’t want to hear any more simple denials, so I grabbed Develania’s neck. I didn’t put any strength into my hands. Even if you apply force, your poor grip will only be revealed, let alone hitting.

instead.

“There is a limit to what you can look at.”

Take a picture with the atmosphere.

I took off my smile and looked at the demon in front of me. He stared straight into his rather hard eyes and softly licked his lips.

“Just do it in moderation.”

“ .... ”

Silence fell.

...The anger ends here. Deon slowly removed his hand from Develania’s neck and let out a faint sigh.

This is someone who apologized obediently from beginning to end. If you get even more angry and press it, it will only

have the opposite effect.

“...I hope something like this doesn’t happen next time.”

Deon swallowed his unrelenting emotions.

\*\*\*

At the meeting, Deon Hardt clearly said this.

[A week after I finish the ‘Warning to the Human World’, the 5th Corps is to go over there (Taehon Country) and fight the so-called ‘Gwaengpan’.] It

is a scary order from the commander-in-chief. 5th Corps Commander Oel followed closely.

She, who had been stirring up the country with her lieutenant, Dernivan, who was practically a nanny, was wiping out a village today as well and searching through houses in search of interesting items.

“Dernivan, look at this. There’s a bunch of dried grass. “Why do I have this in the house?”

“It appears to be an herb used by humans.”

“medicinal herbs? “Is it the same as the fairy herb?”

“Since it is in a commoner’s home, the effect will be minimal compared to the fairy herbs.”

“Are commoners unable to get effective herbs?”

Oel, who seemed to have lost interest, threw away the bunch of herbs and turned to search another house, but stopped when he heard a sound from somewhere.

“Ugh-.”

“...?”

It was clearly the voice of a living thing.

As if Dernivan had heard it, his indifferent eyes turned alive. It's not an illusion. Oel began to slowly move his feet in search of the source of the sound.

“Huiing-.”

“....”

The sound was coming from the closet.

Come to think of it, the body of a human woman was in front of me. I thought it was a coincidence, but it wasn't.

He pushed the woman's body with his foot, glanced back at Dernivan, nodded his head as if he could barely see her, and opened the closet. Immediately, Dernivan stretched out his arm to suffocate it, but—

“...wait.”

I had no choice but to stop at the command that contained the intention of restraint.

Without hiding his sharp exposed fingernails, Dernivan just rolls his eyes and examines Oel. Her eyes were sparkling like when she discovered something she had never seen before.

...no way.

“I saw it in a book! Is this a ‘baby’? That ‘baby’ you called a ‘blessing’! “Oh my god, a living baby!”

“...Oel.”

ah. at last.

The lost fingernails are hidden in the fist. Dernivan seemed to know what his superior would say.

“Dernivan! “Let’s grow this!”

“I am human.”

“But it’s a ‘baby’, right?”

“We must kill him.”

“no! “I want to have a ‘blessing’ too!”

“I will try my best.”

Demons are a race born from the ‘power of the Demon King’. No matter how hard you try, you won’t be able to have a baby...

but now you have to stop your runaway lover and boss. Dernivan calmly told the lie without changing his expression.

“So that you can have what you want....”

“I want this baby now.”

“ ....”

“No matter how much I think about it, I don’t think I can wait until I have a baby. When I looked into it, I heard that there are some people who can’t make babies in their wombs. People like that have babies through a method called ‘adoption.’”

“The Demon King will not allow it.”

“You can raise it secretly!”

“but.”

“Are you going to help me, Dernivan?”

“....”

Huh?

Dernivan, who was looking at his sparkling eyes, slowly lowered his gaze. His fingernails, which had been standing so viciously as if they were going to take the life of the ‘baby’ at any moment, were now completely hidden.

“...If that’s an order.”

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“Your Majesty, I have some news....”

“I’m busy now, so later.”

An urgent request for assistance came from Rweche. The emperor, who had ordered an emergency meeting to be convened, walked briskly to the meeting hall, passing by a knight who clearly looked restless.

If it was an urgent issue related to the war, the report would have been made immediately according to the order given in advance, so it would not be that important right now.

The emperor, who had completely erased from his mind the depressed knight whose report had been rejected for the eleventh time, stood in front of the door of the conference hall.

“Your Majesty the Emperor....”

“There is no need for that.”

It’s a waste of time to stay like this. As I did one day, I personally opened the door and went in.

The nobles hurriedly stood up at the unexpected appearance of the emperor and came into view. The Emperor skipped even waving his hand and walked forward with long strides and sat down on the throne.

“Now that we’ve said our greetings, everyone please sit down.”

The emperor continued speaking immediately, as if he could not even wait for the moment when the nobles rested their butts on the chairs.

“A request for support has come in from Rweche, an ally. They say demons have started knocking on the kingdom’s gate. “As it is the kingdom that is currently providing the greatest help to the Paras Territory, I think we should not leave it alone for moral reasons.”

There was a brief silence, and the nobles responded in unison.

“Since when did ‘morality’ rather than ‘profit’ become part of movements between countries? The current empire is having a hard time just dealing with the demons. “You must refuse.”

“The alliance will be shaken. Not only Rweche but also Shan Guo will view the empire in a negative light. Even so, shouldn’t we refrain from actions that increase our enemies

when public opinion is not favorable? So, Your Majesty, it is right to help even if it means going a little too hard.”

“Previously.”

Just when it seemed like there was a commotion, someone’s hand came up.

“May I ask for a more detailed explanation of what is going on? “It’s such a big deal that I don’t think there will be anyone who doesn’t know about it, but because it’s progressing so suddenly, there may still be people who don’t know what’s going on.”

Purple eyes hide under crescent-shaped eyelids. The emperor looked at him quietly and nodded.

“I was so busy that I overlooked that. You may have already heard the news that the 5th Legion of the Demon King’s army swept over the Tahon Kingdom. The Taehon Kingdom is a vassal state that Rweche promised protection. Rweche sent support to keep its promise...”

After that, it was the same as now.

This is a force to deal with the 5th Corps. Since sending clumsy troops would only be a waste of money, they would have sent a significant amount of proper troops, and as a result, Rweche’s strength was greatly reduced.

In that situation, demons began knocking on the gates of Rweche.

“In the end, didn’t Rweche bring it on himself? “You must refuse.”

“Rweche is going too far in order to maintain faith in the alliance. If Rweche had ignored the Tahon Kingdom, we would have reconsidered our alliance with Rweche. In the end, this means that we are responsible for what happened to Rweche. So, we must do our best to help.”

“Now that we don’t know when the war against demons will end, we must conserve our power. But since we can’t be the cause of the alliance breaking up... how about sending nominal support? “These are people I wouldn’t regret losing.”

“Are there such people?”

“Isn’t there a military force made up of poor people and commoners? “If we don’t have enough, we can just conscript more.”

The nobles had already contributed to the power of the empire by having one or more of their family members participate in the war along with some of their private soldiers. Therefore, even if there is talk of conscription of imperial citizens in a situation where there is a shortage of troops, the emperor will not be angry.

That’s why I boldly spoke up, but...

“Even if it’s an unavoidable situation, I’m not happy that you’re talking about ‘conscription’.”

The emperor’s face was distorted with displeasure.

“The conscription of imperial citizens was carried out due to a shortage of troops. “If we send them to another country as a discard card, how will we fill the void?”



“That too by conscripting more poor people and commoners...”

“You seem to think that the people of the empire are some kind of magical spring that keeps gushing out, but you are wrong. “Aren’t there troops of a better quality than that?”

I can feel the wet feel of blood on my fingertips holding the armrests of the throne.

In a terrible situation that had progressed from nightmare hallucinations to tactile sensations, the emperor calmly raised his hand and pointed at the nobles without showing any signs of expression.

“Aren’t there still some of your private soldiers left?”

“That’s the bare minimum to protect the territory...!”

“It seems that territory takes precedence over the empire for you, right? “If the empire collapses, the territory you cherish so much will also become land without an owner. This is truly foolish.”

“That’s not it...!”

When the nobleman who had courageously stepped forward was helplessly caught up in the emperor’s rhetoric, another nobleman spoke up.

“Your Majesty’s subordinates have already shown their loyalty to the empire by sending their family men to the battlefield. “But how can you do this?”

The emperor, who had been listening quietly, raised one corner of his mouth.

“If it really symbolizes loyalty, you shouldn’t act so confidently.”

“What are you talking about?...”

“Adopted orphan, illegitimate child, distant collateral.”

“...!”

At some point—to be precise, since the emperor said that if there was a shortage of troops, he would first recruit nobles, the number of people joining noble families has increased rapidly.

The reason was obvious.

“I don’t want to go to war myself, I don’t want to send my precious children, and I even don’t want the private soldiers I invested money to raise, so I thought you wouldn’t know that I took other people’s children and sent them to the war to minimize losses.”

“An illegitimate child is someone else’s child....”

“Yes, he would have been treated no worse than someone else’s child. “I guess that’s not the point of the story.”

“....”

“It’s absurd that you dare to talk about loyalty after acting like that. If I had known this would happen, I would have ordered all but one man to participate in the war. “Isn’t that right?”

“...I dare to urge you to consider the origin of the matter.”

It seems they pushed it too far. The cornered mouse crawled over and bit the cat.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 163**

### 163. Uproar (2)

Apart from being frightened, all the nobles silently agreed, and the Emperor crossed his legs, leaning his elbows on the armrests.

Hmm – a soft voice came out.

“So... Do you want to say that Jim is the culprit?”

“I am sorry, but the disloyal thought keeps creeping into my mind that if Your Majesty had not attempted to conquer the human world, the demon world would not have intervened. Even if the future had not changed and the war with the demon world had continued, the situation would have been much better. There would have been no wastage of troops due to the war of conquest. “Moreover, wasn’t there a big explosion with the Deon Hardt incident not long ago?”

The emperor, who had been listening calmly until the previous content, raised his gaze at the name that suddenly appeared. The nobles who were watching the situation with anxious hearts held their breath.

Deonhardt’s name was banned in front of the Emperor, so how swollen would one’s liver be to dare to mention his name?

As if not even feeling the shocked gaze of the nobles, the noble with a swollen liver continued speaking without hesitation.

“Before he mentioned your majesty, there was something I wanted to ask you all along.”

“....”

“Did Your Majesty know that he was the commander of Corps 0?”

Even if you knew, it’s a problem, and even if you don’t know, it’s a problem.

The nobles all looked at the emperor as if demanding an answer. At this time, there was no difference between nobles and emperors.

There is no one on my side here. The emperor slowly opened his mouth, steadfastly receiving the numerous gazes that threatened to crush him to death.

“That’s a question that’s way off the agenda. “Obviously Jim brought up the topic of support for Rweche.”

“...your majesty.”

“And does it matter in the current situation? No matter what answer Jim gives, nothing will change. Wouldn’t it be more important to protect the empire against demons and further preserve the human world? “I wish you would be more faithful to the war.”

The emperor’s words were not wrong, but that does not make his sin and the question he had previously asked disappear.

Especially now that there is a fight over nobles participating in the war and surrendering even the few remaining private soldiers, it is something that cannot be easily ignored. The nobleman opened his mouth.

“Your Majesty, how can you remain silent when the bare minimum necessary to protect your minor subjects’ families and territories is about to be taken away? One of the reasons why the Empire must support Rweche is also due to Deon Hardt’s remarks, so why did Your Majesty tell us to sacrifice only to the nobles?...” “Is it okay for me to go out with the sword myself?”

”

The nobleman’s words are also not wrong.

Deon Hardt revealed himself as the commander of the 0th Legion, implying that the Emperor also knew this. He called the emperor someone who could not be trusted, and people across the continent were watching the emperor with keen attention and keen attention to each and every move of the empire.

As a result, it became a situation where the allies who had helped the empire as best as they could could not be ignored, even if only because of their wits. This could also be said to be the emperor’s fault. In such a situation, it would be unfair to try to take away the remaining private soldiers of the nobles.

‘but.’

The emperor tilted his head as if showing off.

“Jim asked if I could personally pick up the sword and go out to support and deal with the demons on the front lines.”

“....”

“Jim has already devoted all his troops to this war. “It means there are no more troops to send out here.”

“...I know that there are troops waiting at the palace.”

“In your eyes, did they really look like they were guarding my luggage or this palace?”

No way.

Just because they don't move doesn't mean the pieces on the chessboard aren't participating in the battle between black and white.

Those waiting in the palace are chess pieces on the chessboard, silently waiting for their turn. These people are always in a state of war, waiting for the moment to go out.

The emperor had already put all his words on the battlefield.

“So this body is all I have left, so now I can just go out and deal with him myself?”

“....”

“Or are you going to tell us to provide the minimum bulwark to protect this empire for other countries now that we don't know when and through which route the demons will invade?”

These were awkward words for someone who wanted to take away what the nobles claimed was the 'minimum bulwark to protect their territory', but the emperor, who knew the difference and superiority of what he was trying to protect, was confident.

“I would like to ask if the reason you are opposed is to protect the territory. When did Jim tell you to give up your territory for the empire? “I plan to use the private soldiers I collected from you to defend your territory.”

“If you do that, you don’t have to recruit private soldiers...”

“We plan to distribute troops to all territories near the border and provide immediate support when news of a conflict with demons is reported. In fact, it will be easier to deal with demons than when you had to stop them only with your own private troops.”

The nobles’ expressions were divided.

The faces of those who own territory near the border light up, and the faces of those who own territory in a relatively safe location become dissatisfied. The Emperor concluded his sentence without paying any attention.

“Of course, when the war is over, we plan to return your private soldiers.”

Although this is a story that only lasts forever.

Swallowing his skeptical assumptions aside, he returned to his initial topic. In fact, the nobles’ opinions were only for reference and were not that important. Especially if it is a backlash.

Is a tyrant a tyrant for nothing?

“Let us send troops made up of poor people and commoners to Rweche. For this reason, I plan to fill the current military base with troops guided by you. “Don’t worry, I will put you in a position to protect the ‘territory’ as appropriate.”

“We don’t agree yet...”

“I will gladly comply, Your Majesty.”

“Margrave Amiable!”

There are even nobles who agree like this, so the outcome is as good as decided.

The emperor smiled faintly.

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After the meeting, the duke went to see the emperor.

“You managed to get over it.”

The duke rolled his eyes as if praising him.

The question regarding Commander Deonhardt’s 0th Corps was a very critical question for the Emperor. This is the worst question, as neither positive nor negative results only lead to bad results.

However, this was soon forgotten as the conversation continued. This was what the emperor intended.

“How long can we let things go like this? Nobles are not stupid. We know that weapons are not disposable. “I won’t judge a good weapon as useless just because the opponent missed my attack once.”

I’ll hide it behind my back again and find the right time.

The Emperor frowned and looked at the Duke. An annoyance that could not be hidden was visible in his gaze.

“What do you want to say?”



“It’s not too late.”

“...iced coffee.”

Ask them to hand over the throne to you as emperor.

“Please at least hand over all authority.”

It is truly absurd that even in this situation, people are coveting power.

While the Emperor was laughing out loud at the absurdity, the Duke continued speaking.

“You must be tired.”

“ .... ”

“Now that we have given the nobles a good number of cases, there will only be more tiring and exhausting things to do in the future. Hallucinations and auditory hallucinations...”

The purple eyes that glanced into the air following the emperor’s gaze returned to their original position.

“As it gets worse, it gets worse and doesn’t seem to get better.”

“...You will live a long time to see the ball worry about your luggage.”

“What do you mean by that? Soshin was always worried about His Majesty. So, why don’t you just take a step back and get some rest?”

The emperor snorted proudly, as if he had heard all the jokes.

“Are you telling us to hand over all authority to someone who can’t even properly protect his own territory? “That’s funny.”

“ ....”

Not much of the Duke’s troops were left due to the revolutionary army’s attack. Would that be a sufficient explanation if we couldn’t even send support to the war?

The Emperor, who at first thought it was a trick by the duke to save troops, investigated and couldn’t help but laugh when he saw the miserable state of the duke’s troops.

[Yes, in the end, I tripped and fell because of that arrogance.]

The duke’s expression, whose pride had been sorely scratched, hardened. The emperor continued speaking without heeding anything.

“And you must have played a big part in the current situation, so how dare you pretend to have nothing to do with it?”

“What are you talking about?”

“Who else would be worthy of killing Cruel Hart other than you?”

It was unfortunate that the rumor that Deon Hart had killed Cruel Hart first spread. It spread immediately after it became known that Deonhardt was the enemy.

The emperor knew very well who would do something like this.

“They probably killed him right in front of Deonhardt. So, it’s not like he’s going crazy.”

“...Aha, Your Majesty.”

It was a sharp point, but the duke laughed again.

“You knew, but you kept silent.”

“....”

“I understand. Now is the time to unite against one enemy. If the truth were revealed, there would be division within the empire.”

The Duke is confident that the Emperor will not reveal this fact. The emperor clicked his tongue softly.

It’s just as he thinks. The division within the empire, which is dangerous in itself, will not stop there and will also affect alliances between countries.

That is why Edoardo Desert chose to remain silent as emperor. They silently agreed to make Deon Hardt a public enemy.

“...But that doesn’t mean your sins will disappear.”

“It’s not a sin if it’s not revealed.”

“That’s a terrible statement. “If it’s not something you can hide for the rest of your life, I don’t know why you’re so confident and confident.”

The Duke grinned at the poisonous remark.

“I am so saddened to hear that Your Majesty is worried about Soshin, and I do not know what to do with myself, but

Soshin is more worried about Your Majesty. I'm telling you that you will keep your position. "I sincerely hope that the unfortunate event of being dragged down by hallucinations does not happen."

"Thank you for the kind words."

Since there is no one around, abusive language is exchanged.

The Emperor ended the conversation by ignoring the Duke's sharp, sarcastic remarks and turned his back.

And on the way to the office, I heard painful news from the driver who came for the twelfth report.

"...Let me say it again. "What about the Lofty Knights?"

"The murderers, no, the Lofty Knights... escaped during the move."

"...at last."

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The sky is blue today as always.

As I looked up at the sky where a refreshing breeze was flowing in the bloody battlefield, I lowered my head and glanced at the murderous unit members gathered in front of me.

There was no battle, but people were looking at me blankly, confused by the sudden order to gather.

I spoke quietly.

"I want to ask you something."

The response came back immediately.

“Who are you?”

“Where are you!”

“Should I bury it with just the head removed, or should I bury the head cleanly?”

Each member of the killer squad asks a question with their eyes shining. I was silent for a moment as the situation quickly became noisy.

As I was about to raise my voice because I thought the story would not progress like this, I heard a loud shout from one side.

“You bastards, you shouldn’t ask that!”

“...then?”

Cleter turns his head to look at someone’s question. A polite question was asked.

“How many people are there?”

“aha!”

Ah, what....

If things continue like this, it’s obvious that I won’t be able to get to the point even if my life goes on, so I immediately open my mouth.

“I heard that some of you guys use drugs even when not in combat.”

“Ah...”

“I guess it’s real.”

“ .... ”

Some people are visibly startled and quietly avert their gaze. A sigh came out of my mouth.

“don’t do it.”

“ .... ”

“Do you want to die? It looks like you don’t want to go back, right? “It’s a way to survive on the battlefield, not something to use in everyday life.”

In a battlefield, you are crazy, I am crazy, everyone is crazy, so even if you take drugs, it may not be noticeable, but everyday life is different.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 164**

164. Noisy (3)

The only thing tacitly permitted above is medicine during battle. If you were caught using it outside of combat, you would be summarily punished. And above all....

"If you use medicine even when not in combat, you will be ruined in an instant. We also need to think about the aftereffects when the war ends. "Can you live your daily life while addicted to drugs?"

I smiled faintly.

"He said he wanted to live. You have a place to return to. "I have to go back and live my daily life."

"...."

"So don't do it. "If there is someone who tries to use drugs outside of combat, stop him, even if it means hitting his head."

"If you hit the neck, you'll die..."

"Hit the back of the neck."

"ah."

There is no need to talk any longer. Even if I have a long conversation with these guys, the only thing that goes up is my blood pressure.

I opened my mouth to hastily end the conversation that seemed to be taking a different direction.

“It would be better to take away the medicine and give me some candy.”

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I had an unpleasant dream.

Having a dream about crazy dogs doesn't give me a good feeling.

Deon shook his head, brushing away random thoughts, and put a finely rolled cigarette in his mouth.

“Deon, the medicine is...!”

He waved his hand to stop the doctor, who was flinching and was about to take the cigarette out of his mouth, then lit a candle on the table and raised his head. The board game placed next to the candlestick came into view.

“I think it's roughly finished.”

I've been having a hard time staying still and having trouble sleeping for the past few days, so I made this to get rid of random thoughts, and the result was better than I expected.

As I picked up a game piece and fiddled with it with satisfied eyes, Dan, who had been glancing at the board while cleaning up the by-products left after making the game with Ed, couldn't overcome his curiosity and spoke up.



“What is this, Master? “This is my first time seeing this game.”

“Chess.”

“...Chess? Of course, it looks similar to chess, but it’s something very different....”

“It’s not chess, it’s chess. It is a strategy game based on chess. Instead of chess occupations, there are various classes such as archers, spearmen, swordmen, and shieldmen, and there are materials and horses. When horses are combined with archers, they become archers, and when combined with spearmen, they become lancers...”

Dan, who was listening to the detailed explanation of the game, was quietly astonished.

‘I’m sure you felt bad as soon as you woke up, so didn’t you just blurt out that you needed something to focus on?’

Who could believe that this was a game made on impulse? It is a game so delicate that it can be made and distributed in large quantities right now.

What on earth happened to my head?

Sometimes I felt that my brain was unusual, but... I never thought that he would stand out in this area... ‘

No, he should stand out in tactics. Why is it not only in this field...? Now that I think about it, I see that he is still managing his troops quite well.’

Dan, who was nodding his head inwardly, suddenly realized that Deon’s explanation was still going on and was shocked.

“...And if you don’t replenish supplies within three turns, your available troops will be reduced by 1/3. If it was possible to operate 90 troops, then only 60 troops could be operated, and if there is no supply of supplies for another three turns, it is reduced to 40 troops. Just in case the numbers don’t match up, decide with your opponent before the game whether you want to round up or down...” ”

Now, just a moment! Wait a minute, Master! Are you okay?!  
“I feel like I’m out of my mind right now!”

“ah.”

For some reason, the atmosphere felt strange this morning. I wondered if he was thinking seriously, but he was just distracted.

“Dear Deon, what kind of manner of speaking is that?  
“You’re out of your mind.”

“Then, does the Master seem to be in his right mind now?”

“...People call things like that humane...”

That damn humaneness. It’s all-rounder.

I swallowed a laugh and turned my head. Ed also seems to know that what he is saying is meaningless, and he secretly shifts his gaze. Where their eyes met, of course, there was Deon, who let out a deep sigh along with white smoke.

“...Everyone, leave except Dan.”

“Master Deon.”

“hurry.”

Ben, who was hesitating with worry in his eyes as to what was holding him back, ended up being dragged out by Ed's hand.

When the door closed and they were alone, Deon leaned his upright back loosely on the chair and offered Dan a seat across from the table. A comfortable tone flowed out.

"Now that we're done, let's have a round with me. "I explained the rules, so you probably understand them, right?"

"...Hmm...."

"Even if you don't know, you will learn it if you keep doing it. I'll take black and you'll take white... how many starting troops should we have?"

Grumble. Deon asked, rolling his finger over the numbered part of the game horse's body.

Dan quietly studied the horse. It's not much different from a chess piece, but you can see the number set to 0000 on its body. When I gently rolled it with my finger, it ticked and changed to 0001.

Ah, you can change this number to set or change the size of the troops.

"Since this is our first time, should we simply set everything to 100?"

"...yes."

Words set to 0100 were placed on the board.

From then on, silence dominated the room, with only the occasional question and explanation being exchanged.

“Why did you move two spaces...?”

“Cavalry can move two spaces at a time.”

“aha.”

Dan speaks with a short exclamation. Deon followed it with his eyes, divided his troops into two, and slowly spoke.

“What happened to your top?”

“The sanctions are severe due to the record of obtaining permission to distribute war materials in the name of the master. “There is also surveillance.”

“But it looks like he’s still alive.”

“First of all, it looks like they are keeping it alive since it is one of the larger tops. “I don’t know if there will be a way to fill the vacant position, but not yet.”

“yes. “Especially because the top is important during war.”

While the group was looking at the divided troops, the black cavalry fell back.

“Make the top grow taller.”

“...yes?”

“It would be better if we swallowed up the floor completely. “Make the human world have no choice but to rely on your superiors.”

The White Coat faction was unbalanced, focusing on specific classes.

A black shield soldier stepped forward. A portion of the divided forces moves to cut off the supply route, while the other troops attack White's camp.

Dan decided. The priority is to block the troops in front of you rather than supply routes. The hand moved and the main unit stepped forward to protect the camp.

"It devours the bottom, suppresses the other tops from growing, and then withdraws from the human world at the critical moment."

"...It will be a big blow."

White's main unit charges, defeating Black's divided forces. Just before engaging the shield soldier, the black cavalry that had been quietly waiting behind him moved.

The white troops charging towards the shield soldiers are greatly bypassed and surrounded. Realizing it too late, Dan hurriedly withdrew his troops before they were completely surrounded, but some of them had already been swallowed up by the siege net.

Deon said calmly, putting the stolen horse aside.

"okay. So, contact those who make the amulet paper needed for magic and try to dominate distribution. That will be one of your top products."

"...A talisman?"

As a result, supply routes were cut off and the main force was reduced. A situation where defeat is looming before our

eyes.

Dan, who had been fiddling with the words of his troops still remaining on the board, looked up as if he felt sorry.

“The initial purpose of witchcraft was to counter magic. It will be used a lot in the future and is probably still being used a lot now. And don’t secretly raise the number. “It clearly says 0032 there, but is this a joke?”

“...This is why people who are quick-witted....”

“I thought there might be people who are like this, so I deliberately made the part about turning the numbers stiff. I can hear everything turning. ...Before that, the starting troop was 100, but it says 0132, so isn’t it natural to notice?”

“shit. Anyway, I understand. Non-applicable paper preemption That’s it?”

Three turns have passed since the supply was cut off. The available troops in the White Coat camp were reduced by 1/3.

It was the moment when Black’s victory was tentatively confirmed.

Deon continued the conversation leisurely, stirring up the White camp.

“If it becomes possible to distribute some magic stones, your business will literally control the bottom of the market... I think you will have to talk to the Demon King about this, and the fairy herbs... there is little chance, so let’s set them aside... Oh, right. . “There must be an amulet that suppresses the abilities of demons.”

“....”

“Try to get it. “A bunch if you can get it.”

The game is over. It was a black victory.

widely. Deon laughed as he placed the captured commander outside the board.

“And I’m running out of medicine, so I’m going to get some of that too.”

“....”

Dan, who was about to give a positive answer without much thought, closed his mouth and looked at him.

Red eyes look at you calmly, as if wondering if there is a problem. After a short silence, Dan opened his mouth.

“Mas....”

“Excuse me, Deon. “I think you should come out for a moment.”

smart.

Deon stands up at the sound of a familiar voice. Before taking a step, he glanced at Dan, who had closed his mouth in dissatisfaction, and said with a grin.

“Is it because you think I’m crazy?”

“....”

“It’s difficult to look at someone as if they’re crazy just because they lost their mind for a moment. “I’m fine, so you don’t have to worry.”

With those words, he walked forward without looking at Dan's expression and opened the door. I made eye contact with Ed, who was pale.

"Ed? "Why is your expression..."

"I'm sorry. Deon. "At the main gate of the Demon King's Castle... some people are holding hostages and staging a sit-in protest."

"what? "What is that..."

It's the sound of a dog eating grass.

I swallowed the words that were about to come out reflexively and looked at Ed. This guy is also a demon. It's impossible to relax in front of demons.

I kept my voice flawless and spoke calmly.

"Ignore it and just kill it."

"The hostage..."

"If they were to be captured by humans, they would be insignificant demons..."

"The hostage is the commander of the 7th Corps."

" ...."

...Why is she being held there?

Deon, who was at a loss for words due to the absurdity and barely regained his composure after touching his mouth for a moment, asked the question again.



“Then why are you calling me? Report to the Demon King rather than to me...”

“Their condition is that you ask me to meet the commander... no, the commander of the 0 Corps.”

“...ha.”

For some reason, it felt like a wild dream.

With just the word ‘captain’, Deon felt like he knew who the people with swollen livers were, so he couldn’t help it anymore and wiped his face.

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“Let me meet the captain!”

“Please do it!”

“Please do it!!”

“Otherwise, the safety of the hostages cannot be guaranteed!”

“does not exist!”

“No!!”

There was an untimely commotion in front of the Demon King’s Castle, which was always quiet.

How could humans do such a thing when demons would be shocked even if they staged a sit-in protest in front of the demon castle? That alone was unprecedented, and they even took hostages.

If the hostages had been ordinary demons, they would have been wiped out, but since he was the commander of the 7th Corps, he couldn't do anything about it.

The demons snoop around near the castle gate and paid respects to their swollen livers as they enjoyed the rare spectacle.

And Silua, the commander of the 7th Corps, who was taken hostage...

"So, you are really saying that Daemon... no, Deon is your captain? "I believe it because your fighting style is similar to his, but it's really surprising to hear it again."

"We still can't believe that our captain is the commander of the 0 Corps here?"

He was chatting calmly with the hostage takers.

# I'm Not That Kind of Talent

## Chapter 165

165. A time when there are many exhausted people (1)

Unless humans plan from the beginning and set a trap, there are very few cases where a corps commander is captured by a group of mere humans. If Silua was in the thick of battle on the front lines and was relaxed, she would not be captured but would rather be obliterated.

In fact, she encountered the Murderous Knights and overwhelmed them in the battle that took place. If they hadn't taken the time to play with it, the knights' lives would have ended there.

Fortunately, the corps commander's leisure provided an opportunity to extend the lifespan of the members.

[...Huh?]

[....]

[What is this?]

A fighting style that closely resembles that of Deon Hart, commander of the 0th Corps of the Demon King's Army.

Since you are fighting against an overwhelming enemy, it is a style that would have shown great power if there were many instead of a few. If he were on the battlefield, he

would probably influence the morale of both enemy and friendly forces.

Coincidentally, Silua is a fanatical fanatic of Deonhardt's fighting style. Her eyes sparkled and she spoke to the human gnashing his teeth beneath her feet.

[Your fighting style is similar to someone I respect...]

[....]

[Do you know him as Deon Hart?]

[...Why is our captain's name listed there?]

[Captain? Deon?]

[Deon? What is your relationship with our captain?]

After that, our friendship was built in an instant.

[Oh my god, you were that famous in the human world? Of course, Deon!]

[I can't believe he had that much influence even in the demon world...! As expected, captain!]

Silua opened her mouth as a thought occurred to her about how long it had been since they had been talking about Deon Hart's status and anecdotes in each faction.

[You said you wanted to meet Deon more than that, right? Well... you're his subordinates, so I guess it's okay. It's still hard to completely believe it, but...]

If it becomes a problem, you can just kill it then, so it doesn't matter.

She lightly shrugged her shoulders and added as if something occurred to her.

[Still, I don't want to get scolded by the Demon King, so let's have you take on the bad role.]

[...?]

[You, Deon's subordinates, are very skilled, so you captured me. I couldn't help it.]

...That was the beginning of the commotion and this was the scene Deon Hardt saw when he came out.

'Those crazy guys.'

How did you catch the 7th Corps commander? No, looking at the atmosphere, it looks like the 7th Corps commander has been captured.

Facing the bizarre sight, I unconsciously placed my hand on the handle of the dagger at my waist. Every time I leave the room, I wear a dagger sheath as if I'm fully armed, but that's not why I wore it.

I suppressed my impulse by clenching my fists and took a step towards that group of people. The demons who recognized Deon Hart moved to the side and began to make their way.

Deon paused for a moment.

'...I don't want to talk to you.'

I think it will be very bothersome in the future if I talk to you. Why not just pretend not to know?

The road is open and they can see clearly, but they haven't found this side yet. As I was contemplating whether to just keep walking, a voice full of joy rang out.

"Ah, Captain!"

"Leader? where!"

"...under."

"Wow, you're a real boss!"

I can't go back now.

Deon straightened his back and approached the unscrupulous hostage takers while maintaining an appropriate stride. With everyone's attention, a restrained voice flowed out elegantly.

"What are you doing here?"

"What are you doing? "I came to see the captain!"

"It's too much for you to abandon us!"

"More than that, boss! Have you become too gaunt? Are you really starving here?!"

"Evil demons! How dare you starve our leader!"

This is the den of those evil demons...

Deon, who was looking at the people circling around him and making a fuss, at a loss for words, raised his hand and touched his mouth. A faint sigh escaped.

It was a very faint sigh, but there was no way those who had been watching Deon's expression would miss it.

Sighing is usually a negative thing! Seizing the opportunity, the demon soldier spoke with shining eyes.

“Master Deon, would it be okay for this ‘evil demon bastard’ to kill those soft-spoken humans?”

“Even though they look like that, they are my subordinates. “Don’t do that.”

“Subordinates... I couldn’t believe it, but they were really subordinates...”

The demon soldier steps back as if he was shocked. Deon turned his eyes again and saw the mad dogs who were not at all discouraged even in the demon world.

How did we get here? I don’t think Lien would have just watched it.

...Oh yeah. Lien.

“What about Lord Lien?”

“That...”

“ ....”

“So...”

I threw it away and ran away. I’m sure you’re holding onto your back by now.

I’m like that now too. I changed the direction of my hand that was going up to the back of my neck and touched the forehead.

The flow of thought quickly changed.

'...Now is not the time to just hold on to these guys and argue with them.'

I looked up. He caught his eye on the 7th Corps commander, who was smiling alone as if he had nothing to do with it.

"Silua. "The commander of the 7th Corps, who should be on the border... why is he here?"

"Oh, I came here for a moment to deliver something!"

"relay?"

"Yes, I received a request from the commander of the 2nd Corps. They said they were busy gathering information. "Some people even asked me to forgive them for their rudeness in not being able to visit me in person."

Crazy dogs must have met each other on the way.

I accepted the box pushed in front of me. It feels quite heavy in the hand. At first glance, I could smell the fishy smell of blood.

—Is the blood scent from somewhere else or does it come from here?

Deon, who was looking at it with a frown as he had no idea which side it was or what it was, opened the lid without hesitation.

"...her."

The strong smell of blood spread everywhere.

The demons become agitated and Dan, who was standing behind them, lets out an exclamation that may be a laugh. For a moment, his expression hardened and he made a fuss



disguised as curiosity, asking what the murderous knights were, but Deon quietly looked down at them without any expression.

The box contained the head of a man.

‘King Rweche’s younger brother.’

It’s a face I’ve seen before. Because Develania had shown me a portrait.

[Do you really need to see it? It’s a face that’s going to kill you anyway.]

[You should at least see who I’m killing.]

You really have the right facial expression.

I looked at it for a while and then closed the lid. I tried to hand it over to Dan, but he looked horrified, so I handed it over to Ed and called Dan.

“You’ll be busy with the work I told you to do, so you don’t have to stay here. “Go ahead and do your job.”

“yes.”

Dan glances at Ed, who looks oddly triumphant, and briefly bows his head before walking away. The members of the Murderous Knights who discovered him belatedly raised their voices and said, ‘Huh?’

“Wow, did you abandon us and follow the captain alone?  
“You traitor!”

“If you had known, you should have told us instead of following along alone!”

“How carefully we taught you!”

“You bastard!”

“...Let’s stop and go inside. “Follow me.”

“Ah, Captain. What on earth is that tone of voice? “I can’t get used to it... hehe!”

A dagger was stuck in front of the feet of the guy who was talking nonsense.

The members looked up in horror and met Deon in the air. He had a gentle smile on his face just as he was throwing the dagger.

“Don’t you think we need to have a detailed conversation?”

“I think it’ll be okay...”

“Shut up and follow me.”

“yes.”

I’m in big trouble. Our captain smells like Marquis Primiro.

The fear engraved in my mind reacts reflexively. For a moment, the members’ bodies froze and they trembled and obediently followed Deon.

\*\*\*

“Aaaah! No no...!!”

My younger brother died. The King of Rweche lay down on the body covered with a white cloth and let out a sobbing scream. Since it was a headless body, it was tempting to deny the truth, but he had already accepted the reality.

I already tried to deny it several times.

[Please... please tell me that this child is not my brother.]

[Your Highness...]

[He... has no head. So it can be confusing. Huh?]

He is a strong kid. I've lived my whole life righteously without any of the common deviations, but shouldn't the end be like this? At least the body must be intact.

"Baby... I'm sorry... I'm sorry for everything..."

Tears fell as if they were draining all the moisture from my body.

Rweche clearly requested support from the alliance as soon as the demons stood in front of the castle gate. However, the State of Shan sent insufficient troops, and the Empire, which was most expected, seemed to be delayed in responding. Even though relief came, the quality of the troops fell for a while, causing despair. It was clearly visible to anyone that commoners and poor people had been conscripted.

In the end, my younger brother, who was worse off, came forward.

[I will go.]

[No. It's dangerous.]

[I am the general of this kingdom. I must fulfill my duty.]

[There are still other generals in the kingdom besides you. If I send them away...]

[You know that they are not enough.] [

But.]

[I'm sorry, Your Highness.]

[....]

I should have stopped them. No, the alliance itself should not have been formed in the first place. Rweche has done a lot for the empire, but is this the only repayment?

Sadness and frustration soon turned into anger.

The King raised his head. A blue ghost appeared in the two eyes, which were bloodshot and bloodshot, with tears streaming down them.

When he opened his mouth to say something,  
it clicked.

"majesty. The commander of the Empire's support requested an audience. What should I do?"

"...Come on in."

I don't know what you're trying to say in this situation by shamelessly requesting an audience.

The king, who accepted the request with the intention of venting his anger, had to keep silent when the other person knelt before coming in to show courtesy.

"There is no shame. sorry."

"...."

In fact, regardless of the quality of the troops, I know that the knight in front of me did his best. Therefore, even if you are angry at the Empire, you should not be angry at her.

Because the anger over losing my younger brother has not subsided.

“What’s your name?”

“This is Leen Reiner.”

“Yes, Lord Reiner. “Why is Kyung alive?”

A harsh voice came out, as if it would cut me at any moment.

“My brother is dead. “The king’s brother, the general of this country, is dead, so why is he alive and standing in front of me?”

“...no shame.”

“I don’t want to hear that! “You asked me why I was alive!”

“sorry.”

Lien answered silently with his head down.

In fact, she was a little tired. The lord he served has sided with the devil, and even the knights under his command have fled. Naturally, everyone’s hostility was focused on her.

The look of suspicion that clung to his every move was so blatant.

Not even the emperor or family can offset this. All of Rweche’s resentment was crushed, and it became her

responsibility to lead the abandoned group that would come to this place where they could possibly die.

‘But as a commander, I have an obligation to return the brought troops to the empire as safely as possible.’

Aside from being exhausted, she was unable to give up her duties and had to meet the king to save the rest.

He bowed his head and politely held out his left hand as if offering it.

“I will give you my wrist.”

“....”

“I know that I can’t appease Your Majesty’s anger just like that. I also want to sacrifice my life, but I know that the aftermath could be detrimental to Your Majesty...”

In fact, the Emperor told him not to do that.

Although he never said it directly, in a short conversation before Lien went to provide support as a commander, he made a remark that implied the idea of saving oneself.

It was the Emperor’s own defense after noticing Lien Reiner’s exhausted psychological state.

[Blame Jim.]

[...What do you mean? How dare I?]

[The scriptures are too upright. Even the soldiers who are embarrassed to be called that soldier will probably try to take responsibility for the soldiers under their command.]

Even though he is only a temporary leader.

No, since they are more like civilians, they will try to save them somehow. If they end up dying, they will feel guilty.

[In that sense, let Jim tell it himself.]

[....]

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 166**

166. A time when there are many tired people (2)

[They are an abandoned group. It is a force that the Lord cannot take responsibility for, and a force that cannot be saved. Since the person who made such decisions and gave orders is none other than Jim, responsibility for everything that happens thereafter also falls on Jim.] Everything from the

simple deaths of soldiers to the psychological stress that the general experiences as a result.

[This means that it is not an area where a mere general can get in the middle.]

It is enough to collapse under responsibility.

If there is something similar between a lord and a knight. If I had known this would happen, I would have just called them together and said it without having to say it twice.

Lien, who had no way of knowing that the emperor was thinking of someone who was no longer here, silently lowered his gaze. The words I couldn't get out because I didn't dare to talk back to the emperor lingered in my mouth.

'Yes, Your Majesty.'



Blaming someone for resentment and hatred is quite far from what I think of as an article.

Avoiding responsibility is unbecoming of a knight. Can we confidently say that they are people who deserve to die, even though they are abandoned?

The king, blinded by anger, will kill the abandoned troops. Leen Reiner will be the only one to return. The empire will try to use this as an excuse to offset its sins. As a result, the alliance is maintained through their deaths.

Lien closed his eyes tightly.

‘It would be better if I didn’t know.’

The emperor said nothing. I just told him to go.

It was her brain, which had been exposed to and educated a lot as a noble, that grasped the situation.

‘Because they were discarded because they didn’t cause any harm to me, because the political situation is turning so that they benefit only if they die.’

Is it truly appropriate for a knight to turn a blind eye to those who are sure to die?

The answer came quickly.

Lien said, still holding out his wrist.

“If you will allow me the sword, I will offer up my wrist right before your eyes.”

I have to live. We will save you, take responsibility, and return you to the empire.

“...That’s it. “To give the empire some excuse.”

The King of Rweche, who looked a little surprised, soon wiped his face.

Thanks to you, my head cooled down. No matter how angry you are and how little the troops came to support you, it is absolutely unacceptable to touch those who came in the name of ‘support’.

He waved his hand looking extremely tired.

“Go back and tell it. The alliance is broken. “If you have a conscience, there is nothing else to say about this choice.”

“ ....”

“...I apologize for taking out my anger on you in an awkward way. In return, I will assure you that Rweche will never side with the demon world, so please do your best. “I will watch over you.”

\*\*\*

What I thought would take several months was resolved faster than expected.

It was difficult to meet the shaman in the first place, but Dan generously used unexpected connections and funds from the top to find them and lured them away with a clever use of his tongue.

Dan, who had just met the last shaman and signed a contract for the distribution of amulet paper, quietly prayed as he cleaned up the place.

“Is there a talisman that suppresses the abilities of demons?”

After all the conversation, Deon Hart gave me a mission as if I was passing by. Who knew that would be the trickiest part?

I asked the same question to all the shamans I had met so far, but they only shook their heads and could not come up with a clear enough answer. So Dan asked the question this time again without any expectations.

“By ability... do you mean magic?”

The same question as the previous shamans came back.

Accordingly, Dan also shrugged his shoulders and gave an answer.

“well. “If it had been magic, I think the client would have clearly said ‘magic.’”

“Then I guess you’re talking about an amulet that limits all of the demons’ abilities, including their physical abilities.”

He slowly nodded his head in approval.

As usual, I waited for the next word, ‘I don’t know’, but the old man in front of me, who was said to be a former imperial shaman, again exclaimed as if he was surprised.

“If it is the amulet I think of... I don’t know who your client is, but I would like to ask how you know about the amulet.”

“...Do you know anything?”

“There is an amulet given to a warrior and his companions who go on a long journey to slay the Demon King.”

“...”

As expected, his career as an imperial shaman does not seem to be going anywhere. Dan quietly adjusted his posture and sat down.

“There are many warrior companions who are not ‘heroes’ with fragments, so we needed an alternative for them.”

“...Are you saying the alternative was an amulet? Suppressing the abilities of demons?”

“That’s right. In fact, it is useless in the human world, so it is only used by heroes and companions, and is almost obsolete. How does the client know about it?...”

That is because the Master has a history of being a companion of heroes.

That’s why I told you to get an amulet that suppresses ‘abilities’ rather than ‘magic’. I swallowed my inner admiration and opened my mouth.

“It may be that the hero or his comrades were alive and that the rumor had spread.”

“That can’t be possible... That amulet was given to them without their knowledge. “It’s hidden in the shoulder strap.”

“...?”

Then how did the Master know the identity of the talisman?

Doubts are rising, but now there is a person in front of you. Dan skillfully controlled his expression and spoke.

“You said it is useless in the human world... may I ask why?”

“That’s because the amulet imposes ‘restrictions upon entering the human world through the border’ to demons within a 3 meter radius. “In the human world, the restrictions have already been imposed, so it is useless.”

“...It’s definitely only useful for heroes and companions.”

If it weren’t for them, no one would go crazy and go to the demon world to deal with demons.

But the shaman slowly shook his head.

“In fact, it is useless against heroes and heroes with warrior fragments. “Especially for a warrior, it’s just a piece of paper.”

“...It’s different from before, why...”

“All the restrictions of the demons are lifted when dealing with the power of the hero. In other words, it is only useful to those among your colleagues who are not ‘heroes’. However, because the person may feel left out or discriminated against, we hide it and wear it on the shoulder strap.”

It was quite an interesting story.

After enjoying the feeling of a grandson listening to old stories from his grandmother, Dan went back to organizing information as a subordinate carrying out the duties of the owner of the merchant and the person he served.

‘Then there would be no demand for this amulet even if it were distributed. The current war is too difficult just to stop the Demon King’s army from advancing toward the capital of the empire, let alone advancing to the Demon World.’

If the situation changes, it may be worth thinking about again. Let's just take the bundle of amulets the Master ordered us to get.

"Can I have a bunch of those amulets? Of course, I will give you a reasonable price."

"...That amulet is so difficult that it takes several shamans to make just one piece. "A bundle."

"this."

Was it that much? A bunch of that... Did the Master know this and ordered it?

But the mission cannot be failed just for that reason. Dan lowered his eyebrows slightly.

"How could it not be possible? "I can connect you with other shamans if you wish."

"If I'm not doing it alone... how long can I make it for you?"

"one week?"

"...."

"...10 days?"

"...Luckily, I have some that I made a while ago... I will try to fill it up somehow within two weeks, so please give me that much time."

You've slept well for two weeks.

Dan cleared his throat and awkwardly averted his gaze, feeling as if the voice muttering with liberation was prickling his conscience for no reason.

“Then please take care of me.”

Two weeks is an awkward period to travel to and from the demon world. Let’s just stay here and explore the human world to our heart’s content.

Although they often visit the human world for various reasons, there is no way that a person who has lived in the human world all this time would be satisfied with that much.

‘There was also a village that I wanted to set fire to.’

Dan, who seemed to have an excuse, came out and walked leisurely. Despite the cold weather, warm sunlight welcomed him.

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[Thank you.]

[I was paid to do this, so I am grateful. Still, I hope there will never be a request like this again. I couldn’t do it twice.]

[Haha.]

[...I guess it’s useless to say more. Please take this.]

[Isn’t this... candy? [Why...]

Dan, who returned to the Demon King’s Castle with a bundle of amulets and candy in his clothes’ pocket, knocked on the door of the room where Deon was staying several times and then tilted his head.

‘There’s no answer. Are you sleeping?’

With his tacit permission, I opened the door without hesitation, as I had many records of entering without asking

for permission. An empty room welcomed him.

‘...Where have you gone?’

The person who was almost like a ghost in the room.

Dan, who was looking around the room and thinking about places he could go, inadvertently looked outside the window and flinched. A dumbfounded voice suddenly came out.

“...What is that?”

In the public training hall, there was a group of murderous knights who looked distressed. The person standing in front of him is none other than Deon Hardt.

Ed was out of sight, fidgeting and snooping near him. Dan leaned his elbows on the window frame and looked down in a more comfortable position.

“What if an accident happens no matter how long it has been since we accepted you? If you wanted to die that much, you should have told me sooner. “I would have let you go without suffering.”

“Great... Captain, let’s talk first...!”

“The name of this dagger is Dialogue.”

“No, calm down first...”

“The name of this dagger is calm.”

“Do you have so little faith in us? Please listen to us...”

“Faith? “This is the name of this dagger. How did you know?”



“Why so many daggers! “What on earth are the rest of your names?”

“It’s a secret until you mention it.”

“That means you’re going to bring it up every time we talk!”

“You’re so cocky.”

Seeing that they are here, it seems that the devil has accepted it. It was understandable that the Demon King accepted it, seeing as it had always been a gloomy atmosphere, but seeing liveliness even here a long way away. It’s roughly equivalent to a psychological therapy animal.

however.

“More than that, boss! What’s wrong with that way of speaking? “I can’t get used to it!”

“you’re right. It’s really like a stigma... no, it’s like the Marquis Primiro! scary!”

“If you were really scared, you wouldn’t have been fluttering your lips so freely in front of me.”

“Hey, look at this! “It’s scary!”

What is this dirty feeling?

‘He’s never looked like that in front of me.’

Still, I played the role of the closest person in the demon world.

Feeling a bit groggy, I wondered how long it had been since I had been distracted by the vitality I felt from Deon, and by

chance I raised my head and made eye contact with him.

And at the same time, Dan, who saw the life draining from his face, suppressed the corner of his mouth that was about to rise and slightly lowered his head.

‘Since our eyes met, I guess I should go down and report to the mission.’

I turned around and opened the door.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 167**

167. A time when there were a lot of tired people (3)

In the training hall, there were the Mad Dog Knights and Deon Hardt Ed just as we saw a moment ago.

Deon, who was scolding the knights to his heart's content, spots Dan approaching from afar and bites Ed with a wave of his hand.

Ed glared at Dan with a sullen expression and then walked away, and Dan, who had already arrived in front of Deon, spoke.

"Mission accomplished."

I immediately confirmed that there was no one around.

He took out a bundle of amulets from his pocket and politely held them out to Deon. Deon looked at it for a moment, then accepted it and looked back at the knights who had been scolding him just a moment ago.

"Everyone gather here."

"Ah, the captain's tone is back!"

"Shut up and gather around."

You have to say it twice to hear it.

After glaring at the knights gathered around him for a moment, he sighed and began handing out amulets one by one.

First of all, I took it because the captain gave it to me, but I wonder what this is. Among the knights who were looking at the yellow paper in confusion, someone cautiously raised his hand.

“Captain, what is this?”

“A talisman that makes the battle conditions between you and the demons somewhat similar. Of course, it’s only ‘a little’... but from now on, make sure to keep this with you at all times. “What are we going to do if we start a fight with Corps 0 without this kind of preparation?”

When I think about it again, my blood pressure rises.

Feeling like his fever was rising, Deon quietly touched his forehead.

Yes, those crazy people started a fight with Legion 0 without any preparation. It was a shame that I heard the news even though it was too late and stopped the fight before it broke out. They almost died without even making a sound.

‘This is the demon world.’

This is not the human world where all kinds of restrictions exist. It was difficult to think about the demons I faced in the human world. Even the opponent they were arguing with was Legion 0. It was the elite of the elite.

If crazy dogs who are not 'heroes' fight each other, they will die in a hundred seconds. Deon let out a heavy sigh.

"Why did you do that?"

"yes?"

"Why did you start a fight?"

There is no way that those who specialize in survival could not understand the difference in level between themselves and the enemy.

Even though they seemed thoughtless, he couldn't help but express his doubts because he knew that they were surprisingly capable of understanding and calculating the difference in capabilities between the opponent and the situation and the background justification, and were operating within a line that would not kill them to some extent.

"You said my name was put in the background in the demon world, the home of the demons, but why on earth is it that they don't welcome you?..." "

But..."

A voice filled with resentment came out.

"But they said they were 'the true servants of Daeon!' "They leave the captain to themselves and leave us in the corner as if we don't exist!"

"The captain is ours!"

"We served you longer!"

"I fed him, put him to sleep, clothed him, and took care of him!"

oh my god.

Dan, who was quietly watching the situation, groaned and muttered.

"...Only for that reason?"

"That's just the reason! "It's very important!"

"Yes, very important! That's why I decided to take the lead and give it a try!"

Deon, who had been quietly listening with his arms folded until they mumbled that they couldn't fight because the captain came, looked around at the knights with a lot of regret. Likewise, a voice that did not hide its sorrow came out of his mouth.

"You did something really useless."

"What a useless thing! It's very important to us..."

Tuk. As an act of restraint, I extended my finger and touched the forehead of the boy who was about to start talking excitedly again and continued speaking.

"The premise is wrong."

"?"

"I am yours, so you must be mine."

"...!"

"is not it?"

There was no reason to fight in the first place.

The eyes of the knights widened.

Even the brief moment of silence caused an explosion-like reaction.

“That’s right! “We belong to the captain!”

“Oh, I made a very big mistake! “You’re mistaken about that important and obvious fact!”

“I can’t believe I heard the captain say something like that while I was alive... I have no regrets even if I die now...”

Dan let out a laugh as if it was absurd, but no one paid any attention.

Of course, it may be an unpleasant remark to some people. But the members were just happy.

Our Captain Deon Hardt’s remarks were nothing short of a confirmation that the bond between the knights was not one-sided.

“I didn’t know the captain could express it in words....”

“Me too...”

You can feel a faint affection and consideration in actions or casual words, but it is different from hearing it directly.

Whether Deon and Dan were embarrassed or not, each member wiped away tears.

“We love you too!”

“What bullshit is that....”

“I’m scared, but I love you!”

“How on earth should I have thought about the story...”

“Long live the captain!”

“Top-trend!”

“Where did you pick that up again?”

I don’t know why the story went the way it did, but if I say more here, it’s the only thing that hurts my mouth.

Deon, who was touching the corner of his mouth in subtle irritation, took something out of his arms and put it in his mouth. The moment when Dan naturally puts out a fire and slightly lowers his head to light it.

“Captain, is that medicine?”

A voice full of unfiltered astonishment was heard.

“You’re not in combat right now?”

“...It’s my heart.”

“Are you saying that? “The captain is the one who said that if there was a guy using drugs outside of combat, he would stop him, even if it meant hitting his head!”

“I’m the leader so it’s okay.”

“Don’t force yourself! “That’s an abuse of power!”

People who talk back to each other even though their voices gradually become lower are rushing in and taking cigarettes out of their mouths. Deon’s brow furrowed, but no one paid any attention.



They should have given them at least some candy...

Each member looked in tears as they searched their pockets.

"There is no candy."

"There is no candy."

"Chocolate too."

It's impossible to hit the captain's head.

They even opened the mouths of the people next to them to check my pockets and your pockets, and their eyes turned to Dan, who had been standing still the whole time.

"...What is it?"

"Do you have any candy?"

"It's not there... I thought about it and there it is."

Are all shamans originally like this? I thought there was something wrong with handing out candy that I didn't even like.

Before coming here, I took out the candy I received from the shaman. The member who came over and took it took a quick sniff as if checking for poison, then peeled off the skin and put it in Deon's mouth.

Deon frowned at the sudden sweetness that filled his mouth, but that was all. Instead of getting angry or nagging, he rolled the candy in his mouth a few times and then looked back at Dan.

"I may have figured it out well, but I still need to hear an explanation... Let's go back to the room."

....

Sweet. Dan, who closed the door, took the coat from Deon, hung it on a hanger, and said goodbye without a problem.

"The distribution channel for unapplied paper has been successfully closed. "We were promised cooperation from many shamans."

"It must have been hard work to find the shaman."

"No, well... everything is possible because I have money. "There are places like information guilds everywhere, right?"

It was much more difficult to obtain a bundle of amulets that suppressed the abilities of demons.

"...Oh, I also met the deacon."

"Remember? It looks like he went to the mansion at least? Why are you there?..."

"No, I ran into him while I was on my way to the information guild."

Dan, who remembered the old man greeting him with his usual expression, 'It's been a long time,' said to himself with a slightly bewildered expression.

"I received a lot of help. Probably half of the shamans I have been in contact with have met through my deacon. "Some of them were former imperial shamans."

Of course, I received a brokerage fee, but considering the results, it was a great help.

Didn't he even know that Dan had followed Deonhardt? I helped rather than reported it, so I couldn't help but feel uncomfortable, regardless of the benefit.

Deon frowned as if doing the same.

"What on earth is that old man?..."

"Doesn't even the Master know?"

"I don't know. "I have naturally been the butler since I received the mansion."

"okay."

Since it was an expected answer to some extent, Dan answered indifferently and checked the amount of water in the vase by the window, which was strangely fresh even after a long time.

...I'm sure Hien must have picked flowers from the human world.

'A flower that is not from the demon world can be so fresh without any harm or water?'

After checking the dried out interior and filling it with water, I stared at the flower as if having a snowball fight.

However, Dan swallowed his laughter at the sight of the flower, which seemed to give a gentle feeling rather than a harmless feeling, let alone a dangerous feeling, and put the vase back by the window.

In the process, it was by chance that my eyes fell on the murderous knights in the training ground outside the window.

Each person seems to be hiding amulets here and there on their bodies. Dan, who witnessed someone putting an amulet in his pocket and dropping it on the floor, spoke slowly.

“...I don’t think they will always take care of the amulet, so wouldn’t it be better to put it on an epaulet and have them wear it? “If we roughly say this is proof that we are humans belonging to Deonhardt, everyone will understand.”

“that’s good. “I can’t have another demon do it for me, so you do it.”

“ ....”

“Then should I do it?”

“...no. I will do it.”

Do you really not know?

Even though I intentionally mentioned the epaulettes, there was no response. Dan, who decided that it would be better to ask directly, quietly began to speak.

“But how did you know about the existence of such an amulet?”

“huh?”

Deon, who was lying on the bed covering his eyes with his arms, rolled over and lay down on his side and looked at Dan.

“The devil said this at the corps commander’s meeting. “There are not only ‘jinn’ but also ‘talismans’ that suppress the magic of demons.”

“...yes?”

“huh?”

“...No wait... It’s an amulet that suppresses ‘magic’? “Not ‘ability’?”

“Isn’t that what it is?”

“...oh my god.”

What kind of trouble did I go through? No, as a result, I found out about the existence of a much better talisman and obtained it, so it’s not a total hardship... but it’s still unfair.

Dan covered his face with both hands. Deon stood up with a startled look.

“What’s wrong?”

“....”

“What are those irreverent eyes?”

“No, just. It’s a bit unfair...”

“?”

It’s really disgusting to see people putting question marks over their heads as if they don’t know anything.

No, it’s true that you don’t know anything. At least use your judgment. Dan mumbled his answer with a deep sigh.

“That amulet is not the kind that suppresses ‘magic’ as you think.”

“...Then what is it?”

“It should be said to be an amulet that imposes the same restrictions on demons within a 3 meter radius as when they went out to the human world through the border.”

“...It may be useless in the human world, but it’s much better here, right? “How did you find out about that?”

“That’s right... I think it’s amazing.”

Dan continued speaking shamelessly, whether or not Deon’s expression turned sour.

Honestly, this was worth it.

“So I want you to know. It is a talisman with much better functions than the talisman the Master mentioned. For your information, neither finding out its existence nor finding it was easy.”

“Uh... okay... Thank you for your hard work...”

Anyway, then you don’t have to worry about crazy dogs dying.

The same restrictions are imposed as when going out to the human world through the border... So, that means that the talisman only doubles the amount of magic required for the opposing demons to use their magic, and does not completely block the magic.

...If possible, it would be better to do everything possible.

“It would be a good idea to put an amulet that restricts the human world as you said on one epaulette and an amulet

that prevents the use of magic on the other epaulette and wear it on both shoulders.”

“...I saved that amulet just in case, so what could I have done if it wasn’t a disaster?”

Dan grunted but nodded.

After confirming his confirmation, Deon closed his eyes, unable to overcome his fatigue. A slightly drowsy voice slowly flowed out.

“Put the human world restriction amulet you obtained on my epaulette.”

# I'm Not That Kind of Talent

## Chapter 168

168. A time when many people are tired (4)

"Why don't you put in a magic suppression talisman?"

"You probably know who the demons in the demon world are who are the quickest and most likely to use magic."

"...ah."

Deon is the person who faces the Demon King the most among both demons and humans.

If you are carrying an amulet that prevents the use of magic, it won't be long before you get caught.

"Because the Demon King has never gone out to the human world 'through the border'... no, he can't go out... so he wouldn't be caught even if he had it in his possession..." "... It

looks like you don't trust the Demon King."

"Of course..."

"...Master?"

"...."



“Are you sleeping?”

Even so, it was a tiring day because of the crazy dogs. If he could have endured it by taking medicine, even that was taken away...

Deon surrendered himself obediently to his fading consciousness.

‘...You really are.’

I can’t believe I can sleep peacefully while asking others to do the work.

Dan grumbled inwardly as he looked at Deon, who was sleeping evenly and breathing evenly.

Nevertheless, knowing that Deonhardt’s sleep had become significantly insufficient since coming to the Demon World, he had no choice but to grumble and quietly approach him and cover him with a blanket.

\*\*\*

Rweche announced the end of the alliance.

In fact, it was a situation that was expected from the moment we received information that the quality of support sent by the empire was not good.

It’s not that I don’t understand the empire’s position or Rweche’s position, but I sighed as soon as I heard this news.

The demon world is strong. For some reason, they are not using all their power, but since they can do this without using all their might, perhaps if they go all out, they will be

able to easily push back against the human world, where the alliance has begun to falter.

‘There’s nothing we can do about the already broken alliance...’

Paul, who had already become the leader of the revolutionary army, was deep in thought.

‘I don’t feel like it, but I have to help the empire.’

Only if the empire endures will the human world survive, and only if the human world survives will there be a revolution.

Paul decided to prioritize repaying Daniel, who raised and educated him properly, over any personal grudges that have now faded. That’s why he had a war of words with Deon Hardt in front of everyone.

“Are you listening to me now!”

“....”

“Is this what you would do as the leader of the revolutionary army to help the empire?”

noisy.

Paul, waking up from his thoughts, frowned as if he couldn’t see it.

I’m sure Daniel hyung would have taken care of a lot of the empty-headed garbage, but I can’t believe that all that’s left are people like this.

“I didn’t help the empire.”

“Don’t lie! Everyone saw you defending the emperor!”

Ah, I need to calm down.

bang! Unable to overcome the growing frustration, I slammed the table. Voices suddenly rose.

“I’m not defending the emperor!”

“....”

“We have protected the human world!”

I think I now know why Daniel hit the desk. There’s nothing like this as an effective way to calm your stomach and shut them up.

“When did I deny that the emperor is trash in a war of words with him? No way! I was just attacking Deonhardt by mentioning how much of a piece of trash he is! To prevent any more traitors from the Demon World. To protect the human world from the demon world!”

“....”

“Our revolution begins with the existence of the human world as a basic premise! This means that a revolution can only occur if the human world is intact! And the Demon World is a powerful enemy. Only when there is division within the human world does it become difficult to withstand the demon world. “I stopped it!”

I know why they do this.

He must have tried to use this opportunity to put a leash around the neck of the young and easy-going leader.

But as Daniel's successor, Paul also learned how to deal with them. There was no way I could faint at that level.

"...."

Those who sensed Daniel's momentum from Paul fell silent.

The conviction that this leader was no easy hit struck our heads, and as each of us swallowed our voices, someone protested in a low voice that sounded as if we were crawling.

"...But the reason they went out on their own without telling us anything..."

"We didn't have time to inform you. "I apologize for that."

To be precise, there was no time to persuade them one by one after informing them.

The foolish people who accepted the apology as an admission of defeat are showing signs of opening their mouths. Paul continued speaking without giving them a chance.

"But if the same thing happens in the future, I will do the same thing again. Since these people are sitting in executive positions in this revolutionary army, they must have far-sighted vision and flexible thinking. "Then, of course, you also know that it had to be that way."

Some people were shocked and fell silent.

Another person who was quietly observing the situation quietly raised his hand.

“Okay, everything is good. But what happens to the revolution?”

“It should be raised when the war with the demon world is over and the human world has regained some stability.”

“That means...”

“There will probably not be a revolution in our generation.”

I guess I should leave it to the next generation.

Now here is the key. We must hold on to those who are disappointed by the fact that it will be difficult to see a revolution in their lifetime so that they do not leave.

‘What should I put forward?’

Paul recalled the war of words between the devil and the emperor that he had watched with Daniel.

‘The sublime.’

Focus on the pride that you are participating in something great and tremendous, rather than on the gains after the revolution. You have to form it.

“...Because right now I have to focus on bigger things than that. Our role is to lay the foundation. “So that future generations can revolutionize and create a better world.”

“That means protecting the human world.”

“I can be proud of this because it is bigger than your revolution. “We are protecting humanity!”

The previous generations fought for humanity in the face of adversity and ultimately left behind a spark for revolution.

How many people would reject this wonderful modifier? Paul laughed.

“Don’t you want to leave your name in history?”

\*\*\*

In the end, things went as Paul intended.

The leaders agreed that protecting the human world took priority over revolution, and further agreed that protecting the human world was a top priority.

This made it impossible for them to make a difference even if Paul helped the empire. If you say it is for the human world, there will be nothing left to say.

‘We have decided to openly promote what has already surfaced through the war of words.’

Paul was a known face. Anyone with enough information would already have guessed his identity. In this way, it is only used as a weapon by those who know. In that case, it would be better to reveal everything.

So, let’s start by revealing that the person who started a war of words against Deon Hardt was the leader of the revolutionary army.

‘In the past, the devil and the emperor faced each other. This time, I faced Deon Hart, the ‘representative of the demon world.’

Someone from the human world who dealt with the representative of the demon world.

In a way, it is natural that he is connected to the 'representative of the human world'.

Although unintentional, Paul assumed the role that the emperor should have played as the leader of the revolutionary army. The leader of the revolutionary army became the representative of the human world.

'Thanks to you, I will be able to make the revolutionary army known.'

Even though I was in a situation where I had to take care of my life at all times.

The Revolutionary Army, an organization representing the human world.

Paul, who returned to the office with light steps, faced the person waiting inside and smiled.

"Mr. Iram, you were waiting. "I said I had something to tell you, but you didn't have to wait this long."

"...."

"Ah, the reason I called Mr. Iram is because I think we need to establish a successor in advance. The current period is a chaotic time in which it is not surprising if anyone dies at any time, and from our perspective as we leave the revolution to future generations, it is more important than anything to keep the momentum going. So..."

"Paul."

"yes?"

Paul's face slowly hardened as he faced Iram, full of doubts.

It's hard to keep your mouth shut after being called out. I thought he had a strange expression because he was tired, but it seems that it was because something unusual happened.

Meanwhile, Iram opened and closed his mouth several times, sighed deeply, and placed his finger on his temple.

"Keep calm and listen."

"yes? What's so scary...."

"Sia is missing."

"...."

Paul closed his mouth. Iram sighed again as his pupils shook so much as if there had been an earthquake.

To Paul, he was very concerned about Siia because he knew she was like Daniel's mother, but it seems she disappeared while the guards took their eyes off her for a moment. It's understandable that he lets his guard down because he's always crouching in the same spot as if he were dead... but

his opponent is the leader of the revolutionary army. Unable to imagine what kind of reaction he would receive, Iram looked at Paul with anxious eyes.

After an excruciating silence, Paul slowly opened his mouth.

"...okay."

A calm voice, as if taking care of reason.

Iram's eyes widened at the completely unexpected reaction. Even at that moment, Paul was quickly recovering from his agitation.



“The situation is the situation... we can’t find it by making a fuss.”

“....”

“Find that child as quietly as possible so that no one knows we are looking for someone.”

Paul learned a lot from Daniel.

He was a great teacher in a pure sense and also served as an appropriate example as a teacher.

What should we absorb and what should we learn as a teacher? At least Paul learned that it wasn’t right for the leader of a revolutionary army to put reason in a loved one’s crisis.

“Then I’ll assume you will do as I say... will you please leave now?”

“...okay. “Don’t overwork yourself today and get some rest.”

Iram, who looked at him with concern until the end, finally left the room.

Paul buried his face in his hands as he heard the door close and footsteps receding. Deep despair was dripping from the eyes revealed between the fingers.

A voice like a sigh lingered around the room.

“Where on earth did you go, Siia....”

\*\*\*

“It turned out as expected.”

Deon, who heard the news that Rweche broke the alliance and that the Paras spirit, which had been holding on tenaciously, collapsed, calmly leaned against the wall in the corner of the training hall and said. A cold sneer appeared on the corner of his mouth.

“Just in case, I should tell you again not to touch Rweche, who broke away from the alliance.”

Rweche is an example for everyone. Depending on how the Demon World treats Rweche, who broke the alliance, the reactions of other kingdoms that were watching will vary.

The Demon King also knew this and ordered him not to touch Rweche, but it would be a good idea to nail down each corps commander again just in case.

“Anyway, thanks to you, it’s easier to deal with the empire.”

Strong military power is only demonstrated when supplies are supplied on time. Since Rweche, who was in charge of supplies, is missing, the empire’s pride, its powerful military power, will also lose momentum.

Deon, who was watching the 0 Legion members and the snarling mad dogs with epaulettes on his shoulders at the 0 Corps’ exclusive training ground, lightly exhaled smoke as if sighing.

I blinked a few times in a drowsy mood, before the eyes of the crazy dogs caught me, I put out the fire in my hand by burning it on my thigh and looked back at Ed.

“Now go back to your room...”

“Daeon.”

Ed's expression was frozen.

"I asked you not to put out the fire by burning it on your thighs."

"Oh, I see. My clothes get messed up. "From now on, I will drag it on my neck or hands, so please just look at it this time."

"...Clothes are not the problem. Even if you don't, a small wound doesn't send a signal to Ben's necklace, so if you do something like that to his precious body."

"It's precious."

A fierce contempt flashed through his red eyes.

However, as if it had been like that for some time, the eyes hardened again and glanced at Ed's hand holding the communication seat and made eye contact. An elegant smile appeared on the corner of his mouth.

"That's too much for me."

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 169**

169. A time when many people are tired (5)

“....”

“Did you call Ben?”

From afar, Ben can be seen running like an arrow while shouting, ‘Deon again!’ Deon obediently sat down on a nearby rock where Dan had laid out a handkerchief and prepared to receive treatment.

Ben quickly arrived and knelt down in front of Deon, carefully inspecting the wound, then raised his head and shouted sharply at Ed.

“Ed Nunn, what did you do to stop Deon when he was acting like this?!”

“....”

“Deon, please refrain from acting like this. “The clothes melted and stuck to the flesh!”

“...What melted and stuck to something...?”

A gloomy voice was heard. At this point, even Deon was completely shocked and stiffened.

The crazy dogs who were fighting with the 0 Corps on one side had suddenly gathered in front of me.

Deon looked back to find the savior, but Dan turned away, and Ben and Ed, who knew that Deon Hart was weaker than them, had already backed off to one side.

The members of the Order of Murderous Demons who surrounded Deon spoke as if they were putting pressure on them.

“Daejaang... I think I heard something scary...”

“It’s my mood.”

“What’s wrong with my mood!”

Milan reaches out. Deon quickly tried to pull away, but as if he didn’t want to let go, he jumped forward and grabbed my ankle and pulled me.

Deon lost his balance and was about to fall backwards, but Dan, who was standing right behind him, grabbed his shoulders and Ed, who had come up to him, stretched out his left arm and supported his waist, allowing him to sit back down stably.

Cleter, a member of the Knights Templar who was preparing to hold him next to him, was impressed by his quick workmanship. Milan, who had been examining the wound for a moment with his face close to it, raised his head and shouted loudly.

“It’s real! The clothes actually melted and stuck to my flesh! Plus, it smells like medicine!”

“what?!”

“Captain, are you taking drugs again?!”

“It even feels like it’s on my thighs! “If this is going to happen, take a different type of medicine!”

“No, you idiot! “You shouldn’t use medicine when you’re not fighting!”

“Oh, that’s right!”

It was a commotion that awakened the mind that had been drowsy only a moment ago.

Feeling rapidly tired, Deon raised his hands to cover his eyes, but the knights paid him no mind.

“surgeon! “Military medicine eye!”

“You idiot, the doctor is over there! ...Why are you there without treatment, you bastard!”

In the end, he even grabs Ben’s collar, so I wonder if he can just watch this happen. I had no choice but to rise up to save these guys’ lives.

“I’ll get treatment, so you guys stop and go back to your dorm.”

“yes? “Can’t we just watch?”

“You guys are so loud, I’m thinking of getting treatment in my room.”

“That can’t be possible!”

I ignored it and stood up. Ed next to him tried to support him, but his bones and ligaments were not damaged and he roughly waved his hand away.

“But this bird... make sure it goes in properly and doesn't leak somewhere else.”

“I thought you were just trying to say bastard...”

“Come on.”

“Leader? “Great ego!”

Dan makes a hand gesture, as if herding sheep, and drives the knights towards the lodgings.

Deon looked at the back for a moment and then started walking towards the room. Ben and Ed followed behind.

Ed, who had been following Deon's elegant gait ahead of him with his gaze down in the quiet hallway, slowly opened his mouth.

“I have a question.”

“Speak.”

“Even though Deon has been given the position of general commander... he has not made much use of the ‘Legion’ until now.”

I was always curious.

Deonhardt sat in a position where he could utilize all his legions. Nevertheless, he only uses general troops and generals below the corps. Except for the 0 Corps under his command, he clearly showed signs of refraining from using other corps.

The walking ahead stopped for a moment. The red eyes that had been staring straight ahead glanced back at him.

“You’re quick to notice.”

“ ....”

“There is no particular reason.”

Because I don’t want to increase my debt. Because I want to refrain from relying on someone else’s force while relying on the devil’s mercy. Because I want to take revenge with my own hands if possible.

...I want the empire to fall, but I also want the human world to survive.

This is disgusting mercy and hypocrisy from those in power.

If you look inside Deonhardt, you will probably find black chaos seething inside. Deon answered casually as he resumed his halting steps.

“The number of monsters has increased, making it difficult to deal with them with just two legions. “We don’t know how the situation will turn out in the future, so it’s difficult to rely on the Legion already.”

“Ah... it’s Deon as expected.”

“ ....”

Instead of answering, I opened the door and went in.

I took off my outerwear and pulled a chair in front of the table to sit down, and Ben, who was immediately kneeling in front of me, picked up a pair of scissors.

“...scissors?”

“I think I’ll have to cut your clothes off.”



“Okay, whatever.”

The silence this time was quite comforting.

As I straightened my back and watched the blade cut the clothes near my thighs, Ed, who had organized his outer clothes, came up next to me.

“Daeon said that dealing with the Empire has become easier.”

“It did.”

“They say Rweche is out of the alliance, but that’s it. The alliance between the Shan State and the Empire will still remain the same, but do you really think it has become easier to deal with them?”

Tuk-tuk. White fingers began tapping on the table.

“This cannot simply be seen as ‘Rweche is missing.’ The king of the Mountain Kingdom is smart. Not to mention the emperor.”

“...?”

What does it have to do with the intelligence of the two monarchs?

A question appeared on Ed’s face. Deon glanced at him and smiled lightly.

“With the monarch who was coordinating in the middle gone and two smart monarchs left, what is left?”

As a leader, it is natural to minimize losses for your country and take care of your share. The conflict will definitely intensify.

“Especially because the emperor is not a person who will bend down and enter, division is as if it was predestined.”

\*\*\*

[Sorry. Because of me, the alliance....]

[Jim sent support keeping in mind that the alliance might be broken in the first place.] [

But I stepped forward and saved them for no reason...]

[Leen Reiner.]

[.. ..]

[I only told you to go home, but I never ordered you to stand by and watch their deaths. No, rather, I called them ‘discarded cards’. In other words, you saved the lives of those who even the emperor had given up on. That is an action that deserves praise.]

[....]

[It means that the Lord has nothing to apologize for.]

– Isn’t he hiding something?

A voice rang sharply over the communicator. The emperor, who was lost in thought, frowned for a moment.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

– There is no way the empire did not know that there was a border in the Taehon Kingdom. Why didn’t you tell Rweche?

iced coffee. that.

I slowly crossed my legs. He looked at the communication table with a crooked and bored expression.

“I knew, but I decided it wasn’t my job to make it known.”

– What do you mean by that? Anything related to the demon world is the empire’s responsibility. Of course....

“Because the Taehon Kingdom did not inform the empire of the existence of the boundary line. It’s not possible for this side to arbitrarily come forward and announce something that wasn’t made public by that side. “Isn’t that right?”

– ....

This is clearly Taehon-guk’s fault.

The moment the King of Shan State fell silent, the emperor’s golden eyes sparkled. A low voice came out as if applying pressure.

“We formed an alliance to deal with the demon world. “Your partner is not a burden.”

– ....

“Don’t try to gain the upper hand over Jim.”

I didn’t think you would know about their intention to further strengthen their right to speak at this point. It seems like he wanted to see the empire in trouble.

The emperor looked back on the previous conversation for a moment, looking at the silent opponent.

‘...I don’t know anything else.’

It is said that the Taehon Kingdom did not inform the empire of the existence of the border line. If this fact becomes known to Rweche, the Tahon Kingdom will no longer be able to receive the promise of Rweche's protection.

The king of Rweche probably knows that the Tahon Kingdom informed the empire of the existence of the border, but the empire did not inform Rweche of the existence of the boundary line. So, it seems that Taehon-guk has not been kicked out yet.

The Emperor, who was massaging his chin for a moment, suddenly asked a question.

"Are you the person who would create a situation where a weak and weak country is driven out?"

- ...It can't be. Why would you do something that has no benefit?

The king of Taehon Kingdom would not bother to come forward and reveal the truth, so the truth was buried beneath the surface.

I wonder why he didn't tell me even though he was promised protection.

'Did you think so lightly that you forgot?'

Whatever the reason was, it is not something we should worry about here.

The emperor, who had prevented the history of a weak country from being cut off with a short question, calmly looked down at the communication device delivering the next words.

- I don't think we're compatible.

"yes."

I readily agreed.

Through the alliance, I would be able to talk to her frequently, and I was confident that staying close would only lead to more unnecessary conflicts.

So, it would be better to keep a reasonable distance to prevent the alliance from being broken.

\*\*\*

Finally, Develania came with information about the duke.

There was still no information about why the duke did it, but a sufficient amount of information helped us to infer what he valued most.

After scanning and combining all the information with regret behind him, Deon Hart raised his hand and covered his mouth. Next to him, Edgar said, 'Master Deon?' I called, but I couldn't answer.

With one hand still covering his mouth, he waves the other hand and gestures for him to leave. When everyone except Dan left and it was finally just the two of them left, he laughed.

"Hahahaha! ha ha ha!!"

"...."

There is an awareness that it will look crazy. However, I could not control the overflowing joy.

Of course, that duke. Starbe Illuster.

“There was such a precious being!”

They are not even objects, they are people!

Duke Stave Illuster, who seemed so arrogant that he would not treat anyone other than himself, had someone he cherished. Maybe, no, he definitely cherishes that person more than the throne.

So that’s it. Now I understand.

“It’s absolutely perfect!”

Now that you have inferred something valuable, there is no need for this wad of paper.

Paralock. The documents that soared into the sky fell apart one by one. Dan sighed because the room was a mess, but Deon didn’t care and called him.

“step. Tell it to the corps commanders. Haha no, I’d better say it myself. “Call a meeting!”

I need to change my route.

Instead of the inefficient route of advancing to the capital through Illuster territory, take the shortest route to the capital. It was perfect because the occupied Paras Territory was on the shortest route to travel to either the Imperial Palace or Illuster Territory.

Deon lay on the bed, still smiling. There were papers scattered all over the room and even on the bed, which made my back sting, but the laughter didn’t go away.

'I never would have guessed that the duke cared for the emperor!'

From his attitude of trying to take over the position in a peaceful way even in situations where he could have brought down the emperor, to helping the emperor at critical moments.

Why didn't I know? His actions aimed at the throne did not go beyond pressure.

So I decided. Kill the emperor first and then the duke.

Have you ever felt the despair of losing a precious person?

Deon Hart smiled brightly.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 170**

170. He cared about him (1)

He said about the book that contained the method of making a contract with the devil.

[I request a trade with this book.]

....

\*\*\*

The duke's feelings when he heard the news of the fall of Paras territory were quite miserable.

The duke is a politician. Tactics were not his area. If he had any remaining private soldiers, he would have been able to lend a helping hand, but since even those were lost to the revolutionary army, all he could do was use the Salvation Church to wage public opinion.

It was inevitable that my pride would be hurt.

'Actually, there is magic, but...'

If the Demon King's semi-contractor uses the magic power he gave him against the Demon King's army, should we just leave it at that?



'I might gain strength.'

I'm not sure that I can take it back after giving it, but I'm also not sure that I can't.

Moreover, there is no way to guarantee how much you can do with this magic power, so it would be better to save it and use it completely by pouring it out at the right moment.

Therefore, the duke decided to save his magic until the end.

'So I have to find another card.'

I need another hand. For example, absolute power to hold many things in one's hands and control everything.

The duke could not participate in the war on the chessboard because he had no words, but he was confident that if he were given words, he would do better than anyone else.

'Of course, I have nothing to say about losing the horse I was holding in my hand...'

He gently clenched his fist.

...The same thing will never happen again. The duke paid a heavy price for his arrogance and carelessness.

So, all it would take is for the emperor to make some concessions.

'Stubbornness is strong.'

I frowned slightly.

Although I would like to transfer power by force, the current situation makes it impossible to do such a thing. Rather,

confusion will grow, hostility will arise, and infighting will occur.

‘Foolish.’

I don’t understand.

Here is someone who welcomes power. There are people who are so crazy about power that they will risk anything for power. There are people who will put blood on their hands and take full responsibility for the country, which is in danger anyway, so why bother refusing and going crazy?

I saw him rubbing his fingertips frequently and clenching and unclenching his fists. The movement, as if he was trying to shake off something that was covered in goo, helped the Duke infer the sight that only his eyes could see.

‘It probably looked like there was blood on his hands.’

The level of hallucination goes beyond sight and hearing, and even the sense of touch has been realized. If so, perhaps the sense of smell has also been realized.

Even if you think about it again, he is not a person worthy of an emperor. At least that is the case in modern times.

If he had ascended to the throne in a peaceful way in a peaceful era, he could have become a saint. But he wasn’t. The emperor we need now is someone who knows how to sacrifice cattle for the greater good without hesitation and is shameless enough to do so without feeling guilty.

Yeah, like me, for example.

The Duke raised one corner of his mouth.

“Both my older brother and younger brother are strong in their stubbornness when it comes to topics they are weak at.”

It reminds me of the 1st prince I encountered a long time ago when Edoardo Desert was the 9th prince, not the emperor.

A man who had solidified his position among numerous candidates for succession to the throne, but became terminally ill after being poisoned.

‘He was such a weak person that you wonder how he secured his position as successor.’

Was the reason he took part in the succession battle so far away was to protect his family?

If brothers other than himself ascend to the throne, not only he and his favorite brother but also his children will most likely die. He seemed to realize this fact harshly when he lost his wife.

What kind of family is that? Soft and lukewarm words like ‘family’ do not suit the Duke. That’s why he used to laugh at the type of people who hide in the shadows and shine like this.

So I gave him poison.

I wanted to extinguish that light, so I fed it a poison that erodes its life.

What the duke needed at that time was not a first prince who could not be easily swayed, but other heirs who could act as a scarecrow, so there was no hesitation in his actions.

Then, the first prince, who was terminally ill, came to visit.

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“I have a book that might interest you.”

An untitled book was placed on the desk. The Duke glanced down to check the book and then looked at the First Prince again.

It was a completely different introduction than expected. That’s all they say when they visit the person who poisoned them. Could it be that the man in front of him doesn’t even know that he is the culprit who gave him the poison?

The question was short. If you match the rhythm, the main point will come out. The duke first opened his mouth.

“What is this?”

“It’s a forbidden book that explains how to make a contract with the devil.”

“...!”

You’re crazy.

Now that I’m terminally ill, I wonder if I really can’t see anything. What kind of crazy person would think of taking this outside?

But regardless, it was true that it was interesting.

“It’s a dangerous item. Why are you showing me this?”

“I am asking for a trade with this book.”

“Deal....”

Now I understand. I'm thinking of asking for an antidote in exchange for this book. In addition to the antidote, he may also require the support of 'Illuster' to solidify his position as successor.

The Duke, who was relieved of his tension, relaxed his posture a little.

...Still, I'll have to check just in case.

"Why are you asking for a deal like this just because you have something in store for me?"

"The condition is to protect my children... Aletea, Elpidius, and... Edoardo."

"...."

The answer was completely unexpected.

The duke was speechless for a moment and blinked.

...stupid. It was an absurdly foolish condition. Do you really not know who the owner of the poison is? The first prince who ultimately came out on top in the succession battle really doesn't know?

"I know the ball poisoned me. "You may be asking why I don't ask for an antidote."

"...!"

"I already know the Duke's ambitions. I know that Gong's greed won't end there. Even if I obtain the antidote through this deal and ascend to the throne, I will not be able to control the power I gained through contracting with the Demon King."

I will be dragged down by the Duke's hands, and the family I was protecting will all die by the Duke's hands. Prince 1 laughed bitterly.

I thought about many things.

Couldn't it be better to put something other than this book as a condition? I wonder if I don't have an offering on hand that's appetizing enough for the duke to accept the deal.

'Not only is there no sacrifice like that, but even if the duke doesn't have a contract with the devil, I don't have the confidence to control him.'

The duke was not an easy opponent.

So I changed my path of thinking. If I were to use this book in a transaction, what conditions should I put forward?

'All I want is my children's safety... and my life.'

'What the duke wants is power.'

No matter how much you think about it, there is no way to take care of both. Even if he were to find out how to contract with the Demon King, the Duke would refuse if it meant blocking his chance to gain power. In the first place, you can't put too many things as conditions.

So, in order to set conditions that fit the scales enough for the duke to accept...

the first prince neatly gave up his life.

"No matter what conditions are imposed, if I survive and ascend to the throne, I will be put on a leash."

He will become a king who is anxious and watching the duke's thoughts, not knowing when he will be dragged down.

"I have no intention of handing the leash to the ball."

"...Are you saying you are giving up your life?"

"If I had to put it that way, it would be like that."

Golden sunlight broke down on the 1st Prince who smiled as he said that.

It's clear that his life has been eaten away by poison, making him thin and with shadows under his eyes, but he's still so dazzling.

"...I don't understand."

The Duke frowned.

I really don't understand. Even with death by his side, the man in front of him was shining brightly.

...I was a little annoyed.

"You haven't considered the possibility that I might not take the deal? "What about the possibility that I could wait until His Highness dies, even if I leave him alone, or kill him on my way back today and get that book?"

"If the deal is not accepted here and now, I intend to burn this book immediately. And before I came here, I told several people that I was going to see the Duke. In addition, we have arranged for evidence to spread that Gong is the culprit as soon as he dies, no matter when and where he dies."

“....”

“I can’t fabricate even a single piece of evidence.”

In other words, even if he fails to complete this deal and dies, even if he is attacked by bandits while on the move, the culprit will be the duke.

“If I report that Your Majesty has arbitrarily taken out a banned book...”

“He said that the book will be burned as soon as the deal is not accepted. Naturally, by the time the investigation comes, this book will no longer exist. Of course, the empty list in the library has already been processed when exporting. “The Duke must be the nobleman who dared to falsely report the First Prince.”

“...I guess it’s my loss whether I accept the deal or not.”

Even if the deal is accepted, the first prince’s life is not included in the terms. The damage suffered by Prince 1, who did not receive the antidote, dies, and will not disappear.

Prince 1 laughed softly.

“Of course, if the Duke accepts the deal, I will change the culprit of my death to Duke Gradis.”

“...under.”

There are two ducal families in the kingdom.

The Dukes of Gradis and the Dukes of Illuster. Since they kept each other in check, it was natural that Duke Gradis



would be a thorn in the side of Duke Stave Illuster, who was greedy for power.

“Now I see it was a threat.”

“This is a request.”

“...great. “I accept the deal.”

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After that, the first prince seemed to have been waiting and called the shaman and made a contract.

He was an opponent who ridiculed me for being weak after seeing him clinging to his family. How could I have known that the head of a family with so much to protect would be so scary? For a duke who was born into an unloving family and was thoroughly educated to aim only for the best, it was nothing short of a blow.

[Let me explain the conditions again. It's simple. To protect my children Aletea Desert, Elpidius Desert and Edoardo Desert. However, protecting it includes not only life, but also free will.]

[....]

[If it were a ball, you could roughly lock it up somewhere and say 'I protected it,' so I added it as a condition, but I think it was a good thing to say. We must respect the free will of children.]

[...Even if my children and His Majesty the 9th Prince try to kill me, should I treat it as free will and respect it?] [

If you are a public person, you can protect yourself without harming others. I guess there is. In order to protect the Duke, the Duke must be alive, so that moment will be treated as an exception, but the children must not be harmed.]

Just hearing the explanation was difficult, so the Duke frowned.

Thinking about having to do that for the rest of my life already makes me feel tired. The moment I was thinking about just accepting the contract, the first prince spoke.

[The period is 10 years.]

[...?]

[All these contracts are terminated after 10 years.]

It is a loss for the first prince. Why bother?

The first prince, who couldn't miss the doubt clearly evident on his face, smiled.

[After 10 years, we leave it to the children and the ball.]

[....]

[10 years is enough time for the children to become strong enough and enough time for the ball to become attached to it as well. They are lovely children. Especially Eddie... You can't help but love Edoardo. Even though he is not a child but one of my brothers who must be kept in check, he is a child I love.]

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 171**

171. He cherished him (2)

Then the Duke laughed.

There is nothing more foolish than relying on emotions, but trying to expect affection from me rather than someone else.

I guarantee you. Obviously I will kill them as needed when my contract is up. Even if they are saved, it would not be because of affection, but because they have utility or there is no need to kill them.

[Anyway, it's been 10 years. Until then, please consider them as your nephews and take good care of them.]

[Your Majesty, even if the same is true for your other children, the age difference between you and the 9th Prince is only 5 years. A nephew.]

[So, your real brother?]

[...I think of you as a nephew.]

Ten years and a few more years have passed since then.

Although it may not have been what the 1st Prince knew or intended, it was a good choice to set a period of 10 years.

Soon after receiving magical power from the Demon King, the Duke realized that he could use this magical power to nullify the contract.

Since there was a set period, it was left in place to save magical power. If there was no set period, magic power would have been consumed to remove the restrictions caused by the contract. Then the lives of the 'children' that the 1st Prince wanted to protect would have been in danger.

'What I thought was an easy contract ended up being more complicated than I thought, but I just endured it and waited until the end of the period.'

Originally, the duke had planned to select another scarecrow candidate after the first prince died. I was planning to wield the king as I please and use that power to protect the first prince's 'children'.

Unexpectedly, the 9th Prince Edoardo Desert, who was the subject of protection, killed the others and ascended the throne. As the duke, he had no choice but to face a dilemma.

To protect it, you need more power than anything else. The pinnacle of power would naturally be the ruler of the country.

But unfortunately, the person to be protected was sitting there. It's a situation where we have signed a contract to respect 'free will', so it's too late to drag it down.

The duke decided.

'Let's take over in a peaceful way. 'You just need to apply enough pressure to make them want to pass on it.'

It would be okay to this extent.

It was a judgment that came about because Edoardo Desserte did not realize the incomprehensible and terrible responsibility he had. Even if I knew, there would have been no other way.

Anyway, the duke watched the three people for 10 years as per his contract with the first prince.

So, is the Duke now in love with the children? Edoardo Dessertes?

‘....’

Even though the contract ended after 10 years, the emperor still remains the emperor.

Even though 10 years have passed, the crown prince still remains the crown prince and the princess remains the princess.

‘Anyway, the timing is bad right now, so I can’t touch it.’

It is a busy time to move to protect the empire.

The duke turned his eyes away from the difficult topic that could not be easily answered and looked at the present again. Now that what he could do was limited, instead of doing too much, he was focusing on the Salvation Church and helping to unite within the human world through public opinion warfare.

Even the process is not smooth and there are things that are annoying to the eyes, so it can be considered the worst.

‘The Demon Cult, the Revolutionary Army... things that would not have raised their heads before are crawling out.’

In particular, the revolutionary army’s image was rapidly rising through this opportunity. It is safe to say that it has been stigmatized as an organization that serves humanity.

Although the duke was irritated, he knew that they would be helpful, so he had to put his personal feelings aside. Because now there is a group that is more annoying.

‘Demonism.’

It’s a religion that clearly looks like demons are behind it, but why is it so popular?

After receiving reports that the number of people muttering ‘de-se’ in a low voice throughout the slums had increased, the duke was unable to bear the rising stress and wiped his face in despair.

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‘Deon said. There is no harm in doing something first, so advance to the human world.’

While processing documents related to the Demon Cult that had entered the human world, 11th Corps Commander Ririnel recalled the past.

[Wouldn’t it be better to do it in advance, even if it may end up being a futile effort, rather than having to do it when you need it and not be able to do it due to lack of time?] [

That’s right.]

[Isn't it? Demonism can be used for public opinion warfare, and although it doesn't seem to have much benefit, it can be used to summon demons.]

It was an enchanting stand.

The human man in front of me, who was touching his handsome jawline and smiling, was extremely elegant and beautiful. Even the shadows under his eyes could not hide his beauty, so Lirinel nodded as if fascinated.

[That's right. Deon is right! After receiving permission from the Demon King, I immediately entered the human world...!]

[No. Do I really need to ask the Demon King for permission?]

[Yes? Because it has something to do with the human world...]

[Huh?]

Deonhardt tilts his head to the side and folds the corners of his eyes. The finger raised as if to tap the desk circled over the back of Lirinel's hand.

It rattled. My heart stopped.

'No, you can't die now!'

I can never die with Deon in front of me.

I jumped up, holding on to my spirit that was trying to escape. At some point, Lirinel held her nose, which had been dripping with blood, and shouted with enthusiasm.

[Of course! Let's proceed right away!]

Deonhardt just laughed.

Even if we advance secretly, I don't think the Demon King will know about it. This was just a test.

Since demons follow their father, the Demon King, is this absolute, or is it simply due to respect for the being responsible for the fate of the race and a bond with their parents?

In the latter case, 'rebellion' would also be possible. It would also be possible to rebel against the devil.

[There is no need to change the name of Demonism. Let's advance as is.]

[Yes!]

And now, I have seen before my eyes that the corps commander is prioritizing 'me' over the devil.

The red eyes that were slightly revealed between the softly smiling eyelids sparkled.

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Taking life is something that requires a lot of determination.

Recently, the two demons were keenly aware of this fact.

"The Dernivan baby keeps crying. What do we do?"

"...."

No, only one demon felt it.

Dernivan quietly looked at his superior who was looking at him blankly, then stretched out his hand to the baby.

\*\*\*



Was it when he received the head of King Rweche's younger brother, or when he heard the news that Paras territory had collapsed? At some point, Deon Hardt began having nightmares.

It was a pretty bad dream.

A dream in which vengeful spirits appear in such terrible forms that it is difficult to see them with a clear mind.

[Can you sleep peacefully after killing us?]

[Why did you do that? Why did you do that? Why did you do that? Why did you do that?]

[Die! Don't shamelessly live, please die!]

Oh, if you have a conscience, you shouldn't look at their behavior and say it's terrible. Because the person who made it like that was me and no one else.

Deon stood in the middle of the dream and silently watched the ghosts that were oppressing him in all kinds of bizarre ways. I could have looked away or closed my eyes, but I didn't. I would just stand there, make eye contact with them, and then wake up from my dream.

As this was repeated, the vengeful spirits that had once been ignored by Deonhard himself at the time of death seemed to have realized that the effect was minimal, and began to turn into people he knew and shout for them to die.

'It didn't matter anyway.'

Today too, Deon, who was watching the ghosts who transformed into various people and cursed him, raised one

eyebrow as if he felt something.

[Die...die!]

I ignored the curses I always heard.

The dark, distorted black fog slowly takes shape, as if trying to imitate someone's appearance.

Familiar body type and familiar height. Deon smiled faintly, feeling like he knew who it was.

"at las."

I was waiting. When will he appear and when will he try to imitate his appearance?

I never thought it would be too late to figure out what would hurt me the most with the vengeful spirit that lives in my head. I really thought I was going to lose my mind while waiting.

As the shape gradually becomes more complete, familiar black hair comes into view. The moment when the face was finally completed.

Whoa!

A strong light burst out from a corner of my vision, as if covering everything.

"...!"

Deon opened his eyes.

The quiet view of the room greets him, as if the harsh, noisy voice was a lie. I blinked for a moment and slowly got up.

It didn't feel real, so he stayed in a daze for a while. It wasn't until the wind that came in through the slightly open window dried his sweaty body that he realized that this was reality.

"...under."

He sighed deeply and buried his face in his hands. Haha, a hollow laugh escaped me.

"I never thought I would be kicked out...."

I knew it instinctively. I was kicked out of my dream.

...No, he couldn't have been 'kicked out'. I am the owner of my dreams. So I guess I woke up from the dream because I wanted to.

Is this the basic survival instinct that all living things have? Disgust rose up and I raised my head. A fluttering curtain caught my eye.

At the same time, a window with a cool breeze coming in comes into view, and a flower placed there catches the eye. The sight of it in full bloom under the soft moonlight was quite foreign, so I couldn't help but fix my gaze as if I was fascinated.

'...I guess Hien said it was a flower picked from the human world.'

I slowly got down on the bed.

As I got out of the blanket, my sweaty body was completely exposed to the cold wind and my body cooled down in an instant, but I didn't care and went to the window.

The flower I saw up close was more intact than I thought.

“There’s no sun... it’s still vivid.”

Was it under the influence of magic because it was the Demon World? Anyone who sees it will think it’s a freshly picked flower.

After gazing at the flowers that showed no sign of wilting, I leaned my upper body against the window frame and clenched my chin. In that state, Deon tilted his head to examine the flower and muttered softly.

Talking to myself without anyone listening quietly spread through the quiet space.

“If my brother had told me to die, I would have died happily.”

At the end, the moment the ghost’s shape changed, he noticed it right away.

That’s Cruel. This is the older brother I have been waiting for. The vengeful spirit was trying to tell the human being, who was unable to die because his brother saved his life, to die in the form of Cruel.

The cold wind blows through my hair. At the same time, the flowers that cannot withstand the wind are shaking. Deon smiled softly, as if that look was trying to stop him from doing that.

“Well, okay. “I don’t think today is the day.”

If you change your mind, come visit me anytime, bro.

Ironically, I haven’t had a nightmare since that day.

It was a quiet dawn when the world was in silence.

\*\*\*

“...What are you doing?”

“I will fasten your belt for you.”

“So I’m asking why you have it tied to my thigh.”

It is a day of meetings, not battles. But why are you wearing a belt that is used to fasten a dagger sheath? No dagger sheath, just a belt.

Regardless of whether the absurd gaze hit him or not, Ben said as he steadily tied the tough leather belt around Deon’s thigh.

“Since you keep dragging your thighs, I should at least tie you this.”

“....”

It was a word without a subject, but it wasn’t difficult to understand.

Ben glanced up at Deon, who was silent, and added as if he were nailing it.

“From now on, please hold your cigarette on this belt.”

“...If this continues, I’ll be late for the meeting. “I think it’s over, so get up now.”

Ben’s eyes narrowed at the obvious avoidance of an answer, but Deon ignored him and stood up.

He should be used to it since he has often worn the stiletto sheath, but today the feeling of it constricting his thighs was bothersome, so he had no choice but to cast his gaze at the belt for a moment.

I walked down the hallway and gathered my thoughts.

‘What can I say to convince them?’

Last time, I pointed out a route through the duke’s territory. He even put pressure on Idelia, who said he would turn around and go.

Those words will be overturned again. Since the Demon King would not come forward and help in something like this, I needed a valid reason, but...

“Corporation Commander 0 has arrived.”

...I arrived in front of the conference room door before I could even organize my thoughts.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 172**

172. He cared about him (3)

Deon glanced at the demon user who announced his arrival without any time to stop him, and adjusted his attitude to act calm.

Let's relax.

'A gap is death.'

Death does not come only in front of blades. Even in a static space where not even fists, let alone blades, are exchanged, intelligent beings were able to kill someone by holding the sword of politics with the invisible hand called the tongue.

Even the way you walk, posture, speech, facial expressions, and gaze.

After completing one inspection, I entered the silent battlefield. The eyes of all the corps commanders who were waiting to hear Yongin's voice were focused on him like arrows.

'...There is also a demon lord.'

Is it for surveillance or simply out of interest?

Deon bowed his head to the Demon King, who was smiling and waving at the head of the table, then turned and looked at the corps commanders.

A neat and calm voice came out.

“I’m sure you know the general details of the matter since we relayed it to you in advance.”

Sudden change of travel route.

On one side, Idelia tried to say something, but Deon spoke without giving her a chance.

“The value of keeping the duke in check has disappeared.”

“....”

“The 11th Corps commander even tied up his last piece.  
“There is nothing to worry about now, so we can ignore him and go straight to the capital.”

So now you can move on to the efficient route.

Lirinel, who was suddenly praised, cups her cheeks with both hands and doesn’t know what to do. Deon glanced at Idelia. She kept her mouth shut, as if convinced.

Even the most annoying opponent has expressed his understanding through silence, so now all we have to do is explain which route we will take and discuss the method.

At that time, the Demon King smiled brightly and added a word.

“So the Demon Cult has advanced into the human world?”



“For the duke who has lost most of his troops, the most useful card left is Salvation Church. Even so, since it is a pseudo-religion, I thought it would be possible to keep it in check through demon religion.”

“okay. “I wondered what they were going to do by advancing without telling me, but it turned out to be more interesting than I expected.”

Lirinel, who was sitting on one side of the table, flinched. The once lively cheeks turned pale.

Deon quietly raised his eyes and saw the Demon King.

“Why are you looking like that? “I was complimenting you.”

“ ....”

“I’m serious. Thanks to you, every day is enjoyable. So you’re saying you’re going to change your travel route? “Keep going.”

“...Among the many routes we are currently drilling, the Paras Territory that we defeated this time is the closest to the capital, so we will focus our drilling there.”

He looked at the demon lord as if checking for authenticity, and for a moment his white finger pointed at the map attached to the wall. Move steadily and draw a straight line connecting Paras Territory and the capital.

Is it okay to go that route? At the moment when the corps commanders were nodding their heads in understanding, Deon spoke. ‘but’.

“However, if you follow this route, Mantium Castle will be next after Paras Territory.”

“...is there any problem with that?”

“Mantium Castle belongs to Primiro Territory. “It belongs to the Empire’s second hero, Stigma Primiro.”

3rd Corps Commander Ashild lowered his raised hand as if he understood.

Although it is quite far from the southern land where Stigma resides, Mantium Castle is clearly his property. It was obvious that if I touched that place, I would face him.

“He is the most overwhelming in battle among the heroes of the Empire. Would this be explained if a warlord formed in the south? “If it happens, it will definitely be quite annoying.”

Above all, Deonhardt did not want to fight Stigma.

Even though he is helpless, he is still one of the few people who took good care of me, befitting the title of senior.

That’s why I move my finger and point to the territory next to Mantium Castle and willingly play with my tongue three inches. A calm voice dominated the space.

“I want to bring down the empire as quickly as possible. So, wouldn’t it be better to slightly open the path rather than being stranded by him and wasting time?”

Deon said while feeling curious gazes toward the newly discovered territory.

“The owner of this territory is Tender Amiable. “He is a margrave.”

The name of the territory seems to have been some kind of baronial territory, but it is not strange since nobles with the title of earl or higher can hold multiple titles and estates at the same time.

“Of course, he is also a troublesome opponent, but he will take up less time than the ‘hero’.”

Because the reason for choosing an opponent was only ‘time’ rather than ‘possibility of defeat’ or ‘friendship’, nothing else was said about avoiding conflict with stigma.

Instead, 1st Corps Commander Jaykar raised his hand.

“It’s the territory right next door, so is there any chance that Stigma Primiro will come to help?”

“Of course there is.”

It can’t be there.

Deon raised the corners of his mouth.

“That’s why I plan to go myself.”

At this point, I need to take a look at my senior’s face.

\*\*\*

Even today, the world is abuzz with stories about my junior, but should we say that the dogs are their owners?

Stigma made a subtle expression as if he was contemplating how to react to the hot topic who had secretly visited me.

After a silence that was neither heavy nor light, a faint sigh pushed away the silence.

“...I don’t know what happened to your junior’s liver. “What if I catch you, report you, or even kill you?”

The man in black robes sitting across from me smiled softly.

Stigma, who was looking at the only exposed mouth, straightened his back, crossed his legs, and tapped the armrest of the chair.

“It is not polite to wear a hat in front of people indoors. Take off your hood. “It’s been a while, so I should at least see your face.”

“....”

The hood falls back as if waiting.

The pure white hair was revealed and the red eyes seemed to contain stigma, but then they curved beautifully. The voice continued calmly, as if asking about the lunch menu.

“Long time no see. Seniors.”

“Okay...”

came the answer like a sigh.

“It’s been so... so long.”

Contrary to his calm expression, mixed emotions flashed through his brown eyes.

I remember our last conversation was in a war zone. We were separated in a dangerous situation due to the demons’ trap.

Stigma was taking time and the rest of the troops, including Deon, were retreating.

[Then, senior...!]

[Did I look so weak that you should worry about me?]

[...Still, be careful.]

I heard the second most beautiful thing.

[okay. See you later.]

This is the first situation I've encountered since then.

Officially, it is an enemy situation. Stigma suppressed the sigh that was about to burst out again and swallowed it.

"It was a good attempt to use the top, but the chances were too small. "What would have happened if I had noticed and brought it in and didn't know it was a disaster?"

Deon just laughed.

He separated the mad dogs who were making a fuss about following him and entered Stigma's area using the top of the platform. And, as the representative of the merchant, I requested to meet Stigma in person for a transaction, but if Stigma had not remembered that the den merchant had a record of obtaining a permit in the name of Deon Hart, I would have gone back without even seeing a shadow, let alone a private stand.

But Deon was sure he would remember and recall.

'Because he was always so focused on me that I could even notice the detailed changes in his expression.'

Stigma saw Deon's smooth smile and straightened his posture.

“The bird I haven’t seen has changed a lot.”

“Thanks to you, senior.”

“The look in your eyes has changed.”

He stretched out his hand as if tracing a face.

I look straight into the dull, dead red eyes and smooth out the corners of my eyes. Deon didn’t reject it, but he couldn’t stop his eyelid from reflexively closing at the unfamiliar touch.

“I liked those eyes better before.”

“...so.”

Deon, who was quietly listening, smiled brightly.

“Do you hate me now?”

“...No way.”

Stigma smiled as he withdrew his hand.

“As long as your junior is ‘junior’.”

So, as long as he calls me ‘senior’.

“I will never dislike you, junior.”

“...Senior, what are your standards for juniors?”

“well. First of all, it’s important not to mess with my territory.  
“If my territory is attacked, I have no choice but to fight back.”

“...I have no intention of touching Mantium Castle.”

“That’s a good thing.”

It seemed like it would be so.

Stigma gently opened his eyes and spoke in a whisper.

“If not Mantium Castle, you’re planning to go through the Barony of Miller, right? “The land belonging to the Margrave Amiable.”

“....”

“The reason you took the risk to meet me in person is probably because of the possibility that I could apply for help.”

You knew it all from the beginning. Deon raised his hand and touched the corner of his mouth at the sharp point.

I had no intention of hiding it in the first place, so there is no problem. Before the short pause could be recognized as silence, I nodded my head in the affirmative.

“I don’t want to fight with you, sir.”

“It’s a common thing.”

“Then...”

“But it’s not something that can be decided solely on my own.”

Stigma arched his eyebrows as if he was sorry.

“I have honor and purpose to protect. For that to happen, as a noble of the empire, you must faithfully follow His Majesty’s orders.”

“....”

I understood what it meant.

If the Demon King's army attacks Miller's territory, the Emperor will order support. If that happens...

Stigma gently raised the corners of his mouth towards Deon, who was frowning slightly. So, 'junior'.

“I can't guarantee that I won't go to help. “First of all, as a noble of the empire, I will definitely provide support to Miller's territory to block the Demon King's army.”

“...All right.”

It is not that he has grand ambitions to protect humanity from the demon world. It was not about being loyal to the emperor.

For Deon, Stigma was an opponent he could avoid fighting if he did well.

I stood up while touching my mouth.

“I hope we can meet in a peaceful atmosphere next time.”

“Me too.”

I calmly greeted him, turned around, and was about to walk towards the door when Stigma let out a short exclamation of 'Ah' as if something had occurred to him.

“It's not good for you to rely on medicine, junior.”

“....”



Stigma sighed slowly as he watched the back of him walk away as if nothing had happened, even though he had stopped for a moment.

Did you know that I didn't know? The eyes, the shadows under the eyes, the complexion, even the hand habit of touching the corners of the mouth, all of this tells us about the situation.

I don't know why he turned to the demon world, but I don't think it was completely voluntary. If he had really killed Cruel Hart and escaped to the demon world as rumored, he would have shown a look of relief rather than living like he cannot die like he does now.

'Now that I think about it, there have been many assassination attempts.'

Is it somehow related to this?

If I had known this would happen, I would have dug deep into the background instead of just ignoring it.

Now that there was no chance to catch the assassin targeting his junior, Stigma sat there for a while, regretting it inwardly.

\*\*\*

According to the rules, we would have had to kill Stigma Primiro, who was the biggest obstacle. But instead of finding a way to kill him, Deon came up with another way.

As I said, if you do well, this is an opponent you can avoid fighting. After digging through my memories for a bit, the solution came to mind easily.

‘In the outdoor garden outside the terrace during a hunting competition in the past.’

Stigma argued with the Margrave of Amiable about the treatment of the Barbai people.

Stigma was eradicated and the Margrave of Amiable was in a conciliatory position. In the end, I pushed ahead with Stigma’s opinion.

After that, although I only heard it through rumors, I heard that Stigma himself took up swords with his knights and set out to exterminate the Barbai tribe.

‘But it wasn’t completely successful.’

The Barbai people are people who make good use of the geographical features of the south. As they are specialized in guerrilla warfare, their skill at extricating themselves was considerable, and as a result, some of them survived and escaped. They are said to be still hiding somewhere in the southern forests and making a living by occasionally raiding nearby villages.

‘Maybe he’s burning with revenge?’

If you provoke him just a little bit, it wouldn’t be a problem for him to go on a rampage again.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 173**

173. He cared about him (4)

With their combat characteristics, it would be possible to not be caught easily and inflict massive amounts of damage, and if that much damage accumulates, the stigma would have to go down to take responsibility for one's own karma.

In other words, it is entirely possible for stigma to move south.

Instead of returning to the Demon World, Deon stopped by Paras Territory, received a surprising welcome from the waiting Demon King's army, and took the best room. He then called Dan, who was nearby to see the inside of the room.

"Find a group of Barbai survivors and try to encourage them."

"yes?"

"The reason they are like that is because of stigma."

"...aha."

Understanding was quick. Dan, who was rubbing the somewhat empty window sill with his fingertips, grinned.

“We will also provide appropriate support to prevent easy capture until the second hero arrives.”

“You know that not getting caught is the most important thing, right?”

“Of course.”

Approximately two weeks later, the Barbai clan began to rampage in the Primiro territory.

This was the result of Dan personally going there wearing a robe and inciting it.

[How long are you going to live like this with bated breath?]

[Even if you have to go, wouldn't it be less unfair if you take revenge?]

[Stigma sees you as worse than insects. I don't think it's worth worrying about. Aren't you angry? The person who trampled on your tribe is concentrating on other things without even paying attention to you.]

Dan knew how to sway his opponent with his tongue.

It touches and incites emotions appropriately and instills actions that should be done subtly. Even though he raised his voice and fueled his anger, at some point he lowered his voice like a snake whispering, drawing attention again.

As the remarks continued, the wariness towards the stranger whose face I could not even see eased in an instant. Because other emotions pushed out my vigilance and the other person had a greater purpose in mind.

[I'm taking revenge on Stigma. This clearly shows the price of messing with the Barbai people. Let's set a precedent that will be engraved in the history books of the empire.]

[I will support you. No money? No need. I also have bad feelings toward him, so it's enough for him to go on a rampage.]

It's a shame to have bad feelings toward Stigma. How many times would one have bad feelings towards someone like the Master, who is not a public figure in the human world and has never even seen their face?

But it's because they have no way of knowing.

Dan smiled secretly, looking at the burning eyes of the Barbai tribe.

In the end, they fell for Dan's instigation and moved. They fought a quick hit-and-run guerrilla war and were not easily caught, but they accumulated considerable damage to Primiro territory and eventually caused Stigma to move according to Deon and Dan's goals.

Since it is not anyone else's fault but only one's own karma, it must be resolved as a top priority in order to prevent as much damage to one's reputation as possible.

Stigma smiled as he picked up his sword.

"You junior, you have a good memory."

I expected that they would find a way to avoid fighting.

"I never thought I could use the bugs I had forgotten about."

Do you think this is called recycling? A word that is not in the dictionary of nobles.

No matter how quickly you react, it is inevitable that your reputation will be tarnished by this incident. Stigma should have been in a bad mood, but he gave the command in a cheerful mood, admiring Deon Hardt's wide range of applications that did not miss even the smallest details.

"2/3 of the knights remain here."

I wasn't offended, but since my junior has tarnished my reputation, wouldn't it be right for me to be this mean?

Brutes like the Barbai can be easily eliminated with just 1/3 of my knights' troops. This is especially true since they are a group of survivors and not even a complete tribe.

Stigma headed south with the remaining troops, leaving behind troops that could send support anywhere nearby.

As a result, the possibility of Stigma Primiro moving 'directly' has disappeared.

\*\*\*

The 'baby' is dying.

His complexion turned bluish and then red repeatedly, and his already hot little body became even more heated. There were times when I cried so loudly that it seemed like it would never stop, and now I kept my mouth shut, but I could clearly see that it was not a good sign.

'What do we do?'

Oel was restless and kept looking at the baby in the basket.

He is wheezing and making faint whining noises in a hoarse voice as if he is exhausted. I couldn't take my anxious gaze away because I felt like I would run out of breath at any moment if I let my guard down.

'It would be nice if I could at least use magic.'

Since the ban on magic is still in effect, you will be questioned by the Demon King as soon as you use it. If that happens, the existence of a human baby will most likely be revealed.

There is no way the Demon King would spare a human baby. Rather, you will be punished for hiding a human baby.

As his nervousness grew, Oel called out a familiar name out of habit.

"...Dernivan."

"Yes, Oel."

"My 'blessing'... is dying. "Please do something."

"...."

An earnest gaze reaches me. Dernivan made eye contact with Oel and was silent for a moment.

According to the principle, they should be killed. Even now, if you close your eyes and ears, close your mouth, and pretend not to notice, the matter will be resolved quietly.

But he never once defeated his superiors.

"...Give it to me."

It was the same this time too.

....

“Uh... So....”

Milan, a member of the Knights under the direct command of Commander 0 Corps, pointed to the baby in Dernivan’s arms with a shocked expression.

“Ask me to save you?”

“okay.”

Dernivan, who gave the answer, also seemed very untrustworthy.

But there was no other way. In the Demon King’s Castle, the only beings who knew about the existence of a human baby and could remain silent would be ‘humans’, and those who knew ‘humans’ well would also be ‘humans’, but Deon and his attendant named ‘Dan’ were absent from the human world.

If the baby in my arms hadn’t been acting like it was going to die right now, I would have taken some time to contact them.

“If you save my life, I will definitely repay you.”

“Well... let’s take a look first.”

I don’t know much, but it would be better for a smart guy to look at it. Milan scratched his head and winked at Kletter.

Cleter, who muttered, ‘It’s my first time with a baby too,’ but obediently took over, checked the baby’s condition and moaned.

‘Almost everyone is dying.’



I'm too tired to even pretend to cry. Moreover, the skin and bones were close together.

Without having to search my mind and remember the information I heard on the street, the question came straight out.

"Hey... have you fed him?"

"He didn't eat anything."

"That can't be possible..."

If it was this dry, it would definitely have tried to eat anything.

"What on earth did you give me?"

"I ate meat, fruit, bread, and whatever food I could find in the human world."

"...What was the result?"

"I vomited everything."

Of course it is.

It's brave that he didn't die. If I had vomited everything, I wouldn't have been able to drink enough water. I sighed and motioned to a nearby colleague to bring the barley tea first.

"Oh, what do we drink when we train?"

"Okay, don't just bring it with you, bring it lukewarm. "And you bring a towel and a bowl of warm water to help the child's fever."

Since we can't get powdered milk right away, we have to come up with a temporary solution.

Cleter, who had roughly ordered everything, turned his head. I made eye contact with a demon with wolf ears who had been watching the situation the whole time.

It may be a bit insensitive, but I still have to say what I have to say.

"Babies eat breast milk or formula. "If you feed it anything other than that, you'll be in big trouble."

"Right."

A dry voice returned, as if clearly showing that he was not interested. Cleter's eyes narrowed.

It seems that this demon is not interested in the baby...

"Can you save it?"

Considering that he is only interested in 'life and death', it seems that the opponent he cannot defeat emotionally or in terms of status wants to save the baby.

Could it be that he was interested in the baby but didn't know what the baby was eating?

'Well, they are demons.'

There are humans who are so intoxicated by the cuteness of animals that they bring them in at will and don't know anything about how to raise them, so why are they called demons any different? He probably picked it up out of curiosity.

...You're sure they weren't kidnapped, right?

‘Oh no way.’

It is a time when there are many orphans. Since the streets were littered with children who had lost their parents, it must have been picked up from among them.

Cleter hurriedly shook off his random thoughts and spoke.

“...I can’t guarantee because the condition is so bad, but I’ll try.”

“I’ll say it again, if you save my life, I’ll definitely repay you.”

“It has been repaid, and please take good care of our captain.”

“that’s right. “Maybe because he’s been through a lot of different things, our captain’s eyes look a little dead.”

“Aren’t you being territorial here?”

“As expected, they are evil demons...!”

Here, the lieutenant of the executive of the ‘evil demons’ den is listening.

They suddenly joined in here and there to say a word, and then Cletor, who was holding his forehead as they trembled among themselves, shook his head and then glanced at the demon who had brought the baby.

Although he must have been watching and listening to this entire conversation from the beginning, he did not show any signs of being upset, just blinked once and turned his head as if he was not interested. At first glance, it seemed like he was ignoring everything he said.

‘But since you mentioned repayment in such a serious manner, I’m sure you remembered it.’

Captain 0 Assist the corps commander well.

So, even if he is not a helper, he will help at least once in an important moment.

Instead of worrying about whether the other person might have ignored or overlooked it, Cleter focused on taking care of the baby.

\*\*\*

Deon Hart did not return to the Demon World.

Rather than receiving reports on paper from the Demon World and drawing orders in his head, he chose to remain in the Human World with Dan and lead the Demon King’s army by seeing it with his own eyes.

In the former case, not only were there more procedures and less accuracy, but more than anything, I wanted to kill the emperor with my own hands.

‘Actually, Dan followed along on his own.’

anyway.

If you break through Miller territory, you can reach the capital in no time. In addition to various fiefdoms in the middle, there was a fiefdom where the current Hart family head was staying, but they were all insignificant fiefdoms and I had no worries because I had vivid memories of directly witnessing the incompetence of the collateral who had previously become the head of the family.

In short, it means that the Miller Estate is the final barrier to the capital.

‘...So that’s why.’

The resistance is very strong.

Red eyes scan the slow progress. Even though they had not yet arrived in front of the castle walls, the troops were already exhausted.

There wasn’t even a proper battle.

‘It comes out of nowhere, attacks, and then retreats before you can respond.’

If it had been a head-on battle, I wouldn’t have been so exhausted. They were waging desperate guerrilla warfare as if they were trying to somehow slow down the advance.

A battle that makes full use of the forest as a geographical feature.

He’s probably still hiding somewhere in that forest, waiting for the right moment. If this continues, the ominous thought that a proper battle will be impossible by the time we reach the castle walls keeps rising.

‘Because physical strength and mental strength are separate things.’

The body is important, but in the current situation, the mind must have been greatly eroded. Even considering the limitations of the human world, demons have good physical strength, but because of this, they cannot utilize that good physical strength properly.

Deon, who was glaring angrily at the forest with his arms crossed and flicking an unlit cigarette in his mouth, gave an order as if chewing.

“Retreat to the outside of the forest.”

“yes?”

“Beware of surprise attacks from the rear.”

You’ve come this far, taking the damage, but you’re leaving without gaining anything.

We cannot even guarantee that the enemy will not launch a surprise attack during our retreat. For now, doesn’t the retreat order include the words ‘beware of surprise attacks from the rear’?

Since it is an order from the general commander, it is right to follow it... but

the generals hesitate, concerned that the soldiers’ morale will fall. Deon immediately reacted sharply.

“It seems like my words don’t even sound like words. “You know what happens if you disobey your superiors’ orders in war.”

“no!”

“Change direction! Retreat to the outside of the forest!”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 174**

174. To win,

no matter how demons may be, humans have a line that they instinctively try to protect even during war.

Examples include the reluctance to stab an enemy's eye so deeply that it penetrates the brain, or the tendency to refrain from setting fire to a mountain in order to win.

Obviously, to win, it's easy to poke people in the eye. Even if it doesn't reach the brain, it would be beneficial because it can take away the opponent's eyesight, but it still targets the neck or heart.

'The same goes for forest fires.'

In war, conscience determines victory or defeat. Those who adhere to the minimum principles and those who put aside such things and focus only on winning. It was natural that the latter would be easier to win.

Deon Hardt was not defeated. It wasn't like I gave up.

just.

"They're going to set fire to the mountain, but if we're there, it's just like committing suicide."

I just thought.

Enemies make great use of the terrain feature called 'forest'. As demons who are not accustomed to the forest environment, they have no choice but to be helpless.

There I suddenly realized something.

'Yes...'

—Demons live in a world where there are not many decent plants.

'So let's just burn it all down.'

I know that the reason demons covet the human world is because of the 'sun', not 'plants'.

Of course, Hien's goal may be plants, but...

'They are demons that live for a long time anyway, so they will be able to recover before they die.'

If we win the war and take over the entire human world, we won't have to wait for recovery and will just have to look at plants in other areas.

Whether the humans hiding in that forest burn to death or suffocate to death is none of my business. What you need to focus on is their suspicious behavior that keeps taking time and getting to the castle walls while minimizing damage before any action is taken.

"It's a nice day."

"...yes?"

"It's a dry fall, so it's a great day to start a fire."



So he calmly gave the command.

“Burn everything that gets in the way of the advance.”

These words were also passed down to demons who were fighting in other areas.

Feeling the shame of being tied down by humans and the stress of the battle itself, they had no hesitation in using fire as a method. Soon, reports began to come in about flames rising from all over the continent.

Deon, who had received reports that the revolutionary army, which was standing in a makeshift camp outside the forest and facing off, burned it along with the landmarks out of frustration, abandoned a village, retreated, and burned it down out of fear that other humans would use it, Deon said that the village where he had previously met the shaman Ran gave orders. I tilted my head when I heard that it had already been burned before the fire.

My eyes turned to Dan, who was standing on one side.

“Why are you doing that?”

“Nothing.”

It would have been a village with no one since everyone had left anyway.

Should I say that revenge is certain or should I say that it is just a needless anger outburst?

In any case, since it was none of his business, Deon lost interest and left the military camp. A forest engulfed in red flames filled my vision.

‘Considering the size of the forest... it will take quite some time to burn it all down.’

There will be work to keep the fire from going out...

I’ll have to spend some time here for a while until the forest burns down.

It was just yesterday that I thought...

Deon slightly widened his eyes and looked at the communication table as if he could not believe his ears. A shaky voice suddenly came out.

“So what about the Fairy King?”

– Immediately... stop burning the forests of the human world...

Ed’s rare, hesitant voice filled the military tent. Deon was so dumbfounded that he let out a laugh.

‘Whose will it be?’

What authority does the head of a race that is neither a demon nor a participant in the war have to intervene and argue?

The cry of “stop talking nonsense” rose to the tip of my tongue. For reasons of dignity, I couldn’t spit it out raw. As I was about to purify it and say it out loud, a thought suddenly crossed my mind.

– ...Deon?

“....”

– Deon, are you okay?

“What did you say you would do if I didn’t set the fire?”

- yes?

The Fairy King has power.

At least they would have the authority to export some of the fairy herbs.

I remembered the report I received from Dan.

‘The top of the group is steadily increasing its influence by distributing amulets.’

However, I heard that it is difficult to completely swallow the floor with just that.

I thought about distributing some of the magic stones, but it was blocked due to the Demon King’s opposition, and there were things I had to focus on right now, so I put it off...

Deon slowly raised the corner of his mouth.

“Tell the fairy king. “Can I take that statement as a ‘trade request’?”

I don’t wonder what the Fairy King was thinking when he said those words. No, actually, I have some doubts, but I have no intention of asking or digging into it.

If you can use this to your advantage, that’s fine.

- ...All right.

After hesitating as if he didn’t have the confidence to confidently convey those words to the head of a tribe, the solemn voice returned for a moment.

Deon added calmly.

“Oh, and don’t forget to tell them that we will continue to burn the forest until a ‘deal’ is made.”

– yes.

\*\*\*

The call came quickly.

Contrary to Deon’s expectations of a tiring battle of wits, the arrogant leader of the fairies calmly threw the matter away as soon as he was contacted.

[What do you want?]

[Fairy herb.]

I’m just grateful that you came out without getting tired.

Deon didn’t say anything else and gave his answer directly. I knew what kind of response I would get if I closed my mouth like this, so I continued speaking without waiting for the other person’s answer, preventing any backlash that would come out.

[I’m not asking for much. A human who follows me runs a business, and I would like to supply a small amount of medicinal herbs there on a regular basis.] In

the first place, even if it was possible to distribute magic stones or fairy herbs, I had no intention of releasing them in large quantities. A monopoly system that releases limited quantities will help strengthen the influence of the top, but if released in large quantities, the power of the human world,

which must be swallowed up before the influence is strengthened, will be greatly strengthened.

Since this was to strengthen influence to make it easier to occupy the human world, there should not be a situation where the main character and the customer are overturned.

[A small amount?]

[It would be an amount that would be undetectable to your fairy race.]

[....]

[I didn't ask you, 'Why we shouldn't burn the forests of the human world.' I won't ask again in the future.]

It was a subtle pressure disguised as consideration.

Deon wanted to end this sluggish situation as quickly as possible. If the deal goes through and we stop burning the forest, we have to quickly find another way to use it.

That's why I read the opponent's hesitation and pull out a card I'm not sure about. If the Fairy King had come forward for a trivial reason, such as being interested in the plants of the human world, it would have been a meaningless remark, but Deon remembered him from a brief encounter in the past.

'I'm not a person so light that I directly go into the affairs of other races and sanction them for trivial reasons.'

There must be some important reason.

[The forest is still burning. What would you do?]

[...Let's discuss the exact amount of herbs that must be delivered and the standard for 'regularity'.]

As expected.

A positive answer came back.

Half of the forest was burned. The surrounding area, which used to be as bright as a sunset even in the middle of the night, is now covered with black smoke even in broad daylight, with ash falling occasionally. Among the ash falling like snow, the Demon King's army was preparing a temporary camp on the black land that had become a plain, with the burnt and unburned parts of the forest as the boundary.

The military tent was made simpler than before by order of Deon.

[This time, we plan to move without taking too long of a break.]

There is no need to put any effort into installing it.

And now Deon is welcoming a man with a faint smile. Unlike the drawn-up corners of the mouth, the red eyes had a mysterious glow, as if the emotions were new.

"Welcome, Hien."

"It's been a while, Deon. "I'm glad you invited me!"

I emphasize again that enemies utilize the geographical feature called the forest. In other words, it means using all kinds of plants as cover.

And Hien is a gardener who deals with man-eating plants. If you replace their cover with man-eating plants, you will be able to take down the intruders without much trouble. Who would think that cover would eat them?

I never thought Hien would be of help. Even dog poop is sometimes used in medicine. Deon smiled faintly.

‘More than that...’

I gasped.

The monster in Hien’s arms cried as if greeting him.

In addition to the somewhat familiar shape, Deon’s expression fell as he heard a cry that was similar to a strange plant he had passed by in the past.

“...What is that?”

“I came across a flower from the human world and injected it with magical power! Something similar to the seed child that Deon gave me before was created. It seems that the seeds you gave me back then were seeds of the human world!”

“Fuck you!”

I raised my eyebrows at the sound that echoed in response.

That’s right, that guy was ‘squeaking’ and this guy is ‘squeezing’...

If you look closely, he looks a little different. At that time, that guy had a shape based on a ‘rose’ and was dark red in color, but no matter how you look at it, this guy seems to be

based on a rose, both in shape and color, which is black and purple.

Nevertheless, Deon tilted his head at the familiar shape.

‘Where did I see this?’

...ah.

‘By the window in my room.’

I am certain that he turned into something strange because he was injected with magical power. That shape is based on the shape of the flowers in the vase I placed by the window in my room.

I heard that he found it while coming, but...

I lowered my voice as I thought about what might have happened.

“It looks like the same type of flower on the window in my room...”

“Yes, that’s right! On my way, I found it blooming in the field! As soon as I saw it, I remembered that it was Deon’s favorite flower. “I thought you might need some guard plants too...!”

“...done.”

As long as you don’t touch the flowers in my room, I’m not interested. There is no need for guard plants or anything like that.

Just as Deon was about to get to the point, Hien, who muttered something regretful, shouted as if something occurred to him.



“In the human world, there is also something called the language of flowers. So I did some research! Of course, I started by learning the language of the flower that Deon liked!”

be not interested in.

I’m not interested... Still, Deon kept his mouth shut and waited for his next words.

“I don’t know if it’s for sure, but I heard it means something like ‘youth without regrets’ or ‘I’ll wait for you.’”

“...I see.”

There wasn’t much inspiration.

With the thought that he had learned something new, Deon thought of the shape of a flower near the window of his room, tried to guess whether the flower language matched the shape, and got to the point with a deadpan expression without much success.

“You have work to do.”

I had already forgotten about the language of flowers.

\*\*\*

There was just one day when demons ran around the forest like crazy.

To the dismay of the humans who were lurking and watching, they ran around the forest without stopping for even a moment, and at some point, they left as quickly as they had entered.

Because of their quick actions, there was no significant battle, so there was no damage, but despite their initial ridicule, the humans began to experience nightmarish phenomena after that.

The hidden colleagues disappear one by one.

I couldn't figure out the cause at all.

At some point, contact is cut off and when you go there, the person has disappeared from wherever they came. Due to the repetition of the terrifying situation, the morale of our troops rapidly declined and they were now crawling along the floor.

Margrave Amiable, who had arrived at Miller's territory and was commanding the troops, reported this strange situation to the emperor without being able to resolve it.

"...A plant-type monster."

The emperor answered immediately.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 175**

175. For Victory (2)

There was a unique monster that Deonhardt caught during the hunting competition. It's probably that type. The demons must have released plant-type monsters into the forest.

Fortunately, the Emperor at that time received advice from Deonhardt on how to deal with it.

"I could convey it in writing, but that would take too long..."

There is no way to deal with it anyway.

It's as simple as cutting the connection between the part that looks like the mouth that eats people and the roots, or setting it with fire or burning it since the root is a plant.

Since they look distinctly different from regular plants, you don't need to know how to tell them apart, you just need to look carefully.

'Actually, I'd like to at least send hero candidates to support them.'

In an old book that records the history of the war against demons, it is said that the restrictions of demons disappear when dealing with warriors or their fragments. Of course,

‘restrictions’ and ‘suppression’ are different, so the ‘magic suppressing forces’ installed in each castle will function, but they will not be able to suppress the physical abilities of the demons.

A clash between a demon who can use all his original power and a hero candidate with fragments of a hero. It was clear that the surrounding area would be devastated before even assessing the possibility of victory or defeat, so the emperor boldly chose to send them to a place other than Miller.

‘So all I can do now is pass on information.’

Since it was too embarrassing to convey the message in writing, the emperor picked up the communication phone connected to the Margrave Amiable without hesitation.

\*\*\*

Seeds infused with magical energy were sown in the forest.

As expected from the plants of the Demon World, they grew rapidly in just one day, blended in with the plants in the forest, and devoured or captured humans lurking in the forest and made them prisoners.

‘Of course, it seemed like they found a way to deal with it, but the effect was greatly reduced after a while.’

Still, this is a good save.

Above all, Deon watched them advancing with satisfaction as they would soon arrive in front of the castle walls.

Although the frequency has decreased significantly, we still have to deal with and clear away the occasional raiders. Finally, the walls of Miller’s territory come into view.

As we go a little further, the trees that were blocking part of the view are cleared away and the view becomes wide open. And at the sight that unfolded before his eyes, which were hidden by the trees, Deon let out an exasperated laugh.

“I never thought you would personally come out to meet me like this.”

The Margrave Amiable’s troops were encamped in front of the castle.

I expected a siege, but this will turn into a hand-to-hand combat. After thinking about it for a moment, Deon was able to understand why he was wondering what he was thinking about fighting in hand-to-hand combat against demons.

‘The plan is probably to push us, who are exhausted after coming through the forest to deal with the surprise attack, without any rest.’

If it had been before they burned down the forest, or if they hadn’t thought of using man-eating plants, it probably would have gone as they thought... but it was a

light sneer. At the same time, a voice filled with cold derision was thrown towards the general who was following.

“You can fight right now, right?”

“Of course it is possible.”

“good.”

Because we expected a siege, we deliberately did not call in the crazy dogs, which are highly effective in close combat,

but it doesn't matter. Because there was a strategy that I wanted to use the most that I read in the book.

A famous strategy that was also used in Dan and Chess.

Deon was happy to give instructions.

"Towards the shield soldier."

\*\*\*

For quick mobility, human troops consisting only of cavalry charge.

As if responding, the Demon Shield Soldiers stood in front and the Spear Soldiers stood behind them. The cavalry, which was riding on a horse from the human world, was moving to one side, probably because it had been captured during the advance.

It was a movement so fast that it was admirable, but the Margrave Amiable, who was watching all this from the human side, especially from the castle wall, could not help but harden his expression.

"Get out to 3 o'clock right now!"

I hurriedly shouted into the communicator that was always on to quickly issue orders. The charging cavalry suddenly changed direction and retreated into an empty space. However, the demons' movement was faster than expected.

The rear was suddenly swallowed up by the encirclement. The monster's mouth closes, and those trapped inside its mouth die helplessly. The Margrave closed his eyes tightly.

Anyone interested in strategy cannot fail to know this.

‘Hammer and anvil.’

A strategy in which infantry stands in front while highly mobile cavalry surrounds and annihilates the surrounded enemy.

Anger soared.

He was not angry at his own incompetence after being subjected to a famous and well-known strategy. Who knew that demons could move so quickly? but.

“What does the author... think about war?”

I was enraged by the actions of the opponent who was lightly teasing the troops as if they were enjoying a game.

There is no way the author does not know that the commander is observing everything from the castle walls. Considering their not-so-stupid remarks and actions, they probably expected that they would realize what their strategy was as soon as the troops moved. Nevertheless, the reason for moving the troops in such a way is...

‘I just wanted to give it a try.’

Yes, I felt exactly that way. Tender Amiable gritted his teeth.

Do you think this is some kind of chess? The lives of countless people depend on a commander’s decision. I thought my first impression at the hunting competition was that it was normal, contrary to rumors, but it seems it was just a mask.

He commanded softly into the communicator.

“...Return to the castle. “We are entering a defensive battle.”

Contrary to expectations, the demons did not get tired and this method failed.

It was time to enter a proper water battle.

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I expected it, but it also failed.

Before completely surrounding the enemy, the human cavalry escaped through an unclosed gap as if the commander watching from above had noticed and issued an order. They said it swallowed the rear end, but that was all.

While the demons annihilated the humans who had entered the siege and reorganized their formation, they entered the castle and locked the door tightly. Deon chuckled as he felt a strong determination to enter the defensive battle.

“Here, it would be better to push back by force.”

You can deal with it with a lot of effort, but there is no need to go around something that can be completed without taking a long time. Deon lifted up the communication table.

....

– I’m sorry, but I would like you to refrain from using the Legion. Is 0 Corps alone not enough?

Contrary to expectations, the word of rejection came back. Deon frowned at the troubled voice.

“...Can I ask why?”



If there is no justifiable reason, this is a breach of contract.

Deonhardt asked to completely destroy the empire in exchange for helping the Demon King conquer the human world. Although a contract and a seal were not exchanged, this is a clear contract, so it would be right not to at least refuse this request.

The Demon King read this expression through the communication table and scratched his cheek.

“The birth of demons has decreased, but the number of monsters has increased significantly.”

- ....

Actually, I know why this situation unfolded.

After 90% of magical power was consumed to save Deon Hart, the number of demons and demons born from the demon king's power decreased.

It was said that the number of demons and demons 'born from the power of the demon king' has decreased. Unfortunately, demons cannot reproduce, but monsters can.

Unlike 'normal' demons, demons are 'errors.'

“Furthermore, the emperor sent an army of hero candidates to the border. “I think we need to refrain from wasting the corps in order to prevent them from trying to break in and prepare for unexpected situations.”

At the border, no one else but 'those with warrior fragments' appeared.

The moment he heard the news, the Demon King was convinced that the emperor knew about the 'constraints' matter. It was probably written in the old book I saw at that time. Otherwise, there would be no reason to send that good power here instead of using it to protect the empire.

The fragments of the demon and hero of this skill were attached. It looks like he possesses a magic suppression amulet, but it doesn't matter because the strength of demons is not determined simply by 'magic' alone. Trover, who cannot use magic right now, is also sitting in the position of commander of the 9th Corps, so what does that have to do with it?

'The emperor knows this, so he probably sent it here on purpose.'

The stage of the battle, which would cause great damage to the surrounding area, was changed to the border rather than the empire, and the main power of the demons was tied up.

Of course, if you are dealing with small pieces, that is, ordinary demon soldiers, you can deal with them as much as you like without causing damage to those around you, but in the current situation, you cannot waste advanced power on such things, and the hero candidates are better suited to dealing with strong demons rather than dealing with small pieces. Because it works better.

It seemed like he put a lot of thought into it.

- You didn't plan on leaning too much on this anyway, right?

Deon was silent for a moment at the sly voice that did not hide his laughter.

“...All right.”

If this happens, I need to quickly find another way. I didn't feel the need to hold the communication table any longer, so I hung up with only formal courtesy.

I closed my eyes and was lost in thought.

As the general commander, Deon constantly receives information about the human world, especially the empire, from Develania and Idelia. Among them, I remembered the information that I received recently.

‘The emperor is using a private army of nobles.’

I heard that even the minimum number of private soldiers to protect the territory has been completely withdrawn and used.

Of course, it is being used to protect the nobles' fiefdoms to minimize backlash, but I think they said that most of the troops are currently here in Miller's fiefdom for support, so there are quite a few complaints from the nobles.

‘In this situation, if demons appear in a completely different territory....’

In a situation where the troops were mainly deployed to the territory near the border and the majority of the troops were concentrated in the Miller territory, it was neither the Miller territory nor the territory near the border, but a completely different territory. What if a demon appears somewhere?

‘The nobles must be quite annoying.’

The emperor will remove some of the overloaded troops here and send support there.

...Okay, I've decided.

"step."

"Did you call me?"

Dan, who was waiting nearby, approached as if he had been waiting.

Deon patted his thigh, looked at him, and then slowly asked a question.

"It must have grown significantly by distributing fairy herbs."

"Yes, it became very famous. "It has become so powerful that it can take revenge by trampling on the upper part of the low-fell that used to be a nuisance."

I remembered that until now and then took revenge.

Deon's eyes cooled for a moment due to his surprisingly poor and good memory, but then he opened his mouth again.

"Have you been receiving calls from all over the place?"

"Of course a lot comes in. Is there anyone I need to contact?"

"King of Rweche."

"Oh...."

Contrary to the lightly thrown words, the content is not a joke.

Dan opened and closed his mouth for a moment, searching his mind as if he had been startled at some point. Have you ever received communication from the royal family of Rweche?

“...Unfortunately, there is none. But I don’t think I will refuse you if I come to you.”

Perhaps he was so out of his mind with the grief of losing his younger brother that he didn’t even think about this.

If the owner of the merchant who distributes mysterious herbs comes to visit, he will definitely want to meet you. Maybe he would ask if there was a herb that could bring his dead brother back to life.

Deon also nodded his head in agreement and commanded.

“Go to the king of Rweche...”

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The alliance was broken, and the Demon King’s army does not touch Rweche.

The king of Rweche, who had nothing else to worry about, was living in a state of sorrow without any worries.

His aides advised him to take care of national affairs, but how can he quickly escape the sorrow of losing his family? He could not easily shake off the ghost of his younger brother and stand up.

As I was losing motivation day after day, I received a request for an audience with someone. The king, who had become sharp enough, immediately reacted sensitively.

“I would have definitely told you to decline all requests for an audience.”

“I asked because it was a request for an audience with the head of the Dan Sangang, not another noble. sorry. “I refuse.”

“...Wait, the top of the den?”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 176**

176. For victory (3)

The king raised his head and looked at his opponent.

Because of the location, news continued to flow in even while living in sorrow. That's why I couldn't have known.

Isn't this the top company that has solidified its position by distributing unprecedented mysterious herbs?

'They say it has incredible benefits, including immediate healing of wounds.'

At first glance, I heard that they even reattached a severed arm.

'Then... then...'

Wouldn't it be possible to save my younger brother?

Reason, paralyzed by sadness, dreams of vain hope. Even though he knew the truth, the king gave permission instead of refusal.

"I will meet you. "Let them in."

....

The man named Sang Sang-ju was covering his face. If it had been anyone else, they wouldn't have dared to endure the rudeness of covering their faces in front of the king and would have kicked them out, but since it was this person who was immediately disappointed, the king let his luck go without much comment.

"Considering the situation at the top of the den, it must be a busy time right now. "What's going on with the merchant at the top?"

The man answered politely.

"We would like to seek permission to establish a branch in Rweche."

"Wouldn't it be okay to apply for something like that separately?"

"The process took too long to do so, so I had no choice but to request it at the risk of being rude."

The man laughs cheerfully, saying that he had no choice but to hurry because the situation was so bad that he didn't know what would happen next.

The King looked at him for a moment and then nodded.

"I will allow it. "If you are a branch of the top of the den, you are welcome here."

"thank you."

The man bows deeply. The King roughly nodded his head in greeting and then stated the main reason for granting an audience.



“I have more questions than that.”

“Please speak. “If I know anything, I will answer with all my sincerity.”

“...among your mysterious herbs...are there any that can revive the dead?”

It was a voice that clearly conveyed hesitation and tension, which was not typical of a king.

Dan looked at him and slightly raised the corner of his mouth. Unlike the raised corners of his mouth, the voice that came out of his mouth clearly contained regret.

“Sadly, no.”

“Ah... I see...”

A deep sense of resignation is evident in his downcast eyes.

There was a short silence. Dan, who was silent for a moment, rolled his eyes, looked around, and spoke carefully.

“I heard about the general. “I’m sorry.”

“!”

I was shocked for a moment.

“Okay...”

The weak voice returned.

Fortunately, he’s not angry. Directly mentioning the death of a loved one, even if it is comforting, can be an act of opening up wounds. Therefore, he was prepared for a sensitive reaction, but Dan’s mild reaction was completely

different from what he expected, whether he was tired or resigned, and he cautiously continued speaking, looking carefully at his eyes.

“You must be very angry with the empire.”

“....”

“Well, even though I knew that there was a border in the Taehon Kingdom, I kept silent, so it would be strange not to do so.”

“...what?”

The King raised his head.

His eyes shined brightly as he looked straight at Dan, who was tilting his head as if he knew nothing.

“What did you just say?”

“You knew that there was a border in the Taehon Kingdom, but you kept silent... Did you really not know?”

“....”

“I’m sorry. Please ignore what I just said as if you didn’t hear it. Even if it wasn’t, it would be complicated...”

“You.”

The slow voice continued as if applying pressure.

“What do you want from me?”

“What are you talking about...”

“Don’t look down on the king. Even though he looks like this, he is in charge of a country. Do you really think he would be oblivious?”

The king is a position where one must learn a lot, take responsibility, and fight.

A person who has to deal with nobles on the inside and foreign countries on the outside, and protect the royal authority and people, cannot be dull in their tact.

Sometimes there were people who couldn’t do that, but those people were always dragged down by someone else and miserably disappeared into the back of history.

“There’s no way he came here in person just for the sake of the branch. So tell me openly. “What do you want from me?”

“ ....”

Dan rolled his eyes.

It would be best if the King of Rweche, who was fooled by his words, became angry and attacked the empire, causing chaos in the human world... “I

have heard information that you have ties to Deon Hart. I’m sorry if you wanted me to be on the side of the demons. Regardless of my ill feelings toward the empire, I already promised that I would not stand on its side.”

Judging from that attitude, it seems difficult.

Well, I didn’t expect much to begin with. Dan calmly joked and asked, “What kind of scary words are you talking about?”

“I just need you to close your eyes for a moment.”

Just as long as the demons are moving through Rweche to one part of the empire.

It's not a large-scale movement, so if we just help the King a little, we won't be caught by other humans.

“Please close your eyes.”

“I'm not siding with the demon world, I'm just closing my eyes. “There will be no harm to Rweche.”

“....”

I was lost in thought for a moment while rubbing my chin.

“...Let's go back to the conversation from a little while ago. Did the emperor really know that there was a border in the Taihon Kingdom?”

Dan smiled slightly at the implicit affirmation.

Why should I lie about how safe it is? In fact, it was Taehonguk's fault for not informing the empire of the existence of the boundary line before blaming the empire, but it was better not to say anything, so he remained silent.

“Yes, I'll wear my top too if you need it.”

“...That's it.”

A little while after the two met, demons began to appear near the Lofell territory in a southern part of the empire near Rweche.

Demons had appeared in a territory that even the emperor had neglected to protect because it was not related to the

border.

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I heard that Dan Danang has expanded its presence by distributing mysterious herbs that have never been seen in the human world in addition to amulets. With the size he has grown in that way, he is weighing down those at the top who kept him in check in the past.

Moreover, due to some kind of bad news, there was news that demons had appeared in the relatively safe Lofell territory in the south.

Stigma, who was extermination of the Barbai tribe in the south, learned of this fact only after hearing that they had finally contacted me and laughed at it to the fullest.

It was really funny.

“They said I was a disgrace to the family, but it looks good. “Now that those numbers have disappeared, it should be good.”

The Empire’s second hero, Stigma Primiro.

Former name: Stigma Rowfel.

A dirty bastard who is a shame, a stain, and an obstacle to the Rowfel family.

When they throw me on the battlefield and tell me to die quickly, it becomes dangerous at any moment, so it is truly laughable that they are looking for me by mentioning blood. He raised his head and spoke without erasing the sneer from his mouth.

“I would have told you to ignore their contacts. “For the news about the Rowfel family, news of their extinction is enough.”

“All right. sorry.”

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The emperor deployed the nobles’ private armies mainly to the fiefdoms near the border, and after minimal distribution, poured most of the remaining troops into the Miller fiefdom.

In other words, almost no troops were deployed to territory located in a relatively safe location far from the border line.

In that situation, what would be the reaction since a demon appeared?

“Your Majesty, this is proof that a safe territory does not exist. This means that not only the territory near the border but also the territory of the minor gods need defenses so that they can respond to any demons that appear at any time. However, His Majesty has taken away his private army, so that is impossible. We ask that you please return our troops so we can defend ourselves.”

There was clearly no border there, but the demons appeared without any warning. It was understandable that I was anxious.

‘What did they do?’

The emperor was lost in thought.

Did you use some magic? In fact, a camp that suppresses the use of magic is installed around each castle. The use of

magic was fully possible as long as it did not cover the entire region of the empire.

A fishy, bloody smell stings my nose. Seeing that the nobles didn't react at all, this must be some kind of hallucination that only I can see and feel. The emperor gently clenched and unclenched his fists to hold onto the shaking reason.

'What is the probability that it will continue to move like this in the future?'

Regardless of whether magic or any other method was used, large-scale movement would be impossible given that only a small number of people appeared.

'...Yes, only a few people appeared.'

A movement that does not inflict minor attacks.

Key words are floating around in my head. Before long, the emperor was able to combine the given information and come up with a single answer.

I opened my mouth slowly.

"This is..."

"It's an imaginary number."

"...."

A soft but not small voice caught people's attention.

Even the emperor, who was crying, kept his mouth shut and looked at the duke, while he widened his eyes amidst the gazes of many people. A relaxed voice brightened the atmosphere.

“Please calm down and look at the situation again. What was discovered were a small number of demons. “A large number of troops have moved and some of them have been discovered, but they have not yet launched an attack.”

“...ah.”

“It’s an imaginary number meant to destabilize and shake up the empire. “The demons probably hoped for the current situation.”

If the emperor, who could not overcome the nobles’ sanctification, redistributed troops to all territories or returned private soldiers, it would have been the best situation the demons had hoped for.

The purple eyes do not hide their pitiful look and look at the people who were making a fuss.

Some people flinched and calmed down, and the room, which had been noisy due to anxiety, calmed down.

“I don’t know what method was used, but it is probably a method that would make mass movement impossible. “If large-scale movement had been possible, each territory, including the Lowfel territory, would have been swept long ago.”

Viscount Loufell’s complexion turned pale.

The duke grinned without even looking at him.

“So, calm down. “You can’t let the demons do what they want.”

“But...”



Viscount Lowfel hesitated, as if he wanted to refute. The emperor, who was watching the situation there, came forward.

Thanks to the duke's explanation of everything, all we have to do is come to a conclusion without having to say anything that hurts our mouths. He glanced at the Duke, then casually turned his gaze to Viscount Loufell and said,

"First of all, it is true that the demons have been confirmed, so let's send support to the Rowfell territory. The same goes for nearby estates. But I think we've gone too far in returning the private soldiers."

That's probably what the demon world wants.

Looking around the audience, who had become quiet as if they had nothing more to say, the emperor thought about what to do with the Miller territory, which would become unstable after withdrawing some of its troops.

We are in a situation where we cannot withdraw troops from other places and send them support. Because they sent almost all of their troops there, with only a minimal amount of troops already deployed elsewhere.

'...I guess I'll have to send support to the remaining knights before Stigma Primiro heads south.'

Since I don't have time, I have to quit this position and move right away.

\*\*\*

Let's build a mountain.

It is said that some of the troops stationed in Miller's territory were reduced to support Roufell, but that is all. In any case, holding on to the castle was the same, so Deon had to think of a way to get in beyond the castle walls.

So the conclusion arrived at.

"It's a good environment for shoveling dirt."

There is a forest behind.

Deon, putting a lit cigarette on his thigh belt, slowly took out a black handkerchief and turned around.

"I'm going to go in and rest for a bit, so you can build a mountain in the meantime."

Oh, of course, but don't forget to have security around you.

With a simple word from the commander, mountains began to move.

Demons carry dirt. The Margrave of Amiable sensed Deon Hardt's thoughts as soon as he saw the dirt beginning to pile up in front of the castle walls.

"I'm thinking of climbing over the wall by building a mountain."

Of course, I have no intention of just watching.

The Margrave ordered softly as he looked at the dirt that was quickly piling up.

"Prepare the archers. And call the Primiro Knights who arrived a little while ago."

Building a mountain is a task that takes a considerable amount of time even without interruption.

If you add interference, how much time will it take?

‘It’s very good for those who have to wait as long as possible.’

If you’re lucky, you might be able to succeed in the water battle.

Tender Amiable looked down with stern eyes.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 177**

177. For victory (4)

It rains arrows. The demons who had been punished while carrying dirt were left confused and confused, and a group of knights rode out on horseback through the slightly opened castle gate.

The horse's hooves rush towards the defenseless demons, shaking up the dirt that has not yet been compacted. Even though the opponents were not humans but demons, they charged in fiercely without any hesitation, like wild beasts with their leashes released, aiming for their

prey. Suddenly.

The results were consistent with my confidence.

The head of a demon rolled on the dirt.

....

After leaving the Demon King's Castle, I started having nightmares again. Because of that, I began to lack even more sleep.

'Maybe that's why I rarely coughed up blood.'

The frequency has decreased to the point where it can almost be said to not be done anymore.

‘I thought lack of sleep was the culprit, so I tried to rest for a while.’

He leisurely folded the black handkerchief, put it in his arms, and raised his head. Deon folded his arms and laughed as if he was taken aback by the newly gruesome scene.

“If you take your eyes off it for a moment, it looks like this and you won’t be able to rest properly.”

“...sorry.”

“What did the guard do? “You would have seen the sight of an arrow being aimed from the castle wall even if you didn’t have to pay close attention.”

“He did his job.”

The guards steadily reported that the enemies were aiming arrows from the castle walls. The problem was the subsequent response.

Deon sighed after hearing the whole story.

“I don’t know where to start.”

I know that it is awkward because it is my first time building a mountain, and I understand that those who move to build it will be defenseless, so I understand some level of damage.

Even after listening to the explanation, the knights who came out for the surprise attack seemed like the knights of

Stigma Primiro. It's not that strange for them to be attacked, but...

'Still, I told you to place guards around those who build the mountain to prepare for such a surprise attack.'

There are a lot of things to point out, but Deon decided to point out the most important one.

"There is no need to build the mountain yourself."

"yes?"

"We have prisoners."

If shooting arrows and attacking people is a problem, just stop them from doing so.

Coincidentally, we have a prisoner captured by a man-eating plant. As expected of those who were shooting in the forest, they seemed to be in very good physical condition.

How about using those guys to build a mountain?

'Will I really be able to shoot an arrow at my colleagues? Or, before that, could Tender Amiable give an order to kill his men?'

Deon remembered the Margrave Amiable who had a war of words with Stigma during the hunting competition. I was quite impressed by the fact that they defended the Barbai people by saying that they were also human beings. Could such a person really kill people from the same empire?

'Even if we kill or not kill, this side has nothing to lose.'

If you kill it, you can use it as it is. If you don't kill it, you can use it as is.

‘It may take some time to complete the mountain, but...’

I can’t think of a better way than this, so what can I do?

Well, it’s okay. It was nothing new for him as he had been living with limitations since he was born. Instead of lamenting the limitations of his brain, Deon gave an order.

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Soil is piled up in front of the castle wall.

Unlike before, the person who built it was not a demon.

“They...”

Those who were once colleagues are there. Someone groaned. Those who had predicted the move to build a mountain again and were preparing with their bows in hand raised their eyes in confusion and saw their commander.

Margrave Amiable gritted his teeth at the earnest gaze directed at him as if waiting for an answer.

‘Damn you.’

How can you think like that and put it into practice?

I saw people being pushed onto their backs to build a mountain. I know that I have no choice but to move when my life is threatened. In a world where there are many people who have committed sins, it may be embarrassing to even call it a sin, but...

‘It must be killed.’

You can’t just open your eyes and watch the mountains pile up. There is no other way to stop it. He had a duty to carry

out the orders given by His Majesty.

The hesitation was short. Although he was soft, he was a strict margrave in charge of the border, so he suppressed his bleeding emotions and calmly issued orders.

Ordering his subordinates to kill those who were once his colleagues.

“Raise your bow.”

“...!”

There was a stir.

Most people look back at the owner of the voice as if in shock, and some look down with trembling eyes. Very few people hesitated and raised their bows.

Tender Amiable saw this and raised his voice.

“Raise your bow!”

Some of those who were looking at the commander turned their heads and looked down. The voice continued as anyone could see hesitation.

“If we don’t kill them, the demons will eventually overtake this castle! Then your spouses, children, and other precious people will be trampled and trampled by those bastards!”

The gazes towards the commander disappeared one by one. The number of people looking down increased, and more people than before took up bows.

“If we collapse, countless people will die! It’s not just the people of this territory who die. His Majesty designated this place as the final gateway to the capital! “If the demons



cross this area, so many people will die that they cannot even be compared to those you are afraid to aim your bows at!”

Now almost everyone has a bow. The eyes of the soldiers holding bows and arrows hardened.

“We must hold out here! Even if you can’t do it, you have to take as much time as possible! Pick up your bow and aim at them. Protest!”

The confusion subsides and a sense of solemnity lingers. The soldiers, who had made up their minds, hung arrows and marched. There were still some whose hands trembled as they aimed in the direction, but there were many who did not.

The moment the arrow was aimed at the colleagues who were once together, a loud sound of laughter rang out.

Tender Amiable kept his mouth shut.

‘...Because there is a jinn, it would be impossible to use magic near the castle walls.’

Were there exceptions to tools that could only be used directly and had magic engraved on them? Well, I guess that means you can use the communication seat.

Nervous eyes were focused on one place.

In the demon camp, a white-haired man was laughing maniacally, holding a magic stone in his hand that seemed to have been enchanted with a loudspeaker spell. As a result, the tension became even tighter, and he gradually stopped laughing. He rolled his red eyes as if he was going

crazy with joy and brought the magic stone close to his mouth.

– I knew that would happen. You hypocrite.

“....”

– Isn't it a bit much to abandon your hard-fought subordinates who aren't ordinary citizens of the empire?

How should I explain this feeling? I think I was a little disappointed.

I expected a little because he was a person who raised his voice against the stigma and stood up for other tribes just because he was a fellow human being. In the end, the choice is to abandon them.

Of course, when you think about it rationally, it is true that it is the right decision. He is truly an example of a great commander who does not lose his cool in this situation and chooses the best option.

‘But do they think that way too?’

I glanced at the people who couldn't resist the pressure and were building a mountain.

An expression that clearly shows shock. Deon made an immediate decision. We need to let the soldiers on that wall move in to them.

Before I could think about how best to say it, a voice broke through the silence.

– From the moment they build a mountain, they are already traitors.

Although he didn't shout, and although the distance was considerable, the surroundings were abnormally quiet, so the sound was clearly transmitted to Deon.

'That's it.'

Wrong. The corners of his mouth went up.

'Instead of belittling him as a traitor, he should have been praised for dying with honor.'

What harm would there be in praising one's reputation?

I just laughed. In fact, I have never been in a happy mood until now, but I had to laugh to be more effective.

A voice filled with laughter grabbed the Margrave, who was a fairly trustworthy commander, by the collar and dragged him to the floor.

- There's no way he wouldn't know that he didn't do it because he wanted to. Not only are you trying to kill your subordinates, but now you are throwing your honor into the mud.

"...!"

At this rate, who would risk their life to fight?

The soldiers on the castle wall slowly lower their bows one by one. Margrave Amiable, who belatedly realized his mistake, frowned.

'So what do we do now?'

Due to his nature, could he make an example of someone by disobeying orders? Even if possible, you can't cut off

everyone's heads, so being so forceful isn't good in the long run.

Deon observed behavior that would lead to an interesting mind.

....

Funny enough, the crack was enough to collapse a castle.

If you look at it in black and white terms, Tender Amiable was a good type of person. This may be an advantage as an individual, but it can be seen as a disadvantage as a commander.

Even he himself was reluctant to aim arrows at his subordinates, but what could he do when even the soldiers under his command felt repulsed and showed signs of not wanting to follow him?

'Still, it was quite refreshing for a soft commander.'

Tender Amiable never collapsed into incompetence without being able to do this or that.

Instead of changing direction and preventing the earthen mountain from being built at all, he watched the earthen mountain being piled up, and when it was almost completely piled up, he connected the planks he had prepared in advance to the earthen mountain and went over to the station to attack.

The moment I thought I could do just a little more, boom! I was so surprised when I heard the soldiers coming over to this camp with a loud sound.

When I saw the Primiro Knights coming from the front, defeating the demons, I thought it was a dream.

‘I almost got the reverse.’

Because they were prisoners, they were unable to actively resist, so their passive movements were taken for granted. Moreover, who would have known that planks were being prepared behind the invisible walls of the castle?

When the castle was being completed, there were troops gathered on the nearby wall, but most of them were lowered and out of sight, and those who were not paid much attention because it seemed that they were only there to defend and keep in check the demons that would soon push in. didn’t

‘I would have been more suspicious if the troops had not gathered and it had been as usual.’

By subtly increasing the number of troops on standby.

If it had been a human-to-human fight, he would have definitely suffered even if the 0th Corps had not existed here.

At the very least, even if the soldiers who were not prisoners had been building the soil themselves, they would have definitely suffered. It must have been a surprise attack when his stamina was low.

Therefore, I salute you. I was held back here for a considerable amount of time, following your mindset that if you can’t stop it, you have to take the time.

‘Now I know why I was trying to waste time.’

When I entered the castle, there were no ordinary people other than soldiers. It was probably to buy them time to evacuate to another territory.

Deon held his sword without even closing his eyes and looked down at the dead Margrave's body as if it were engraved in his mind, then raised his head and walked away.

Every time I took a step, someone's body was kicked by my feet.

'The Primiro Knights... I'm sure you'll understand, too.'

Now it was time to move again.

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"Don't you like the food?"

The Emperor, who had been quietly looking down at the meat on his plate, raised his head at the soft voice. I made eye contact with the crown prince, who had worried eyes.

"I have no appetite. "Didn't I tell you to eat together with Alethea?"

I put down the silverware I was holding on the table. The prince's eyes followed the gesture and moved to the untouched meat.

The princess, who was cutting meat across from the prince, also glanced at the emperor's plate and looked worried, but when she noticed the emperor's appearance of wanting to ignore it, she pretended not to notice anything and fixed her eyes on her plate.

However, the crown prince did not just let it go. A stiff voice filled the wide space where there were only three people.

“...I heard you haven’t been eating well lately.”

“....”

“You’re almost starving.”

It was a question that was close to an interrogation, but the emperor was not angry.

In the end, I knew that he was acting because he was worried about me, so he just lowered his eyes lazily and pretended like nothing was wrong, thinking that he was glad that all the employees were left behind.

Usually, when things like this happen, I act adamantly and shake my head as if I can’t win, but this time it was different.

“Are your hallucinations getting worse?”

The princess raised her head in shock at the bold statement and heavy content. The knife that was supposed to cut the meat scratched the plate and made an unpleasant noise.

The Emperor, sensing that it was inevitable, slowly moved his lips.

“...No way.”

The black ghosts that were disturbing his vision actually got better. Instead—

the emperor glanced down.

“It’s just....”

“....”

“I just have no appetite because the bloody smell is lingering in my nose.”



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 178**

178. For you (1)

The crown prince, who was looking at the emperor suspiciously, noticed the meat at the end of his gaze and nodded as if he understood.

“Well, I heard that people who have been on the battlefield for a long time are sensitive to the smell of blood. “From now on, I’ll have to ask you to cook the meat thoroughly.”

“ .... ”

Well, that’s not the reason.

The Emperor quietly smiled at the Crown Prince, who frowned slightly, asking why he didn’t tell you sooner when he must have been very uncomfortable.

The crown prince blinks his eyes slowly, as if he has been resting for a while. After confirming that everyone, including the princess, had finished eating, the emperor rang the bell on one side of the table.

The dishes on the table were cleared and dessert was served.

The crown prince, who was watching all the employees who finished setting up and leaving without exception, opened

his mouth after checking that the door was closed.

Even so, it was impossible to bring up a heavy topic in front of the emperor, who rarely ate, so the question that had waited until dessert time was asked.

“I heard that the Barony of Miller has fallen. “The Margrave Amiable was killed in action.”

This is news delivered today. Soon even the nobles will hear it.

The emperor nodded, frowning slightly at the tiring situation already pictured in his mind.

“It did.”

“The Demon King’s army is probably still advancing toward the capital.”

“That’s also true.”

“But why did you do that?”

“what?”

The crown prince’s face was distorted in frustration.

“I’m saying, why are you all defeated when sending more troops to stop it won’t be enough?”

Do you know what the Emperor did while the Margrave of Amiable was wasting his time at Miller?

The plan was to evacuate all imperial citizens along the direct route from Miller to the capital.

That would have been understandable, but the next thing he did was to defeat the nobles and soldiers who were staying on that route, so the crown prince had no choice but to beat his chest.

Once we know their movement route, we should concentrate our troops on the expected route. What kind of nonsense is this? It was literally like opening a road to the capital.

“For now... let me just say that it is for the sake of transferring the capital.”

“...Did you say you were moving the capital? “In this situation?”

“Most preparations have already been completed.”

“No, it’s not something that can be resolved in a day or two, so when...”

“Well.”

The emperor slightly raised the corners of his mouth and clenched his chin crookedly. The prince and princess’ eyes narrowed when they noticed that they had no intention of answering, but they didn’t care.

If you ask me when I started preparing, it would be more accurate to say it was from the moment Deon Hardt came to me and poured out his resentment and left.

‘Of course, we were secretly preparing before that, but it was from then that it started in earnest.’

As an apology and a sign of respect for Cruel, the Emperor succeeded him and focused Deonhardt’s hatred on me. It

was easy to predict that Deonhardt, who harbored hatred for the Emperor, would completely side with the Demon World. In reality, it was like that.

It is right for the person concerned to reap the seeds they sow.

“Don’t worry, we’ve chosen the most suitable location considering the current situation. Of course, there is also a detached palace suitable for use as the main palace. “After the situation stabilizes, we can gradually expand.”

“That’s why I’m doing that...!”

“Although it is not as strong as Esperanes, it is a fairly strong fortress. “We have moved food and can do farming inside, so in the worst case scenario, we will be able to survive even if we are surrounded on all sides.”

The princess, feeling ominous, turned her head and looked at the emperor.

He felt a stinging gaze, but the emperor knew well how sharp her senses were, so he did not make eye contact with the princess and instead fixed his gaze firmly on the crown prince.

The crown prince, who had been listening to him with his eyes lowered as if lost in thought, asked a question softly without raising his head.

“When are you moving?”

“soon.”

“The current capital will be bait to buy time.”

“It will be empty when they arrive.”

“Still, it would be better to station troops in the middle to take the time in case their advance speed is faster than expected.”

“There were some stubborn people who refused to back down and stayed on the path. That’s enough, so I don’t want to make any more unnecessary sacrifices. “Isn’t this a situation where we need to conserve our troops more than anything else?”

“Isn’t it absurd to call that a military force? “What are you going to do if they come in before you can really move?”

You have a lot to worry about.

The emperor smiled softly.

“Of course, we are also preparing for that time. “There is nothing for you to worry about.”

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Tender Amiable collapsed and the Demon King’s army began to advance like crazy. It was meaningless to worry about whether to replenish the many troops lost in his last struggle, but the Demon King’s army advanced easily without a single worthy battle.

Every time I arrived, the castle was mostly empty without a single person. The gate was locked, but it wasn’t a problem because all you had to do was climb over the wall with a ladder and open it.

but.

'I feel uncomfortable.'

It's extremely uncomfortable.

Since they are heading to the capital, there must be strong resistance, so what on earth is their intention?

Deon frowned. Occasionally there were places where people remained, but even so, it wasn't that difficult to break through because it was a concept of 'remaining' rather than 'preparing'.

'Imaginary number? Is it a trap? Or did you give up because the Tender Amiable collapsed?'

I lifted the communication seat, but all I could tell was that it was empty from here on out. Even Develania said they were investigating the reason, so there was no way to know.

[More than that, have you met Deon yet?]

[Who?]

[Ah... I guess we haven't yet... Some crazy guy escaped to go to Deon.]

[....]

A little bit of the conversation that follows. Even though I got caught, I just ignored it and moved on with a bad feeling.

"Daeon, I can see the castle over there."

"...Oh already."

Before we knew it, we had arrived at the territory where the current Hart family head was staying. Deon looked up at the

familiar castle walls.

I have never been there in person because I am weak and cannot travel long distances, but I remember seeing it in pictures. The only thing the child saw was the family home where I lived, and he was fascinated by the beautiful villa drawn in detail.

Deon, who was fiddling with the corner of his mouth, slowly opened his mouth.

“...The head of the Hart family is staying here?”

“Yes, they say they are not running away and are staying here at the villa.”

“That’s really surprising.”

What was the name of this territory? While thinking meaningless thoughts, I walked slowly.

People’s eyes, startled by Deon’s sudden move forward alone, follow him. Dan, with his hand on the sword at his waist as if on guard, hurriedly approached the side.

“Master, if you take the risk of going out alone...”

“...I’ve thought about it before, but it seems like items with magic engraved on them can be used even in the Jin realm.”

Ed, the adjutant and deputy commander, is in charge of processing documents at the Demon King’s Castle and delivering important news within the Demon World.

Realizing the absence of the all-powerful man once again, Deon looked back at the unknown general of the Demon World who had followed him instead.

“Are there any items with teleportation magic engraved on them?”

“sorry. There is a limit to the magic an object can accept. Although magic stones are mainly used because they absorb magic the best, they also have limitations. That’s why we can only engrave small magic for daily convenience. “Teleportation is a high-level magic that is far beyond its scope.”

“I see.”

Well, I thought so. Since he didn’t have high expectations in the first place, Deon nodded calmly and took off again.

“Even though the head of the family is staying, I can’t see anyone on the castle wall...”

“It could be a master trap, so step back...”

“Well. “Rather than a trap, I’d rather bet that a small number of troops are guarding the villa where the head of the family is located.”

“Then, just like before, we can climb over the castle wall with a ladder and open the door. “But where are you going?”

“I thought I’d try opening the door myself this time.”

“...yes?”

Instead of answering the questions that came back as if he couldn’t believe his ears, he ordered the demons to stand by and continued on his way. Dan followed him, but Deon only glanced at him and did not separate him.



I reached there before I knew it and placed my hand on the brick next to the sturdy castle gate.

‘Second row from the bottom right of the voice gate.’

The orthodox Hart family, which has a long history, teaches its successors the secret passages to all the Hart territory’s territories and mansions from generation to generation.

Not to ‘direct descendants’, but only to ‘successors’.

It’s probably to protect the succession in the fight for the position of head of the family. Those aiming for the position of head of the family will usually be brothers or similar relatives.

Nevertheless, my father and older brother did not kick out the younger son who was snooping around the place of education. Instead, they pretended not to be the case and brought out another chair and proceeded with the class indifferently.

‘At the time, I thought they left him alone because he was a weak guy who wasn’t worth guarding against...’

My breath is suffocating as if a stone has been placed on my chest. Deon didn’t show anything and moved along the wall, counting the second row of bricks.

A throbbing pain continued in my chest as if a part of a rock had broken off and lodged itself in my heart.

‘He believed in me.’

They believed in me. No, beyond believing, I wanted to protect it.

Therefore, he broke the rule and taught the secret passage to his second son, who was not his successor. The child who was confident that he had learned things on his own, not because someone had taught him, suddenly became an adult and looked back on the past with a broader perspective and realized.

My learning was possible because of their tacit permission.

‘...’

I gritted my teeth quietly.

I am now used to suppressing my emotions. Deon suppressed the murderous intent rising towards him and pulled out the 98th brick. It was heavier than I expected so I had to get Dan’s help, but it wasn’t a problem.

Dan’s eyes widened slightly as the brick fell out and the hidden device was revealed.

‘Now that I think about it, the master was a direct descendant of the Hart family.’

Still, things like this are usually only shared with successors, so I never thought you would know this.

As Deon pulled the lever of the device, despite having to swallow the exclamation that was about to come out, he couldn’t help but let out his exclamation.

“Wow...”

The floor opens without a sound, as if to prove that it is a secret passage in case of an emergency. There wasn’t a single shaking like that. A staircase quietly appeared before my eyes, and a black passageway appeared beneath it.

Deon passed by Dan, who was as if fascinated, and traced the wall of the staircase, saying a word.

“Put the bricks in their place.”

“Ah yes.”

Dan quickly pushes the brick into place and enters the passage. Deon, who had been groping the wall until then, pressed down hard as if he had found something.

The entrance to the passage closed as quietly as it had opened. In the darkness where there was not a single light, he fumbled for a place where the altar might be, and then grabbed the other person’s sleeve and spoke.

“let’s go.”

Dan looked down at his sleeve being pulled forward in silence.

A light voice came out as if breaking the heavy tension.

“If I had known this would happen, I would have brought a torch.”

“I know the way, why bother?”

“It’s better than walking in the dark where you can’t see anything at all. ...More than that, this secret passage is not the only one in this territory, so how do you know the geography by heart?”

“That’s because I memorized the secret passages to all of Hart’s territories and mansions. “The first thing the successors do when they begin succession classes is to memorize the secret passage.”

“The Master would not have been the successor...”

Dan, who had astutely sensed Deon’s mood, closed his mouth.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 179**

179. For You (2)

Through the top operation, I naturally became closer to various information and learned the importance of silence. Although it was hard to see because it was dark, his eyes had grown more mature than before, indicating that his mood had subsided.

I hurriedly turned around.

“Where does this passage lead?”

“...There is a place inside the mansion and a place that leads to a dark place somewhere in this territory.”

“It’s diverse.”

“Because it is to escape in preparation for an emergency. “It would be difficult to follow a single path.”

“Master, where do you plan to go?”

As the darkness became familiar to my eyes, little by little, a path began to appear. Dan looked up and followed the hand holding his sleeve. Deon stopped for a moment at a crossroads and was lost in thought, touching the corners of his mouth as if reminiscing.

Eventually, he found the answer and began to lead the team in one direction.

“mansion. “There’s someone I want to see.”

A scarecrow collateral family head established by greedy vassals.

I don’t understand how the person who I thought would have run away first ended up staying here. Didn’t he already run away from the mansion once he saw Deon even if he was slightly scared? That’s probably why he was staying at this villa.

I ran away once, so would it be difficult to run away twice?

Was he betrayed or did he remain voluntarily? Either way, Deon wanted to see the matriarch’s face and know the exact reason.

“He’s someone I have to kill anyway.”

“That’s true, but... are you planning to go together like this?  
“It must be dangerous.”

“You will protect me.”

“yes?”

“Aren’t you good at using a sword anymore?”

Dan looked down at Deon walking ahead of him with slightly surprised eyes. White hair, easily visible even in the dark, came into view.

‘It is true that I have become skilled with a sword, but...’

What should I say to this confident statement to a subject who does not trust me?

It was somehow funny, but I didn't laugh. Instead, he spoke slowly after a short silence.

"I hate Master."

"know."

"I feel quite resentful and a little bit hateful."

"I know that too."

"Are you willing to entrust your life to me over such a topic?

"I know you don't believe me."

I was wondering what you were going to say.

Deon chuckled.

"You don't believe it? "If I didn't believe in this, I wouldn't have been alone with you in the first place."

"...."

"I know you won't just watch me die."

Deon is confident that Dan will not kill him. I am confident that they will go beyond not killing and will try to protect.

"I will definitely be at the center of the future you think of, so how can you stand by my death?"

"...."

"I am the tool and 'goal' itself that will help you achieve your goal. yes?"

The prophecy of being a harbinger of disaster and the promise to follow the prophecy. And the 'disaster' Deon Hardt.

When Dan came this way, he was already on a path of no return. All that's left is to move forward, so how can we let Deon Hardt, our light and guidepost, die?

'....'

Dan tried to say something, but Deon was faster.

My fingertips touched a hard wall. At a dead end we arrived at, Deon placed his index finger on his lips and made a short sound of air leaking.

"Shh, everyone is here."

"...."

Dan closed his mouth and Deon groped the ceiling. Finding the exit wasn't difficult.

If I remember correctly, this place is connected to the secret space behind the bookshelf in the office. A place for busy householders who have to work even when they come to their villa.

Now all I have to do is push this up...

'...It's heavier than I thought.'

Who the hell designed it? If this continues, I won't be able to go outside and I will be trapped and die.

Swallowing my frustration, I tapped the platform and pointed to the exit. He is quick to notice and immediately comes forward and pushes it up. I was even more annoyed



at the fact that it was lifted so easily, but it was just a mistake.

“Foot.”

...Damn it.

He raised his eyes fiercely and looked back at Dan. He shrugs, grabs the air with both hands and pretends to lift it.

‘Shall I lift it for you?’

‘pup.’

They really need to catch the person who designed this. Oh, is he already deceased?

I clung to the exit with great force to go up, but only my arms were shaking and my body could not go up at all. In the end, Deon, who had been groaning for a while, hung on and jabbed fiercely at Dan.

‘Put it up.’

‘yes yes.’

As we talked about trust, the awkward atmosphere eased long ago. Dan smiled and approached him.

Deon’s eyes narrowed at that unfortunate sight.

‘No, lie down.’

‘yes?’

‘Be my stepping stone.’

‘....’

A moment later, Deon, who looked strangely happy, and Dan, who had a shoe print in the middle of his back, stood side by side. Deon, who had carefully re-covered the exit he had left, checked the bookshelf that was blocking his view and smiled slightly.

‘You’ve come to the right place.’

Where is the matriarch? I thought it was either the office or the bedroom, so I went to the office first.

If you click here and push this bookshelf that is blocking your view, it will spin open. Just as I was about to go outside without thinking, I heard a voice from beyond the bookshelf.

“We can’t waste our troops here. “You go out and protect this mansion!”

“But basic escort...”

“Where I am now is the safest place in this territory, right?  
“Get out, get out!”

As expected, the strategy was changed to protecting the mansion instead of protecting the castle walls. The residents of the territory must have been evacuated according to the emperor’s orders.

Of course, if it were the Demon King’s army, they would not have blocked the castle wall and would not need to fight a battle to drag out the worthless humans trapped in their mansion, so there is a high probability that they would just pass by... ‘Still, it would be safer to run away, so why are you stupid

? ‘Stay behind.’

It still is. It would have been better to have at least one guard by his side, but he chose to ignore everything and remain alone.

...Anyway, there's probably no better opportunity than now.

I gave Dan a signal with my eyes and pressed down on one part of the bookshelf and pushed it. As soon as the bookshelf started spinning open, Dan ran out without a sound and pointed the sword he had pulled out from behind the matriarch at the guy's neck.

"...!"

"If you scream, I will kill you. Even if someone comes in here, I will kill them. "If you want to live, you'd better behave wisely."

Even the threat is neat.

The guy's mouth opened as if he was about to scream, but then quickly closed. Deon turned the bookshelf back to its original state and leisurely went around the desk from behind the guy's back and stood facing him.

The guy's eyes widened when he recognized Deon.

"you...!"

"Shhh, aren't you nice? "Lower your voice."

"How did you get here...! No, just my life... please just my life...."

"Well. "I saw you doing it."

I dragged over a nearby chair and sat down in front of his desk.

Deon, who had put aside his usual tense attitude in the demon world and sat with his arms crossed in a much more relaxed and crooked manner, tilted his head to one side and said.

“It’s just my personal curiosity.”

“....”

“Why didn’t you run away? “If you look at the fact that they are only focusing on guarding the mansion, it looks like they don’t have enough troops and the territory seems to be empty.”

“....”

“Answer.”

As if urging him on, Dan thrusts his sword further. When the blade slightly dug into his neck and blood began to slowly seep out, an urgent response came back as if he felt threatened.

“I lost my family’s seal.”

“....”

“...I lost it.”

It’s not specifically because of that that I stayed silent. Well, it’s good for me if I become calm.

It’s fortunate that he doesn’t have any other ulterior motives... but I guess he’s really stupid.

“Just because of that one thing? “You could just hide away for now and come back later.”

“It may be nothing to you, but to me it’s everything...!”

“voice.”

“...This is the only place I have left. “If I don’t have that, I won’t even be treated as the head of the family in name.”

That seal was more important than life, so I stayed here.

Deon touched the corner of his mouth for a moment.

“...Then the vassals don’t know about this situation.”

“I sent you first, saying I would follow you later so you wouldn’t be caught. “It was an urgent situation, so he didn’t ask why and ran away as if he had been waiting.”

“Hmm... okay.”

There are troops left here, but far from being threatening, they are at a cute level that could barely protect a mansion. A military unit so insignificant that it won’t make you feel itchy even if you just ignore it and pass by.

And the matriarch in front of me is a worthless bastard who is not worth killing. Deon stood up and grinned.

“I’ll save you.”

“!”

I don’t feel the need to touch it.

If the empire falls anyway, the family seal he desperately seeks will be useless, and above all, it is commendable that he did not run away even though there was a reason.

Deon said, rolling his eyes at the guy who was looking up at me blankly.

“Anyway, we’re not going to stay here, we’re just going to pass by. So don’t use unnecessary measures, just shut up and be quiet.”

You will have to deal with the stigma of being highly suspected of being the head of a family who is alive and well in a territory where demons passed by.

I turned around coldly.

“Now close your eyes for one minute.”

“...?”

“If you open your eyes before then, I will kill you.”

“!”

I checked the guy who was so shocked that he closed his eyes and looked at Dan.

‘let’s go.’

‘yes.’

There is no way that the head of the household, a scarecrow who has not learned anything properly, would know the movements of the two who intentionally killed their presence. Therefore, the matriarch, who had been steadily counting and closing her eyes, suddenly stopped as a question crossed her mind.

‘Did Deonhardt... look like that originally?’

It seems like I’ve become even more unlucky than before.

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"As expected of you, Deon...! "You opened the gate yourself!"

"He went out as if for a walk, opened the gate, and came back!"

"That's amazing!"

"But was it Dan? "Human, why do you have footprints on your back?"

" .... "

"Everyone, let's stop and leave. I'm not going to stay here, so don't wander around and follow me closely. "Those who leave will be considered deserters."

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The King of the Mountain Kingdom sent a message. There was nothing surprising.

- What on earth are you thinking!

It's about time I found out. No, it's impossible not to know.

Even though the high-pitched voice echoed throughout the room, the emperor lazily lowered his golden eyes without any sign of agitation.

"Even if you don't, I have something to tell you, and I'm glad you contacted me first."

Overly calm attitude. The person on the other end of the communication table becomes silent, as if he sensed that something was unusual. The Emperor said, gently rubbing

the back of his left hand, which had been healing for some time, with his fingertips.

A peaceful voice came out as if the spring sunlight had melted and seeped in.

“Edoardo Desert notifies the termination of the alliance with the Mountain Kingdom.”

-...!

“From this moment on, as long as I live.”

- ....

“Don’t worry about the empire’s actions.”

Don’t snoop around for nothing and don’t help the empire.

This is the end of the connection between the empire where Edoardo Desert is emperor and the country of Sanguk.

- What does that mean... No, just for a moment...

You’re smart, so you probably figured out what it meant. Even if you weren’t sure, you probably knew it instinctively.

But I have no intention of listening to whatever it is. To what extent you noticed and felt it is beyond our interest. The Emperor slowly raised his hand and placed it on the communicator.

“Then I’m busy with work, so I’ll just stop contacting you for now.”

- sleep...!

Pop.



Communication was cut off mercilessly. The emperor, who had been leaning loosely on the backrest for a moment, slowly stood up.

Being busy is not a lie. A meeting wasn't even called, but nobles are flocking in and shouting that they want to see the emperor.

'I told you to wait at the conference hall, so I'll be there.'

What else should I say to push them and persuade them? Just thinking about it makes me feel tired, wrapping around my ankles and pressing down on my head.

Although it was natural for him to bow his head due to the vivid feeling of weight, the emperor raised his head proudly without hesitation and walked towards the conference hall where the nobles were waiting.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 180**

180. For you (3)

Contrary to his resolve, the emperor did not step forward.

The first thing the emperor saw when he arrived near the door of the conference hall was the nobles rushing out, grumbling but seeming to understand.

Anyone can see that it looks like the meeting has been abandoned.

‘...what.’

Even though I’ve gotten through it well so far, I thought it wouldn’t be easy this time.

They haven’t seen this side yet. The emperor secretly hid behind a nearby pillar to assess the situation. I lean back against the wall, fold my arms, and listen to their words.

As I concentrated a little, I began to hear the content vividly.

“Since His Excellency said so, I will believe it and wait for now.”

“Thank you for saying that.”

There was nothing more to hear. As soon as the emperor heard that conversation, he was convinced.

‘The duke did something.’

He must have persuaded the nobles.

The emperor frowned.

‘...I don’t understand.’

The reason the duke helps him is for the sake of the empire. Because the imperial throne can only be achieved if the empire survives.

However, in anyone’s eyes, the killing of the troops was an action that put the empire in jeopardy. The duke I know would have been right to push himself to the forefront instead of stopping them.

While I was lost in thought, all the nobles had left and the Duke, who was left alone in the hallway, was striding towards me. I don’t know when he discovered it, but when he finally stood in front of the emperor, he placed his hand on his chest and bowed slightly.

“Glory to the Empire. Shin Starbe Illuster meets the present-day Empire.”

“...okay.”

The suppressed voice returned, as if to hide his complicated feelings. The duke straightened his back and faced the emperor.

“I heard that the Margrave of Amiable evacuated the people of the empire on all routes to the capital while he held out at

Miller. Not only that, they even took out the nobles and troops.”

“It did.”

“...There are rumors going around that the emperor has finally gone crazy.”

The voice was very low, but it was enough to reach the emperor’s ears.

“There’s a lot of talk about the karma we’ve accumulated so far.”

The emperor chuckled at the unfiltered remarks. Every moment, whenever the sun rose, a gentle atmosphere descended.

I’m sure that’s a joke. The moment the Duke’s eyes narrowed.

“Maybe so.”

A drowsy voice came out.

I’m definitely not sure I’m sane anymore.

As I hold on to reason that is fading at every moment, I now question whether what I am holding onto is really reason, and as I see what others cannot see, I now begin to wonder if they are blind.

Clearly the emperor was going crazy.

“So, I need to finish the matter quickly.”

“...If Your Majesty is truly crazy and makes the wrong decision, please remember that there are many people

around you who will bring you down.”

“Don’t worry. “I have no intention of showing my ugly face.”

If I truly believe that I cannot maintain reason, I will end this life myself before I am dragged down by someone else’s hands.

‘ah. this.’

I think I know what the emperor is thinking. The duke, facing the emperor’s proud smile, fell silent for a moment.

His expression hardened for a moment before he bowed down with a steady smile on his face as if he had never done that before.

“Then I will trust you and wait.”

Even though 10 years have passed.

The duke still respected the emperor’s free will.

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That’s what I said, but that doesn’t mean I have any intention of just giving up and waiting. Until now, there has never been a time when I completely let go.

‘I have to try everything I can.’

Since you don’t have many cards to begin with, what you can do is limited. At best, is it possible to suppress opposition from the nobles or use the Salvation Church? Therefore, the duke worked hard to gather information in order to create at least one more attack.

He put so much effort into collecting information that the previous information collection felt like a joke, and like a tree pruning branches, the information he collected became more and more extensive and eventually reached the mysterious kingdom of Esperanes, which was the only one that did not participate in the alliance.

And as if my efforts had paid off, I was able to notice one important fact.

‘Esperanes was a mercenary nation.’

Esperanes is the oldest kingdom that has stood firm while numerous kingdoms have emerged and fallen.

Since it was a closed kingdom and there was no kingdom older than Esperanes, there was very little information about it, but after searching through old books, more useful information than expected came out.

‘The Esperanes are a fighting people.’

It is characterized by silver-colored hair and eyes, and even children are said to have strong warlike tendencies.

And like a closed kingdom, instead of bringing in outsiders to receive mercenary requests, they dispatch intermediaries to each region of each kingdom to communicate with each other, build an information network that is superior to any other information guild, and receive requests. .

‘In fact, it can be said that running the largest information guild on the continent is our main job.’

In history, there were only a handful of times when Esperanes received an official request for mercenaries from

other countries, so I had to search through old books for a long time.

Of course, there are few precedents for sending mercenaries, and it seems that running an information guild has become their main business, but Esperanes is clearly a mercenary country, and the reason it sends people out in the first place is to receive mercenary requests.

‘It was said that a child born between a foreigner and an Esperanian would not have ‘silver’. In other words, the real ‘Esperanese’, the silver-colored people found outside Esperanes, regardless of appearance, gender, age, or occupation, are all brokers who come out to receive requests.’

The Duke stuck his head out the window and urged the coachman.

Because I heard the news that the Margrave of Amiable had fallen and the Demon King’s army was advancing at an alarming speed, I could not relax at all. At this rate, we will reach the capital in no time.

That’s why we need to request troops to stop them. It may be expensive, but it doesn’t matter because it’s so reliable. The duke found confidence in the emperor’s attitude.

“Im here.”

“ .... ”

As I opened the door and stepped down the carriage steps, an eerily quiet mansion came into view. The duke was momentarily puzzled by the gate without a gatekeeper.

By Marquis Hart. No, I can't call it 'Marquis's residence' any more. Deonhardt is no longer an honorary marquis.

As I was wondering for a moment how to post a message since there was no one there, someone walked out from far away inside the mansion.

"It's been a long time since I've been a guest. I would like to take you to the living room, but unfortunately the current owner of the mansion is out of town. Please plan your next visit."

Calm voice and attitude.

An old man with graying silver-blue hair bows his silver-blue eyes and greets you politely. The duke calmly looked into the old man's silver eyes.

"I came to see you, not the owner of the mansion.  
"Remember."

"...Is that so."

Esperanes' broker Remember smiled kindly.

"I think it's going to be quite a long story. I am not the owner of the mansion, but I will have to take care of it within a moment. "You could say it's the deacon's authority."

"...."

"Follow me."

A huge iron door opened in the old man's hand.

As the duke entered, he remembered Remember's attitude, showing no signs of surprise or hesitation at the sudden visit and remarks, and then looked around, secretly admiring the



neat and tidy mansion, even though the only person there seemed to be a butler.

Then, suddenly, my eyes caught the back of the talented butler.

“If you want to kill me, I want to stop you. “I have an escort.”

“...I know. “It says in the book that Esperanes’ intermediaries take an escort with them when they leave the kingdom.”

“Yes, if your guard dies, you can request a new guard from your home office or branch.”

“I didn’t even mean to look at it that way in the first place.”

I just had the foolish thought of making him the duke’s butler if I could.

“I know.”

“...?”

“It was a joke, but it doesn’t seem like it was fun.”

“....”

The joke that made the listener’s heart sink was not very good, but it didn’t offend me because the quick notice of their gaze convinced me that they were a fighting people.

If the old broker is like that, then what is the level of the escort and how many mercenaries are dispatched?

I didn’t care that Remembert had once been Deonhardt’s butler. Esperanes’ complete bystander attitude was clearly

realized while researching the information. It was probably just one of many undercover jobs, and it was unfortunate that Deonhardt became a traitor to humanity.

‘In the first place, it’s not my place to discuss that right now.’

Before we knew it, we had arrived at the reception room.

The duke, who was sitting at the table and following the old man’s actions with his eyes, could not wait any longer and opened his mouth.

“I would like to request mercenaries.”

“You’re in a hurry. “I’m making tea, so please relax a little.”

Despite his blunt remarks, the old man leisurely put the kettle on the fire without showing any emotion.

The duke, who was silent for a moment as if he was somehow avoiding an answer, slowly opened his mouth.

“...I know that the empire that attempted to occupy Esperanes would be scandalized. “Even if we ask for support and talk about the survival of the human world, it won’t work.”

Throughout history, this cannot be the first time a crisis has struck the human world. Even then, Esperanes stood on the sidelines, and now and will continue to do so in the future.

Therefore, it is impossible to persuade them with logic.

The Duke slowly stood up. He said this to Remember, who was concentrating on getting the car without turning around, even though he must have sensed all the pressure.

“I will give you money comfortably, so please help me.”

“....”

“...I have someone to protect.”

This is a strategy after all.

They're just doing this because it's easy for them to get mercenaries, and there's no sincerity in their remarks. There is no way I would bow my head for someone. This is just for my future, for the Empire.

...Okay, that's it.

Remember stopped and slowly looked back. Silver-blue eyes checked the other person and grew unusually large.

A man who had never bowed his head to anyone other than the emperor was bowing his head.

...For the survival of Esperanes, it would be right not to interfere, but...

‘I'm old too.’

Remember smiled as if in self-deprecation and set down the teacup on the duke's side of the table.

“Please sit down first.”

“....”

“The tea will get cold. Don't let the old man's hard work go to waste. Please sit down quickly.”

Only then does the duke sit down. Remember sat across from him and waited for the other person to calm down.

Basically, dispatched brokers have a fairly free radius of action. If you can only access a certain number of people, the job you choose for camouflage will not be severely restricted, and you can freely help someone or interfere somewhere, and you can also choose to accept or refuse a request.

If only one premise is kept.

‘Do not harm the existence of the Kingdom of Esperanes.’

It is very obvious, but at the same time, it is difficult to keep.

This is also the reason why mercenaries were rarely dispatched from Esperanes in history.

Usually, requests for mercenaries are made by kingdoms that are close to defeat. However, if they supported mercenaries, the opposing nation that had pushed the kingdom to the edge of the cliff would point their sword at them as well, so Esperanes rarely moved unless they calculated that they could win by sending mercenaries.

‘Currently, the Demon World does not even care about Esperanes.’

It is just a very small kingdom surrounded by rugged mountains that did not participate in the war or participate in the alliance.

Even if the human world were to be swallowed up by any chance, it would not have a significant impact on Esperanes. The loss is too great compared to the gain to devour a small kingdom while cutting through difficult terrain.

So, if you just stay still as if it wasn't there, Esperanes will survive...but the client in front of you is lucky.

'You came looking for me.'

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 181**

181. For you (4)

Remember is a person who came into the world young and has steadily served as an intermediary for several decades until now, with wrinkles appearing on his face, and has gained more authority than others.

The Duke's request is a request that will be rejected from above even if the broker accepts it, but if the broker is Remember, the story is different. Because he has the authority to pass a request that has been rejected from above at least once.

Therefore, rather than rejecting it outright, Remember asked a question.

"He said he would give me the money without any hesitation."

"yes."

"how much?"

Tacit consent!

I have passed the biggest hurdle. The Duke, who had regained his composure, smiled.

“All the duke’s property.”

“...Are you serious?”

“Surely I would tell a lie now?”

To begin with, I am not that interested in money, and I do not have any heirs to pass down my property and family to.

Even if you spend a lot of your life, it wouldn’t be a bad idea to use up everything you have left over. What happens after that is none of my business. He was a very popular groom, but the reason he didn’t get married was because he didn’t want to share what was mine with others.

‘Why should I think about after I’m dead when I only need to be flashy when I’m alive?’

So there is nothing to save.

Everything in the dukedom is my property, flowing only in my hands. Because wherever I use it, it’s my heart.

Above all, considering the things that can be obtained by receiving mercenary support, paying this much in return will balance the weight. In fact, this may be considered insufficient, but since it is ‘all’ of the duke’s property, it can be given additional points, so the old man in front of him will also be considered positively.

just as expected.

“...Looking at the situation, it seems like you want support as quickly as possible...”

The positive remarks continued.

“It is difficult to dispatch a vehicle on a scale large enough to satisfy customers in a short period of time because the dispatch process is complicated and the travel speed is slow.”

...although I wasn't very satisfied with the content.

I heard you said how far the devil's army has come now. If you take a breath and think, 'We've come this far,' it won't be long before news arrives that you've arrived at the next territory, so you'll most likely arrive at the capital soon.

'It looks like they're running without stopping, except when they're sleeping. The means of transportation are mainly horses from the demon world, and the horses from the human world are stolen and replaced from time to time like expendables...' Wouldn't it arrive in about ten days

?

The duke, who had been estimating the period in his head, spoke in an uncertain voice as if he had roughly finished calculating.

“...I would like it to arrive within a week at the latest. Is that possible?”

“Considering the distance from Esperanes to here... I should contact you as soon as this conversation is over and request dispatch. “Up to 100 people can be dispatched immediately without complicated procedures, but what will you do?”

“Of course...”

“For your information, the more the number increases, the slower the movement speed becomes, so please answer with that in mind.”



“...You probably know more about this than I do. “I will trust you and leave it to you.”

Remember smiled softly and nodded.

“First, we will send about 70 people within the deadline, and we will send a significant amount of troops later as a follow-up force. “We were promised everything in return, the footsteps of a family and a person, but we can’t do it with just 70 people.”

The duke, who had relaxed and leaned against the back of his chair with the relief of having accomplished it, raised his head at the words.

All we need right now is troops to arrive within the deadline. There is no need for later generations, but it would be foolish to completely reject it.

The Duke slowly opened his mouth.

“That latecomer.”

\*\*\*

Now there is only one thing left.

We need to buy time until the troops arrive.

We should not rule out the possibility that the Demon King’s army will arrive sooner than expected. In order to gain even one more moment, the Duke thought of a way to stop the Demon King’s army from advancing without hesitation.

...In fact, there was a way to make the Demon King’s army retreat rather than just holding it back.

Of course, I already tried it and failed.

‘Negotiation with the devil.’

If you persuade the devil, the devil’s army will stop. If done well, it would be possible for them all to withdraw from the human world.

Coincidentally, the Duke is a semi-contractor of the Devil King. The relationship is not at all hostile, but rather friendly, and the advantageous position is that it is possible to connect with the Demon King by using only a little magical power.

He made up his mind and contacted the devil.

[Oh, no need.]

I was rejected before I could say anything.

[It’s obvious even if you don’t hear what I was thinking of contacting you. It’s not like asking to take over the Demon King’s army or stop for a moment or something like that. Either way, I have no intention of listening to you, so figure it out on your own.]

[....]

I was left speechless by the firm answer, but I can’t just give up and back down at this point. The Duke calmly shook his head.

‘Seeing that he is so determined, asking him to take over the Demon King’s army will never work, and aiming to stop him even for a moment would have a higher chance of success.’

Anyway, that was the intended goal, and since this is a disappointing position, there is no need to get involved.

...He had previously accepted a bet offer. A contract that was originally likely to fail was partially accepted this way.

So, if you can't be persuaded, let's bet.

[I'll suggest a bet.]

[Oh, there's no need for that either.]

[...!]

[There's something more interesting than a bet right in front of you, so there's no need to do it, right? I'm having enough fun these days.]

...I forgot.

The previous bet was made based on the devil's boredom. Since Deonhardt went to the demon world, wars have been going on every day, and new events and news have come in. How can a bet like that be enough for him?

In the end, the duke could no longer be persuaded and had no choice but to cut off the connection.

The next thing that came to mind was Deon Hardt, who could be said to be the center of the current war.

It's funny when you think about it. The start of his life being ruined was because of the bet between me and the Demon King, and now he is fighting at the forefront under the Demon King.

Even after laughing at me like that, I never thought I would immediately think of this method. It seems like my thoughts were lost somewhere else. The duke was convinced, criticizing himself for not thinking deeply.

‘Deonhardt doesn’t know this.’

If we just make this known, we will be able to separate him from the devil.

I smiled faintly and pulled the rope.

“Call Saerin.”

\*\*\*

Once again, the castle was empty.

Are you really planning to open the road to the capital like this? It looks like the emperor has finally gone crazy.

Anyway, the sun is going to set soon, so we should take a rest here. Even if I want to start right away, I am limited. If you run any further than this, you will definitely fall off your horse.

“I’m taking a rest here.”

Deon commanded lightly and got off his horse. I paused for a moment because my thighs and butt were sore, but then I walked away without showing it. As if it was only natural, Dan, who was next to me, quietly opened his mouth.

“Are you going to look around this time too?”

“Oh well.”

“Of course, you’ll stop by the manor house first, right?”

“yes.”

“I will follow.”

Deon glanced at him and returned his gaze to the front. Dan grinned at the tacit permission and moved his feet to match Deon's pace.

"Are you feeling okay?"

"so so."

"I saw you pause when you got off your horse. You seem to be quite healthy compared to before, but this doesn't seem to be the case. "Would you like me to help you?"

"go away."

If you touch my body, I will kill you.

The distance is so far that you won't be able to hear the words, but it's still within the demons' range of vision. Deon couldn't show himself being helped in front of them, so he walked with a straight face and increased his walking speed.

When on earth did it become this comfortable? Dan, with a smile on his face, hurried after him and then realized what he was thinking and was shocked.

'It's gotten easier...?'

...No way.

Dan's face hardened.

As if he sensed something strange about the atmosphere, Deonhardt just rolled his eyes and looked at me. A family suddenly came to mind in the red eyes that met his eyes and he paused, but for a moment Dan looked away as if nothing had happened. In contrast to his calm face, the

hands hidden behind his back were tightly clenched into fists.

‘...This is why the Master kept too much of a distance from the demons.’

It wasn’t excessive at all.

I feel like I got hit on the head for no reason.

‘It’s impossible not to feel affectionate when we see each other every day.’

I fell in love with it. A short but unfamiliar sentence rolled out of my mouth.

I can’t deny that I’ve become familiar and comfortable enough to at least make fun of him.

The ‘jeong’ was so scary that even I, who knew that Deon Hardt was a ‘disaster’, ignored the image and made fun of it, accepting it again.

“The atmosphere is strange. What’s wrong?”

“it’s nothing.”

“...Hmm.”

Between the narrowed eyes, red eyes shine with suspicion. Dan smiled casually.

‘are you okay.’

Because I still maintain an appropriate emotional distance from him. Didn’t you say that in the secret passage back then? I hate you. I still resent and hate you.

At the same time, it is good because it is the goal, milestone, and object of prophecy in my life, but the 'like' that comes from it cannot offset the 'dislike'. Since the two coexist and created the word love and hate, 'affection' must also exist as a separate thing.

Unless the 'dislike' disappears from your feelings towards him, you will never fully like or be comfortable with Deonhardt.

Still, it's true that we've become more familiar with it than before, so I thought it wouldn't be a good idea to keep a little distance and be on guard in case of an unexpected situation. But... '

If you do that, you'll actually be more conscious of it.'

No matter what attitude I take, it doesn't change who I serve or what I do, so it doesn't matter.

A certain family kept looming in the corner of his head, but Dan brushed it aside and accelerated his slightly slower pace, narrowing the small distance between them. Immediately a suspicious look followed, but I pretended not to notice and ignored it.

And how long did it take?

When the manor house that looked like a toy got very close, Daeon suddenly stopped in place. Dan also flinched and put his hand on his sword.

'Pretending to be popular...!'

Deon fixed his gaze on one spot without even blinking.

Was there anyone left? Judging from their apparent popularity, it is not a small group, but only one person.

...At least it looks like they didn't come to fight. I don't think he's a 'hero', so what can he do with just one person?

'And Dan was nervous, so it's okay.'

I relaxed, leaving only a few boundaries. Deon glanced up at Dan.

They say I have become as sensitive as a rabbit in order to survive, but this guy...

'He's become a real sword-wielder.'

When did you develop a sense of energy?

Meanwhile, a 'human' appeared. He walked straight as if this was his goal without a single enemy, and held out something to Deon without even paying attention to Dan, who looked as if he was about to draw his sword at any moment.

"This is..."

"Take it."

Deon's eyebrows furrowed at the familiar shape.

"Communication seat... No, communication device? "Who does it belong to?"

"Take it."

"...."

"Take it."



Even if I ask more questions, he won't answer.

Have you been possessed by witchcraft or something similar?

I held out my hand and received the communicator. Only then, as if he had completed his mission, did he say a word of greeting and turned around.

"For salvation."

"...."

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 182**

182. For you (5)

The moment I heard that, I knew who was behind it.

'For salvation' is truly blatant and pseudo-spurious. It seems that not only the Emperor but also the Duke is out of his mind.

Deon let out a squeak, not knowing whether it was a sneer or a laugh out of absurdity, and looked at the communicator in his hand.

"How long are you going to keep your mouth shut?"

- ....

"I know there is a connection. "There is no one around, so please speak, Duke."

The person who gave the communicator disappeared far away, and it has been a while since he walked away from the demons.

There's a difference, but he's okay. After confirming that the quick-witted Dan quickly pretended not to exist and killed the presence, he opened his mouth again.

“Communication seat... No, someone who is not familiar with communication devices may not know that it is connected, but that does not apply to me. “We all know each other well, so stop pretending you don’t know.”

– haha.

A light laugh was heard, as if trying to soften Deon’s harsh attitude.

– I couldn’t easily open my mouth in case someone else was listening. But the reaction is too sharp.

“It’s not like we can laugh and talk.”

– Well, that’s right.

“So what you want to say is...”

– Before that, the speed of advance was ridiculously fast. It seems like you’re only getting minimal sleep. Are you eating properly?

The conversation doesn’t get straight to the point and goes around in circles. Deon frowned slightly, clearly showing his discomfort.

“I’m sure you didn’t really expect me to answer.”

– ...Well....

“Seeing as they even used members of the Church of Salvation to deliver the communication stone, there must be a reason, but you don’t say it easily. “How much longer do I have to wait here?”

– You have short patience. The topic I’m about to bring up is quite heavy, so I tried to ease the tension a little, but it

seems like he wasn't happy about it.

"Don't pretend to be considerate. "I think you're trying to waste time, but if you make me wait any longer, I'll hang up."

As soon as those words were finished, a clear sneer came from the communicator.

Deon's brow furrowed and Dan quietly rolled his eyes. Either that or not, a voice filled with mockery spoke softly as if muttering.

- You will regret it.

"...I'll just hang up."

- But if you want to get to the point, yes.

A sarcastic voice full of cruel pleasure reached my brain through my ears. Information came in like a hammer.

- You are targeting me and the emperor, but you are right next to the devil.

"...."

- Deon Hardt. How much of the truth do you know now?

Deon smiled faintly.

"How much do you think the Duke knows about me?

- ...well. I'm not sure, but seeing as you're pointing a blade at me, I'm sure you at least know that I'm the one behind the people who targeted you and killed Cruel. Maybe you know more than that.

In the dark space, the Duke smoothly raised the corner of his mouth.

That's what he said, but personally, I think he only knows 'behind the scenes'. If they knew more than that, they would have targeted the Illuster territory first, rather than advancing towards the capital where the emperor was.

The duke's sin was much greater than that of the emperor.

- But I don't think you know everything. Otherwise, you wouldn't be casually joining the Demon King's army and leading the way.

"...."

- Shall we briefly look at the past for the sake of truth? During the Eight Years' War, I once dragged a child from a noble family, who had been living in a mansion because he was weak, to the battlefield. He was a unique child with white hair and red eyes that made people wonder if he was actually human.

Dan realized what was going on and his eyes trembled quietly.

Completely muted astonishment passes between Deon and the communicator. However, Deon, the person involved, paid attention to the subsequent remarks without any agitation.

Red eyes, as shiny as glass, stared motionlessly at the communicator.

- I didn't particularly have any ill feelings towards that child. But aren't you curious why that is?

‘why’.

Finally, this topic came up. A question that was never answered while in the Demon World. A question was coming out of the Duke’s mouth that not even the Demon King, who commanded the Ten Thousand Demons, nor the talented commander of the 2nd Corps, Develania, could come up with an answer to.

But Deon laughed. There was no shaking of the pupils. His eyes did not smile, but only the corners of his mouth went up, and his voice calmly contained a smile.

“I was wondering what you were going to say.”

- ....

“You’re wrong, Duke. Totally wrong. I can’t even tell how much of a fool the duke thinks I am. “I am a person who cannot dare to call myself smart, but that doesn’t mean I am stupid.”

Did you think I didn’t know?

Now the leadership of the conversation has passed to this side. Deon spoke with great force as he gently strengthened the hand holding the communicator.

“In the past, under orders from His Majesty, we carried out work to eliminate the Salvation Church.”

It was a somewhat unexpected remark, but the duke would have recognized it as soon as he heard it.

“At that time, magic was used in the Salvation Church.”

- ....

“It seemed like it was disguised as a spell, but a competent shaman noticed it.”

And the person behind that religion is the Duke.

Dan, who was listening to the added remark, opened his eyes wide as if he belatedly realized something. Even Dan, who had never directly followed the extermination of the Salvation Church, noticed this, so what would the Duke think?

The duke, who had been listening quietly, spoke up. A slow, slightly disappointed voice came through the communicator.

– I will admit that I am looking at you funny. I also acknowledge that you may know more than you think.

but.

– You probably didn’t think I knew how to use magic just for that reason. If so, it’s a disappointment. The culprit behind the Salvation Church’s use of magic could be chosen countless times if one were to select a candidate...

“Of course, we can say that up to this point. A demon may have come and used magic, or someone may have made a contract with the demon and used it. but.”

The problem was when he returned to the Demon World and reported to the Demon King.

“When I returned to the Demon World and reported to the Demon King that magic had been discovered in the human world, how do you think the Demon King would react?”

– ....

“At first there was doubt and then confusion. “If someone other than you dared to use magic in the human world, it would be normal to be angry, but you were just purely embarrassed and gave it a go.”

This means that the magic used in the human world is directly or indirectly related to the devil.

At first, I couldn't immediately understand what was being said and was briefly skeptical. This is not what the devil intended and did. In other words, it does not mean that the Demon King went directly to the human world and used magic or sent demons to order them to use magic.

What is left?

‘A person who can use magic in the human world as he pleases with free will and for whom the Demon King will not express any anger about it.’

The devil's contractor.

So who is the contractor?

“I really didn't understand why my brother died instead of me, so I asked for an investigation to find out why. “I asked the devil and the commander of the 2nd Corps.”

- ....

The duke was silent, putting his arm on the armrest of the chair.

If he had asked me that, he would have known right away that I was the one who dragged him into the eight-year war. I explained it in a way that made my mouth hurt for no reason.



...It happened because I took my time.

Although he did not react in any way, Deon continued speaking naturally, as if he had read the duke's thoughts and responded.

"Yes, you are the Duke. So, for revenge, I asked you to investigate the duke again."

- ....

"All kinds of information has come into my hands so that I can easily combine the Duke's weaknesses. Can this be explained if even I, who is burning with revenge, was so sick of organizing it? ...But."

Strangely enough.

"There wasn't a single piece of information about 'why' the duke did what he did."

Maybe it was because I knew Deon Hardt was good at solving puzzles, but there wasn't a single common clue.

Therefore, I was able to know it in reverse.

—The devil is involved in the 'why' information. The devil and the duke are related.

"The Duke, who is behind the Church of Salvation, and the Demon King's lukewarm attitude when he found out about the magic used there. Even the Demon King who tried to hide certain information about the Duke."

- ....

"It's obvious. "It looks like the two of you signed a contract."

And now, thanks to the duke who went to great lengths to contact me and mention that fact, I was convinced.

“I guess I became a sacrifice for that contract?”

- ...That's the correct answer. That's amazing.

Still, it's too humble to stop at the line of saying you're not stupid. The Duke expressed his admiration.

Among them, there were some that were easily forgotten as time passed. I never thought I would remember them and take them out and combine them appropriately.

- You are the victim of a bet. At the time, the Demon King was tired and unwilling to make a contract easily, so he needed a unique offering to attract interest.

Cruel and explicit remarks followed.

Dan, who heard that a bet was being made on the life and death of a child who was only fourteen years old, turned his head away and pretended not to have heard anything.

I probably shouldn't have listened. This was not something I could handle hearing.

Even though he answered correctly, it was only based on guesswork and he had no way to know the details, so it was clearly the truth he had never heard before, but Deon did not even express anger and just listened to the duke's words in silence.

Then, at some point, the duke was wondering whether he should say more due to the lack of response.

- The devil showed obvious interest and participated in the bet. I had fun throughout the betting process.

"...There's nothing more to hear."

Deon interrupted.

Hearing the calm voice, Dan turned his head and looked at Deon's expression. He was clearly smiling.

"The Duke must have foreseen failure as well."

- ....

"As for the truth, it is not as shocking as I expected, and since I know the Duke's purpose, there is no need to be agitated."

The Duke's purpose was probably to cause discord by causing me, in anger, to turn my troops around and head to the Illuster territory, or to argue with or attack the Demon King.

However, Deon, who cared for reason, was calm.

"The priorities are clear. My revenge on the Demon King comes after I took revenge on the Duke. Also, I told you. I received a lot of information about the duke's 'weaknesses, to the point where I could easily combine them.' "I will never change my career path."

Until now, it was just a guess, and I postponed the order of revenge because I didn't know the details of how great a crime the Demon King had committed against me, but now the reason is different.

There were various circumstances, including his position, that were taken into consideration, but more than anything, Deon heard the Duke's words and branded the Demon King as an obvious target for revenge, and had one thing in mind.

'...I'll think about this later.'

Also, in order to inflict maximum damage on the duke, you must kill the emperor rather than the duke himself. Therefore, there will be no need to go to the Illuster territory as the Duke wants.

The Duke, reading this from Deon's resolute attitude, let out a faint sigh.

- ...I can't help it.

It's a good thing I had a second move prepared just in case.

In this world where there is witchcraft that deals with magic and uses evil spirits, I almost didn't want to touch the deceased... but

'it was already too late.'

I opened my mouth slowly.

- Don't you want your brother's head back?

"...!"

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 183**

183. For you (6)

- Cruel Hart's head is with me.

Dan, who couldn't hold it in anymore, took a deep breath. Even Deon couldn't help but be shaken this time.

The wide-open eyes tremble mercilessly. The hand holding the communicator turned white and was trembling.

"That..."

The tongue, which had been moving smoothly as if it had been oiled, became stiff.

"That's..."

Deon stuttered out the words with difficulty, as the words that had been on his tongue kept slipping and being spit out in an incomprehensible moan.

"What is that..."

- You know that I was the one who killed Cruel Hart. So it's likely that he also has that head. I would like to inform you that thanks to the magic placed on it, it is alive and well without decay.

You're crazy. Dan muttered softly and glanced at Deon.

He looks like he can't even breathe properly. Even though he appears to be out of his mind, it is difficult to reveal any more information about his turmoil. I covered his mouth and patted him on the back in an attempt to get him to breathe again and come to his senses.

The breathing that had stopped came out in a gasp under Dan's hand.

- Come to the duke's residence in Illuster territory. It is okay to bring troops, but you must come yourself.

"...."

- By the way, if you are too late, you will never see your brother's head. Surely you wouldn't abandon the person who died after protecting you until the end?

"...You crazy bastard."

Deon, who had barely regained his breathing, came to his senses and cursed. Fortunately, my voice came out straight and without trembling.

Crack.

Could this grinding sound be this clear? The duke smiled, rolling his eyes at someone he couldn't even see.

Cruel Hart's head was received as proof of the request. In addition to the request to kill Deonhardt, a request was added to kill Cruel if he shows signs of protecting Deonhardt.

How did you feel when you saw Cruel Hart's head in the box?

[Why are there so many foolish people in the world?]

I think I was laughing at it.

The 1st Prince and even Cruel Hart. Why would that damn family throw their lives away?

I cherished it because it was a fairly useful weapon, but now that it has come to this, I have no special regrets about it. For a moment, I was about to feel uncomfortable even though I was watching more.

[...Deon Hart escaped alive.]

The place where their terrible battle took place was near the entrance of a mountain range. The moment the duke heard that information, he knew.

[You went to the Demon World.]

Cruel evacuated Deonhardt to the Demon World.

I will never come back here again. He felt a greater threat to his life than any other threat he had faced so far, and it was also the place where his brother risked his life to evacuate. Above all, if he wanted revenge on the duke who killed his brother, it would be much more likely that he would be in the Demon World rather than in the Empire.

The emperor is a monarch who acts based on the larger picture rather than the grudges of just one person. Although he cared for Deonhardt, he was neither gentle nor light enough to take all the losses and defeat the Duke at his request.

[He will definitely come back as a big threat.]

It would be nice to live as if he were dead in the demon world, but I know that is too hopeful.

Even so, in a situation where the human world and the demon world are fighting, Deonhardt has completely turned to that side. The devil will definitely take advantage of this.

So, I cast a conservation spell, consuming even a portion of my precious magical power.

Because Cruel Hart died protecting Deon Hart. Even if he is a dead man, or rather, because he is a dead man, Deonhardt will be weakened by his brother's traces.

If he were to use the body parts of his brother, who couldn't even leave a complete body, as bait, he would have no choice but to let it go even if he knew it.

And now.

The Duke's guess was correct.

Instead of a positive answer, the communication was cut off with a soft curse and the sound of teeth grinding, but this was the signal that he was coming. The duke was sure that Deonhardt would change course.

So now let's take some time and move on. As I pushed the turned off communicator aside, I thought of Cruel, the number one contributor.

As expected, using a corpse feels a bit uncomfortable.

"When you were alive, you interfered so much with me and protected Deonhart, so it's only fair that you should help me



at least once in death.”

Isn't that right?

\*\*\*

After cutting off communication, Deon searched his chest in silence. As if it were a lie that he was overcome by emotions so strong that he even stopped breathing, his expression was frozen as if he had put on a mask and did not show any emotions.

Dan realizes what he is trying to bring out and prepares a fire. Deon lit a cigarette and slowly closed his eyes.

“...Are you okay?”

“are you okay.”

The children's song has already been put under control a long time ago.

After a long period of calm silence, looking into space with a dry expression, Deon opened his mouth softly.

“I heard you should never hate anything.”

As soon as Dan heard him, he knew what he was talking about. This must have been what the shaman grandmother said. But I didn't answer.

I don't know what to answer, but his voice is too tired to answer casually.

The voice continued.

“I feel like fate is pushing me to hate the world.”

“...then.”

I don't like the facial expression that doesn't show any real feelings, but I don't like the tired voice. I felt much more alive and better when I was filled with hatred and running rampant for revenge.

That's why Dan dared to open his mouth. If you have no choice but to hate someone, as fate wishes.

“How about showing a hatred that even they didn't expect?”

“...what?”

“If the size of the hatred they want is a fistful, the Master shows that it is large enough to cover the entire world.

“There is a saying in the South that too much is too little, so this would also be an act of messing with fate.”

“....”

There was silence.

In a quiet space that seemed disconnected from the world, something cold landed on my forehead. Deon looked up. His calm gaze filled his field of vision with the snow falling gently against the backdrop of the gloomy sky.

It seems like a lot of time was wasted at Miller's territory. When did winter come?

“It's already snowing.”

Crackling.

Jangcho, which I had only taken a sip of, is casually rubbed against my thigh. It cleverly missed the belt, melting the clothes again and leaving another burn mark over the scar.

Deon muttered as if he was talking to himself, ignoring Dan's gaze that was quietly looking at him.

"I hate snow."

"...."

"...I'll remember what you said. Let's go back now. "The route has changed, so I have to be busier."

I'll pretend I didn't hear it just now.

....

What route should I take to get to Illuster territory as quickly as possible?

To save time, you should not just look for the shortest distance. The Demon King's army has already advanced this far and occupied some castles, so it would be a good idea to make full use of them. It is best to move while minimizing combat.

Deon thought of the spirit of Paras. The shortest route to the Illuster territory opens after passing through the Paras Territory Amiable Territory. The territory of Paras has already been conquered, and the territory of Amiable will not be difficult to penetrate since its owner, the margrave, died in Miller.

Since we're going back the way we came to Paras Territory, there won't be any time wasted on battles or anything like that.

It's a waste of time to sleep. The demons have good stamina, so they'll hold out well, and Dan... he'll take care of it.

Once I made my decision, there was no hesitation after that. Deon immediately returned to the demons and told them that the plan had changed and that they should move immediately, and the demons obediently followed the commander's orders. The devil contacted me in the middle asking if the route had changed, but it was only for confirmation and he did not inquire about the reason or reprimand me.

"Master... I don't think you even know it's hard because your eyes are rolling, but I'm not."

"Oh my gosh, if I keep doing this, I'm going to catch someone..."

"If you just take a break from talking, people should take a break too."

"Master Deon, Master Deon! for a moment...! "Is that Ben...!"

"Hero... I need the hero's fragment... It will be less difficult if I become a hero..."

Someone made a dying sound, but I didn't care. But I know it's hard. My body is so weak that I can't hold on and I feel like I'm going to fall, so I'm tying myself to a horse and running.

...It seems like there was something that wasn't Dan's voice mixed in, but I guess I was mistaken.

In this way, the Demon King's army ran at a speed that shocked everyone and reached the Amiable territory in no time.

I heard it later, but it is said that at this time, the Demon King held his stomach and laughed at the position that changed every time he looked away. After all, it's Deon.

Deon raised his head, rubbing his thumbs under his eyes, which had become even darker. You can see soldiers preparing with their own weapons on the walls...

'A territory without a margrave is like a toothless tiger.'

As expected, there was a battle, but it didn't last very long. The Demon King's army easily crossed the castle wall without the Margrave Amiable and began running towards their destination again.

We covered the remaining distance in an instant and arrived at the Illuster territory.

"This is... crazy..."

Dan muttered in a tired voice. His face looked detached, as if everything had been set on fire.

Likewise, demons with tired faces raised their heads with difficulty and looked at the top of the walls of the Illuster territory.

"uh...?"

Someone made a questioning voice.

Have their hopes for an easy battle reached the sky? There was no one on the castle wall. Even sentries who are basically supposed to stay put!

A familiar feeling of déjà vu arose. Deon blurted out a word.

"It's the same as the fiefdoms on the route after Miller."

“...!”

“Now, someone please go over and open the gate. After cleaning up, take a break here for a while. ...Okay, let’s take a good rest, not just for a while, but for half a day.”

“!”

It looks like he was very tired. The demons turned on their eyes and pushed the fellow next to them on the back, telling them to go quickly. How long has it been since someone stepped up and climbed over the castle wall?

The door opened quickly.

Perhaps the demons who crossed over were ambushed by the troops, and the open door was intended to draw the demon army inside and ambush them. Deon looked inside the door with narrowed eyes, and only after seeing the demons coming out without notice did he slowly lead his horse into the castle.

‘It’s really empty.’

The inside was empty, as if most people had already evacuated. ...although it doesn’t seem completely empty.

Red eyes slowly roll to the side. As soon as someone made eye contact, he started to startle and quickly hid among the private houses.

Dan slowly tilted his head towards Deon.

“Shall I bring it?”

“...it’s okay. “You look like a poor person.”

If it were just one person, it would have been suspicious, but judging by the inexperienced people everywhere, it seems like there were quite a few people who were in a hurry to evacuate and couldn't escape.

Because of their shabby clothes, they are probably poor people who have not received any support.

"Don't do anything like that, just keep an eye out for suspicious people."

"Even if we don't, we are looking into it diligently. "It certainly doesn't seem like there is anything that can be considered medical history."

"I guess so..."

In that case, there would be no duke either. I'm not even sure if my brother's head exists...

Still, going to the duke's residence is a priority. I've come this far, but I can't leave without checking.

Finding the Duke's residence was not difficult. Deon drove his horse and headed to the most luxurious and largest mansion. A huge front gate without a gatekeeper came into view.

'I knew it.'

The mansion also seemed empty.

The demons come out and open the iron door. Deon quietly watched them, then took a step into the front door and spoke.

"You should wait here."

Immediately the demons flinched and stopped. In contrast, Deon glanced at Dan, who was stepping forward as if he was okay, but instead of saying no, he turned his head away.

Not saying no means giving permission. Dan followed suit proudly.



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 184**

184. For you (7)

Deon entered the mansion with a stern face.

Never rush and maintain an appropriate stride. As if he was just taking a look.

Those who see his back will probably think that he is going in for confirmation. Deon aimed to be seen that way.

‘...brother.’

My brother's head is in there. Maybe there isn't one.

But either way I'd be swayed. I have no intention of showing anything like weakness to the demons. Moreover, if you are found to have diverted your troops for such a private matter, you will be quite tired in the future.

Deon wandered around the mansion accompanied by only one person.

“...Where is it?”

It must be the office after all.

You can start by checking the office and, if not, open the doors to all the rooms. In general, the office is different from

the appearance of the door, so it should not be difficult to find.

While climbing the stairs and scanning the hallway, Dan, who had good eyesight, seemed to have discovered something and called out to Deon.

“Master, I think it’s over there.”

“ah.”

found.

I walked quickly and approached the door. However, contrary to the momentum that made him feel as if he would open the door at any moment, Deon did not hastily place his hand on the handle.

‘Because it could be a trap.’

Stand slightly out of the way in front of the door in case someone inside suddenly attacks you. Dan was also standing behind him, and Deon, holding a dagger in one hand and nodding his head, opened the door.

For a moment, a cool wind passed by them.

“ ....”

“There’s no one.”

“...I know.”

Deon answered blankly. His gaze had already been fixed on one place for a long time.

The duke’s office was nothing special. The only difference from the office I know is that there is a communicator and a

wooden box on the desk.

The communicator was not even in sight. Deon froze the moment he saw the box.

‘It’s that box.’

There’s something important in there, whether it’s my brother’s head or something else just to tease me.

I took a step inside as if I was fascinated.

“master?”

“...you are waiting here.”

Because I can’t even imagine what my reaction would be when I check inside the box.

Although Dan is one of the few people who can show a disheveled appearance, there are degrees to that. He showed his unsightly side once or twice, but his minimal defensive instincts and last remaining pride were shouting that this was not enough.

Dan opened his mouth to retort, but Deon didn’t listen and closed the door.

The noise outside is blocked and a quiet room welcomes him. I turned around, walked very slowly, and stood in front of the box.

‘...’

He looked down at the box with an expression that even he couldn’t understand.

I can feel the vivid smell of blood. They said the duke had cast a preservation spell. If so, this box would contain the time of that day.

I slowly reached out and grabbed the lid of the box. After a short deep breath, Deon opened the box.

‘Ah...’

The accident stopped.

Deon closed his eyes and opened them to stop his shaking gaze. With his eyes fixed on the box, he struggles to make a voice by squeezing his neck.

“Brother...that’s right.”

Is it because they saved something like me? Was he being punished for saving someone who deserved to die?

A person who sacrifices his life to save one person should be an object of respect... but why is he like this?

“Kruel Hart is right.”

I didn’t cry. There was no anger.

Because I was already tired of being madly angry and crying when I found out the truth. Moreover, since the cause of this was not anyone else but Deon Hardt himself, he had no right to dare express his feelings about this situation.

Above all, I didn’t want my feelings to be revealed to the Duke, who was connected to the communicator and was watching their reaction with bated breath, so I suppressed my agitation and made an indifferent voice.

“You crazy bastard.”

Fortunately, the voice only trembled very slightly and was mostly dry.

A soft laugh came from the communicator, as if they had sensed that this party knew the connection status of the communicator due to the clear swearing.

“What are the importance of principles in achieving a goal?”

“...Where is the rest of the body?”

The honorific was thrown away.

Already all my patience has been used up to hold on to reason. I no longer had the luxury of using honorifics for a guy like him.

“It looks like even that body is gone. But you were wrong. All I have is my head. There’s no way I could have something that’s heavy and takes up a lot of space. “It’s not even a good thing.”

It is said that there was a time gap between Develania taking the head and body, so it is somewhat believable.

Even if the author had it anyway, there was no way he would give it away. Deon spoke naturally.

“...I didn’t have any military history, so why did you call me here? Was it just to kill time? “What would you do if I didn’t come?”

“No, you would have come. And here it comes. Also, to the question of whether you are doing this to save time, the answer is yes. “That was the intention at first.”

“ .... ”

“But when I thought about it, I realized there was a better solution.”

At that moment, Deon felt as if the Duke on the other end of the communicator was smiling.

I opened my mouth to say something about the strange sensation running down my spine, but before I could, the Duke spoke first.

“I can just kill you.”

A low voice rings ominously. As if it was a signal, I felt a sense of popularity that wasn't there before. Deon quickly turned around to look behind him, checked the other person, and hurriedly wrapped the box in his arms and crouched down.

“For salvation.”

A poor man carrying a bomb was running towards him.

There was no need to be shocked. In an instant, all kinds of thoughts crossed my mind.

As someone who is sensitive to presence, I think I thought about all kinds of things, from the wonder of not noticing an ordinary poor person in a quiet room until he came at me, no matter how careless I was, to the possibility of facing him with a dagger drawn, or of avoiding the body first, and so on. .

...When I came to my senses, I realized that my body had reacted first.

“...! ...!!”

I vaguely hear the sound of the door opening and Dan's voice. I guess it was because I felt like I was popular with people other than Deon Hardt. But it was already too late.

Someone overlaps the body from behind. and.

Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu!

There was an explosion.

\*\*\*

In his fading consciousness, Deon strengthened his arm holding the box and recalled the statement he had made not long ago.

[I feel like fate is telling me to hate the world.]

As expected. Laughter flowed out.

'Look at this, they won't leave me alone.'

Even the poor abandon themselves and try to kill me. It has been a long time since he realized that the bastard was a member of the Church of Salvation, but his mind, shaken by the truth he had already heard from the Duke and the head of Cruel he had witnessed in person, seems to be unable to accept this situation rationally.

I'm just angry about everything.

Even unconsciously, when I thought about what made me so angry, all kinds of people came to mind.

Bystander Emperor. The Duke who is the culprit behind everything and plays with his brother's head. Just like the Duke, perhaps even more, he is the culprit and the Demon King who treats me like a toy.

...Yes, devil bastard.

‘You must have had a lot of fun playing with me.’

He acted like he was going to take out my liver and gallbladder. Did you think I was such a fun toy when I was betting with the Duke?

As the thought of the Demon King came to mind, my consciousness flowed to the point where I branded the Demon King as an object of revenge.

And the moment that thought turned into a decision.

‘...it all sucks.’

A dazzling light burst out.

\*\*\*

By world standards, it was a while ago, and by human standards, it was a long time ago. The world paid attention to a person who was dragged into an eight-year war.

If he had just been dragged out normally, there wouldn’t have been anything noteworthy. However, the devil was behind the situation in which the human being was thrown into a cruel world.

The victim of a bet made by the devil and his contractor candidate. This is such a situation that makes you a candidate for a hero. The next hero has already been appointed, but if he fails, it is enough to make him the next hero.

If we were to examine the reason for this conclusion, we went further back in time and looked at the ratio of the



number of times the demon king and the hero killed each other.

Although the hero and the demon king have a death-and-kill relationship, looking at all of the time, the demon king kills the hero more often than the hero kills the demon king.

Why. After a long analysis, the world received an answer.

[A hero must have a strong will to kill the devil lord.]

Just because he is a hero, he does not have much strength to go because people are asking him to kill the devil lord.

The world has observed humans for a long time and realized the power of their emotions. Especially love and revenge. It is more intense and powerful than anything else. That human being, Deon Hart, would be enough to become a member of the team that can kill the current Demon King, who has a tough life.

It's a new attempt. Even if I fail, I can't let myself die without even trying. Shouldn't we at least collect data?

So it's difficult to die. At least you have to live until the outcome comes out, whether the next hero kills the Demon King or is killed by the Demon King.

As a warrior candidate, it doesn't matter if your body is weak. After all, if you receive strength and become a warrior, you will have health that exceeds the standard. However, the problem is that it is difficult to keep one's limbs intact until one becomes a hero.

That's why the world granted a rare blessing.

Even though he was a weak human being, his protection was strong.

As if the world's efforts paid off, young and weak humans eventually survived on the battlefield. And the moment the next hero died at the hands of the Demon King, the world immediately nominated that person as a candidate.

He was not born as a warrior right away. Physical modifications must be carried out to make it easier for him to accept the hero's power, and above all, he does not yet have a 'desire for revenge against the devil'.

To the world, one human life is literally just a moment.

It was no problem to wait until humans learned the truth and harbored a desire for revenge.

And now.

When Deonhardt listened to the Duke's words and branded the Demon King as a target for revenge, and the moment his next thought turned into a decision, the world shook with joy.

If things really go according to his decision, what he has longed for ever since the world was born will come true.

[All preparations were finally completed.]

It was the birth of a brilliant warrior.

\*\*\*

When the former warrior died, he tried to hand over his power to me. Even though I knew it was impossible, I foolishly tried to pour in my strength and ended up dying.

The power infused by the hero passed through this body leisurely and spread to the world. It was truly unfortunate and despairing that no remnants of him remained in my body.

...I thought so.

– They say that someone's strong will sometimes goes against the will of the world. I think I am the proof.

The warrior spoke in a black world where there was nothing.

My will to save you became a flame and settled inside you. The person you face now is part of that will and body.

The warrior's power did not remain in Deonhardt's body, but it seemed to leave a trace elsewhere. And looking at what I am facing now, I can see that it has also had an impact.

– I unintentionally saw your past and watched everything that happened afterward. Oh, all I can see is the situation; I have no way of knowing what you were thinking or feeling at the time, so you can rest assured.

I don't feel safe at all.

The warrior showed signs of being uncomfortable, but perhaps because he was influenced by me, he shamelessly pretended not to notice, unlike the person I knew.

– He lived a life that I cannot dare to put into words. I thought that maybe my wish for you to live was too selfish.

Selfishness is right.

There is a past that can be forgotten and overlooked, and there is a past that cannot be overlooked. The past I have is

the latter.

My past affects my present, strangling me and controlling me like a puppet by strings, so there is no way for me to be happy in this life. It would be better to die early.

Oh, I guess he's already dead since he got hit directly by the explosion.

- You will live. Because the world has chosen you to be a warrior.

...what?

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 185**

185. For you (8)

– Your body should be recovering by now. ...I didn't do it, so don't look at it that way. Even if you hadn't met me, things would have progressed.

Then why did I meet you? Didn't you say you stayed to save me?

The warrior naturally answered the question of whether emotions and thoughts could be revealed honestly in the inner world.

– I respect your will. As someone who has observed your life and past, I cannot dare to force your life, so even if your life is in danger in the future, I will not step forward. So, since I have become useless, I would like to use this awakening of the warrior as an opportunity to disappear. By providing a little help with the handover.

...Taking over?

– You originally had a weak constitution. Even though the world has been remodeled to become more accepting of the Force over a long period of time, it is still a bit lacking. If things continue like this, you can receive the full power, but the process will be quite painful.

According to what he said, I should be in pain by now, but I don't feel anything. Is it because of the inner world?

– When you wake up, you will probably feel like your body is being crushed alive. Since he became a hero, he won't die of shock... but

since he even died of shock, there's nothing more to hear. Please take care of the handover.

This time, the hero must have guessed what I was thinking, but instead of laughing out loud, he smiled steadily. The lips, which rose in a nice curve, began to give kind explanations.

In the first place, handovers between warriors made no sense. Because the power of a warrior cannot be passed on to a target.

However, by coincidence, the target the hero attempted to transfer power to and the target chosen by the world overlapped. Moreover, the hero's power had already passed through him once and left a small trace, making it easier for him to intervene.

– I will disappear now for the last time, but I still want to leave a few words for your life. As someone who once wanted to save you, I can do this.

The warrior took a step closer. Reach out to me and breathe in a faint light.

– You are loved more than you thought.

No way.

– There was someone here who wanted you to live even after death. And there are people who want you to be happy

even after death.

The outstretched hand went down a little and brushed the border of the neck above the collarbone. I knew it right away because it was a place the devil often touched. This is where the stigma lies.

– Free, not tied down by something, not oppressed. There are people out there who want you to live the life they want you to have.

...Are you referring to the hero himself? Yes, that is possible because he is a hero. If you look at the reality right now, there are countless people who want me dead.

Thanks to you, I realize it again. Warriors are selfless. At least that was the case with the hero in front of me.

A person like the epitome of a warrior who willingly sacrifices himself for others. He was my last companion who came all the way to the Demon King's Castle, and he did everything for me even in death.

I can't believe I'll become a hero after someone like that. Would someone like me dare to live like that?

As if he had read these thoughts, the warrior smiled bitterly.

– Don't try to be a warrior like me. I told you so. 'Unbound, unoppressed, free.' I even forgot my name, but I hope you haven't.

Ah, the name.

– ...Cassius.

I opened my mouth and called his name.

I heard his name called at a funeral. Even though we had been together for quite some time, it was an unfamiliar name I had heard for the first time in my life. At first, I was dumbfounded for a moment, not realizing who the name referred to.

How many people will remember his name mentioned in passing?

As long as the Demon King is alive, another hero will appear, and the world will cheer for the new hero and erase the previous hero from memory.

Still, as someone who saw his last days and collected his body, I wanted to remember his name. Of course, I had no idea it would be called that.

Cassius, who is not a hero, opens his eyes wide as if he is surprised.

For a moment, he smiled as if he was melting.

- Yes, I did. My name was Cassius. He was the son of a village blacksmith.

- ....

- I didn't know you would remember. thank you

As if he had breathed all the light into him, he withdraws his hand and steps back. A gentle smile lit up the dark space, as if to say it was the last time.

- The short words I added probably didn't have any effect on you.



...It's unfortunate, but it's natural. It would have been the same even if it had been someone other than me.

Because someone's mindset based on strong shocks or a long past is not easily shaken by just a few words from others. If people had changed so easily, the world would have been boring, simple, standardized, without crime or individuality, instead of what it is now.

- Poor guy.

gibberish.

Before he could refute anything, Cassius' body became blurred.

Still, I thought it would be better to finish off the beauty of Yujong at the end, so I quietly watched the scene, and before he disappeared completely, he said.

- Oh, I almost forgot the most important thing. The day you were kicked out of your nightmare, I was asked to convey the message to someone.

At first glance, a soft smile appeared in my field of vision.

- A man with black hair and green eyes asked me to say hello.

-...!

What did you just say...!

Light burst out.

\*\*\*

The poor man carrying the bomb clung to it and an explosion occurred.

The moment Dan froze at the fact that he had been hit directly, a strong light burst out from Deonhardt.

That alone was shocking, but a pillar of light fell from the sky centered on him. The light was strong enough to brighten up the entire continent, but strangely, there was no damage to eyesight.

A gentle light that feels wonderful and divine. A tattered Deon Hart is recovering inside.

Judging the situation was quick.

‘The hero awakens!’

I am distraught because a series of shocking incidents occurred without warning, but I know one thing for sure.

‘You’re completely crazy to choose someone who was at the forefront of the Demon King’s army as your hero.’

But that’s not important right now.

Rather than that, the priority is to deal with those who attack with bombs. The poor people suddenly appear inside the mansion, where there was clearly no sign of them.

‘...It looks like the duke used magic.’

Is it because I found out that the Duke was a contractor for the Demon King before coming here? That’s the only way that comes to mind that can neatly hide the clumsy presence of poor people.

“Anyway, I really can’t understand those crazy about religion. “You’re out of your mind.”

The Duke who created such a religion is also insane.

Dan decapitated the guy who was running from the front, kicked his chest, sent it to another guy, and quickly approached Deon. Boom from behind! I heard the sound of someone’s life being extinguished.

First, they snatched the communication device that might still be connected, threw it out the window, and roughly picked up the body lying nearby. His appearance was terrible, as if he were a corpse wearing a bomb, but Dan just looked at Deon without even looking at him. Besides the wounds that were healing smoothly, there was something else that caught my attention.

‘The stigma...’

The black stigma that was clearly visible through the tattered collar is disappearing.

In the empire, the brand was known as the Demon King’s Curse and was carved by the Demon King himself.

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The moment the pillar of light connecting heaven and earth appeared, the Demon King suddenly raised his head. Surprisingly, he received not one, but two pieces of information.

One is that the archenemy, the hero, has finally been born. And the other one is....

‘The location tracking brand on Deonhardt has been erased.’

It was carved with great care. Even if he becomes a ‘hero’, it won’t be erased.

But it’s different if you’re a warrior. Because the hero’s body has its own immunity to the devil’s magic. Since it can withstand a certain amount of killing magic, small magic engraved on its body will not leave a trace.

Coincidentally, the magic engraved on Deonhart was erased at the moment the hero was born? This is obvious even without looking at it.

‘Deonhardt has become a warrior.’

He quietly raised his hand and covered his mouth. The inside of the station went crazy, and then the sound of stifled laughter filled the room.

“Oh how.”

Why do they only choose pretty things?

I guess I picked up a fortune. Even without that, I felt like I was going crazy because I was so happy every day after meeting him, but he revealed something even more!

Without erasing the smile from his face, he reached out and grabbed the communication seat.

“Notify the entire demon world.”

Being happy is being happy and doing what you have to do.

Now that a warrior has been born, it is time to withdraw unnecessary orders.

“From now on, we will lift the ban on magic.”

An order that seemed like it would last forever has been lifted. Even the demons will soon find out. Those who are astute would have already noticed.

How would they react if they found out that the commander of Corps 0 had become a warrior?

Perhaps you will be happy in a different way than yourself. Because the Demon King and the Hero have become one side. They say that their power has increased significantly, so they will be happy and think that it is their world now.

‘Is that really the case?’

...Well, I’m happy because I’m the same way.

Let’s just enjoy this happiness. The Demon King smiled and put down the communication seat.

\*\*\*

Doctor Ben escaped from the Demon King’s Castle and was running toward where Deonhardt was.

The reason was simple. Because I received a signal for hemoptysis. In addition, abnormal signals were occasionally transmitted from various parts of the body, as if he was not sparing his body, so how could he, as the attending physician, remain silent?

With the intention of using this opportunity to cure them all, I left the Demon King’s Castle and entered the human world. I’m working hard to chase after the fast-moving location...

‘How can it be so fast...!?’

The distance shows no signs of narrowing and keeps getting further away!

What straw is the gate of the human world made of? Will it open if I just touch it?

It would be normal if there was a delay in the battle, but there was no sign of that. Despite moving with the thought that they would catch up quickly as they would be tied up in the siege, the troops led by Deon were moving forward diligently without staying in one place for too long.

‘Should I say it’s Deon? Should I be happy about this or not?’

If this continues, it will be difficult to catch up.

While resting for a while in Paras territory, I was contemplating whether to just give up and go back, but at some point, Deon’s travel route changed.

A movement that perfectly retraces the path you came from! Ben cheered.

‘We can meet!’

I don’t know why he suddenly returns, but it is possible to meet him!

As time goes by, the signal gets weaker and minor wounds cannot be detected, so you should check them carefully when you encounter them. In particular, I will definitely check to see if the burns on my thighs have increased.

So Ben went out to meet Deonhardt in the direction he was returning from.

“Master Deon, Master Deon! for a moment...! “Is that Ben...!”

Doo doo doo doo!!

Dust rose. Ben looked vainly at the group passing by him.

‘I was ignored...’

It seemed like he wasn’t even aware of my existence. I was completely ignored.

‘But I am a doctor who never gives up.’

You can move more as long as it is for the health of the patient in charge.

I lifted the magic stone necklace and checked Deon’s location.

They’re moving away at a fast pace, but...

‘Still, the distance isn’t as wide as it was before.’

This is worth doing. Ben set out on his journey again and managed to come close to the Illuster territory.

The problem was next.

A huge pillar of light. A signal that rang seriously on a simple topic and then suddenly cut off.

Ben looked blankly at the magic stone necklace and the pillar of light, which had lost signal.

I know what that pillar of light means. There is probably no one in both the human world and the demon world who does not know this.

‘The birth of a hero...’

Then, the reason why the signal was cut off...

I realized it instinctively before I could even think about it with my head.

“Daeon... you have become a warrior.”



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 186**

186. For you (9)

Then, the signal getting weaker all this time must have been part of the process of becoming a warrior.

First, you have to meet Deon. Ben quickly ran into the open gate. The magic stone necklace had long since run out of effect, but it was not difficult to get direction because all you had to do was run while looking at the huge pillar of light.

A pillar of light was radiating its presence inside a mansion.

However, unlike the momentum that made him look like he was going to jump in at any moment, Ben stopped for a moment and rubbed his eyes. An unbelievable scene was unfolding in front of the main gate.

‘What is that?’

I wonder if my liver is swollen.

Humans wearing bombs attack the demon soldiers waiting in front of the main gate. The demons showed reluctance in the attack, which did not spare their bodies, and were each swinging their weapons.

Ah, I don't know how it is, but I know that life is not a waste. Otherwise, there's no way you would do such a crazy thing. I

was mesmerized by the completely unexpected sight for a moment and thought,

'Deon comes first.'

Ben came to his senses again and jumped into the midst of the chaos, holding his visit bag tightly.

"Everyone get out of the way!!"

If you block me, I'll hit you!

Every time his bag was swung, there was a dull sound and the demons and humans flew into the distance.

....

'...I thought it would be okay once I came into the mansion.'

I sighed and swung my visiting bag. A human fell against the wall with an eerie sound of his neck being broken.

A presence can be felt throughout the mansion. With seemingly impure intentions, they were flocking towards a place where they seemed to have made an appointment.

Not only that, but the sound of something exploding and the vibrations transmitted through the air are so ominous. I ran up the stairs like I was flying. Ben, who saw the crowd gathered in front of one door, rushed in without even thinking about it, swinging his bag.

"Show off fireworks outside, you rude and common-sense people!"

“...Ben?”

It was natural that Dan, who was barely swinging his sword while maintaining a distance away from the explosion, was dumbfounded.

The situation was resolved in an instant.

Even though they are demons, there was only one person added, and it was all sorted out so quickly. Dan, who was standing with a stunned expression, slowly sheathed his sword and turned his head to look at Ben.

As if he had gone crazy, he approached the pillar of light and was examining Deon's condition.

“You've already been caught in an explosion once. You are very tattered. “He's almost fully recovered, but you can't deceive my eyes.”

“....”

Your reaction is calmer than expected?

If it's the Ben I've seen so far, it's a little more...

“What did you do when you weren't protecting Deon?!”

I knew it.

Dan looked like he was like that and shook Ben's collar as he shook it. Because it wasn't my fault at all.

He too was deeply regretting it.

‘You came in trusting only me, so I should have kept it clear.’

This is a matter of trust.

It's a matter that not only depends on Deonhardt's trust, but also the devil's army's gaze towards me.

'I'm glad I'm alive.'

If he had died here, he would have died too. From the demons' point of view, there is no need to keep a human who cannot protect even one person who is their guarantor and owner.

Deon Hardt didn't trust me for nothing.

"sorry."

"Why did you do something so sorry...!"

Dan, who was inadvertently looking over Ben's shoulder, paused for a moment.

The brilliant pillar of light was gradually fading away. Soon, Deon appears in the midst of it all. The moment his face came into view, my mind went blank. Ben was still angry and shouting something, but I couldn't hear him.

'It's strange, the pillar of light has clearly disappeared...'

Why is it still bright around Deonhardt?

Ben is not unaware that the other person's mind is somewhere else. After seeing Dan's dumbfounded expression, he growled loudly and turned his head to follow his gaze.

"You don't listen to me... Deon!"

The demon in front of me disappeared, leaving only an afterimage.

The movement was so fast that it was difficult to follow it with the eyes, but Dan leisurely looked away. Because it was obvious where the destination was anyway.

Sure enough, Ben was sitting where Deonhardt was. As he reached out to Deon, who was crouching with the box in his arms, he paused for a moment.

“What is this box...?”

“Oh, that’s...”

I don’t think I should say it.

If you say Cruel Hart’s head, this doctor will immediately notice the situation. Everything from the fact that Deon Hardt was swayed by personal matters and diverted his troops to the fact that he ended up falling into a trap.

Things will never be good for Deon.

Ben shrugged his shoulders in response to no response.

“I don’t know what it is, but I’m just taking it out for a while for treatment...”

Ugh.

Ben didn’t finish his sentence. The wrist stretched out toward the box was caught. I flinched from a grip strong enough to crush my bones, and for a moment I heard a soft voice.

“This can’t be done.”

The voice was low, as if it was a little quiet, but the life contained in it was clear.

This moment feels so dream-like that I wonder if it's an illusion, but Deon's eyelids slowly go up. As if reminding us that this was reality, the red eyes revealed between them turned toward Ben with a colorful light.

Not only Ben, who made eye contact, but even Dan, who was watching the situation from a distance, froze.

'...I open my eyes and it's really no joke.'

I felt it when I closed my eyes, but when I opened my eyes, I felt it for sure.

'I was considered good-looking before, but this is just...'

It's beauty that transcends taste.

Although the face of the original version remains, the appearance is of a different level. When you become a warrior, doesn't it make you naturally look good? I thought carefully about the information about the hero.

As far as I know, a warrior's power is a bundle of talent. The range of talent is very wide and varies depending on what you think...

'...talent, yes.'

Even beauty like that is a talent.

Dan nodded.

Deon, who was shocked and then came to his senses, slowly stood up. Ben tried to help him from next to him, but he flatly refused and sat down, slowly clenching and unclenching his fists.

\*\*\*

I am full of strength.

Is this what health is like? Vision is clear and breathing is easy. The body, which always had to be moved with more than a certain amount of force, moved softly and lightly just by thinking about it.

I can even feel the presence of my nemesis, the Demon King.

‘You have truly become a hero.’

I can’t deny this.

So, does that mean that the conversation in that space at that time was not a meaningless dream?

The hand holding the box gained strength. I had to quickly relax because I heard a cracking sound, but it made me feel even more like I had become a hero.

[The black-haired, green-eyed man asked me to say hello.]

...Cruel.

I bowed my head. Ben made a fuss, asking if there was anything uncomfortable, but no one heard him.

I just looked down at the box in my arms and closed my eyes.

I only realized it after hearing that.

[There was someone here who wanted you to live even after death. And there are people who want you to be happy even after death.]

The hero's words included not only himself but also Cruel Hart.

[Free, not tied down by something, not oppressed. There are people who want you to live the life you want.]

I said 'people'. Why didn't I know this?

And... and...

'I hope you live the life I want.'

I can't breathe as if I'm submerged deep in the water.

I feel like he's thinking of me even after death, so I want to follow his words faithfully and show him my hope, but...

'I can't.'

Before discussing what kind of life I want, I cannot dare to assure you that I can follow your words. I can clearly feel that a great fate is driving me to one place, so how can a mere human being resist?

'But... like Dan said, you can eat taffy.'

Is this really a coincidence that he awakens as a hero as soon as he makes that 'decision'?

No way. Deon laughed as if he collapsed.

This made it clear what the world wanted from me. If I move according to my 'decision', I will be moving according to his will. This is my will and at the same time it is not my will.

'I said it was too much or too little.'



If you have no choice but to move as the world wants, then yes.

It wouldn't be a bad idea to show a larger scale than that.

'Revenge comes first, though.'

The feel of the box in my arms is cool. Deon stood up.

There is a commotion outside the mansion, as if the poor people have attacked the waiting soldiers. Although they do not have any decent military power, it will not be easy as it is a life-threatening attack. I walked away leisurely, nodding to Ben and Dan who were looking at me blankly, telling me to leave.

I walked down the hallway with neat steps that completely concealed my true feelings.

\*\*\*

The raids by the poor had almost all been put to rest. This contained the demons' survival instinct to clean up the place neatly before Deon came out.

Deon, who became the general commander, had a thorough atmosphere that made it impossible to make a single mistake. Unless it was a big mistake, no significant punishment was given, but the cold gaze and noble, trampling tone made the demons notice.

...But now it seems like the atmosphere has changed again. Is it because I became a hero?

The demons looked blankly at Deon with his feet on the corpse's back.

I know that the pillar of light is related to the birth of a warrior. Since I knew that the place where the pillar of light was located was the mansion where Deon and Dan entered, I also assumed that Deon could become a warrior.

However, I did not expect this situation.

“This guy is attacking me, but no one can react.”

The foot that stepped on the corpse takes strength. The sound of the spine breaking as it was unable to withstand the warrior's strength was heard.

Bright red eyes look persistently at those who flinch and avoid their gaze. A voice filled with indifference and irritation came out slowly.

“What should I do with these incompetent things?”

It was unfair for the demons.

It's not that no one reacted. Everyone reacted, but before they could even move, Deonhardt killed his opponent first.

It's almost all sorted out, but it's not completely sorted out. In that situation, there was no way the remaining poor would just leave a famous person named Deon Hardt outside the mansion. Naturally, the poor person closest to him rushed towards him when he showed up.

When Dan, Ben, and other demons tried to react to the surprisingly transparent movement, Deon moved first.

[Did I look so easy that a sloppy guy like that would attack me?]

If I say that all of this happened in an instant, from grabbing the face of the person running towards me and slamming him to the floor and then turning his body over so that the bomb mounted on his stomach falls underneath him. Would you really believe it?

Meanwhile, Deon glanced at his left hand curiously.

I clearly put my left hand under the stomach when I knocked over the guy with the bomb. The explosion caused his body to shake and his left hand to be covered in blood up to the elbow. Nevertheless, now...

‘I’m all better.’

The thick blood didn’t disappear and it didn’t look very good, but the wound didn’t even leave a trace.

The hero’s recovery power was this high. After a moment of admiration, Deon consciously lowered the corners of his mouth that had risen slightly.

“What should I do now? “I didn’t organize what was left quickly.”

“Yes... Yes!”

Now there is no need to pay close attention to your actions. Deon stopped speaking as if he had been waiting for this moment.

When Stigma teaches something, there is always something added at the end. As a fairly conscientious junior, I had even that engraved in a corner of my head.

[All of this is irrelevant if you are overwhelmingly strong.]  
The

only enemy of a hero is the Demon King. The Demon King is also like that.

It is difficult to kill a hero with demons alone, and even if you are ambushed, with this level of resilience, you will be able to fight back and survive. There is no need to set yourself up and be tough.

Besides....

[Not tied down, not oppressed, free.]

...I don't want to live like that anymore.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 187**

187. For you (10)

The snow fox, who pretended to be a snow bear by fluffing up his fur to survive, relaxed comfortably.

Deon noticed the blood on his arm and couldn't resist Ben's stubbornness, so he turned around and spoke in tears. In contrast to his easy-going manner of speaking, his steps were graceful, as if he had already become accustomed to them.

"From now on, I will calculate the promised half-day. "If you want to rest for a long time, it would be better to organize it quickly."

"...!"

The movements of the frozen demons became busy again.

When Deon finished cleaning up, he sat a little away from them, leaving a message telling them to settle down in a suitable place and rest. A perfect spot to watch as the poor are eliminated before they can even reach them.

With the box still tightly held in his arms, he sat down on the stone where Dan had placed a handkerchief and took out a cigarette...

“No medicine, Master Deon!”

...and then it was confiscated.

Red eyes turned to Ben without hiding their bewilderment.

“Weren’t you here to check my arm? “I know it’s okay just to look at it, but let’s go, shall we?”

“Ah, when you became a warrior, your body was transformed, so the signal from the magic stone necklace was cut off. “I have to extract new blood and recreate it...”

“I don’t think you need to do that. Even if you get hurt, you get better quickly.”

He shrugged his shoulders and gestured to the arm that Dan was wiping. Ben winced as the blood was wiped off and his unscathed arm was revealed.

“...I am Deon’s doctor.”

“That’s true, but you no longer need to cling to me and treat me as much as before.”

“Still, in the end, we are still responsible for Deon’s health, so it also doesn’t change that we need a way to know the patient’s condition in real time.”

“Well... do whatever you want.”

I tried my best to make sure I didn’t go in vain.

Most of the wounds will have already healed before Ben arrives. But if you insist on it, I can’t stop you.

He obediently held out his cleanly cleaned arm. Ben, who vigorously stabbed me with a small knife, looked stunned

for a moment.

“...It heals right away even before the blood comes out.”

“I told you. “I think I don’t have to.”

“...I will make the wound a little deeper.”

After several attempts, I was finally able to collect blood. Ben, who I thought was going to check on my healed arm right away without any need to stop the bleeding, suddenly got down on one knee right in front of me.

His hand touched one of my thighs.

“You must have been taking medicine the whole time I was away.”

“ ....”

“At least I told you not to let it get to your body. Do you mind if I check it?”

“no.”

“ ....”

Ben’s expression hardened.

“You did it.”

“It’s okay because I became a hero and everything healed.”

“Master Deon.”

Ben lifted his exposed arm.

An arm without a wound but with countless scars was exposed under the light.

“Looking at this, it is assumed that the wounds suffered when becoming a hero may have healed without leaving any scars, but the previous scars still remain.”

You probably know best.

He spoke back with his eyes and let out a dull sigh when he received no response.

“I guess there’s one more scar. “No, not just one, but how many.”

“Okay, it’s just a scar. “I had a lot of scars before I met you, so adding a few more won’t make a difference.”

To be honest, I don’t know why Ben is being so sensitive.

When it comes to wounds, I think I can be sensitive as a doctor. But isn’t it a scar that has already healed? It’s also a very small cigarette burn mark.

Did he notice Deon’s doubts?

“Master Deon.”

Ben frowned.

“Scars are memories.”

“....”

“If a scar remains, every time I see it, I am reminded of the situation and emotions that occurred at the time of the injury. “It’s a scar, so it won’t be a very good memory.”



Moreover, the scars left on Deon's thighs were left by himself and not by anyone else.

I will never forget what thoughts and emotions I had.

I don't dare understand Deon's feelings, but... Ben boldly spoke as a doctor who was concerned about Deonhardt's physical and mental health.

"It is enough for the wounds caused by bad thoughts and emotions to remain in one's mind."

In fact, it is not enough and even that alone would be overwhelming. therefore.

"Don't bother leaving a scar on your body. "I don't want bad memories etched into Deon's body."

"...."

There was silence.

I should have left a long time ago. Dan looked at Ben and Deon in turn, as if he was troubled.

A thought suddenly occurred to me.

'The Master is loved more than I thought.'

You may think you are alone.

It is truly amazing to receive love in a situation where walls are being built like that.

Because Deonhardt does not love himself, he does not recognize and does not believe in other people's affection and goodwill toward him. That's why I can't return that affection and favor. If such a situation continues, the person

to whom you have been expressing your feelings will also become exhausted and fall out, so it is natural that you will end up in a state of not really being loved.

‘Maybe... it’s thanks to them that the Master has been able to endure until now.’

Thanks to this affection and consideration.

There was a short silence. Deon, who was looking at Ben with his mouth closed, soon closed his eyes and waved his hand.

“I want to get some rest.”

“...I will leave for a moment.”

Ben glances at Dan and walks away.

Only after he was out of earshot did Dan roll his eyes and look at Deon again. He took out a black handkerchief from his pocket and was fiddling with it.

I quietly added a word to change the mood.

“Your tone of voice has changed again.”

“It’s back to normal. You’ve become stronger. “He’s not just a brute force, he’s become a hero, so it doesn’t matter if he’s dignified and rude, right?”

“...Who said that?”

“Seniors.”

“As expected...”

Dan sighed.

It's not wrong. It's not wrong....

'Stigma, why did that guy say that...'

"To give an extreme example, he said that if I had overwhelming strength, I could swing from the chandelier in the imperial palace banquet hall and no one would say anything. ."

"...It would be better to listen to what he says with a moderate amount of filtering."

I can't tell you not to be friends at all, so I have to say it like this.

Since no one is given the right to discuss other people's relationships, Dan spoke in a carefully purified way. Deon, who read what was inside, chuckled.

"He's a good person."

"He is only good to the Master."

"Well, that's true."

He lightly shrugged his shoulders and tightly grasped the black handkerchief he had been fiddling with.

"...fire."

"Do you want to burn it?"

"Because I don't need it anymore."

"Handkerchiefs have many uses. "I think it would be a good idea to keep it with you, just in case."

“If you decide I need a handkerchief, you can give it to me separately. “For now, I’m going to burn this.”

“...Stubbornness.”

Even though he is grumbling and sarcastic, Dan steadily puts out the fire. Deon, who put a handkerchief to the end, held it still while it was burning, and then dropped it on the snow as Dan, who was frightened, swatted it away.

The remnants of the handkerchief crackle on the snow and disappear unsightly. Red Eyes, who was staring at it, turned to Dan, who was holding his hand and looking around.

“Are you crazy?! “He treats himself like a hero!”

“...what.”

I thought it would be better to hold it to burn it cleanly.

But if I say this, I’ll get nagging more. Deon followed his past experience and instinct and chose to change his mind instead of making excuses.

“You would be better than that.”

“...yes?”

“My value has been confirmed. A warrior who stands on the devil’s side. “What could be a more perfect disaster than this?”

Dan, who had been keeping his mouth shut so as not to fall, opened his eyes wide for a moment.

“...okay. “When I think about it, it’s clear that this is a disaster.”

“...Surely you didn’t even think about this?”

“I forgot about it for a moment.”

“What if I wasn’t what you wanted me to be?”

“well. It’s a meaningless assumption, isn’t it? In the current situation, it is meaningless to think of the master and the disaster separately. “Whether you serve the Master or the Calamity, you are ultimately serving the same object.”

I made a reasonably easy remark and stopped.

Since it wasn’t the kind of thing to inquire or argue with the assumption of ‘what if’, Deon looked away without saying anything and took in the organized situation.

Snow was piling up on top of the body against a backdrop of silence, as if the commotion just a moment ago had been a lie.

“...I didn’t know you could use religion like this.”

“It’s definitely... a terrible method. “I heard that the Salvation Church is steeped in the idea that peacocking is salvation. Could it have been brainwashing for the present?”

“You are my salvation.”

It’s so obvious.

I burst out laughing at the honest pseudonym.

“First of all, it must have been a foundation to ensure that whatever my orders were faithfully followed. “I put it to good use like this.”

It’s a grueling but useful method.

I got up from my seat. After taking the handkerchief Dan had left on the floor, Deon turned to look at him and slightly raised the corners of his mouth.

"It would be best to take a break. "After this break, I'm really going to be running non-stop, so it would be a good idea to get as much rest as possible."

"...Coming all the way here was no joke, but it's even worse than that...?"

"of course. You took a long time to get here, right? The duke seems to be trying to take his time, but I don't know why, but I can't make it happen as he wants. "I'm going to run without sleep, so be prepared."

"oh my god."

Dan groaned.

I don't know why I feel good when that guy suffers. In response to the silent screams, Deon lowered the corners of his mouth that kept rising and said what he had originally intended to say.

He was holding a box tightly in his arms.

"If you don't like it, it wouldn't be a bad idea to go back to the demon world."

"Follow the Master until the end... ha, these are empty words."

Dan, who slapped his own snout, opened his mouth again.

"It certainly seems like going back would help my survival in other ways, but I won't go back like this. "I also have pride."

“I have work to do.”

“Oh, if you say so.”

Without specifications.

Dan grinned and straightened his posture as if he was giving an order. Instead of giving an order straight away, Deon looked at him blankly.

He once hated receiving a box containing the head of King Rweche’s younger brother. Even though it was just a matter of taking it for a moment, he showed blatant refusal. Would such a guy really be able to do what I tell him to do?

But even so, the only person I can trust is this guy.

“...Keep this safely in my room in the demon world.”

He held out the box he was holding in his arms.

“Not only must there be no damage or problems during the transportation process, but it must not be subject to any shock.”

“ .... ”

“Oh, and while you’re there, tell Develania to find Cruel Hart’s body at all costs.”

As the person who saw his last days, the person who survived thanks to him, and the only remaining blood relative in this world, Deon pledged to make sure that Cruel Hart’s body was recovered.

That’s why you can’t take this to the capital of the empire. If you lose it or get it damaged, it’s one more thing you’ll

never be able to forgive yourself for. At that time, it may really collapse.

The smile disappeared from Dan's face.

"Thoroughly in this condition."

He reaches out and takes the box. There was no sign of reluctance whatsoever.

"I will take you to the master's room."

"...okay."

Dan politely held the box and bowed his head slightly.

I know what this means to the Master. I also heard and know how the person inside died. In such a situation, there is no way to express rejection simply because it is a 'box with a head'.

He is a person who should never be treated carelessly. Dan knew how to maintain the minimum level of goodness and courtesy.

"thanks."

Deon said in a whisper.



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 188**

188. For you (11)

The pillar of light shined so brightly that it could be seen from anywhere on the continent.

That means that everyone in the human world learned of the birth of the hero.

A hero who was dramatically born in a threatening situation where the Demon King's army pushed the empire to the edge of a cliff. Even though I didn't know who the target was, it was natural to have hope.

The same was true for the king of the Mountain Kingdom. It was the same, but

now there was something I was more worried about.

'I really can't connect.'

Did they discard the communication device altogether?

What kind of disrespect is this to the king of a country, to arbitrarily notify and unilaterally cut it off? Does that mean you are the emperor?

Still, she couldn't get completely angry, just staring at the communicator. That's because he knew what his actions

meant.

“...He seems like a person I can't completely hate.”

If a monarch of a foreign country could make him feel this way, it would be proof that his choice was not extraordinary.

“Anyway, it's terrible.”

How should we deal with the Demon King's army in the future? Is there no choice but to expect something from the hero?

He sighed and crossed his eyebrows.

\*\*\*

Naturally, the king of Rweche also heard the news of the warrior's appearance.

When everyone was hopeful, he quietly muttered as he remembered the face of his younger brother, who left the room with the curtains closed without leaving a single portrait.

“I'm sorry. It seems like the empire's life will be longer than I thought.”

It has not yet been revealed who the hero is.

I have a very personal and selfish thought that it would be better if that hero were Deonhardt and took revenge on the emperor instead, but there is no way he would be chosen as a hero when he goes on a rampage with demons over so many people in the human world.

If you reveal these feelings to someone, they will most likely be shocked. You might ask, if the resentment is that deep,

why don't you take action?

"I was foolish."

Of course, I want to take revenge on myself... As the king of a country, I made a promise to a knight of the empire.

After thinking that far, he burst into laughter.

"In the end, I am a king and can do nothing about it."

I have nothing to say even if you criticize me because I'm an ugly older brother who can't even avenge my younger brother.

I felt like I was overflowing with self-blame for a moment, so I picked up the overflowing emotions and buried them in my heart and got up.

Because you can't take care of national affairs while being immersed in emotions. Now it is time to fulfill my duties as king again.

\*\*\*

The appearance of the hero did not impress the emperor.

Anyway, even if a hero comes to help, the current imperial palace will already have collapsed. By then, this body will have already left.

The location of the demons that kept changing came to mind.

'Was the speed of the advance at the level of running without sleep?'

For some reason, I wondered if they had suddenly changed their route midway to gain time, but even so, it seemed like they would arrive sooner than expected. He showed a subtle expression when he realized that his destination when he changed his route was Illuster territory, but that was only for a moment.

Everyone on the route to the imperial palace has long since been evacuated, so the only ones left are those in the capital. Nobles who stayed in the capital for the safety of the people of the empire and themselves.

They tried to evacuate the people of the empire first and then the nobles, but there was strong opposition. It wasn't about why they evacuated mere imperial citizens first instead of themselves. They were protesting, asking why they had to evacuate.

It makes no sense to move the capital at this time. Isn't it too much to proceed arbitrarily without even a single consultation? Are you really planning to abandon this palace with its long history? So, did you know that Deon Hardt is the commander of the 0th Legion?

There were some remarks that were acceptable and some that were completely off topic, but in the end, the backlash did not last long.

[Jim has already done everything and all that is left is you. In other words, it means that all the troops have been moved there, so the only way to stay here would be to die. If you want to stay that long...]

[I'll go.]

Look. The emperor chuckled.

‘What is the long history?’

Even thinking about it again, it’s absurd. You cite its long history as a reason not to abandon the palace. There were many comments that weren’t worth answering, but this one was the most memorable. Did they think of this empire as a country that continued the history of the previous dynasty?

It’s funny. Rather than promoting the previous dynasty to an empire, he wiped out the entire dynasty and established an empire on top of it. To think something like that just because the blood of the monarch is inherited.

This palace has a long history, but that does not make it the long history of the empire. Long history? What does it have to do with the history of the dynasty before I ascended the throne? The reason he used this palace as is was not because he respected the history of the palace, but because he did not want to waste taxes on building a new one.

“...But...”

The golden eyes resembling a wild beast roll over to capture the article in front of them.

An unexpected, or perhaps even expected, person is standing there with firm eyes as if he or she has decided on something. The emperor smiled bitterly inwardly.

“Why didn’t you move and find your luggage? “I’m sure Jim would have told you to move.”

“Please allow me to remain here.”

Lien Reiner, the knight who once served Deon Hardt, bowed his head.

“I know that Your Majesty deliberately placed me in a place where I would not encounter him. “I deeply appreciate your consideration, but I have a reason to meet him.”

“This is a remark that is likely to be misunderstood. “Isn’t life worth it?”

It was a threatening situation in which her head could be blown off if she were not careful, but she calmly answered after seeing the emperor and understanding him in her own way.

“I know your Majesty is not the type of person to do that.”

“....”

The emperor remained silent for a moment as if speechless, then slowly raised the corners of his mouth. He said with a somewhat bitter smile.

It was not a response to Lien’s remarks, but a response to a previous request.

“Even if I force him to evacuate by invoking Hwang Myeong, if I were to do so, I would move to find him again.”

If you never meet, you will live in guilt and suffering for the rest of your life.

There are so many people living with suffering that there is no need to list one more person. That’s why he had no choice but to nod.

“Do whatever you want.”

and.

After the short interview with Lien Reiner, the emperor pressed his throbbing temples as another interviewer appeared.

“You...”

Even though an evacuation order was issued, the duke did not even enter the palace, let alone evacuate, and did not care. It doesn't matter whether you die or not, as long as you don't die in connection with the emperor. I understand that Lien Reiner said he would stay. Because I know how she feels.

But you cannot. The emperor spat out the words with low anger, as if he was growling.

“Why are you still here?”

“Your Majesty is still here, so how dare you run away first?  
“That is disloyalty.”

The prince and princess, who were already gone and should not have been there, were moving around in front of him.

\*\*\*

The emperor's movements are strange. Paul, who had been observing the situation in the empire with a suspicious eye ever since he poured his troops into Miller, made a quick decision when he heard that all the people heading to the capital had been evacuated.

‘Instead of helping the empire, we should think about how to survive after it falls.’

The emperor abandoned the empire. Maybe it's not an empire but a capital. However, it is equally difficult to

expect the empire's strength in the future.

The people of the capital have not been evacuated yet, but if things continue like this, they will move soon.

You must save power. Paul immediately withdrew the revolutionary troops from the empire. I'm holding my breath trying to decide what to do and move based on the situation going forward...

- Please help me.

I received a call from the duke.

- I know that you are the one who held back the Demon Lord's army in other regions. They've been trying hard to hold you back with various spells, including making you lose your way and wander, right? Thanks to this, the empire was able to focus solely on fighting in key areas.

thank you

The words he never thought he would say were heard faintly, as if they were scattered. Paul quietly looked down at the communication signal transmitted through Salvation Church.

A sincere thank you may be surprising, but... Daniel died because of it. Boundaries are natural. A rough voice was suddenly spit out.

"You asked for help, what on earth is that?"

- The Demon King's army will soon arrive at the capital. Please delay their arrival time by just 3 hours, no more, no less.



There is no way the duke didn't know that it was a sarcastic remark rather than a question. Nevertheless, does answering like this mean that it is that desperate?

I thought of the speed of the Demon King's army advancing toward the capital. There were reports of people running without sleeping at all. I heard that Deon Hart, who seemed determined to shorten the time as much as possible by switching horses whenever he got tired and insisting on riding a horse from the human world, rode a horse from the demon world. As if that wasn't enough, what kind of confidence was there? In a situation where even a single troop was wasted, stragglers were left behind and running every time they arrived at a new territory... The

most recent information received was that they had arrived at the territory closest to the capital, so if things continue like this, they will probably arrive within half a day. I will do it.

"...is this a trade request?"

- Please. I've already given all my possessions away.

The duke's family is no strangers to the wealth they have accumulated over generations, but they gave it all away...?

Is this related to the fact that I asked for only 3 hours? I tilted my head for a moment.

'It's none of my business where the Duke spends his fortune.'

What is important is his behavior in trying to get help for free.

Paul chuckled.

“You killed the squadron leader and now you want to use it for free.”

From the duke’s perspective, it must have been quite humiliating to have asked for a ‘favor’ rather than a ‘deal’. And since the enemy was the revolutionary army that they had once controlled under them, their high pride would probably have been cruelly shattered. Even though he knew it well, Paul just smiled and was very sarcastic.

“You’re shameless.”

- ....

“But... I will listen to you specially just this time.”

Considering how much pride the duke must have sacrificed to ask for this favor, it can be said that he received a pretty good reward. When will the day come when the duke’s pride will be trampled on like this?

It’s not a request to kill Deon Hart or to defeat the Demon Lord’s army, but a request to just take 3 hours. Since this problem could be resolved with minimal loss of troops by using magic and jinn, Paul accepted with great pride.

I thought I heard the sound of teeth grinding before disconnecting, but I ignored it.

\*\*\*

After becoming a warrior, his physical strength must have improved. Deon Hart ran without sleeping. After leaving the Demon King’s Castle, I had nightmares every time I slept, so being able to endure without sleep became one of the few reasons why I was satisfied with becoming a hero.

The demons that could not stand made the sound of death, but Deon believed in their strong bodies.

‘It’s not like they’re demons for nothing.’

There won’t be any problem even if I don’t sleep a little.

I arrived near the capital at the fastest possible speed...  
What is this?

I lost my way.

I became convinced of this fact when a demon spoke cautiously while I was at a private residence.

“Deon, it seems like you keep circling the same spot.”

“...Do you think so too?”

“yes.”

Somehow I felt like I couldn’t find a way even if I kept going. I wasn’t sure because it was a forest, but that tree looked like a tree I’d seen before.

‘...It’s witchcraft.’

Deon was confident about the space distortion spell because he had heard about it from a shaman during the eradication of the Salvation Church in the past.

“Usually the only way to do this is to find the Jinn’s main axis and destroy it, or find the right path, but there’s no way we can find the right path...” ...It’s a

forest, so should we just burn it all down?

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 189**

189. So long to the regret(1)

But I made a deal with the fairy king not to do that. When weighed, the loss from breaking the deal is greater than the gain. I couldn't throw away a better card for the sake of the moment... I frowned and fell into thought again.

"You can't use magic, right? "If it were possible, I would have told you earlier."

"Yes, it looks like there is progress in suppressing magic."

shit. We're almost there. What kind of disaster is this?

As if my blood pressure was rising, Ben next to me fanned me and told me to calm down. Now, I won't vomit blood or faint because my blood pressure has risen.

"...."

"...?"

Deon, who had been grumpily accepting what Ben had given him, just rolled his eyes and glanced up. The moment Ben followed his gaze and inadvertently raised his head, he hit the tree next to him with his fist. Ujikkeun! The tree fell with a sound and someone on top of it fell.

“Damn it!”

“It seemed like there was a device that distorted perception, so it was difficult to guess where it was hiding... but if it was this close, things would be different.”

Deon threw away the bow he was holding and stepped on the wrist of the guy who quickly drew out a dagger. He kindly took the blade away and smiled.

“Do you think the cognitive distortion also applies to you? Otherwise, there would be no need to come close when there is a bow. “It looks like they were trying to launch a surprise attack, so it’s too bad.”

The stolen dagger spins gracefully through Deon’s fingers. A light voice continued, as if joking.

“Now that we’ve had enough fun, why don’t you stop and tell me the way out?”

“Damn. “Why don’t you just wander around here forever and die?”

“Hmm.”

Puzzle.

“Ahh!”

“Are you really not going to tell me?”

“ha ha ha! Do you think you would tell me?”

“It’s a shame. If things go well, it will be comfortable and good for both sides.”

I took off the hood to make the interrogation more comfortable. I no longer needed to use it, but I kept using it because it had become a habit...

"Crazy..."

"Hmm?"

I guess I should have taken it off sooner.

When I glanced down at the swear word for no reason, I made eye contact with the guy who was looking at me as if he was fascinated. The guy immediately turned his head to avoid my gaze, but it was a familiar look in his eyes, so I couldn't just ignore it.

So... where did I see it...

'Ah, Lyrinel.'

...This might be easier to get out of than you think?

Deon, grinning, sat in front of the guy and lifted his chin. When our eyes meet, he shakes his pupils constantly. I closed my eyes in vivid agitation.

"Shall we have a conversation?"

"...!"

As a result.

Thanks to a great guide, the Demon King's army was able to safely escape the camp.

\*\*\*

I know that the world is in an uproar with the birth of a hero. But what does it matter when the Demon King's army is just around the corner? Before then, the hero would not have been able to come here.

'What on earth happened to this name?'

Even though I heard an explosion through the communicator, it is said that Deon Hart is still alive and is advancing here.

At this point the duke admitted. That guy is a cockroach.

'I was somewhat prepared, but I never thought I would come back alive.'

In 30 minutes, the mercenaries requested by Esperanes will arrive. At the villa owned by the duke family located in the capital, the duke calmly prepared to leave. Saerin, who was looking at him with anxious eyes from one side, spoke cautiously.

"Where are you going?"

"I have somewhere to go, so I'm going to leave for a while. Rather, is it really okay to not evacuate?"

"The Duke is still here, so how can I go alone? Can't you go further than that? "I have a bad feeling."

The Duke, who was putting on his coat, paused. A faint smile appeared on his lips for a moment.

"You're acting strangely all of a sudden."

"sorry. But..."

"Saerin."

Saerin closed her mouth. The sound of the peacock's footsteps echoes in the silence. The sound gradually got closer and stopped only when it reached in front of her.

Normally, I would have said sorry and backed off long ago. But this time was different.

'I don't have a good feeling.'

Unstable. I am so anxious that my heart is racing.

Therefore, Saerin raised her head and gazed at the duke with the determination to never back down. Instead of putting pressure on the woman who was facing me directly, the duke looked sweetly in his eyes.

"Thank you for your concern."

"...."

"But I have to leave now, so I want you to let me go."

Saerin stared blankly at her raised hand, wondering when she had grabbed it. As he did one day, the Duke slowly lowers his head and a small warmth settles on the back of his hand.

side.

He raised his head with a small friction sound. It was accompanied by a sweet eye smile that seemed to melt.

"I'll be back."

A move that took full advantage of her liking for me.

Saerin, who took advantage of the unexpected action and watched the Duke leave the door without any regrets,



laughed helplessly.

How can we stop him if he does this?

“My dear... even though he himself is being dragged along by his emotions.”

I know he is going to the imperial palace. I also know that you care for the emperor more than you think.

Although I will never admit it, it is a clear form of affection.

So it was even sadder.

“You manipulate other people’s emotions without any thought.”

Saerin started packing.

\*\*\*

After arriving at the capital, Deon decided to change the clothes he had not changed since he had to run for several days to get here instead of going straight into the imperial palace. My clothes were dirty with dirt and tattered, so I felt uncomfortable and didn’t want to wear them anymore.

Above all, I don’t want to go looking shabby when I go to see the emperor.

Ben, who took on the role of counselor instead of Dan and Ed, went into a nearby fancy clothing store and rummaged through clothes and asked.

“What clothes would you like to wear?”

“well. “It would be better to have a familiar uniform.”

“If it’s a uniform... how about this?”

“It’s black.”

“If you don’t like it, how about this?”

“It’s black too.”

Even if I don’t show it off like that, the whole world will know that I am the devil’s army.

Ben, who was tilting his head as if he was puzzled that he didn’t get a positive answer easily, was shocked as if something occurred to him.

“No white uniforms.”

“...okay.”

It would be better for me to just choose.

I approached the hanger where my uniform was hanging. Since it was an empty store anyway, I could just pick it up, so I looked at everything I saw without thinking about the price.

After a short period of thought, I chose the red uniform. The color and design remind me of the uniform that was once given to the emperor.

“It’s okay.”

It looks like it passed Ben’s own standards.

As I quickly went into the locker room with my clothes to change, he added to the back of my head as if to emphasize it.

“Please wear only a shirt and pants and take your outerwear with you. Absolutely!”

A demon soldier who seemed to have doubts asked.

“Is there any reason to say that?”

“It’s easier if you want to style your clothes.”

“....”

Deon took off his shirt without saying a word.

\*\*\*

It wasn’t until the front gate of the imperial palace was visible that Deon realized it. You really came this far.

However, no time was given to appreciate it. He froze when he spotted a knight standing alone in front of the front door.

The knight paused for a moment when he saw Deon Hardt’s appearance, but it was literally just a moment. She called Deon as if it had been a while.

“My lord.”

“...Lord Lien.”

I moaned and spit out the other person’s name.

“Why did you come here?”

“As a knight serving my lord, I have come to prevent him from going astray. “I sincerely ask you to stop here.”

ah. I left it behind on purpose because I thought it would be like this.

I washed my face dry again and again. I really... really... don't know what to do with her.

I didn't want to kill him, so I went without saying a word to avoid a collision. Maybe the crazy dogs acted like that for the same reason.

If I had just given up, let go, and lived with the flow, I wouldn't have encountered anything, but why did I come to you like this?

"Everyone stay back appropriately."

The demons notice and slowly retreat.

Only after increasing the distance to the point where even Ben could not hear the sound, Deon turned his eyes to Lien again.

"Lord Lien."

"Yes, my lord."

The unwavering voice returned.

...You still call me master. I closed my eyes tightly and opened them. The complex emotions melted and leaked out as one language.

"Kyung-eun... don't you feel resentful of me? "What about the Lofty guys?"

All of the knights under Shangguangdo also left for the Demon World without saying a word. She would have had to bear all the problems that arose as a result. It may not have been a simple matter of responsibility.

Even emotions such as resentment and hatred would have been poured out towards her, so she would have probably suffered a lot of pain beyond simple hardship. It would be strange not to feel resentment.

“A knight does not blame his lord.”

“...”

“If you come back now, I won’t blame you in the future.”

Strong eyes look straight into red eyes.

Deon looked down for a moment, feeling uncomfortable with the clear eyes that made him see the dirty, damp, and bloody bottom of this place.

The momentary silence was broken by a low voice that sounded like a whisper.

“...I became a hero.”

“...!”

“You can never defeat me. If you stop me like this, I will definitely die. So, it would be better...”

“If you go beyond this door, you will be aiming for Your Majesty’s life, right?”

Lien Reiner drew his sword with a distorted face, as if he was suppressing sadness.

“Do you remember what I said when I took the knight’s oath?”

[I, Lien Reiner, acknowledge and serve Deonhardt as my lord and swear to follow him and his orders at the risk of my

life as long as they do not go against the will of His Majesty the Emperor.] “A knight must not aim his sword at his lord

. I can’t just stand by and see my master’s life being threatened. So, Commander 0, you....”

“....”

“I will sacrifice my life to stop you.”

They called me Commander 0 Corps. In that case, the lord she mentioned must be the emperor.

...I remember her oath. It was an impressive oath under impressive circumstances. Maybe that’s why I remember the answer I gave at the time.

[I pledge to do my best to ensure that your loyalty is not in vain.]

I am the one who broke the oath first.

So I have no right to say anything more. Any further attempts to placate Lien Reiner would be an insult to her, so I drew my dagger.

He gave a cold command to the demons who were whispering as if they were about to leave at any moment. Don’t intervene.

“Lord Lien, do you know that?”

There is no answer, but their eyes immediately move as if they are listening. Deon smiled calmly.

“I loved your upright chivalry.”

“....”

“But now I feel resentful.”

I think I once admired and respected him.

It wasn't like that from the beginning. It started with surprise and concern.

How can a person live like that? Wouldn't it be tiring? What are you going to do if it breaks like that?

Nevertheless, his consistent appearance was so cool that I ended up falling in love with his foolish chivalry.

“Be a little more flexible. Let me be a little gentler. “Because I can't do something that other people take for granted that I just need to close my eyes to.”

“....”

“...It's done. “No matter what I say, Lord Wa's attitude won't change.”

Deon flicked his dagger at the knight who was in an honest posture.

“What are you doing if you don't come? “Go ahead and attack me.”

Deon licked the bitter inside of his mouth with his tongue as he watched Lien do his best to rush at him.

Yes, it would be best to do your best to buy a little more time. I will do my best to deal with you for your honor.

How long can a mere knight, who is not even a hero, endure against a warrior?

The dagger and the long sword were intertwined.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 190**

190. So long to the regret(2)

There was no twist.

The moment the swords clashed, the demons knew.

‘That’s no match for Deon.’

The courage to stand alone and block the front door is commendable, but that’s about it. Seeing the boring and obvious results, they lost interest in human knights as if they had never done so before.

‘...The first battle must have been a light exploration battle.’

Lien looked in disbelief at his sword, which had bounced wide, and then his expression hardened.

In an instant, she readjusted her posture and the sword sharply pierced her heart. Even though the gap was exposed because he had not yet established his posture properly, Deon easily struck it away and swung his dagger, distorting his face.

Although Deon Hardt was clearly dominant, the expressions on their faces were so contrasting that anyone would think the situation was completely opposite.



‘shit.’

Was being a hero this unpleasant? Deon gritted his teeth.

It feels like trampling on all the hard work a person has put in over a long period of time. Especially for Lien Reiner, this sword would mean her whole life.

I realized it in just one sum. It’s easy, but it’s too easy.

‘This isn’t fair.’

They say life is inherently unfair, but this is too much to do.

How should I express this crappy situation and feeling? Even if I don’t do my best, I feel like an incorrigible piece of trash that insults her. Fate fucked him like this again.

“Now... what are you thinking?”

Lien, who noticed that the sword was mixed with distracting thoughts, asked fiercely. Deon stopped moving for a moment instead of answering.

There was a lull for a while.

“nothing.”

A more violent movement than before continued.

For her, not doing her best would be an even greater insult. So there is no need to hesitate.

‘In this situation, doing the right thing to be considerate is just self-satisfaction.’

Knowing that his clumsy consideration could bring shame to her, Deon rushed in with all his might.

....

The situation ended in an instant.

The upright knight suddenly broke.

[Lastly... Is there anything you want to say?]

[Please don't leave any more regrets here.]

[....]

[You've already had enough.]

Until the end, her words and eyes showed no regrets. With this memory still in his mind, Deon looked around at the demons without paying attention to the body.

"Wait here."

"yes?"

"You've always been like this, so why are you doing this again?"

"But this is the capital and the imperial palace. "It's different from a mansion in a manor..."

"It's no different."

Deon shrugged.

"It seems like it's empty, and even if there's an ambush, it's unlikely they'll be able to kill me right now, so there's no need to worry."

" .... "

“Wait here.”

“...yes.”

\*\*\*

What is an emperor?

I was worried when I had just won the title of ‘Emperor’ after the eight-year war.

The virtues of a monarch were usually learned when one was a prince, and other people would not have even thought about them, but ironically, Edoardo, who was the 9th prince without a peerage, did not learn anything that he needed to learn as a prospective monarch, so he was able to think more seriously about this topic.

Is the emperor simply a being who reigns? no.

The father of the people of the empire? no. I don’t want to discuss such trivial things.

The emperor...

Wearing a golden crown and sitting alone on a splendid throne in an empty throne room, Edoardo rested his chin and quietly lowered his eyes as if lost in thought.

Nemeseus, who was sitting quietly on one side, softly called out to him.

“His Majesty Deon Hardt is said to be confronting Lien Reiner at the main gate.”

“ .... ”

“You really have to go now so that she doesn’t waste the time she earned. The Royal Guard is waiting outside the door....”

“...Nemeseus.”

Edoardo glanced at the crown prince and princess who were looking at him restlessly nearby and handed him a folded piece of paper.

“Your Majesty, is this...?”

“It’s a map showing the secret passage to the imperial palace.”

“yes? Why is this...!”

“Take the crown prince and princess and take refuge.”

“Uncle!!”

Resistance came from the crown prince and princess. But before they could say anything, Edoardo firmly silenced them.

“I think this is enough for your stubbornness to be accepted.”

“It’s not stubbornness!”

“Stubborn.”

The most important successors are holding out here.

I lightly scolded him and looked back at Nemeseus.

Unlike the rushed situation, a languid and relaxed voice flowed out quietly, as if they were having a normal

conversation.

“Ever since it was revealed that Deon Hardt was the commander of the 0th Legion, there has been a question everyone has been asking a lot. “I think you’ve always been curious, even though you didn’t ask directly.”

Even though he didn’t mention it directly, everyone in the room noticed what he was saying. It was a question that not only the nobles of the empire but also commoners and people from other countries expressed curiosity about.

[Did the Emperor know that Deon Hardt was the commander of the 0th Legion?]

“You probably expected it, but yes. I knew it. “I knew it almost from the beginning.”

“...!”

Nemeseus’ pupils widened. On one side, the crown prince hurriedly tried to call him, but Edoardo continued speaking as if he had cut him off.

“I feel like I am deprived of the title of emperor. However, the crown prince and princess do not know this fact.”

“....”

No, I know. How could you not have known when the handover was completed in a timely manner?

However, the crown prince quickly kept his mouth shut. The Emperor’s stern voice continued.

“So it’s an order.”

Since he had not studied kingship, Edoardo learned about the 'emperor' through first-hand experience. Therefore, there is no logical explanation for this topic.

But I know this:

"The empire of the past will remain here."

As for himself... Edoard Desert had never been emperor for a single moment.

What would happen if I were to fit into the universally known image of an emperor? I always made important decisions as 'Edoardo', not as 'Emperor'.

But it might be different for my nieces and nephews.

Edoardo Desert slowly spoke back, looking back at the children who were as bright as their older brother.

"You must protect the present empire and the future empire."

Now is the time to step down.

It is a natural process, nothing sad or strange. One must know when to back off, and for Edoardo, that is now.

The hallucinations had reached their limit, and the Demon King's army had arrived just around the corner. Moreover, the culprit of this situation is Edoardo himself, so it would be right for him to disappear at this point instead of running away and trying to survive.

What would happen next if, after holding on and holding on for no reason, he goes crazy and is dragged down by someone else's hands, or, as the emperor, dies at the hands

of that devil's army? It is right to do this even considering the psychological shock of the two heirs who are not mentally prepared.

The two royal families stiffened at the clear statement about handing over the throne.

Nemeseus chewed his lips and slowly got down on one knee.

"...I'll be back as soon as possible."

"well. "I am confident that we will have enough time to evacuate, but I have no intention of waiting for you to return."

don't come back

The prince and princess trembled as if they had finally come to their senses at the soft voice. A strong backlash erupted.

"Wait a moment general! Are you really planning to leave Your Majesty behind?"

"...It's an order, so you must follow it."

"Uncle! "Did you intend to do this from the beginning?"

"How could you do this!"

Their voices, which were constantly getting louder, were interrupted by a clear knocking sound.

smart.

"I am telling you this at the risk of being rude because one hour is not enough. "I think you should leave right away."

“You’ve arrived at the right time, gentlemen! Let’s try to convince His Majesty. “Well, you said you would stay here!”

“yes? What is that...?! your majesty!”

Even the gaze of the Royal Guard was focused on this side. Even without much fuss, the goal rings. Edoardo frowned for a moment. I felt warm heat at my fingertips.

“I’m disappointed. “I thought you would understand me.”

“What do you mean! Originally, His Majesty should have taken refuge first...”

“Wrong.”

I looked up. I made eye contact with Prime Minister Ardal, who was waiting outside the door to go with me, saying that I could not go first as all the royal family members remained here.

He must have heard their conversation, but Edoardo smiled softly, his eyes calm and without any surprise, as if he had accepted this for granted.

Yes, he thought so.

“Jim is the one who must remain here until the end.”

“...?”

“Did the officers forget the greeting they gave me?”

They give a common greeting, give their name, and say, ‘Meet the current empire.’

But what does that have to do with anything? Edoardo, whose patience eventually wore out under the questioning



eyes of those who raised his voice, raised his voice.

“You really don’t know what that means! Or, in the eyes of the officers, Jim seemed like a simpleton who couldn’t even take responsibility for his own words!”

Even in his customary greetings after becoming emperor, Edoardo always said that the emperor is the empire.

Did you think it was just a thoughtless statement made out of power?

“That’s funny! Jim clearly said that he was an empire. “Do you think it would be possible for the empire to escape?”

“...!”

“Empires do not run away. You must not run away. “Do you really think they will follow a country that abandoned its people?”

The emperor must remain here for the sake of the crown prince who will succeed him.

The imperial citizens of the capital were evacuated, but the surrounding residents could not be evacuated as they were not on the route of the Demon King’s army. In such a situation, only the royal family runs away to the safest fortress? No one will believe in the royal bloodline.

Public sentiment is the foundation of imperial authority, so even if the crown prince who properly takes over the throne takes over, he will most likely not be able to exercise imperial authority as strong as before.

“I have no intention of becoming the master of a country without people. He has no intention of going down in history

as an incompetent monarch who abandoned his people and ran away. It is terrible to even think about being remembered as the last emperor of a ruined country or being completely forgotten and disappearing into the back of history without even leaving a trace of his name! That's why I say I will stay here! But what?"

Why don't you run away?

His golden eyes sparkle like those of a wild beast. Those who could not overcome the mischievous gaze quickly lowered their heads.

In the sudden silence, Edoardo leaned his forehead on his fist with a soft sigh.

...I got feverish and got overly excited.

"...If you understand, let's go now."

There's no time, and everyone will understand by now, so it would be better to send it quickly.

The Prime Minister, who was watching the situation, strides in and welcomes the two royal family members. Even so, the prince and princess, who had no ability to defeat the bold prime minister in a situation where their minds were shaken, went outside with their faces distorted, and the royal guards, including Nemeseus, followed as if they were guarding them.

At the end, the Prime Minister and the Emperor's eyes met as if passing by, but no one said a word and naturally looked away.

'....'

Edoardo, who was left alone, took off his crown, put it down and stood up.

...I could have run away first. He was able to escape by sacrificing the lives of others. There are countless ways to live even a second longer if you are just a little selfish.

‘But that doesn’t work.’

The fact that no one will trust the bloodline of the royal family is consistent with the fact that the foundation of the empire is being shaken.

The life of Edoardo Desserte and the well-being of the empire. The scales were tipped in the obvious direction.

Therefore, it is not about making sacrifices. It is a decision made through cold calculation for a purpose. If he can protect the foundation of the empire with this one life, which he would throw away anyway, then it is his business. This is his selfishness.

I remembered the words I had been repeating over and over again like a habit.

‘The burden is the empire.’

...no.

“I am the empire.”

What the empire lives by is what I live by.

As long as the empire is safe, Emperor Edoardo will be recorded at the top of the imperial genealogy records and will live for a long time.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 191**

191. So long to the regret(3)

I pulled out the sword that was leaning against the throne. He throws the sword sheath in his hand on the floor and strides up the stairs while holding the sword. As I went down one step at a time, the water level lowered to the level of my ankles.

At some point, the type of hallucination changed. The ghost that was tormenting me to death disappears without a trace, and what I see instead is blood welling up from under my feet. The feeling of sloshing and the smell of blood are vivid. The blood that had been pooling under my feet has already reached my ankles, and the water level continues to rise, so I will most likely end up drowning in it and dying.

I have no intention of losing to ugly hallucinations or anything like that.

As he always did, walking straight and unwavering, he took off the cloak he always wore on his back.

Fluttering –

a red cloak embroidered with golden thread soared into the sky.

\*\*\*

The day the 1st prince went to die, he asked me for Elpidius and Alethea. I felt ominous, but I couldn't stop it. It was such a huge feeling of guilt that it was lodged in a corner of my heart.

I think that's how my terrible life began.

Starting from a simple sense of responsibility and revenge, the man who sat on the throne of the monarch soon had to bear another burden of guilt due to the truth and took the path of war to relieve it. And in the end, he achieved the title of emperor without being able to die.

There are too many responsibilities to be responsible for dying.

Even though Edoardo felt as if he would be crushed to death at any moment, he could not show it. Because it is the result of your choice.

'I started having hallucinations and thought I would get caught at some point.'

Still, I'm glad that I wasn't caught by as many people as I thought in the worst case scenario.

Edoardo was lost in thought as he walked down the hallway, which seemed to be filled with blood and even looked gloomy due to the lack of people.

...Ironically, the moment in my life from birth until now when I felt strongly that I was alive was during the eight-year war. A war waged to destroy oneself and relieve guilt under the pretext of responsibility.

In the very war where he had to shoulder so many responsibilities that he couldn't even die, Edoardo felt

paradoxically that he was still breathing.

So, strangely enough, I was happy about this situation.

“It’s been a while.”

A languid greeting was given. Deon faced him and narrowed his eyes.

Where did he throw away the cloak he always wore? The emperor, who had taken off all formal clothes, not to mention the cloak, and was wearing only a simple white shirt, was standing in front of me, holding a sword.

I looked at my rolled up sleeves and belatedly gave an answer.

“Long time no see. your majesty.”

“A lot of birds I haven’t seen have changed.”

“Because a lot happened.”

“It seems like he has become a hero.”

“....”

How can you not notice that the level of appearance has changed? Edoardo slowly raised the corners of his mouth.

For generations, the beauty of all warriors was famous for exceeding human standards. What’s more, is there a story that one of the warriors of the past used the beauty world to lure demons and infiltrate the demon king’s castle?

Of course, this is just word of mouth and nothing is certain.

Deon Hardt, who had been silent for a moment with his eyes downcast, looked up. Red eyes and gold eyes intertwined in the air, and a calm voice followed.

“Why did you do that?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Why did you give me that answer when I realized the truth and went to see your Majesty in a state of loss of reason?”

This is a question I have had since I regained my senses.

The emperor would have noticed that I had lost my temper at the time. Not only that, but you also knew that this conversation was an important turning point.

Deonhardt’s actions depended on his every word. Since there was a high probability that Deonhart would completely turn to the demon world, the Emperor could have boldly broken his spirit. Was the emperor just an ordinary human being? I think I could have easily brought down at least one person with a weak mind with just a few words.

Nevertheless, the Emperor focused Deonhardt’s hatred on himself. He became a goal that could never be defeated, and even went as far as to obediently let him go despite his blatant hostility. As time passed, Deon came to his senses and regained his senses, and belatedly realized that fact.

So I asked.

“I don’t think that would matter in the current situation.”

“...That’s true.”

I will remain a person who cannot be understood until the end. Deon frowned.

Edoardo, who was staring at him, suddenly asked a question.

“Did you dress like that on purpose?”

“ah.”

The hand goes up reflexively. Deon answered softly while fiddling with the red uniform similar to the clothes given by the emperor that he wore during the hunting competition.

“...some of them.”

“is it. It suits you well. Even if blood splatters, it won’t look dirty.”

“....”

The atmosphere changed, as if the small talk ended here. Edoardo adjusted his sword and held it.

“I was expecting it, but this is what happened in the end.”

“...Do you not regret it?”

“It’s something I chose, so why?”

The tension that seems to be suffocating subsides. However, Edoardo had a faint smile on his face, as if he really liked it.

“No matter how much of a warrior you are, you have only recently awakened as a warrior, so you will not be able to fully control that power yet. “My sword handling skills would not have improved much either.”



“....”

“What will I do if my physical abilities improve? “I can’t back it up with my skills.”

There is a difference between having talent and having talent bloom. therefore.

A man known to be the best at using a sword among all known ‘heroes’ and perhaps even the best at using a sword in all of humanity said this.

“Come. “I will teach you the sword myself.”

“...!”

Kaang! An eerie and heavy noise rang out.

Deon Hardt rushed in. Edoardo’s sword, which was swung against him, was pushed back as if by a strong force. He paused at the force that was stronger than expected and glanced down at the hand holding the sword.

My numb hand was shaking so much that I was glad I didn’t let go of the sword.

‘...I guess I should let go rather than fight back.’

It’s pouring out. Although I know it in my head and have practiced it a few times, it is still a bit of an unfamiliar concept. Before, if I was overwhelmed, I would be overwhelmed because there was no one who was strong enough to let go.

Is it just strength? I managed to block it with just the right timing, but the speed is no joke.

‘It looks like the hero is right.’

Suddenly, Lien Reiner, who had stopped him at the front door, came to mind.

Even though he is a 'hero', there is such a noticeable difference. What did Leen Reiner, who was not even a 'hero', think when dealing with him?

Edoardo's concentration increased for a moment as he remembered a question that would never be answered. I take a step forward, pushing away the blood that is dripping down my ankle. The sword was swung with strong will.

....

It was a fight I was no match for in the first place.

A warrior is a bundle of talent that surpasses all human standards. A hero is a being with slightly more talent than an ordinary person who barely possesses some of its fragments. Strength, speed, stamina, even lifespan and appearance. The warrior could not even be compared to the dregs of the hero.

Moreover, Edoardo's physical condition was at its worst.

The hallucinations not only eroded his mind, but also affected his strong body due to the effects of the fragments, and he eventually developed a high fever due to stress.

Yes, high fever.

Who would dare touch the emperor's body? Thanks to this, Edoardo was able to hide the fact that he was suffering from high fever, even though his hallucinations were eventually discovered.

Although his vision may have been blurred due to the heat, it was surprising that he not only dealt with Deonhardt, who had become a warrior, but even taught him.

[There is too much force in each movement. It looks like you haven't been able to give up your old habits.]

[You are a warrior. There is no need to exert force to move the body like before when the body was weak. You need to be aware of the power you have.]

[Relax a little more than this and allow your joints to move smoothly in detail. It may seem unbelievable, but your current strength is enough to cut off the opponent's head.] [

It's good to be irregular, but if it interferes with the movements you need to make later, it means it's an incorrect attack. [Try to find different attack methods and stances.]

It was such a pure teaching that it was hard to believe that it was a battle between life and death.

As a talented person, Deon Hardt quickly absorbed the teachings and immediately put them into practice, allowing his talent to blossom.

Edoardo, who had suddenly lost stamina and was breathing heavily, frowned as if something was bothering him, and then let out a small exclamation.

"I was wondering something because it was still inefficient, but...." "

...."

“I was missing the most basic thing. “When swinging a sword, you must use your legs and waist, not just your arm strength.”

At first glance, it seemed like I was using it sparingly, so I just skipped it. Currently, Deon Hardt is not able to utilize his legs and waist 100%.

“It would be better to use recoil a little more than now.”

“ ....”

The correction was made immediately.

Deon looked at himself, demonstrating his strength more flexibly and precisely than before, and then looked at Edoardo. The red eyes were distorted with incomprehensible emotions.

“Why are you teaching me this?”

“Well...let’s just say it was a whim before I died.”

“...In your Majesty’s eyes, my skills must seem woefully immature. In return for your teachings, I would like to show you one of the most useful of my poor skills.”

But not to that extent. Edoardo raised an eyebrow.

There is no need to refuse something if it is shown to you. Instead of answering, I took a step forward, held my balance firmly, and raised my sword straight up. Deon grinned at his perfect prepared posture.

The dagger in his hand spins and his thumb opens and closes to use the handle. His posture seemed to lower, and for an instant, Deon Hart disappeared from sight.

Chaeeng-!!

“...!”

The lost sword flies backwards and falls somewhere. Edoardo glanced at the dagger pointed at his throat and then looked at its owner.

“...That’s amazing.”

If you feel slight pain, it looks like your palm is torn. I clenched and unclenched my fists, recalling what happened a moment ago.

It was only a moment, but he clearly exceeded the speed that the eye could perceive. This was not possible simply because he was a ‘warrior’. He definitely said, ‘It’s the most useful of the poor skills I have.’ This means that he had been using it before he became a warrior, so his mind, which was thinking of various assumptions, quickly came up with an answer.

...I wondered how I could kill a strong opponent with my ridiculously weak body.

“Did he forcibly derive a power that surpassed the limits of his body? It’s great because it’s something that not everyone can do, but once you use it, your body will be damaged and you won’t be able to do anything in the future. If you use it here, where there is no one to take care of it....”

“....”

“Oh, that’s right. “You have become a warrior now.”

I smiled softly after checking that Deon was already fully recovered and standing fine.

“I lost.”

It’s a complete defeat. A light, relieved smile appeared on his face.

Deon, who was quietly looking at him, tilted his head to one side.

“Let me ask you again.”

“...?”

“Do you not regret it?”

I wondered what you were going to ask.

“...this me.”

A smile spread across my lips.

“—Do you think you’ll regret it?”

“...well.”

It was an arrogant and noble answer befitting an emperor to the end, but the sense of discomfort I felt from the first time we met still remains. Deon, unable to obtain any information from his steady golden eyes, spoke softly after a short silence.

“I wonder if you didn’t realize that life is full of regrets.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 192**

192. So long to the regret(4)

“...I see.”

It appears that Deon Hart was not the only one who ‘turned away’. Edoardo smiled bitterly.

In fact, I may have just not had the confidence to look back. I don't have the confidence to face the mountain of corpses piled up behind me on the path I've walked so far. Once you start regretting, you will have to regret it endlessly, so it seems that you moved forward by focusing on responsibility instead of regret.

Most people said Edoardo was strong, but he knew it.

I am weak.

Even though I was hung up on responsibility, I couldn't take responsibility for anything, and even though I wanted to die, I couldn't. He could not take responsibility for killing his brothers, nor could he take responsibility for the empire and its people, and he could not commit suicide or die at the hands of the enemy, so he lived a miserable life.

Indeed....

“Even so.”

Aren't you an indecisive person?

"I have no regrets."

That's why I quite like the idea of facing death like this. It's an unfortunate end for a fool who couldn't choose anything.

Edoardo looked at Deon's red eyes with question marks as if he didn't understand, then closed his eyes. Unsurprisingly, the thought crossed my mind that I should have focused on my two nephews instead of just going on, but I erased it before it turned into regret.

'...ah.'

Only then did Deon know. The being in front of me was not the 'Emperor'.

He took off the golden crown he always wore at important positions, threw away the cloak he always wore, wore simple clothes and carried a sword, and did not call himself 'Jim' throughout the battle.

Deon, who was looking at Edoardo with his eyes closed with a complex gaze, slowly raised his dagger.

"...Oh, I forgot. "There's one thing I need to tell you."

"...?"

"If you want to live, you'd better get out of here quickly. There are bombs planted throughout the imperial palace. "I set it to explode in 40 minutes, so it must be about to explode."

"...was it possible to adjust the explosion time?"



Even if it became possible, it seemed like the revolutionary army would develop it first. Because the revolutionary army is good at making bombs. I heard that the portable bomb was also developed by Daniel, the leader at the time.

I'm saying this because I'm no longer a citizen of the empire, but honestly, the bombs of each kingdom, including the empire, are defective and unsatisfactory. It explodes so easily that it explodes before you can use it, or it doesn't explode at all. That's why the use of bombs in war is rare.

Edoardo answered lazily.

"If you can analyze it, improvement is not difficult. In the past, portable bombs belonging to the Revolutionary Army were sold on the black market, so I was told to obtain them as soon as the information came in."

It's obvious even without looking at how many developers have been changed. Deon, still aiming for Edoardo's neck, looked fed up.

Rather, portable bombs have appeared on the black market? There is no way the Revolutionary Army could have just watched that happen.

'How sensitive are they in that regard?'

At worst, when it seems like they are going to get caught, will they try to commit suicide? Wasn't that all to prevent the bomb from falling into the hands of the enemy and being analyzed?

The big guy who not only stole it but also sold it on the auction house is most likely dead.

“The original goal was for all the Demon King’s army to enter the palace, but I never thought he would come in alone. “It was in vain.”

“ ....”

“What should I do? “There won’t be time, so let’s not finish it.”

Edoardo still had his eyes closed.

I died with my eyes open for no reason, so that someone who finds my body won’t spread the word about that ugly sight. So I don’t want to cause a bigger shock to my nephews who would otherwise have been shocked.

‘ ....’

Deon slashed his dagger.

and.

—One snowy day.

A hero’s star has fallen.

\*\*\*

Esperanes’ mercenaries have arrived. They arrived exactly on time, but the duke was not pleased.

Because the Demon King’s army has already arrived at the capital. It was said that Deonhardt entered the imperial palace. On the other hand, there was no news that the emperor or the royal family had evacuated, so the worst case scenario kept coming to mind and I had no choice but to hasten my steps toward the palace.

“...There is a demon lord at the front gate, so let’s go somewhere else.”

Even so, we have only a small army, so we can’t waste time fighting the Demon King’s army for no reason. The top priority is ensuring the safety of the royal family. In order to get over a decent wall, the Duke avoided the main gate and made a wide circle around the palace.

I was able to meet the royal family just coming out of the secret passage.

“If we move from here to another passage... Lord Illuster?”

“Please step back.”

Nemeseus, who quickly put the two royal family members behind him, drew his sword and aimed it at the duke. The Royal Guards also tense up and aim their weapons, and the mercenaries of Esperanes also take out their weapons.

The person who slowed down the tension that was about to explode in an instant was none other than the Duke.

“I don’t mean to harm you, so don’t worry.”

“I bet you believe that.”

“I hope the mercenaries also put down their swords. “Would it be okay to fight against someone who is protected?”

“...Protected?”

The crown prince frowned in disbelief and the tip of Nemeseus’ sword shook. Anyway, the duke rolled his eyes and looked behind them.

I really hoped that the person I was thinking of was here, but...

‘...there isn’t.’

An ominous feeling ran down my spine.

“Where is your Majesty?”

“...He stayed.”

“I can’t believe you stayed...”

It was a short sentence, but it was easy to understand.

The duke closed his eyes. I didn’t say anything stupid like that.

Because I already expected it. He just quietly muttered. I knew it would be like that too.

“I hoped not.”

It has already happened. There is no way to change it now. If so, the actions this side should take are also determined.

Due to the emperor’s personality, he would have been left alone, but I still asked a question just in case.

“How many troops are left with you, Your Majesty?”

“does not exist. “You were left alone.”

There is nothing more to hear. The Duke immediately spoke to the mercenaries.

“Everyone, please take your royal highnesses safely to their destination.”

“...Are you saying everything?”

“Yes everyone.”

“...All right.”

There is no need to complain about an incomprehensible request because you have already received the money and it is not a request that you find objectionable. The mercenaries put aside their doubts and immediately stood around the two royal family members as if they were guarding them.

The Duke grinned at the Crown Prince and Princess, who did not hide their doubts.

“You don’t seem to understand.”

“....”

In this respect, you can feel their immaturity, which is different from that of the emperor. The duke decided to be kind and give the two chicks their first and last lesson.

“There are no permanent enemies or allies in politics.”

“...So does this mean that the ball is an ally now?”

“I think you can just accept it that way for now. And...”

This is advice for the two who will face painful politics in the future.

“There is no absolute good or evil in politics. If there is something that appears to be absolute good or evil, then without a doubt it is wrong. “I think it’s best to be suspicious of those who are usually called good, because they’re going to be really bad.”

“Like the ball that the Salvation Church praises and calls it salvation?”

“Your Royal Highness.”

The duke rolled his eyes.

The laughter didn't last long.

Kwaaaaa!!

There was a huge noise. Everyone's heads reflexively turned to look for the source of the noise, and a terrible silence came.

“What is that...”

The princess covered her mouth, unable to hide her astonishment. The crown prince's pupils trembled and Nemeseus, who opened his eyes wide, immediately clenched his fists. The Royal Guard was in a state of turmoil, unable to hide their agitation, and even the Esperanians who came as mercenaries were so, so what must the Duke have been like?

“...under.”

I laughed out loud.

The imperial palace was collapsing with the sound of a huge explosion. Something with a splendid, ancient and long history and a lot of value was falling apart in an unsightly manner. The collapse was as slow as its size, making it even more unrealistic.

‘The emperor remains there.’

I can't waste any more time here. He immediately handed what he had been holding in his hand to the prince and approached Nemeseus.

The object was the paper in his hand that was believed to have a secret passage drawn on it, but perhaps he was not the first hero of the empire for nothing. Before I could take it away, he immediately put his hand back and asked in a warning manner.

"What is it?"

"Anyway, you won't be using the secret passage here after today, right? "I'll take a moment."

"...."

There was no answer, but there was no further avoidance or resistance. The duke took the paper out of Nemeseus' hand and quickly scanned it, memorizing only one route from here to the inside of the imperial palace, and then gave it back to him.

The crown prince, who was fiddling with something in his hand with a complicated expression, called out to him as if he had been waiting.

"What is this?"

"It will help."

"...."

You know I didn't expect that kind of answer. What is this note?

The crown prince's face distorted at the awkward answer, but the duke turned around without paying any attention. A voice without any regrets spread lightly.

"Then let's just part ways here. Please take care of your two highnesses."

\*\*\*

As I went down the secret passage and ran towards the imperial palace, all kinds of thoughts came and disappeared in my head. Various assumptions and expected situations and how to respond accordingly... and the past. Among them, what the duke focused on was the conversation with the first prince in the past.

It was a conversation after the contract ended. I think I was asking why you were using such a foolish method. What did he reply then?

[Of course, there may have been a better way. No, it definitely must have been there. It's probably still there now. But I was stupid, so this was all I could think of.]

Yes, I was stupid. His choice is leading a country down the path of destruction and endangering the human world. A sneer escaped from between his lips.

When they arrived at the collapsed imperial palace, the ridicule deteriorated and flowed out empty-handed.

"...haha."

It wasn't difficult to find brilliant golden hair in a space where everything had collapsed.



Fortunately, it doesn't look like it was crushed by a stone. ...  
Or did someone else stop it?

I walked towards him slowly, as if I was possessed. Red gaze followed his every step, but the duke didn't care.

...I didn't even have time to care. I just kept my eyes on him, walked over, got down on one knee, and slowly stretched out my hand.

"...I thought it was cute how he showed his teeth and said he would try his best on a topic that was troubling him with feelings of guilt, so I just watched it."

He lived as an emperor and set out to die as Edoardo, but like an emperor, he touched the dead man's cheek and muttered like a sigh.

"In the end... this is what happens."

It was a relationship bound by a contract.

It is something that must be protected, and something that must be taken from its place in order to protect it. Annoying and cumbersome variables.

It was quite interesting that he was wary of me reaching for the throne, blocked me, and growled, so I left him alone even after the contract period ended, but that was it. The duke stroked his bangs one last time and slowly withdrew his hand.

I looked up and faced Deon Hardt.

"It's an unusual consideration for you to wait for me."

"consideration?"

A low laugh lingered around the clearing.

“I was just curious about your reaction. “How does it feel to lose the most precious thing you have?”

“The most precious thing?”

For a moment, the duke’s eyes widened as if he had heard something incomprehensible. For a moment, his eyes landed on the emperor’s body.

...iced coffee. It was something like that.

“Power is the most important thing to me.”

“No way.”

How can I not know when he is acting so blatantly?

I wasn’t even aware of it. Deon chuckled.

It doesn’t matter. Whether you are aware of it or not, suffering is the same. ... But the one who realizes it will suffer more. I opened my mouth with grumpiness.

“Then why did you come here alone?”

“Because I have no medical history.”

And bringing in troops to save the emperor is a waste. The situation also shows that the death of the emperor can minimize damage, and more than anything else.

‘...Because he wanted to die.’

The duke respected the emperor’s free will until the end.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 193**

193. So long to the regret(5)

"I'm not asking that. You could have run away. "If power was the most precious thing, you should have run away before anyone else instead of coming like this."

"...You're obsessed with useless topics. "It looks like they want to somehow shake your mind by associating you with the emperor. If so, let me say something too."

You know what?

A quiet voice rang out, like a snake whispering. The Duke narrowed his eyes as he met bright red eyes.

"If you had died during the Eight Years' War, I, the Emperor, your family, and Cruel would all have been happy. "If it weren't for you, the human world wouldn't have been trampled by the demon world and innocent people wouldn't have died as a result."

"That's a counter attack too..."

An obvious sneer was heard.

The moment the duke widened his eyes slightly, wondering if he had misheard, Deon rushed at him, grabbed him by the neck, pushed him down to the floor, and stabbed his

shoulder with a dagger he had pulled out at some unknown time.

“Tsk!”

“I’m sorry, but thanks to someone else, my spirit no longer needs to be broken.”

It doesn’t work at all.

He twisted the dagger like he was playing. A suppressed moan was heard from below.

Should I just kill him? Deon, who was quietly looking at him and thinking, asked softly.

“Let me ask you this. Why did you do that? Was there a reason why you had to make a contract with the devil?”

“Hehehe....”

A sneer was mixed in with the pained moan.

He said sarcastically, smiling brightly with his chewed up lips.

“Why did you expect a special reason or a desperate story? If it really is, what are you going to do? It’s not like they won’t kill you if things have gotten to this point, right? “It will only make you feel uncomfortable.”

“...It really exists?”

“no. doesn’t exist.”

“ ....”

The facial expression is a masterpiece.

I had the biggest laugh of my entire life. I feel like I've had a lifetime's worth of laughter here. No, I'm going to die today, so I can't say it's just a feeling.

"The contract with the devil was just a stepping stone to a higher place in case of stronger power."

After signing the contract, there wasn't much use for it. If I had known this would happen, I shouldn't have signed the contract.

Crack. Deon gritted his teeth at the Duke's shameless attitude and muttered as if he were chewing.

"...I hope you regret it."

"Oh my."

"I regret it so terribly and so deeply, and I hope I die with regret."

It was a voice that seemed to ooze more pain from the speaker than from the listener.

The perpetrator, who was looking up at the victim with thick bloody tears, smiled.

"That's why I don't regret it."

My regrets will become your smiles.

A person must know when to leave. The moment he heard that the emperor was alone in the palace, the duke knew that it was now.

The emperor will die. In that case, all that remains is the duke himself. The targets of Deonhardt's revenge are the duke and the emperor. As long as he lives, the top priority

target of the Demon King's army led by Deon Hart will be the Empire. He must die for the sake of the new empire of the crown prince and princess that will be established in the new capital.

But I don't want to die obediently.

'Why don't you live in discomfort for the rest of your life?'

Watching me die without regret, I felt defeated and stayed like that for the rest of my life.

Deon Hart draws a new dagger like lightning and pierces the back of his hand. I screamed from the dizzying pain, but the smile on my face still remained.

"Ha ha ha ha! And regret is like dominoes, once you start regretting it, there is no end to it. "You can't regret your whole life, right?"

Deon, who was slowly shaking the dagger that pierced the back of his hand, looked into the Duke's eyes. He spoke with a snarl, showing his shiny red eyes filled with murderous intent.

"That means you've lived a crappy life."

"...."

The Duke closed his mouth.

As if he wanted to end the conversation for a while, he changed the subject and started talking.

"I wondered how he survived the duke's mansion and became a hero."

She is showing off her beauty as if she is the only one shining the light, but it is impossible not to notice.

Normally, he might have been captivated by his appearance, but unfortunately, to the Duke now, Deonhardt was nothing more or less than a cockroach.

‘Anyway, it seems like a terrible name.’

At this point, it wouldn’t be an exaggeration to say that Deon Hardt’s rope was stronger and stronger than a dozen thick ropes woven together. I wonder if there really is someone in this world who can stop that.

“Since you have become a warrior, you must have some immunity to magic.”

“Why are you trying to kill me using magic?”

“no. Magic is not omnipotent. Besides, you won’t be able to even make a decent attack with this kind of magic power.”

“then?”

It’s not like I’ve been conserving my magic for no reason.

Even when the Demon King’s army advanced, the Duke did not use magic. Even if you try to use it, it will be useless with just one gesture from the Demon King. Perhaps it may have been destroyed by another demon before it even reached the Demon King.

The only time he used magical power was to create a secret space in Salvation Church, to store Cruel Hart’s head, and to hide the traces of the poor man hidden in the duke’s mansion.

Although a considerable amount of magical energy was consumed in the above process, there is still a usable amount remaining.

therefore.

“I will put a curse on you.”

“...curse?”

Wasn't that the realm of witchcraft?

Deon frowned at the appearance of a word that was a bit far from magic.

“yes. “I am using all the magic I received from the Demon King to place a curse on you.”

The strangely glowing eyes stare straight into the red eyes. Soon, his lips moved slowly and an eerie voice came out.

“[You will never die an easy death.]”

“ ....”

“Well, I originally wanted to bet more, but this is the limit with the magical power I have.”

The duke smiles brightly, as if he can kill as many people as he wants. Deon looked at him with a frown.

It's not because of a curse. An uncomfortable death? Rather, it is a welcome.

Just wondering why on earth this bastard can't stop bothering me like this.

“...I know that?”



I opened my mouth slowly.

“The day I was taken to the battlefield, I was a month away from my birthday.”

“....”

“And my older brother Cruel died a month before his birthday.”

“....”

“You are such a terrible bastard.”

The Duke laughed.

“Do you know that now?”

Sigh!

Another red dye was added to the red uniform.

\*\*\*

General Nemeseus, the first hero of the empire and the first sword of the emperor, ran back to the collapsed palace with his legs broken as soon as he could get the prince and princess to safety.

I knew that hoping for the emperor to be alive was too greedy, so I prepared my heart when I came. I just hoped that at least the body would be intact.

‘It’s intact...’

There are not one body, but two.

I lifted my eyes from scanning the floor. What came into view was the emperor's body, the duke's body, and the blood-stained Deonhardt standing in front of them.

He was looking down at the duke's body with an expression that did not tell me what he was thinking, but as if he recognized the presence of Nemeseus, he slowly turned his head and looked this way. For a moment, Nemeseus turned his gaze to face the eerie red eyes and looked at the emperor. A sigh came out of my mouth.

"...your majesty."

Complex emotions become a small whirlpool and oscillate in my heart. There was a clear sadness in it.

The first person that Prince Edoardo recruited before he took the throne was Nemeseus. In order to make money, they poured all of their small amount of money into sponsorship to attract men from commoner backgrounds who were active as gladiators in gladiatorial arenas.

In other words, their relationship is by no means light, and the time they spend together is more than that. There was no way I would not feel anything after seeing the body.

[What is your name?]

[Nemeseus? It's a grand name, but it has no real meaning.]

[I'm not being sarcastic. There is no meaning in the name itself, but I think I understand the feelings of the parents. In the hope that his child would grow up, he must have combined things he picked up here and there to make it look believable. That in itself has a lot of meaning, so you.]

[Do you have any plans to become as big as your parents' wishes in your name?]

"...That's why I told you that he's dangerous."

There's no way the spirit of a person who ignores the guilt he should have been able to bear is that strong. You never know what a guy like that will do if he loses his mind.

Nemeseus muttered bitterly and picked up the sword lying not far from the emperor's body.

He must have held the sword like this too. Even if I die, I won't give up my pride. He would have crossed swords with that traitor until the very end. And he thought so too.

'Your Majesty may have wanted me to serve you two... but he didn't directly order it.'

It's okay to be stubborn like this.

I knew as soon as I saw Deon Hart that he had become a hero. Aside from worrying that the future of the human world, not the empire, was dark, Nemeseus made up his mind. It didn't even shake in the first place.

He grabbed the blood-covered handle and aimed the blade at Deonhardt.

"I thought he didn't look like a human before, but now he's turned into a monster."

Deon tilts his head and takes a step forward. Even in that simple act, there was an unprecedented elegance, and Nemeseus raised an eyebrow.

"Are you not running away?"

“...Isn’t the emperor the end?”

The emperor is only the beginning. He’ll probably have more blood on his sword in the future. Even though I know this, I have no intention of leaving it as is.

Because he is a general of the empire, he has power, and he has a duty to protect the innocent.

“come. “This is my grave.”

Your grave is also here.

‘...why.’

Why do people keep doing this even though they know they will die? Deon, realizing that he could not avoid it, took out his dagger. A sighing voice came out like a mutter.

“...Why are there so many foolish people in the world?”

“....”

“Of course, I am no exception.”

A neat gait quietly touches the ground with a certain stride length. Deon said as he walked straight towards Nemeseus.

“I will do my best to kill you because it has already come to this.”

“This is the most welcome news I’ve heard recently.”

\*\*\*

So many people were killed in one day. No, correct me. So many big guys were killed in one day.

The feeling of stabbing someone again remained in Deon's hand, and he rubbed his palm on his clothes.

'Why the fuck did everyone die without any regrets?'

I don't know why it makes people feel so uncomfortable.

Until the end, I thought about the eyes that were shining in their own way, and eventually I couldn't overcome the dirty feeling and took out the cigarette pack from my pocket. As I sit down on some nearby debris and light a fire, I feel like this place is some kind of ant hell.

"...Ah really."

What on earth are the demons at the main gate doing? Are you guys having a chicken fight?

I stood up with a freshly lit cigarette in my mouth.

Who else will it be this time? I wish you would just step away. I'm not physically tired, but I'm mentally tired. The moment Deon turned around with a dull and bored expression on his face, he froze in place when he saw the other person's face.

"I heard that the Demon King's army was rapidly advancing to the capital, so I came quickly, but it seems it was already too late."

"...."

"Why aren't you saying anything? "It's been a long time since we met again, so I should at least say hello."

"...Stigma senior."

"Yes, junior."

It's been a while since I last saw you again.

The Empire's second hero, Stigma Primiro, was smiling softly.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 194**

194. So long to the regret (6)

“Meanwhile...”

Unreadable brown eyes scanned the bodies lying nearby.

“You killed a lot of people.”

“....”

“I never thought they would actually kill the emperor.”

It looks like you became a hero at the right time.

The emperor is an opponent that not even I can do anything about. Stigma looked at Deon with new eyes.

There was a time in the past when I was given the opportunity to spar with the emperor. Of course, I happily accepted it.

I only had one sparring with the emperor, but I still remember it because it was such an impressive sparring. His skills are so outstanding that it makes you wonder if they are the same hero. The difference between him and me was only two steps, but Stigma knew very well how big a gap those two steps were for ‘heroes’ whose talents had already blossomed and matured.

Still, the reason I didn't dare to be jealous was because I could clearly see the effort seeping into every movement for me to feel inferior.

then.

How should we view 'Deonhardt', who defeated him simply because he was a 'warrior'?

'....'

Stigma moved from where he had stopped and approached Deon, who was closely guarding him. The closer he got, the more he frightened and sharpened his blade, but he stretched out his hand without hesitation. The hand that stretched out almost to touch the face stopped at a certain distance from the cheek.

"It's truly amazing. If you look closely, it doesn't seem like much has changed, but I just think it's beauty that isn't human. "Is this something called aura?"

"...."

"Anyway."

A soft smile appeared on his face.

"Congratulations. "You now have a force that no one can ignore."

"...."

Putting aside Deonhardt's luck in becoming a hero and gaining overwhelming talent against odds lower than the odds of being struck by lightning, or his sentiments about



the hero and the demon king being on the same side, Stigma laughed.

“The fourth hero died and the third hero turned to the devil. “Even the first hero died like this, so now it’s my turn?”

“...Seniors.”

In the end, will we have to fight and kill again? Deon’s shoulders felt tense.

Stigma, who confirmed that he was putting strength into the hand holding the dagger, calmly answered while looking at his dull red eyes.

“Yes, junior. I’m sorry to make you nervous, but I want you to know that we don’t have to fight. “For me, fighting with my junior now is just a dog’s death with no benefit whatsoever.”

“....”

“My junior, you probably know that I am not fighting for the empire or the emperor.”

Stigma fights for ‘honor’. And not for the pure and noble ‘honor’ of self-satisfaction, but for the ‘honor’ to be seen and recognized by others.

“So there’s no need to fight a life-or-death battle here with no one watching against an opponent you can’t beat.”

Of course, there was another purpose, which was to get permission to destroy the Lowfel family, but that was also not a reason to fight Deon Hardt here and now.

The emperor is dead and the empire is collapsing. Why should I draw my sword when the person I needed to ask for permission and watch over has disappeared?

“I said this, but you’re still keeping your head down.”

“....”

His gaze is directed to the floor, as if he is watching or feeling bad about his own actions.

Stigma moved the hand that had been outstretched all along. The hand that was hovering near his face moved down and lightly touched his shoulder.

“Just raise your head. I achieved my goal, but I don’t know why I keep my head down. This was absolutely your choice. yes?”

“...yes.”

“Then quickly raise your head and straighten your shoulders. My junior’s actions now are disrespectful to the countless people who sacrificed themselves for this purpose and to the junior himself. Act confidently. –And.”

The hand rises again and removes the cigarette from his mouth.

“I would have said that it is not good to depend on drugs. “No matter how much you become a warrior, you try to control yourself.”

Cheeik. He smiled as he extinguished the fire by pressing it with his fingertips.

“This is my final advice as a senior.”

Final advice.

Deon, who was fiddling with his empty mouth, raised his head. Their eyes met and their lips opened impatiently as if they wanted to say something, but they couldn't get the words out easily and they flinched a few times before closing again.

The words that came out again after a short silence contained a completely different topic.

"...Did you successfully eliminate the Barbai tribe?"

"Oh yeah. Thanks to you, I was able to eradicate it. "Thank you."

"...If you think about it, you always hated the Barbai tribe."

As if he had a premonition of something, the conversation seemed to end and the words started again. Stigma quietly smiled as he could see that he was trying to continue the conversation somehow.

"Are you curious?"

"...."

"It may be a trivial reason for you, junior. "They just..."

I hesitated reflexively, but that only lasted a moment.

This is the last time we will face each other peacefully like this anyway. When will I ever speak honestly like this in my daily life where I am conscious of other people's opinions all day long for fear of my reputation being diminished?

Stigma, who made a quick decision, spoke while hiding his hesitation so naturally that no one could notice.

“...The only crime an illegitimate child can commit is invading the village that was the only place he cared about.”

It's a very boring and obvious story.

It's a very common story that you've probably heard at least once, about a young illegitimate child who had nowhere to turn and managed to attach his heart to a peaceful and friendly village, but then barbarians invaded the place, setting fires, killing people, and wiping out everything.

Thanks to you, I have risen to this position through evil, so I should say thank you. Regardless, the feelings I have for them still remain.

“Anyway, it's all in the past.”

There is also this reason why we spoke comfortably.

Since it is the past, it will not have much effect even if Deonhardt goes somewhere and talks about it.

Your honor may be slightly diminished, but it will only be minimal, and you will build up greater honor than the honor you will lose. Rather, it could be an opportunity to let people know that Stigma's desire for revenge is so persistent and vicious that it can annihilate an entire tribe.

“Then let's break up at this point. “You probably have work to do, and I also have to do mine.”

“...are you really... just leaving?”

“okay.”

Since the person I need to pay attention to is gone, I think I'll start by taking care of the things I've been putting off.

Stigma turned his back. He calmly shows his back to a warrior who may be his enemy and walks without regret. Deon, who was staring at the back, spoke slowly.

"Can I see you again?"

"well. If you continue on that path and I don't break your stubbornness, we will meet again. "It may not be a very good situation."

Perhaps we will meet as enemies again.

I kept walking without looking back. Only after the gaze following behind him disappeared did Stigma stop in his tracks.

'....'

The words I had swallowed because there was no need to mention them came out belatedly.

"The elegance... was on my body."

The best thing to see was when we first met.

Perhaps because he has become a warrior, he has a more subdued aura than before, but the elegance that has become a habit remains.

Seeing that the humane demeanor I once had has disappeared, I feel like I have ruined my junior.

"I shouldn't have given you that advice."

Stigma smiled bitterly.

Now that he has become a warrior, he does not have to worry about dignity or manners, and even before he became a warrior, Deon Hart was a direct descendant of an orthodox noble family. He is a person who does not have to prove that he is a noble.

‘It was enough for me to be obsessed with my attitude as a nobleman.’

My thoughts were short.

The foolish illegitimate son felt a sense of kinship with Deonhardt in that he personally destroyed his family, but this was distorted and he perceived him as someone who had to struggle to be recognized just like him.

“Our junior will be recognized in noble society even if he stays still.”

As a leader of a squad of murderous demons, he became someone many people disliked, but his identity as a ‘noble’ was not denied. Because that’s what birth is.

Deonhardt was different from the illegitimate children who had to make every effort to enter aristocratic society.

‘...’

I looked back at the attitude I had become accustomed to.

Even Duke Stave Illuster, who can be said to be a model of the current generation of nobles, was momentarily surprised by the archaic etiquette of the older generation.

Even without people’s eyes, the body naturally moves to maintain its dignity. Stigma smiled faintly.

“...If you think about it, it was the same reason why force was considered important.”

The reason he was able to enter aristocratic society was because of his overwhelming force as a ‘hero’.

...So now I want to destroy my family with the most powerful weapon that could be recognized.

‘I wouldn’t feel strange if at least one family were wiped out in this mess.’

Let’s think about what happens next.

I took the step I had stopped taking again. As if predicting the future, the blood-red sunset stretched a long shadow behind his back.

Just like that, Stigma suddenly disappeared.

It was a few days later that news of the Rowfel family’s disaster spread.

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Deon, who was convinced that the stigma had disappeared and that there was a demon in this place, hurriedly left the imperial palace, fearing that there would be another battle later.

I wondered what on earth the guys at the main gate were doing while the imperial palace was collapsing and people were arriving one after another.

‘I don’t know anything else, but the collapse of the imperial palace was such a big commotion that it could be seen from afar, so it would be impossible to not know.’

Still, if there's no good reason for not coming, I'd be a little... very annoyed.

Because of this, I went to the extreme of assuming that they had all been disabled by the enemy or that they had abandoned me and gone somewhere else, but the faces of those who came to the front gate looked completely fine, even though they were angry.

As soon as the guys who were restlessly pacing around the front gate saw me, they got angry and came towards me...

"Master Deon! "As expected, you're safe!"

"I followed orders and waited until the end!"

"...Yeah... I told you to wait..."

"Yes, that's right!"

...It's disgusting.

Why do I see a second crazy dog among them?

"Actually, I almost made the mistake of running into the building when it collapsed, but thanks to my doctor, I was able to stay calm."

"Because there was no signal. "Going in when there are no abnormal signals means that you lack trust in Deon."

"De-se."

Who is the bastard who just said 'de-se'?

How far has the Demon Cult reached? And Ben, why are you so proud?



I thought for a moment about where to start correcting, but then I changed my mind and looked at myself. At this point, I thought it wouldn't be strange to say that I had the ability to turn normal people into crazy people, so I checked...

"Master Deon?"

"...done."

I guess I'm tired. I see you thinking all sorts of things, even the most pointless ones.

When I think about it carefully, I think demons were originally like this. Is my mood different from before? You can't take your anger out on those annoying people just because you're annoyed...

"Huh? "I didn't hear you clearly."

"Good job."

"Oh, it's natural to follow orders!"

"...."

I slowly closed my eyes and opened them.

Yes, Ben's magic stone necklace was there, so he knew there was no problem with me and stayed where he was. It's not a bad behavior and I know it well in my head... but maybe it's because I'm so nervous, the way he answers is just annoying. Tsk.

"...Now that we've taken care of the big stuff, let's go back."

"Why don't you report it to the Demon King? "If another order is given...."

“Now that the biggest obstacle has been taken down, the rest won’t be difficult even without me. And...”

He probably wants to see me in person too.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 195**

195. For the person who left (1)

I swallowed the back horse and grabbed the reins of the horse that was blowing black smoke. I tried to get on it, but the guy refused and started to complain, perhaps because he was reluctant due to his track record of running to the death without stopping.

Deon let out a laugh.

“Now I’m going to stop doing it...”

Whoop! He pulled the reins towards me and forced eye contact. The bright red eyes glowed dangerously, filled with annoyance and murder.

“do you want to die?”

“ .... ”

The horse lowered his body.

\*\*\*

As everyone left and darkness fell on the collapsed palace filled with silence, someone stepped into the ruins that would be buried in history.

Unlike the slow pace, as if hesitating as if he was not on the wrong path, his steps move forward steadily without stopping even once. My feet walked diligently, never speeding up or slowing down, and only stopped when I arrived in front of someone's body.

The luggage bag I was holding in my hand fell onto the blood-soaked floor.

"...ah."

His blood-covered lips were cracked, as if he had been chewed several times, and he let out a faint voice.

"at last."

It was a moan, a suppressed scream, and at the same time it contained deep resignation.

Saerin, who had been fixating her gaze without blinking even once from the moment the body came into view, slowly collapsed in front of it as if collapsing.

His body was tattered and unrecognizable, as if he had been angry, but his relatively intact head, which seemed to have been left untouched on purpose, clearly indicated that he was a duke. Even if the head was damaged, you would have known it as soon as you saw it. Saerin was sure.

How can I not recognize you?

"...He denies love, ridicules it, and uses it as he pleases..."

It's okay. You already made up your mind. All you have to do is move according to plan.

After pushing away the offending emperor's body to expand the space, he took out the tools he had brought with him in advance to clean it up.

A calm murmur continued.

"In the end, even you ended up in the same situation."

There is a slight difference in that the owner of the leash did not know that he had the 'peacock's leash in his hands, but the point is that in the end, he was swayed by lukewarm emotions and gave up his life like those who laughed at him.

Of course, the Duke will deny it until the end.

But what can you do? That's the truth.

"You pretend to be smart, but you don't even know the name of your feelings."

How much time had passed? The settlement was almost over.

Considering this condition, it would be better to cremate the body rather than just bury it. Saerin stood up and let out a faint sigh.

"dip."

He spoke in a business-like but softer voice than before to someone who would no longer be able to hear him.

"The Church of Salvation will collapse. "We have already consumed many people... We can maintain it if we want to, but there is no need to hold on to the Church of Salvation without you."

and.

Saerin recited the final report as she walked to find a suitable place to burn his body.

“I’m thinking of going to another country. “Even if it’s for your revenge, I don’t think you’d like me to recklessly reach out to an empire ruled by people I care about.”

\*\*\*

The emperor... my uncle has passed away. It was something I expected.

Contrary to my intention to move with him even if it was necessary, I was pressured by an unexpectedly strong will and moved without being able to say anything, and you wouldn’t have to be a fool to know that. Edoardo Desert wanted to die on the spot.

From the ‘crown prince’s’ point of view, it is a choice that is beneficial as long as it is not harmful, and above all, it was his choice alone, so it is right to respect it, but...

“Are you comfortable now?”

Crown Prince Elpidius, who was left alone after sending everyone out, including the princess, asked toward the empty coffin.

“In the end, you really... take responsibility for everything and leave.”

Just being stubborn and useless.

I’m so sad and angry that it’s almost impossible to be sane. Nevertheless, I could not dare to criticize him as cowardly running away to death.

Because the emperor had done enough. No, I should say that it is overflowing since I have taken on things that I don't have to take responsibility for.

I should have told you at that time that I wasn't responsible.

[It's my fault. I will take full responsibility.]

It wasn't his fault.

1 Why should he apologize if he was not the one who killed the prince's father? The only thing he did wrong was that he did as his father asked. He suppressed our ominous feelings and clung to us, telling us not to go, and sent our father away.

Of course, I was young at the time, so instead of saying it was okay, I looked at him with resentful eyes and turned away...

"...Ah."

Elpidius groaned at the new realization. I was out of breath.

"Now we are sinners."

I was left with a feeling of guilt that I could never resolve.

At that time, when I told him that I would take responsibility not to blame my uncle, I would have told him that there was no need to do that. I would have consoled him who was struggling with guilt and tried to live a peaceful and happy life. Instead of giving up easily just because you are stubborn, I should have approached you a little closer, held your hand, and persuaded you.

...I should have apologized at least belatedly for expressing my resentment.

“This alone is heavy, uncle, how on earth did you hold on?”

While he was alive, he must have felt like he was our sinner. Even though I knew it, I just brushed it off by thinking, ‘It will be okay someday,’ ‘It’s been a while, but it must be okay now,’ and ‘I’m a strong person by nature, so it’ll be okay,’ but it was too much of a problem.

The tide has turned.

Now the sinners were Elpidius and Alethea. The target is none other than Edoardo.

How can we atone for the dead? I thought I had grown up quite maturely, but now I see that I wasn’t. I didn’t even care about my nearest and dearest, so what else could this be if not immaturity?

“We really... grew up comfortably within our uncle’s enclosure.”

I used to feel sorry for children who don’t appreciate their parents’ hard work, but I never thought that would be me.

It is natural that a strong protector seems to be bigger than anyone else and will last forever. I was fooled by that obviousness. By the time you realize you’ve been tricked, it’s already irreversible.

Elpidius ended up burying his face in his hands.

“How did you raise us so immaturely?”



You are cowardly. I know you shouldn't call me cowardly, but you are truly a coward.

What if you leave me feeling so guilty? The yellow crown alone is heavy, so if this suddenly happens, how are you going to ask me to hold on?

It's scary, uncle. It's too much. I have only one family left in this world. Just like I did with my uncle, this is a family I cannot rely on and have to protect.

"I want to run away."

Succession training? Taking over? Even if you prepare these things in advance, you cannot overcome the anxiety of losing a reliable guardian in an instant and standing in an unfamiliar place. The golden eyes revealed between the fingers were filled with vulnerability and shook as if they would break.

I really want to run away. I want to throw everything away and run away because the things I have to be responsible for are overwhelming, but paradoxically, I cannot run away because of the things I am responsible for. And above all....

[It is terrible to even think about being remembered as the last emperor of a ruined country or being completely forgotten and disappearing into the back of history without even leaving a trace of his name!] I have even heard people say that it would be okay if he had just stayed, but it was simply because it was too burdensome

. Elpidius was not shameless enough to run away.

That's why I hold on to the heart that cries out that I want to run away and search my mind for a reason to passionately

protect the throne. Without even thinking about it, a feeling arose.

“...plural.”

I found a reason to keep my position. Elpidius gritted his teeth.

“I will not run away, even if it is to avenge my uncle.”

Deonhardt killed his uncle.

I know that my uncle’s own choice was at the root, but even if he had chosen life, he would have pursued me persistently and tried to kill me. Moreover, if I don’t cling to this, I feel like I’ll abandon everything and run away.

I raised my head. An empty coffin with only a fancy appearance came into view.

Edoardo Desert’s body does not exist here. I wanted to order someone to send someone to take care of it, but the prime minister blocked it.

[The Demon King’s army may still remain. Even if you send someone, there is a high possibility that it will end in a dog’s death...]

[It’s His Majesty’s body! How can you say such a thing!]

[This is exactly what His Majesty wanted!]

[...What?]

[Your Majesty... said that he does not place any value on a body without its soul. He said he didn’t want to waste his troops just to save that one piece of meat.] The

phrase “piece of meat” is so extreme that it is painful for those who hear it. Nevertheless, Elpidius had no choice but to keep his mouth shut because the words were so uncle-like.

Really... he is a person who has a knack for bringing out devastated emotions and admiration in those who see him. I never dreamed that it would be like that even after death.

‘....’

I turned around after watching the funeral without a body.

As I walked forward and opened the door, I made eye contact with the princess Alethea, who had been pacing in front of the door as if she had been waiting.

“...Brother.”

“....”

The first thing I saw was the red, sunken eyes. Next, tears fall silently.

Elpidius watched this quietly and slowly opened his mouth.

“...I plan to prioritize my uncle’s revenge.”

“....”

“Of course, I will respect my uncle’s wishes and maintain the empire as the basic basis, but for anything beyond that, I plan to place revenge above all else.”

In other words, it means that if it does not affect the ‘maintenance of the empire’, revenge will be prioritized over the empire and its people.

“I know that the person who will become emperor does not intend to have it. Even so, I know that if such a person becomes emperor in a chaotic situation, the worst situation will unfold for the people of the empire. So, if your thoughts are different from mine, I am willing to hand over this position to you...”

“Brother.”

Because the position of emperor is suitable for someone who puts the empire and its people first. Especially at a time when the people of the empire are trembling with anxiety, a monarch who is rational and wise enough to put aside his desire for revenge will be needed.

Aletea was also a candidate for succession to the throne and had received thorough training for succession, so if that was what she thought, Elpidius was planning to give up her position without hesitation.

However, she stopped talking as if there was nothing more to hear and raised the corners of her mouth that were trembling with sadness.

“You think the same as me.”

“....”

“Was there anything more important to us than family in the first place? I want revenge. “I will help too.”

....

The conversation with Alethea is over, and I have managed to control my emotions to some extent. Even so, since the emperor’s seat could not be left empty in an urgent situation, Elpidius stood in front of the nobles that day.

A low, slightly subdued voice filled the space.

“As you know, His Majesty has gone a long way.”

Those who saw the red, bloodshot eyes, although not crying, were silent.

“The situation is urgent, so let’s skip the coronation ceremony.”

“....”

“From now on, I... Jim will command everything.”

While everyone was frozen by the venomous gaze, Alethea moved.

“Glory be to the present empire.”

Her eyes still red, she slowly lowers her body and kneels. Seeing this, Prime Minister Ardal also came to his senses and lowered himself. Only then did the nobles begin to kneel in a panic.

At least there was no backlash here. Because everyone knows that the crown prince took over everything from the emperor a long time ago. What they need now is ‘stability’.

“Glory be to the present empire.”

\*\*\*

And an order was given to Prime Minister Ardal.

[Please investigate Remember.]

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 196**

196. For the person who left (2)

[...Do you mean Remember?]

[Yes, the note the duke gave me said 'Remember'.] To be exact, it had the duke's seal and Remember's name and signature written on it. there was.

Ardal looked at the note Elpidius held out and lowered his head. One of the talents brought directly by the former emperor Edoardo Desert, he chose to serve the 'current empire', unlike Nemeseus, who died following the emperor. Because in the first place, he served the empire, not the emperor.

So, I bow my head to the 'current empire' in front of me and reply politely.

[I will follow your orders.]

As long as Elpidius does not make a decision that is harmful to the empire, Chancellor Ardal will follow him unwaveringly as a subject, as he has done so far.

\*\*\*

Deon Hart returned to the Demon World.

Even though he made a great contribution by killing the emperor, among other things, there was no warm welcome. Because the person who should be praised said with his red eyes shining fiercely that he did not like making noise.

After dispersing the general demon soldiers at the entrance, Deon passed the people quietly glancing at him and arrived at the inner castle. He ordered even the 0th Legion to disperse and entered the building.

Ben, who had been quietly following behind, checked the direction and tilted his head.

“I’m sorry, but that’s not where the Demon King is.”

“You mean the devil? “I’m going to my room?”

“yes? “What do you mean...without even reporting?”

“Yeah, I’m tired.”

This means that I will rest right away without even seeing the devil.

What if you end up incurring the devil’s wrath? Deon, who was walking calmly, leaving behind the fidgeting Ben, narrowed his eyes when he spotted someone standing in the middle of the hallway. Because the light was backlit, his face was in shadow, but as he became a warrior and his eyesight improved, it was not difficult for him to identify his opponent.

In the first place, there were only a few demons that would stand proudly blocking the middle of the hallway as if waiting for someone, so even if they were in their original state, they would have figured it out right away.

“...Ed.”

“Your place...”

Ed stopped when he inadvertently looked at Deon’s face at the familiar call.

“...Onnim.”

“It looks like they’re here to meet you again. “I would have said there was no need for that.”

“As a lieutenant, this is a natural... behavior. But...”

He comes creakingly and stretches out his hand. As if he belatedly realized that it was a rude action, he quickly became shocked and took it again. A somewhat mesmerized voice stuttered and asked.

“Could it be... that you have become a hero?”

“Well, that’s right.”

“I see... I heard the news of the birth of a hero, but I never thought it would be Deon...”

Was that that shocking?

Just as a question appeared in Deon’s eyes, Ed, who quickly recovered his thoughts like a capable adjutant, bowed his head with a light smile.

“Congratulations. I heard that you made a big contribution this time, and only good things are happening one after another.”

“It’s a good thing...”



The demons might see it that way.

Deon chuckled and took off again, having stopped for a moment. After checking the direction he was going, Ed belatedly expressed his doubts.

“Are you going to your room?”

“okay.”

“I heard you just arrived... but have you met the Demon King? Quick....”

“I haven’t met you.”

That damn devil.

Even though I wasn’t able to sleep, and the people I killed this time were all people whose faces I knew, I spent more mental power than usual, so my nerves were on edge, but I wonder why they’re making such a fuss.

A sharp voice suddenly came out. Ed’s expression was perplexed.

“yes?”

“I said we didn’t meet. “I’m tired, so I’m going to get some rest first.”

“Ah...”

I didn’t pay attention to the change in tone again because it wasn’t anything new. What Ed cared about was none other than content.

It’s not like nothing special happened, and I even killed the Emperor, the biggest enemy of the Awakening of Heroes,

and I'm going to rest right away without even seeing the Demon King's face. Is it really okay for me to do this? If it weren't during the war or if he was seriously injured, he would understand to some extent... The situation is during a war where every piece of information is precious and the speed of delivery is important, and Deonhardt is just tired and uninjured.

"...under."

Deon, who read the hesitation on Ed's face, passed him with an annoyed look on his face. Ed called from behind, 'Master Deon?', but there was no answer.

I walked and walked until I reached the door and opened it without hesitation. Of course, contrary to what I thought there would be no one, there were passengers inside.

...No, I should say workers, not guests.

Dan, who appears to be changing the water in a vase by the window and is holding a vase and a still vivid flower in both hands, sees Deon and quickly finishes before approaching him. A voice that was no different from usual called to him calmly.

"master."

"What I asked you to do... seems to have been done well."

I noticed it from its seemingly innocuous attitude, but when I saw it in person, it felt different again.

Red eyes were fixed on the wooden box placed on the desk. Dan followed his gaze and smiled as if he was saying something new.

“You are stating the obvious.”

“ ....”

There was no answer. You probably won't even hear it.

Although his expression was completely emotionless, Dan seemed to know what he was feeling, so he clicked his tongue softly and spoke.

“Then I'll just leave. “You look tired. Please rest well.”

Dan walked away without notice and the door closed with a click.

Only after being left alone in a quiet space without a single sign of presence did Deon take the steps he had been taking. Slow, hesitant steps slowly approached the wooden box.

I placed my hand on the lid and took a deep breath.

‘I need to check.’

We need to check if it was really moved without any damage.

But he didn't have the confidence to see his brother's head again... Deon, who hesitated several times while just placing his hand on it, soon bit his lip and opened the lid.

Because it is not putrid, the clear smell of blood stings the tip of my nose. The red eyes, which were momentarily shaken, regained their composure and carefully examined the interior.

“...First of all, the part visible from this angle... looks good...”

I don't have the confidence to hold up and examine the invisible part myself. However, I can't leave it to someone else.

I repeatedly reached into the box and pulled it back, but eventually gave up and closed the lid.

For a moment, something passed over my extremely calm face. It clearly had the appearance of endless, falling despair.

"...brother."

It's just because I'm tired.

Because I couldn't sleep, because I was going through so many things at once and couldn't rest. So, in other words, because I am out of my mind.

"I'm suffocating."

Complaints that were never allowed to me came out of my mouth.

He slowly raised his hand and placed it on his neck, scratching it as if he was grasping it. Five red lines appear like a trace where the fingernail passed, but soon disappear without a trace due to excellent recovery power. There was blood in some parts of the dog, but Deon didn't notice.

I came to my senses thanks to the hot pain that followed me one step later.

"...under."

You're crazy.

What could be more shameless and ridiculous than the perpetrator complaining to the victim?

I should have taken medicine before this happened. I couldn't even touch the van because it was stuck the whole way, so it looks like this is what happened in the end. He quickly dug into his pocket, took out a cigarette, lit it, and took a deep inhale.

Although it is called cigarettes for convenience, it is ultimately a drug. The effect was fast.

"It's better now."

The feeling of being stuck together like one body and strangling one's breath disappears with the help of the medicine. Thanks to you, I regained my composure.

As soon as he can feel the effects of the medicine, Deon stubs his cigarette on his thigh and hurries over to sit down on the sofa, holding the box in his arms. I held the wooden box tightly with both hands, tilted my head back, and closed my eyes...

- I welcomed the sleep I had put off for so long, rushing in like a tidal wave.

\*\*\*

I was being hugged by someone in a dark space without a single light.

His arms are firm with a strong will, as if he will protect me from something, but his arms are actually shaking slightly. The moment I felt this, I knew it instinctively.

No matter what he does, I will eventually be exposed to that unknown danger.

He also knows that it is impossible to protect me. And yet, you are curled up so desperately, trapping me in your arms.

“who...?”

A question suddenly came out of my mouth.

As far as I know, there is no one in this world who would care for me this much, so who are you?

“....”

“I’m a little frustrated....”

I writhed in frustration, not only because I didn’t even understand why I was doing this, let alone who it was. Because the other person didn’t let go, I couldn’t escape, so I barely managed to lift my head and rest my chin on his shoulder, and I was able to breathe easier than before.

I tried to turn my head to look at his face, but he pressed the back of my head so hard that I had to look over his shoulder.

Thanks to you, I was able to see it.

“...What is that?”

Black liquid pours in from all directions.

They move around as if they have a will, occasionally standing up as if they are trying to form something, or joining together to form a tsunami. They were clearly coming this way with bad intentions.

At first glance, it appears to be a disaster that cannot be resisted. Is this person holding me right now really trying to protect me from that? Even though you knew it was impossible before you even stretched out your hand to protect it?

Even still, he is not giving up. As I was rolling my eyes wondering who this person really was, he opened his mouth.

“...—.”

“huh?”

“—.”

“what?”

“—What kind of crime are you guilty of?...”

It wasn't a word addressed to me, it was a meaningless muttering aimed at the empty space.

“You say this young, weak child is guilty of something...”

Young? Are you weak?

Even before my feelings of absurdity rose, the fact that I intuitively realized brought other feelings to the surface.

Shock, longing, guilt. And... fear.

‘no way.’

I think I know his identity.

I unconsciously opened my mouth, but suddenly the words that were coming out just a moment ago suddenly stopped

coming out, as if they were blocked by a stone. But you have to say it just to be sure. I forced my neck.

I need to call him.

“...brother?”

“....”

The other person paused.

White light exploded.

\*\*\*

“Gasp!”

Deon trembled violently and opened his eyes. He obviously fell asleep while sitting, but I don't know when he was lying down, but he was curled up on his side on the sofa.

I couldn't understand the situation, so I blinked slowly. Just like it did one day, the quiet view of the room comes into view. It was only when Deon realized the presence of a wooden box in his arms that he realized this was real.

Then, that was a little while ago.

“...It's a dream.”

Apparently, since I was kicked out of the nightmare before, at least I haven't had a nightmare in this room.

After taking a moment to catch my breath, I put the box down on the sofa and stepped on the floor. Suddenly, I felt a different unpleasant sensation than before, so I lowered my gaze.



“What... blood is this?”

No matter how you look at it, it looks like blood. Is there any chance of blood pooling in this room? I reflexively looked at the wooden box next to me, but there was no trace of blood leaking.

To get a closer look, I bent down and felt the blood pooling at my feet. The thick bloody smell becomes more vivid and a slimy sensation is felt at the fingertips. However, when I straightened my back and checked, there was nothing on my hands.

Even though I've clearly never cleaned it somewhere.

‘...ah.’

I think I know what it is.

The blood pooling precisely at my feet. Clean hands that have clearly been touched, but without even a trace of blood.

After rubbing my fingertips, I lowered my gaze again and took a step forward. I stepped on a place that clearly wasn't filled with blood, but a puddle formed there and I felt the wet sensation again.

“It's a hallucination...”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 197**

197. For the One Who Left (3)

This is not an ordinary hallucination.

I couldn't believe I had that dream and experienced this phenomenon. Isn't this what my brother was trying to prevent in the dream?

Deon, who was quietly looking at his feet, frowned at a thought that suddenly occurred to him.

"Could it be... is this the Duke's curse?"

It was the first sleep since the duke cast the curse. I cursed him, draining all of his remaining magical energy, but there was no way it would have any effect, and since I happened to encounter this phenomenon at such an odd timing, there was no way I wouldn't be suspicious.

It may be an elixir... but if the unidentified liquid that came out of the dream is really a curse...

"Damn it."

...If that happens, my brother would have tried to protect me from the duke even in death.

Cursing comes naturally to a family that is falling apart. Feeling like he was choking again, Deon reached into his pocket and took out a cigarette.

I lit the fire and prayed and prayed.

‘Please don’t.’

I hope it’s just a ridiculous leap of mine.

It was not for nothing that I felt fear when I found out that the person I was dealing with was my older brother. Because Deon is not ready to face Cruel. To be precise, I wasn’t ready to face Cruel, who ‘wouldn’t hold a grudge’ against me.

I would feel more at ease if he poured out his resentment towards me. However, Deon knew very well that a person who sacrificed himself could not hold a grudge against the person he was trying to protect.

‘Even I couldn’t forgive myself.’

How miserable would it be to hear that the other person has already forgiven you or that you will not be forgiven.

You will be miserable and will hate me even more, and in the end, you will do your best to hate me. Maybe I can’t overcome my emotions and end up pointing a knife at my neck.

...So, bro.

Deon bowed his head.

‘Please don’t do that.’

It’s okay to suffer from nightmares. I don’t even care about being exposed to a curse.

What is more painful is your intervention. So, please don't keep expressing that you don't blame me like this.

....

I think I stood like that for a long time. Just as Deon was just about to wake up and gradually sort out the emotions that were bouncing around at random, and gradually regain his senses as his consciousness, which had been soaked in crushed despair, began to rise, Deon noticed a sound coming from outside.

'...sound?'

Outside at this hour?

Obviously, as per the request I made when I first joined the Demon King's army, this room must be in the most remote location. Because the room that was used as a warehouse was renovated, there was no one staying above or below. There is a public training area under the window, but thanks to the huge commotion that was caused by the use of magic to destroy the warehouse room, the rumor spread that Commander 0 absolutely hates noise, so no one comes.

It's also a place where there's no reason to come in the first place.

'It's a bit surprising.'

It is a public training ground for horses, but it is abandoned because no one uses it.

Those staying in the inner castle are high-ranking positions and employees, including the Demon King and corps commanders. The corps commander and corps members had their own dedicated training hall, so they did not use

the common training hall, and the users had a common training hall in the outer castle, so they did not want to make a fuss in the inner castle and attract the attention of high-ranking people who were picky, sensitive, and foul-tempered.

Of course, there is no way that there were no demons using it at all, and I expect that occasionally one or two users secretly stopped by to train or used it as a secret meeting place... Anyway, no one has come since I received this room.

‘...Ah, it recently found an owner.’

Deon let out a short exclamation at the belated fact that came to mind.

Crazy dogs. It has become their exclusive training ground.

Because I stayed in the human world away from those guys for a long time, I forgot about their existence for a while.

‘What did they do again?’

Do they not even sleep? I put out my cigarette, which was barely lit, and walked to the window. Every time I took a step, a puddle of blood clattered under my feet, appealing to me for its presence, but I ignored it.

As I reached out to open the window, I paused for a moment when a vase came into view. To be precise, Deon saw something different about the flowers in the vase than before, so Deon withdrew his outstretched hand and bent down to bring his face closer to the flowers.

“what? “I think it was fine until Dan changed the water.”

Why is it a little withered now?

It is not an illusion or a misreading. The flower that seemed to be always vibrant was withering a little.

It wasn't a long time, just enough time to fall asleep and wake up.

"I really can't figure it out."

Should I think it's amazing that I've made it this far?

I looked at the petals, whose tips had dried out and turned dark, for a moment, then looked away and opened the window. Because that's not important right now. We need to find out what the crazy dogs have done and are doing.

'When I think about it, it's even more suspicious that there was no disturbance while I was away.'

They can't do that. There's clearly something going on, but they're hiding it.

A cool breeze comes in through the open window. At the same time, the faint sound became clearer...

"Aaa  
aaaaaaaa!"

...A baby crying?

"Shhh! You can't cry! If you get caught like this, you'll be in big trouble. Are you nice? Let's do it!"

"Not only you will die, but we will all die together...! So stop crying! peekaboo!"

"Bwaaaeak!"

“Ahh! “My ears!”

“I cry more because of your dirty face! Get rid of your face! hurry!”

under.

Deon, who had been standing blankly because he did not fully understand the situation, seemed to have come to his senses and leaned his upper body against the window frame. The pitiful gaze was clearly directed at the owners of the disturbance.

“What are you doing...?”

Why am I becoming a nanny while I haven’t seen him?

“Ah, Captain!”

“Are you awake!”

“Long time no see!”

“Bwaaaeaeang!”

“Acha pop!”

There is no other mess like this.

They can’t understand the situation and are just waving their hands. The child is crying as if they are showing off. They realize it too late and are in a hurry to take care of it. Deon laughed again at the empty sight and put his foot up and stepped on the window frame.

Those who had been waving their arms at the unexpected action froze.

“Hey, that...”

“Uh...uh...?”

“Now, captain for a moment!”

“Calm down! Life is beautiful...but it’s not! Life is precious... If we do that, we’ll be in trouble! “The captain is precious... I think the captain won’t like this, but damn it!”

“...What is he saying now.”

As expected from a castle, the Mawangseong Castle has a high roof and wide gaps between floors. The second floor alone is more than the 3rd floor of a regular building, and Deon’s room is on the 4th floor.

Jumping from there means committing suicide. It was natural for them to be scared since their leader, not anyone else, was ready to jump.

Deon clicked his tongue in regret at the untimely fuss and jumped down.

“Wow!”

“receive! receive!”

“Oh my, our captain! “You are willing to throw away your life!”

“Please live just a little longer before we die!”

They must know that if they collide with someone falling from this height, there is a high possibility of death, but whether they are thinking or not, they come rushing in, saying they will accept you and me too.



Deon, seeing this, frowned and twisted his body in the air. As he flexibly avoided Milan, who was about to stretch out his arms to catch him, and landed lightly on no man's land, sighs of relief broke out here and there for a moment.

"Oh, please don't make people's hearts break!"

Shouting broke out.

At the same time, the baby's crying, which had barely stopped, broke out again.

"Hwaaaaae!"

"Oh right."

"Hey..."

"Sorry."

Cleter, who was glaring at the guy scratching his head, sighed.

If I say more, they will quickly forget it anyway and make a fuss again. The child's courage is only being strengthened. Grinding my teeth, I moved to a place a little further away from them while holding the baby.

Deon, who was watching this, tilted his head.

"Are you Cleter? When did you have the baby? "Did you take good care of yourself?"

"Captain... It's good that you don't have any prejudices, but men can't have children. "I'm not a Cleter kid."

"No, I don't think it would be impossible in the Demon World."

“that...! Not this, boss! Why do you jump out the window instead of leaving the good stairs behind? “Dangerously!”

I almost fell over.

You’re trying to skip over an important issue. Milan opened his eyes fiercely, but after seeing Deon’s face from up close for a moment, his expression relaxed as if he was surprised. The eyes that had been so intense were gone everywhere, and the round eyes were turned towards Deon.

“Guys, the captain’s face is shining... is there something wrong with my eyes?”

“What kind of thing... huh? Captain, what on earth did you do to your face? I can even see a halo...”

“What, the captain’s face is glowing?”

In an instant, members of the Knights Templar flocked in.

Deon sighed at the familiar yet tired sight, but regardless, those who came close to Deon and looked at his face let out a soft exclamation. The guy in front who was looking at it carefully touched his chin and sighed.

“What can I say... Your face doesn’t seem to have changed much...”

“You originally looked like you would make a lot of women cry... but now I think you’ll make the whole continent cry?”

“No. What is a continent? “You look like you would make an entire race cry.”

“So, boss. “What did you do to your face?”

Deon frowned as he watched each of them add a word about a meaningless topic.

“...What did you do? All I have to do is become a hero, so that’s it...”

“A hero?!”

“Oh my god, our captain is a hero?”

“It’s crazy, it’s crazy. Choosing a captain? Even the sky is crazy.”

“But it’s good.”

“It’s good... because you won’t have to worry about the captain in the future.”

“So that’s why you jumped. “I’m confident I won’t get hurt.”

“But refrain from doing that! “I thought my heart stopped!”

There will be no end to this.

Deon snapped his fingers to attract attention and pointed to the child Cleter was holding on one side.

“So whose kid is that?”

“Oh, it’s not our child... another demon entrusted it to us.”

...Demons?

I turned my head again and looked at the child.

“No matter how you look at it, it looks like a human... A demon entrusted you with a human baby?”

“Yes, we think they are a bit of a unique demon.”

“Now I’m out to get baby food for my baby.”

A demon so unique that it picks up human babies and raises them. Deon frowned because there was one person that immediately came to mind.

No matter how much I think about it, there is only one such demon.

“...5th Corps Commander?”

“!”

“That’s right.”

Looks like he just came back.

Red eyes look beyond the crowd. In this direction, the people with good sense moved aside, dividing the crowd, and Deon was able to easily face Orel and Dernivan standing at the end.

OL, who had been standing still without blinking as if frozen, belatedly wiggled his fingers and stuttered to open his mouth.

“Uh... Mr. Deon....”

He looks like a child who has been caught in the wrong. Looking at this figure, who would say he is a corps commander?

As if he realized that leaving this as is would only lower the corps commander’s dignity, his adjutant, Dernivan, who was holding baby food ingredients in one hand, stepped forward in his stead.

“Master Deon.”

Deon tilted his head and crossed his arms as if asking me to say something. His eyes narrowed at him, but he calmly spoke without any agitation.

“As for sneaking in a human baby...”

“I’m not interested in that.”

“....”

Although he is blunt about everything, he still seems to have some insight. He immediately said something else.

“...I apologize for arbitrarily entrusting the work to my immediate knights.”

“I know.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 198**

198. For the departed (4)

The Knights of Lofty are directly under Deon Hardt. It is also an ambiguous force to be said to be a full-fledged Demon King's army that has barely stepped foot on the fence of the Demon King's army as it is 'affiliated with Deonhardt'.

How dare a corps commander do something personal in a situation where even the devil doesn't mess with him?

If this is discovered, it is an issue that has nothing to say even if everything is blown away. Not a metaphor, really.

"It's ridiculous that they just ordered things to happen... ha."

"...."

"If you are going to die, you will die alone. Are you dragging our children into it?"

Perhaps that was why cold anger appeared in Deon's eyes.

Dernivan was shocked when he discovered the madness suppressed beneath the anger. That is forcibly holding on to reason. A dangerous situation that could explode if anything goes wrong.

“Are you crazy?”

“sorry.”

“Do you think I was that easy? Well, I was away for a long time. “It’s almost ridiculous.”

The murderousness in the voice becomes deeper.

Oel, who was feeling restless, tried to crawl out, but Dernivan gently pressed the back of her hand to stop her and calmly answered.

“no. sorry.”

“Then what is it?”

“that-.”

“Wow! Leader!”

The tension, which had become tense as if blood would break out at any moment, was relaxed by the knights who suddenly shouted.

Oel, who was startled, looked at them and Dernivan, who had been lowering his head, also slowly turned his eyes to look at those with swollen livers. Deon had already looked away when they suddenly started shouting.

For a moment, the mad dogs began to babble in moving voices as they cringed as they discovered the deadly force that had not yet escaped from their indifferent eyes.

“Are you worried about us?!”

“I’m impressed!”

“They say they are our kids!”

“I can’t believe you’ve grown enough to worry about us...!

“When did you grow up so big?”

“Tears are blocking my vision...!”

“...Ha, you guys....”

You don’t give yourself a chance to get serious.

Deon touched his forehead with a deep sigh. The members, who read his softened expression, exchanged glances with each other and grinned and shouted as if they had made a promise.

“Daejaang, please don’t scold them!”

“It wasn’t a freebie, it was a fair deal! “I got paid!”

“...cost?”

“yes! “It was a satisfactory transaction!”

“What did you get? ... No, no.”

There is no need to listen.

“Just give it back and back out of the deal.”

“yes?!”

Deon raised an eyebrow at the more dramatic reaction than expected. Milan, who meets eyes filled with doubt and irritation, breaks out in a cold sweat and avoids gaze. An excuse that was almost like a mutter came out.

“It’s... not the kind that can be returned...”



“...Really?”

In the past, I would have grabbed that guy by the collar and asked him what on earth he received. They must have worked hard to somehow pay a price equivalent to returning it.

But it's different now.

A voice came out so indifferent and calm that it was embarrassing for the guys who had their eyes tightly closed and were preparing for a bad call.

“Then you don't have to give it back.”

“...?”

Before I knew it, the calmly sunken eyes contained Dernivan and Orel.

“I think taking care of you this much is enough. yes?”

“...Yes, it is.”

Before trading, they are sinners.

Regardless of whether the target was young or old, they brought humans into the Demon King's Castle without permission. Even if I die right now, I have nothing to say.

Of course, if he was smart enough, he could even claim or threaten Deon Hart as an accomplice under the pretext of making a deal with the mad dogs, but he has no intention of letting them go quietly. They probably know that too, so they refrain from doing foolish things.

Whether they are tangled up as accomplices or killed, the devil will take their side. The 'warrior' was confident.

'If you're caught as an accomplice... you can't kill me, so you'll figure out the circumstances based on my remarks in order to at least get me out. Even if I kill them later or before they do anything, they will give me priority.'

Is it the already dead commander of the 5th Corps and his adjutant, or is it the alive 'warrior' of the 'Devil King's Army'? Isn't the result obvious? Well, putting everything else aside, as long as there is a difference between high status and overwhelming force, no demon will dare to reach out to me.

Anyway, I felt a little relieved by my obedient attitude. It's strange that the crazy dogs involved are saying it's okay, but they're even angrier here.

Deon knew that the reason the guys suddenly started yelling and talking nonsense a moment ago was to lighten the mood, so Deon calmed down his anger and spoke calmly.

"About that human baby..."

Orel trembled noticeably.

"...I won't ask anything."

"...!"

"Honestly, I'm not interested. "Whether you pick up humans or whatever you do, as long as you don't associate them with me and my people."

In other words, I'll turn a blind eye to it, so don't ever entrust such a dangerous time bomb to the Lofty Knights again.

Dernivan, realizing the meaning, quietly lowered his head. Deon raised his head and checked the sky. Seeing that the three moons are almost overlapping, it seems that it is still a long way before morning.

‘...I’m tired.’

Let’s go back to the room. I fell asleep, but I was in an uncomfortable position and I woke up in the middle of the dream because of a strange dream, but there was no way my fatigue would go away.

As I was walking without thinking, I suddenly lowered my gaze when I felt the wet sensation on the soles of my feet.

“...Oh yeah. you guys.”

“Leader? “Weren’t you about to die?”

“I’m going back. “Come here before then.”

I’m almost certain it’s a hallucination, but no matter how I look at it, this puddle of blood looks real to me.

Is it really a hallucination that only I can see, or is it a curse that they can also see? Confidence is needed. Deon pointed his finger at his feet.

“Do you see this?”

“yes? “What... hehe!”

Milan followed Deon’s finger and sighed. The eyes tremble with obvious agitation.

Can you see it? You mean it’s not just my eyes? He shouted as Deon narrowed his eyes.

“Were you barefoot?!”

“....”

It seems like I was too distracted by this strange phenomenon. Only then did Deon see his own white feet standing in a puddle of blood.

Now that I think about it, I jumped out of the room right away. Of course he must have been barefoot.

“Not that, under my feet....”

“Under my feet?! “Did you step on something sharp?!”

“Oh, just wear your shoes properly and come down the stairs! “We wouldn’t have run away!”

“Milan! “Listen, boss!”

“okay!”

“....”

Deon thought as he was lifted up and made a fuss about.

‘Okay, I understand that this puddle of blood is only visible to my eyes.’

If they had seen it, they would have made a fuss in a different direction instead of causing this mess now.

If you’ve confirmed that there are no injuries on your feet, why don’t you put me down?

The member, who must have sensed the urging gaze, was supporting his feet with one hand and examining them closely, suddenly raised his head and said.

“Luckily there are no injuries, but you might get hurt on the way, so we’ll take you to your room.”

“...Can I go alone? Even if you get hurt, you will get better quickly. Besides, it’s night now. “You can’t be noisy.”

“You can be quiet!”

“You guys?”

A look of disbelief turned towards those making a fuss.

As if they were being pricked, they couldn’t answer confidently and kept their mouths shut. As I was looking at this pitifully, Cleator, who handed the baby over to Dernivan, walked towards me and said,

“Yes, if you guys rush in, there will definitely be a commotion. “Milan, just let you go.”

“okay!”

Deon, who was suddenly lifted into his arms, was unable to understand what was going on, so he remained blank for a moment and then frowned.

Even if I ask them to take it down, they won’t listen, so I’ll put that on the back burner.

“...I think this one will be the loudest.”

“But this guy has the best strength. “Well, you must be tired, so get some rest, Captain.”

“No, I—”

“I will take you there without making a sound! “Erraaaaa!”

“Hey Mr. Lee....”

...Okay, if you run and scream, you won't be able to hear your footsteps.

I don't know. I felt like I heard the captain swearing, but it was probably just my mood. Cleter skillfully ignored the two who were moving away.

At the end of the gaze, Oel and Dernivan were caught. Oel muttered in a harsh voice and called his adjutant.

“Dernivan Deon's tone has returned...”

“Shh.”

Dernivan, who placed his index finger on Orel's mouth, glanced at the two figures moving away. He remained silent even though his face was full of question marks, and only slowly opened his mouth after Deon and Milan disappeared from sight.

“Nothing strange.”

“why?”

“From the beginning, Deon's speaking style was diverse.”

“I know that. But why is it hush?”

“It is said that when Deon first changed his tone of voice after taking the position of Commander of the 0th Corps, the demon who openly mentioned it was offended.”

“I know that too. He said he didn't kill me, but instead held a dagger to my neck and told me to shut up. But isn't the change in speech back then different from the change in speech now? In the past, it was a semi-honorific or

overbearing informal speech, but now it is an elegant way of speaking...” “

It seems like only the type of speech is different.”

Above all, there is nothing wrong with being careful in advance.

Dernivan quietly looked down at Orel. This time, she opened her mouth with round eyes as if to ask a question, but closed her mouth and lowered her gaze when she heard a cackling sound coming from below.

“Kyaaa!”

The baby was standing, holding on to the hem of Oel’s clothes with difficulty. By human standards, the dragonfly-like compound eyes without any whites would have been disgusting, but instead of crying, the bright face smiled again as soon as our eyes met, and OL absentmindedly called out a familiar name.

“...Dernivan baby grabbed my clothes.”

“yes.”

“And I laughed.”

“Is that so.”

“Why are you smiling?”

The matter of Deonhardt’s way of speaking has long been completely forgotten. Even while sighing at that sight, Dernivan could not easily take his eyes off Orel.

Because the round eyes did not contain only curiosity.

Just as he was about to open his mouth, Cletor, who had been watching the situation happily, answered first, as if he had been waiting.

“Oel is good.”

“I like? why?”

“Isn’t it the love you feel for your guardian?”

“guardian? I?”

“Oel.”

Dernivan belatedly opened his mouth to call her, but it was already too late. OL lowered his hand and picked up the baby, carefully examining the baby’s face as if he was seeing something unfamiliar.

“...I see. “I am the protector.”

“....”

“Then I become a ‘mom’? “Dernivan is ‘daddy’?”

however-.

She leaned the baby on one arm and pointed to the tear stains on her cheeks with her free hand.

“Did the baby cry?”

“I fell while practicing four steps.”

“Practice walking?”

“If I don’t hold on to something, I still can’t walk properly. “I was holding your hand and teaching you how to walk, but



this kid was distracted...”

“Ah, you said you would do it too and rushed at me!”

In other words, it means that you lost your grip and fell.

Hmm, I don’t know why, but strangely I don’t like it. O.L., who was watching the fight while holding the baby in her arms, tilted her head as she did not understand her emotions.

“Oel, I will carry the baby.”

“Dernivan.”

“yes.”

“I feel strangely bad. Do you know why?”

“....”

Although Dernivan is so insensitive to everything that it can be safely said that he has no emotions, he was able to understand and learn about emotions to a certain extent by serving Orel, who is curious and full of emotions. That’s why I knew.

—This is never a good sign.

That’s why he took the baby from her without a rare reply.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 199**

199. Is it rest or laziness, or else... (1)

Deon, who returned to the room, slept for three days as if he was going to get the sleep he had not had in a while.

Although he was likely to wake up in the middle of the night, he continued to sleep without opening his eyes even once, so the Lofty Knights seemed anxious and snooped around the door... "Are you sure you

're okay?"

"I heard you never woke up! If you have a problem..."

"Hey, you bastard!" Don't be ominous! ...By the way, have you tried putting your finger under your nose?"

"...He's just sleeping a little longer. He's sleeping soundly, so don't disturb him and go back quickly. "Not only was the voice so loud, but the hallways were jammed with people rushing in like this."

We were blocked by an iron wall and had no choice but to return to our respective lodgings.

Dan came in after driving away the barking wild dogs in front of the door, carefully walked up to the door, locked it, and turned around to prepare for those who didn't give up.

I saw Deon sleeping quietly in bed, like a character from a fairy tale, as if he hadn't woken up despite the commotion outside. The wooden box on his bedside table was a bonus.

'...Why are you sleeping with that by your bedside?'

Should I say that it is better than hugging and sleeping? No, I think it would be better to just cuddle and sleep.

The way he sleeps vaguely and uncomfortable makes me feel like I want to sleep in his arms, but something is holding me back so much that I can't, and it looks like he sleeps with me nearby.

After looking at Deon with a strange look, Dan turned his head for a moment and started tidying up the room.

In fact, there was nothing to organize. The person who was going to clean things up has been lying in bed sleeping ever since they arrived, so what is there to touch them?

I simply swept the area with my fingertips to see if dust had accumulated and looked at the vase on the window sill. He thought it would be just as vivid as before, so he took a quick look and tried to move on, but soon Dan couldn't believe his eyes and had no choice but to turn around and look at the flower again.

'A little... wilted?'

Even when it was dry on the inside due to not being watered, it was still vibrant.

Is it because it has been severely affected by being in the demon world for a long time? It is impossible to predict whether it will lively or wither.

‘On the outside, it looks like an ordinary flower from the human world.’

I looked at the flower with a slightly wilted tip with suspicious eyes and then turned my head.

It’s suspicious, but you need Deonhardt’s permission to clean it up unless it looks dangerous. There was nothing he could do against this flower now.

\*\*\*

Three days passed and on the fourth day, Deon Hardt finally woke up.

Contrary to expectations that he would jump back into conquering the human world in earnest after taking a break, he suddenly became lethargic and locked himself in his room. It was natural that many people were dumbfounded.

‘The reason is obvious.’

There was a person who moved calmly while the demons were confused, not knowing how to respond to an unexpected and unfamiliar situation.

Dan sighed as he forced Deon, who was drooping, to sit up, feed him, and push him into the bathroom to wash up.

‘Because I achieved one big goal.’

Because he had achieved one big goal, which was to destroy the empire and take revenge on the duke, he felt a sudden lethargy. It’s impossible for a person to constantly burn out their emotions, whether it’s revenge or something else. Rather, I think it was brave of him to hold out until now.

‘If it were an ordinary person, my spirit would definitely have collapsed.’

Is it because of his weak appearance, or is it because of his sharp-edged atmosphere that makes him feel as if he will collapse at any moment?

Frankly, Dan judged Deonhardt’s mental strength to be below average.

Just looking at the current situation, it was like that. It looked like he was holding on to glass that was already close to cracking.

‘...When I thought about it, it was amazing that I endured until now even after going through such things.’

From the age of 14 until now, the merciless hammer has struck Deon Hardt’s spirit mercilessly. Do not tap gently, but apply all your strength to each hammer blow, strongly and continuously.

It is entirely thanks to his mental strength that his spirit, which could have already been reduced to dust, is able to survive even though it is in a cracked state. Perhaps the person with the strongest spirit is none other than Deon Hardt.

‘Maybe that’s the limit, but right now it feels like it might break if I hit it.’

Dan looked back at Deon, who came out wearing a robe, noticed his steps heading straight to the bed, and quickly opened his mouth.

“You have to wear clothes.”

“bothered.”

“No, Master... ha.”

Deon is lying down on the bed, his face buried in the pillow, not moving. Dan wondered for a moment whether he might die from suffocation, but Dan decided that there was no way a warrior could die from something like that, so he put aside his worries and spoke again.

“The corps commanders have come again.”

“You met me once. “Okay then, what more do you want?”

A muffled voice muttered.

Yes, I did meet him. In front of the corps commanders who had come to conquer the human world, I slumped on a chair and spoke insincerely. The main point was to figure it out in the end.

[You guys are capable of that level. If you have taken down the empire, which is the biggest obstacle, you should take care of the rest.]

[But.]

[The ban on magic has disappeared, so you really can't do that?]

[....]

[Right?]

I dare to be a warrior, general commander, and commander of the 0th Corps at the same time. Everyone kept their mouths shut and went away because they couldn't rebel

against the Demon King's most cherished being, but there couldn't be any complaints.

What if an enemy arises inside the Demon King Castle? Dan, who was looking at Deon with complicated eyes, turned his head when he heard a knock.

"This is Ed, Deon."

"...Yes."

Now, as if speaking is too much of a hassle, the index finger clicks with a faint nasal sound that makes no sense.

It's not even a hand gesture, it's just an index finger. Dan, who had just laughed for a moment out of bewilderment, read the meaning and walked over to open the door.

"Please come in."

"...."

Ed looked at Dan, who came out from inside, with disapproving eyes, then patted him and walked past him to stand next to Deon's bed. There was something in both his hands.

"I brought you a new puzzle."

"Yes."

"I was wondering if it might help with mental stability..."

"Ugh."

"...Maybe I did something useless."

"Yes."

“...”

At a loss for words, Ed's eyes turn to Dan as if he needs an answer. Dan, who met blue eyes, calmly shrugged his shoulders.

“These are meaningless words spoken without thinking.  
“Don't get hurt.”

“...I wasn't hurt. And what kind of manner of speaking is that in front of Deon?”

“It was just a simple explanation.”

I'm not in the mood to argue. Ed, who was about to say something more, shook his head and sighed as if he had come to terms with it. The box containing the puzzle was placed on the table in the middle of the room.

“...Daeon.”

“Yes.”

“Can you at least tell me why you are doing that?”

“Yes.”

Whether or not Ed was making meaningless attempts at conversation, Dan took a quick look at the puzzle on the table. Oh, I was completely amazed.

‘It looks like they used some pretty high-quality pictures as puzzles.’

It is a puzzle that, when completed, creates a beautiful landscape painting. Every time I looked at the puzzle hanging in the room, I wondered who had gotten something like that, but I never thought it was a lieutenant.



Even if it weren't for that, it would have been difficult to save this from the war-torn human world, so I guess I should say the ability is good.

"Please, Deon."

"...Ah really."

Finally, as if he couldn't ignore Ed's call, an irritated voice filled the room.

Deon was in a prone position, with his head turned to the side, half of his face buried in the pillow, and his brows slightly frowned.

"I'm just tired and want to get some rest."

"But we're at war right now..."

"Even the Demon Lord isn't saying anything, so do you think this is an area where you can come forward and speak up?"

"..."

Deon, who was looking at Ed, who was speechless, with a crooked gaze, turned his head to the other side.

"go. "I'm tired, so don't disturb me."

"..."

"Master, are you going to sleep again?"

It was Dan who overtook the frozen Ed.

"You've already had enough sleep, right?"

Dan, who passed by Ed as if he wasn't even paying attention, naturally started talking. Ed looked down at his hands for a moment to see if he had become an invisible demon.

"I'm still tired."

"The only thing Master did today was eat and go to the bathroom."

"What should I do if I'm just sleepy?"

"Even though you spend most of your daily life sleeping?"

"...I'll call Ben."

Even though his existence has faded due to being pushed around by that obnoxious, mean person named Dan, he is not so easygoing as to be treated like he doesn't exist. Ed raised his voice appropriately.

"Feeling drowsy even when you sleep may be a sign that there is a problem somewhere in your body. "I think it would be a good idea to get a detailed examination."

"But..."

Only then did Deon, who turned his gaze to Ed, trail off. The red eyes rolled around as if they were bothered.

"I'm a hero?"

"Even warriors are ultimately mortal. "It is not good to have too much faith in the strength of a warrior."

"...Okay, whatever. Do whatever you feel like."

Although it was a reluctant answer, the following events took place quickly.

Ben, who received the signal from Ed and rushed over with fire in his feet, forced Deon, who was lying down, to sit down and began various examinations. Deon continued to feel soggy and tried to lie down, but instead of allowing Ed and Dan to help him, he shouted sharply, asking them what they were doing.

Dan, who was supporting the dripping Deon, asked playfully.

“Master, has that new spine melted? “Your body looks like it’s turned into some kind of octopus...”

“Speech habits. “I don’t know why Deon keeps you around.”

Ed narrowed his eyebrows in annoyance as he gently lifted Deon, who was trying to lie down, and put him back in his position. Dan chuckled.

“Maybe you like this about me.”

“That’s not true.”

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

Whenever I feel too lazy to talk, I always answer clearly.

Ed cleared his throat as if he was holding back laughter as Dan was speechless for a moment. Thanks to this, Dan came to his senses and looked at Deon as if it was too much.

“Master...”

“...So what is the result of cutting?”

“My body is fine, but...”

“Look.”

No problem.

Deon muttered, clearly showing his annoyance, and shook off the two hands holding his arms and crawled back into the blanket. At this point, everyone was told to shut up, but it wasn't enough to overcome Ben's strong work spirit, which he hadn't finished speaking yet.

“It seems to be a mental problem.”

“...what?”

Deon jumped up at the remark that could not be ignored. Bright red eyes, tinged with sharp anticipation, looked at Ben, as if wondering when he had relaxed.

“Do you want to tell me I'm crazy? “A psychopath?”

“no! “That's not it!”

Ben, who felt his life was in danger, jumped up.

“You, Deon, have been through a lot during the long war recently. “Due to the nature of the battlefield, mental fatigue would have built up and there would have been no way to relieve it.”

“...iced coffee.”

I know what you're trying to say.

Deon, who was blinking his drowsy eyes again, slid down to lie down. Ben's voice continued as if confirming my expectations.

"I think the mental fatigue that had accumulated so far was released by taking a break."

"If you rest, shouldn't you stabilize rather than explode? Master, why..."

"No, if I make a small hole in the dam to let out a little water, will it explode or not?"

Cracks gradually form around the hole, and soon the dam itself collapses.

However, I can't help but rest forever, so I guess I should say it's a good thing that it happened at this point. First of all, since we have passed the great juncture of becoming an empire, I think we have some time to spare.

Dan sighed as he saw the white back of Deon's motionless head.

"So what should I do?"

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 200**

200. Is it rest or laziness, or else... (2)

“It would be better to provide regular meals like now and encourage people to go for a walk once in a while. “It’s also good to give someone a gift that will motivate them like that friend.”

Unfortunately, it appears to have been a failure.

Ben pointed at the puzzle lying on the table with his chin and stood up, nagging me without knowing who was supposed to listen.

“Anyway, it will take a lot of effort.”

....

It must have been from then on.

The damn demons are starting to be annoying.

‘Damn bastards.’

Even if I’m lying down, when it’s time to eat, Dan forces me to get up, so I can endure it. Anyway, if you want to live, you have to eat.

It's okay if your diet is a little burdensome. Aside from the emotional burden, the chef puts a lot of effort into making it, so it tastes good and there are many different types of food to eat.

It's okay for the crazy dogs to split their ranks among themselves and take turns visiting. Because they came here just for me. Since there is no one else to rely on but me, it is right to accept it with a broad mind as a guardian.

But not this.

"Deon, how about taking a walk in the garden after a long time?"

"...."

What do you think?

Deon glanced in the middle of a bizarre garden covered in a veil woven by moonlight. At the end of the line of sight, a plant with eyes was twitching its leaves as if it wanted to attack.

I quietly looked at the eyes glaring at me and then stretched out my hand to Hien.

"torchlight."

"yes? Ah yes!"

In the past, I was briefly mistaken because he was always holding the torch himself.

Hien was dazed for a moment, wondering why he was suddenly looking for a torch from me, but then he realized it was in his hand and hurriedly held out the torch. Deon takes

it and walks towards the plant with eyes. It was then that I realized that the leaf that was shaking menacingly had a mouth.

“De... Deon...?”

The mouth on the leaf lunges at me as if it is going to bite me. Deon tore it apart with a leaf, threw it on the floor, and lifted the torch he was holding in his other hand. Then I heard the sound of something cooking.

“I asked you how you felt?”

“....”

“It’s very annoying and annoying. So, I hope you stop recommending walks.”

How would you feel if you introduced a plant that made you nervous to someone who was already tired and didn’t want to do anything?

Hien shivered at the dry voice and looked beyond him. There, ‘eyeless’ plants were dying helplessly.

If it were normal people, they would have been scared at this point and wouldn’t have come near it... but as far as Deonhardt was concerned, Hien’s infinitely positive attitude shined through unnecessarily.

‘...You want to see the flowers of the human world!’

There is something suitable.

Hien had a bright smile on his face, as if he had been shaking for a while.



“It’s a walk to improve your mood and improve your health, but it’s a problem if it makes you feel worse. “I have a present I’d like to give you, so why don’t you just go in now?”

“...gift?”

Well, I guess it’s a monster.

Deon’s shocked expression made him want to go back to his room and lie down for a while, so instead of letting go of the pointless problem, he walked away without saying anything.

And when I got to my room, instead of immediately lying down on the bed I missed, I thought about Hien’s sincerity and sat on the sofa and waited for him to come with a gift.

I regretted it.

“Yuck.”

“get out.”

Well then. It’s a monster plant.

A plant I saw last time shakes its stem as if to say hello. Without giving him any more attention, I kicked Hien out and laid down on the bed.

I wasted my mental energy on unwanted walks and looking at unwanted plants. Deon raised his arm to cover his eyes out of fatigue for a moment, but then slowly lowered his arm.

‘...Really.’

They don’t give anyone time to rest.

Bright red eyes roll to the side and focus on the dagger stuck next to the head. I called the other person's name as if I was familiar with a situation I had experienced before.

"Develania."

"Yes, Deon."

Deon sighed and got up.

There was no sign of surprise at all. Because I already knew.

Not only did I have no murderous intent, but I knew that I was not the target of the dagger, so I stayed quiet. If he had sensed even a hint of murderous intent, the dagger would have turned in Deon's hand and aimed at Develania's neck, not this bed.

He asked, pulling out the dagger that was neatly stuck in the bed and twirling it around.

"Can I take this to mean that you have done what I asked you to do?"

An order to find Cruel Hart's body.

Immediately, Develania groaned.

"I didn't want to come because I thought it would be like this..."

"...I guess it's not over yet."

"sorry. However, we are doing our best to search for him by mobilizing our corps members, so we will be able to find him in time."

"Hmm."

It's still too late for me. Dissatisfied voices filled the room.

The dagger moves between the fingers as if flowing. Deon, who had been playing with the dagger a few more times, opened his mouth a little later, breaking the strange tension.

"I have no intention of just waiting. "Write a report on how far you investigated and tracked it and send it to me."

"Yes..."

Develania, who came for no reason and was given work, is in tears. Deon didn't care and asked a question.

"Then why did you come here?"

"You said you became a warrior, so how could you not come?"

I'm so curious.

In general, demons do not have long patience. Especially corps commanders who don't necessarily have to endure anything. Even Develania, who had a long patience as her main mission was infiltration, could not suppress her curiosity in this matter.

'If there is a corps commander who has not visited Deon, he is either very busy or the corps commander is not close enough to worry about offending Deon.'

The hand that was spinning the dagger suddenly stopped.

Deon raises his head with an expressionless face. The moment when Debellania was suspicious of the mysterious eyes he encountered.

Whoosh – something passed next to my face.

“...!”

“so.”

D’Vellania opened her eyes wide.

Regardless of whether she froze or not, Deon smiled lazily, folding the corners of his eyes in the same position where he threw the dagger.

“How do you feel about seeing me become a hero?”

“....”

Grumble.

Belatedly, a solid line appears on the cheek and blood flows down.

Ha she laughed.

“...Somehow I understand Silua’s feelings.”

I can somewhat understand the crazy bitch of the 7th Corps commander who holds a dagger and installs it.

It’s so sexy that I can’t wait to see it again, even if it means sacrificing innocent users. Besides, now that he is more handsome and has more time to spare, he will probably be thrilled.

‘That’s not me.’

I was only surprised for a moment. DeVellania, who quickly regained her composure after a moment of wavering, changed the subject of the fruitless conversation.

“I heard you completely let go of work?”

“In the end, that was the main purpose. “I’m just taking a break.”

“I think you’ve been resting too long for something like that...”

“It’s not like you’ve been resting for months, it’s only been ten days and one day, but aren’t you feeling too impatient?  
“I guess the corps commanders aren’t that incompetent.”

When you say that, I have nothing to say.

However, it is inevitable that corps commanders will have difficulty adjusting to the fact that a person who was so busy acting as if something big would happen if he rested even for a day suddenly becomes so busy. Whenever I go out in person, taking care of every detail from beginning to end.

Deon, who was fiddling with his mouth as Develania remained silent, searched in his arms and took out a cigarette.

“Then why don’t you stop bothering me and go now? “I’m tired.”

“As far as I know, the only thing Deon did today is...”

“If you have time, would you like to give me an additional mission?”

“Excuse me. “You must be tired, so get some rest.”

Develania disappears as quietly as she came in.

Now I can finally rest properly. Should I sleep right away or smoke a smoke and sleep? While I was thinking about it, flicking an unlit cigarette in my mouth, there was a knock and the door flew open.

Deon didn't bother to turn his head to check on the other person. As far as he knew, there was only one group of bastards like this in the Demon King's Castle who looked like they had swollen livers and were going crazy.

just as expected.

"Daejaang! We're here! "You want to take medicine again!"

"what?! approximately?"

"Leader! It's not possible!"

The calm atmosphere that had been achieved was broken.

The cigarette in my mouth disappears, and a piece of candy takes its place. Deon, who had been accepting it obediently, soon made a bewildered expression.

Yes, to a certain extent, you can think of it as crude consideration and accept it. It hasn't happened once or twice since I came here. however.

You're feeding me too much.

"What are you doing?"

"Puhup."

"Uuuuae? (Do you want to die?)"

"Puhhahahahaha! "What is the pronunciation? Kyahahahahahahahaha!"

We only have to give one piece of candy, so what if each person shoves one into their mouth?

There was no place to spit it out, so I held my stomach with candy in my mouth, glared at the guys rolling around on the floor, and grabbed the dagger next to the wooden box on the nightstand.

“Huh? “Captain, you really want to wield that... wow!”

“Then we get really hurt!”

“Calm! Calm down! “I won’t laugh even if it’s funny!”

“Hey you bastard! What if I say that! “Don’t you know that it feels bad to call a bald person bald?”

“ah!”

I lost my will to like it.

Sensing that the atmosphere is unusual, the guys wave their hands and shout to calm down, but what can they do? Coincidentally, the name of the dagger I held was ‘Jinjeong’.

Deon, who had adjusted his grip on the dagger, was about to swing it.

“master...?”

A faint voice was heard, as if in disbelief.

Deon pauses and turns his head. Dan, who saw Deon’s plump cheeks from the front, was startled and quietly averted his gaze. My eyes returned to another place and only after scanning the crazy dogs, who were white and gasping as if they had died and come back to life, did I gain a light of understanding.

“Well... you are amazing in many ways. “You can’t believe you brought out the Master’s emotions like that.”

“It was nothing!”

“It’s not a compliment. What should I do if I bring out vitality and vitality?”

“I’m feeling energetic and alive.”

“It’s completely different.”

He took out a handkerchief from his pocket and approached Deon.

When I put an open handkerchief to my mouth, a stinging red gaze appeared as if asking what this was. Dan said calmly.

“That’s why you should have at least one handkerchief. “You look like this because you don’t have a handkerchief.”

“...”

“Please do it.”

The gaze, which was otherwise stinging, became harsher. Deon’s gaze rose sharply, with a hint of murder in his eyes, but Dan paid no attention.

Because you’re going to have to spit it out anyway.

“ha ha ha! Come on! Ha ha ha ha ha!”

“What are you doing, boss? Come on, let’s do it!”

“Puhahahahahahahahaha!”



Suddenly the dagger flew away.

Deon lowered his eyes in resignation as the guys were shocked and quiet, befitting the name 'calm'. Little melted candies fall silently one by one onto the handkerchief, as if trying to spit it out as cleanly as possible.

One, two... Dan, who was counting the number of candies in his mind, counted the number of candies. How much did you feed them?

"...That's enough now."

Deon put his head back, rolling the remaining piece of candy in his mouth.

Dan, who had roughly wrapped the handkerchief and tied it, took out a clean white handkerchief from his pocket.

"Here's a new handkerchief."

"...?"

"If you decided it was necessary, didn't you ask for it separately later?"

Deon, who unexpectedly received the handkerchief, looked around at what was in his hand as if he was touching something unfamiliar. A shaky voice continued.

"...It's white."

"If your blood gets on it, it will be very noticeable."

There's no need to vomit blood anymore anyway.

The eyes say so. Deon looked at Dan for a moment. Even though the gaze seemed burdensome, Dan did not avoid it

and faced his red eyes.

Even the mad dogs held their breath in the delicate atmosphere and then a small noise was heard.

A small sound made when the candy rolled in your mouth touches your teeth. Deon chuckled and put the handkerchief in his arms.

“Well, that’s right. Rather...”

“....”

“Kick those bastards out.”

I’m crazy.

The white finger pointed towards the crazy dogs.

“Leader? “I was quiet at best, but wasn’t that too much?”

“Right Now.”

“Daejaang!”

...Now that I see it, it looks like they didn’t just bring out the life.

Dan smiled slightly at the clearly calmed atmosphere in the room and moved his feet.

“Now, have you all heard? Please leave.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 201**

201. Is it rest or laziness? Or else... (3)

“Isn’t it too much for you to do? We fed him, put him to sleep, and taught him! “You ungrateful...!”

“Master was the one who fed me and put me to sleep. “It was the Master who gave me the opportunity to receive teachings.”

“Anyway, we were the ones who taught it directly!”

“I appreciate that. But my owner is the Master.”

The stiff-necked people just gape as if they have nothing to say, and are eventually pushed out helplessly.

Before the crazy dogs were chased out of the room and the door was completely closed, one person seemed to remember something and shouted urgently through the crack in the door.

“Leader! “You can’t just do medicine without us!”

“ .... ”

As expected, this situation happened because of the medicine.

Worry is admirable, but... Apart from that, Dan coldly closed the door and turned around. Deon Hardt, who had suddenly become lethargic as if he had just run amok with a dagger, was crawling into bed.

As I was looking at that, I felt irritated for no reason.

“...How long are you going to be like this?”

A slightly cold voice came out.

Deon, lying on the bed, turns his head and looks at Dan. The mysterious red eyes repeatedly disappeared and appeared through the languidly blinking eyelids.

I took the steps I had stopped and approached him.

“Just looking at your attitude, it seems like you’ve achieved your goal.”

“....”

“It’s okay for you to hang out like this in front of me, but it’s problematic if you hang out so much that outsiders notice.”

What I see is okay. As long as I keep my mouth shut, there will be no problem.

However, it would be difficult for others to see issues that could be a weakness like the one we are currently experiencing.

I stretched out my hand. I feel a lower-than-average body temperature at my fingertips, and soon my entire palm is filled with someone else’s lukewarm body temperature.

Is it because he knows that he has no intention to kill, or is it simply because he is confident that he will not die? The

disaster before my eyes obediently surrendered its head without a single protest.

“Do you know that?”

He put a little pressure on his hand as if threatening.

“This attitude of yours irritates me. “If this goes any further, it will turn into hatred.”

“....”

“I endured a lot. “This is enough, so take it in moderation.”

He slowly released his hand and stepped back.

Deon, who was watching Dan roll his eyes and walk away, slowly opened his mouth. A calm voice asked an unexpected question.

“How is the situation in the human world?”

“....”

“I bet you went to the human world while I was taking a break. Even small things are good, so tell me. how was it?”

“...the top of the low fell was completely destroyed. “I heard that everyone in that family suffered a tragedy.”

As rumored, they said it was a disaster, but Dan knew. Deon Hart probably knew it as soon as he heard it.

That’s what Stigma Primiro did. Anyone who handles information can’t possibly not know. How must it have felt to be killed by an illegitimate child whom one regarded as insignificant?

It's not something you make like that carelessly. Who knows what the other person will be like in the future?

'It's not what I want to do.'

Right now, Deon Hart is in a situation where he is wondering whether or not he will make an enemy with his current actions.

Dan clicked his tongue and focused again on Deon, who continued speaking.

"Now that the rivalry has collapsed, your company must have formed a complete monopoly."

"There are some minor flaws... but for now, I can see it as that."

"Then that's enough. "Make sure to keep it that way."

"...."

Dan stopped and looked at Deon. The red eyes that meet the shaking pupils are drowsily curved. In contrast, an unusually clear voice filled the room.

"Did you say that just by looking at your attitude, you feel like you've achieved your goal?"

"...."

"That can't be possible."

That can never happen.

I'm not tired. Even if I want to get tired, I can't because I still have a long way to go to do that.

“Just waiting.”

I hope that the Demon King will make some move when he hears about my condition.

May you consume more magical power in the process.

Even if you don't have to use up magical power, you have nothing to lose because you can fight while resting. and.

Deon got up like lightning and immediately grabbed Dan by the neck and pushed him away. As if he was retaliating for what had happened to me, he spoke by squeezing my neck slightly and putting pressure on it, just enough to not suffocate.

“You endured a lot? Too bad. “I guess I'll have to endure it a little longer.”

“...haha.”

Added pressure with a warning not to climb.

I was worried for no reason. Dan raised his hands in obedience. A smile that could not be hidden appeared on the corner of his mouth.

“If that's the reason, it's fine.”

\*\*\*

There is no monarch who would stand by and watch someone as powerful as the general commander sit idle for two weeks. In the end, the Demon King called Deonhart.

‘It took longer than I thought.’

I endured it for as long as 2 weeks.

Is this the first time we are meeting face to face since returning to the Demon King's Castle? What should I say? Deon faintly raised the corners of his mouth as he crossed the hallway toward the Demon King's office.

smart.

"come in."

As soon as permission was given, I opened the door and went in and stood in front of the desk where the demon king was. It's been a while since my office was the same as before, so there was no need to look around again.

The Demon King, who was sitting in front of his desk, clinking his pen, raises his head and looks at Deon. The first words flowed out, which I couldn't believe were being addressed to a person who watched and skipped whatever he wanted, locked himself in his room, and let go of everything.

"I'm here?"

Should I say it was as expected or unexpected? It was a simple and clean voice that did not even show irritation, let alone anger.

Of course, that thought was overturned by the remarks that soon followed.

"Maybe it's because you became a warrior, so it's hard to see your face."

"...."

"What should I do? You are a noble warrior. yes?"



Ah, this is a little unexpected. I never thought it was sarcasm and not anger.

Deon opened his mouth hesitantly.

“You didn’t call me.”

“That’s right.”

Even though it was a lame excuse, the Demon King obediently accepted and pointed to a sofa on one side with the tip of his pen. A voice so soft that Deon, who was a little nervous, was embarrassed.

“I still have work to do, so I’ll wait a bit.”

You always wait when you call someone. Could this be revenge?

As I was told, I sat down on the sofa and watched the demon king process the documents. As soon as I saw that face, I was worried that he might have murderous intent, but maybe it’s because it doesn’t feel realistic, but it’s better than I thought.

‘I’ve never seen that before.’

Deon never saw me working, because he always stopped his paperwork to deal with me when I visited.

Because of this, even though I had the opportunity to observe it leisurely, I couldn’t find out much, but I do know that the amount of documents has increased significantly compared to before.

This is probably because there are more things to worry about as the war progresses.

‘...I’m sleepy.’

I rubbed my stuffy eyes.

It seems that my body has adapted to this position as it continues to stretch. It is absolutely not a mental issue.

‘How long has it been since I woke up?’

I’m really sleepy. To the point where I felt like I was going to fall asleep like this.

I don’t want to sleep here because I get nightmares when I sleep anywhere other than my room, but when are you going to finish the paperwork and deal with me?

Deon was convinced as he ate the snacks on the table to catch up on sleep. It’s clear this is revenge.

And slept.

Deon suddenly opened his eyes and reflexively grabbed the hand extended to me and blinked blankly. I have no idea when I actually fell asleep.

Although I was embarrassed, I felt an incomprehensible compulsion to say something, so I raised my head and opened my mouth a beat late.

“...What is it?”

“I feel like I’m having a nightmare.”

“ah.”

weird. I don’t remember having any nightmares.

Rather, I slept soundly as if I had slept in my room. Or maybe even more than that...

"I guess you're ready to talk now, right?"

"...I was already ready to talk."

Now is not the time to focus on such trivial things. I shook off my thoughts and got up from not knowing when I had been lying down. Suddenly, the blanket on top fell off.

'...blanket?'

The Demon King grins as his gaze falls on me.

Deon, who was looking at the blanket and the demon king alternately, decided to skip over the trivial things this time.

"Demon King, do you really have time to talk now?"

"Time was there from the beginning. "I just postponed it because I felt like you needed more time than me."

"...?"

"When I just came in, I didn't have much free time. yes?"

Should I call it age? The Demon King just knew.

Deonhardt, who returned to the Demon King's Castle, must have needed time to gather his devastated mind. That's probably why I instinctively took some time to relax and relax.

I thought he would be somewhat better by now, so I called him, but Deon Hardt, who opened the office door and came in, was somehow sharpened. Even if you talk in that state, the bad feelings will easily grow.

So I gave it time.

“...don’t say anything else, just tell me the main point.”

It seems like the vigilance is still there.

Still, compared to when I just entered the office, I feel a little more relaxed and my shoulders are feeling less relaxed.

If you say so. The Demon King lightly shrugged his shoulders and said.

“Now I hope to get back to work soon.”

“....”

“It would be difficult if we completely gave up on conquering the human world like we are now. “Isn’t our deal to help sincerely?”

“....”

“Furthermore, the number of demons has decreased significantly due to the war with the empire, but the number of demons has increased significantly. In short, we are in a situation where we are short on troops.”

Deon, who had been fiddling with the blanket in silence, raised his head. Their gazes met, and red eyes hid between narrow, curved eyes.

“I thought about it before.”

As I look at his face up close, the murderous intent that I had forgotten comes rushing back.

But you must not show it even in the slightest. The being in front of you won’t miss even that brief moment.

He suppresses his murderous intentions and hides his eyes that could reveal his true intentions under a smile. He strengthened his expression.

“If it doesn’t work out, can’t the Demon King himself come forward and deal with the monsters? “Last time I saw you, it seemed like you got it done in no time.”

When demons invaded the realm of the fairy tribe, where the heads of each race gathered, the demon king personally came forward, easily dealt with them, and returned.

“Because it’s better to conserve magical power as much as possible.”

“Since when did you start saving your magic power? Is magic power so important that it needs to be conserved even in the current situation? “More than the demons?”

“ ....”

“No, the Demon King can’t do that... It looks like some personal circumstances have arisen.”

...I’m looking at it.

Not to be outdone, the Demon King smoothly raised the corners of his mouth. He says, folding his eyes like a crescent moon and hiding his anger with a smile.

“It’s a personal matter... Let’s say we’re preparing for when an unexpected enemy appears. “We’re at war now, right?”

“The Demon King’s only archenemy, the warrior, is on the same side, so is there any unexpected enemy? Even if it were there, it wouldn’t be that threatening.”

“I don’t know how the world will work. Rather, it looks like the hero has lost his motivation to conquer the human world...”

The Demon King, who was sitting on the arm of the sofa while calmly changing the subject, looked at Deon without hesitating his smile.

A somewhat playful voice filled the office.

“What should I do to regain the warrior’s motivation?”

“...It’s not like you have a desire to occupy the human world in the first place.”

The words came out in tears at the remark, which contained a strange sarcasm.

I knew it from the beginning. This condition was simply put forward by Deonhardt in the hope of making the Demon King himself more happy. Without any grand reason, the Demon King simply chose the place where he could use the toy most actively.

Nevertheless.

“But a promise is a promise.”

If you say it like that, I have nothing to say. Deon said meaningless words in dissatisfaction.

“But...”

“I am.”

...The atmosphere has changed.

The Demon King briefly interrupted and stood up. Take a step, narrow the distance, and extend your hand.

“I thought I brought in an obedient dog.”

“....”

The fingertips touched the place where the original brand should be. Now that I have become a warrior, it is a smooth place with nothing in it.

As if he was dissatisfied with it, he raised his fingernails and pressed them hard. A relaxed voice followed along with a tingling sensation.

“Where does the dog go and why is the fox here?”

“...so.”

The stinging pain that should have subsided by now persists.

You were injected with crazy magic power. Whenever you insist on conserving your magical power, you end up wasting it just to cause a small wound that won't heal easily.

...No. If it were the devil, it might have been an experiment to gain confidence. This was an experiment to confirm that the warrior's body would not heal easily if it were wounded with magic.

Either way, he felt bad all the same, but Deon smiled and said something he once said.

“Are you going to kill me?”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 202**

202. Is it rest or laziness, or else... (4) A

newly carved wound can be seen slowly healing where the stigma used to be.

If you can see any healing, it means that the recovery speed is ridiculously fast, but if the owner of the wound is a warrior, the story is different.

‘Resilience to general wounds... it’s natural to heal right away, so let’s skip it.’

Because it’s actually strange that it doesn’t heal. The important thing is this.

The Demon King, who was looking at the recovery speed of the wound caused by magical power by pressing and releasing the wound for no reason, eventually came to a conclusion.

‘Compared to the warriors I’ve met so far, my recovery level is just average.’

Even after hearing such words from the head of the mermaid tribe, the results are average at best. It seemed like the world put a lot of effort into it, but I wonder if my physical condition had been so poor that it would have ended up like this.



Since his existing physical condition was not good, all physical talents were probably average for a warrior. In other words, it means that the most important part of being a warrior is not outstanding.

[The Demon King will die at the hands of the hero born this time.]

I don't understand.

Why did a world that values efficiency choose this person? Why did the head of the mermaid tribe make such a statement?

When I heard those words, it may have seemed like I took it lightly, confident that nothing would happen as she said. But that can't be possible. This is a statement from the head of the mermaid tribe who sees the future. Although the Demon King expressed confidence, he did not overlook her remarks.

A new gaze turned to Deonhardt.

'...So that means you are my teacher.'

A warrior born after devouring 90% of my magical power from the threshold of death.

...iced coffee. There are still many questions, but I think I can understand the world's intentions a little by looking at this. After organizing his thoughts, the Demon King focused on the current situation.

So what did Deonhardt say?

[...So.]

[Are you going to kill me?]

Beautifully curved eyes filled my field of vision. Haha, the Demon King laughed.

You really are a fox. Even though he was openly referred to as a fox, he did not deny it.

...It's also cheeky.

"no."

don't kill To be precise, I can't kill him right now.

It wasn't for nothing that I went all the way outside the Demon King's Castle to meet the last time the hero came. A clash between a warrior who gave his best and the Demon King would be enough to ruin the Demon King's castle, which is the size of a small city.

The last hero also had enough time to control his strength, so the aftermath of the collision was limited to a reasonable level. Otherwise, not only the demons who came out to watch, but also Deonhardt, who was hiding on the cliff and watching, would not have been able to escape the aftermath.

Even putting all those reasons aside.

"You're still on my side."

"...."

"There is no reason to kill our allies."

The Demon King smiled brightly.

Deon kept his mouth shut. The words that came out after a short silence contained a static calmness, as if he had never smiled before.

“...I was going to make sure we occupied the human world anyway.”

Although I was just thinking about it vaguely.

Deon remembers the time he heard the Demon King's explanation in the conference hall. It was about the restrictions imposed on demons when they crossed over to the human world. I was able to get some information there.

The world cares about the race called 'humans'.

At least you will save more than the demons. Because the Demon King himself said that the Demons are a race hated by the world.

'The world tried to use me.'

The moment you know the truth and make that promise, the purpose of the world is already half-fulfilled.

From the moment he was dragged into the Eight Year War until now, Deonhardt has lived under someone's will. But I have no intention of leaving it like that until the end.

[Too much is too much.]

According to the purpose of the world, I will kill the Demon King. It is difficult to simply kill the Demon King cleanly, and I have no intention of doing so, so quite a few demons will also die in the process. However, it is unfair to eliminate only the demons—.

Deon smiled slightly at the conclusion. The Demon King had a puzzled question on his face, but he ignored it.

'There's a saying in the South like this?'

They say they burned the grass to catch fleas.

Before I kill the Demon King, I will burn the human world first.

I have no intention of crying and arguing about why it was me. Because it already happened. Also, I decided quietly that there was nothing more meaningless than making an emotional appeal to a transcendent being who did things with a purpose.

‘I’ll make you regret choosing me.’

The ‘Hero’ smiled happily.

—The pool of blood at my feet grew bigger.

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The Demon King’s gaze passed by and landed at Deon’s feet. Before it was caught by the warrior’s keen senses for a moment, it naturally rose and was fixed on the face again.

A sweet and soft voice came out as if soothing.

“I understand that your condition is not perfect yet.”

“I am very healthy.”

“The body is like that, I guess.”

The problem is mental. You probably know it yourself.

The Demon King, who naturally accepted Deon’s warning words, slowly stood up.

“I think you need a change of pace. What do you think?”

And then he smiles and holds out his hand.

“What about going to see the flowers in the central garden?”

“I don’t like it.”

“Even though it is a flower of the human world?”

“...yes?”

“It was recently replaced. “I heard that you liked flowers you received from Hien in the past, so I prepared them for you.”

“...I never liked it.”

I felt better though.

Deon, who recalled the time before he became a warrior and sharpened his blade, answered hesitantly. The Demon King shrugged his shoulders as if it was okay.

“It will help you feel better.”

“...If you say that much.”

Deonhardt’s brain did not listen to the Demon King’s words directly. Instead of being moved by the story that they plowed the central garden and filled it with flowers from the human world, they doubt and calculate the other person’s intentions and look for gain.

So the thought that came to mind was this.

‘How much magical power did it take to bring the flowers from the human world to the demon world, grow them, and maintain them?’

The previous Demon Lord could not have said that he consumed that much magical energy, but it is different now that he consumed 90% of his magical energy while saving me. Nevertheless, the fact that he did something like this...

‘I guess he knew that I was measuring the total amount of magical energy remaining.’

In other words, it is for showing off magical power.

It was a show that I still had a lot of magical power left to waste on something like this, but as soon as this was noticed, his actions became useless bravado.

I suppressed a sneer, swallowed it, and grabbed the clues given in passing.

I don't know when the garden was plowed, but the fact that it was already completed means that I noticed it before this conversation took place.

‘Well, there's no way I wouldn't notice.’

It's been a while since I measured and calculated his magical power.

I pretended not to notice and held the devil's hand. Deon smiled brightly as he raised his head and met smiling eyes.

“Of course I have to go.”

“I'm glad.”

The Demon King, who maintained an unwavering smile, gently led him.

....

Unlike before, the central garden was filled with flowers from the human world so bright that it was hard to believe they were in the same space.

From gorgeous and famous flowers like roses to small, unknown flowers commonly seen on the side of the road, the sight of all of this coming together was quite something to see even in the eyes of the devil, who ordered without much expectation.

‘It looks like it must have consumed a lot of magical power.’

The devil’s magic power was included. Although it was incomparably less than what was seen.

Most of the work depended on magic stones and Lirinel handled minor magic, so the Demon King did not have much need to use his power. It’s not that magical power is not used at all, but it is cost-effective for showing off magical power, and as a bonus, it can manage Deonhardt’s mental health, so there is no loss.

The Demon King turned his head inadvertently and closed his mouth when he saw Deon buried among the flowers.

‘...Now that I think about it, there was a time when a hero infiltrated the Demon King’s Castle by enticing demons.’

As if to not make fun of human imagination, the warriors invaded the Demon King’s Castle using various and ingenious methods. The beauty world was also one of them.

If Deonhardt wasn’t a member of the Demon King’s army, he might have easily gotten in that way. I burst out laughing at the funny family.

‘If Lirinel had seen this now, she would have fainted.’

Anyway, he seemed to like it, and Deonhardt's mood softened.

At this point, I guess I can say it soon. The Demon King looked at Deon, who was looking at me as if he was puzzled by the sudden laughter, then glanced down, fixed it at his feet, and slowly began to chant.

"You know you're cursed."

"...."

Deon was frozen from the moment the Demon King's eyes turned to his feet.

"If you don't want to die of guilt, you'd better not feel guilty."

"...this."

Deon, who froze for a moment, took a step forward. Every time I take a step towards the devil, I hear a crunching sound from the soles of my shoes. As I walked away from the flower that had soothed my sense of smell, the bloody smell hit me again.

Still, there was no stopping. He asked, steadily narrowing the distance while looking directly into the Demon King's eyes, as if he would not miss anything.

this. This annoying curse. What a fucking annoying curse.

"Do you see it?"

"No, I just feel it. "It's not the first time I've seen it."

"If it's not the first time I've seen it..."



“It’s a common curse in times of war. Usually, it is not something that someone intentionally does, but it is created naturally by thoughts derived from a strong, clinging grudge. If I were to put it into words that are easy to understand, it would be something like a vengeful spirit. So usually people who commit many murders fall under this curse.”

“Then mine too....”

“Oh, it’s true that someone deliberately staked yours.”

The Demon King smiled slightly at the familiar magic felt from the curse.

“It’s a bit surprising that the condition was guilt. Usually, there are other conditions, such as the curse becoming stronger every time you commit a murder.”

“...How can I get rid of it?”

“doesn’t exist.”

“Why...”

It’s your magic power, right?

The Demon King’s most powerful hand was damaged by the Demon King’s contractor. This happened because you gave magic power to the duke, but you can’t fix it?

I caught the horse that was about to jump out without thinking. Although he kept his mouth shut, the Demon King placed his hand on Deon’s head as he got closer, as if he knew everything.

“It is true that magical power was used, but it seems that the magician had a bad mind. “As a curse offering, not only the magic power but also the soul of the afterlife was put on the line.”

“...under.”

“I don’t think I knew it or intended it.”

It seems like something is missing from the front of the horse. I should say, ‘It is true that I used my magic power.’

The Demon King would probably have realized that Deonhardt was aware of his contractual relationship with the Duke. Nevertheless, the reason he remains ignorant until the end is probably because Deon knows the difference between ‘guessing’ it alone under the water and bringing it to the surface and admitting it with his own mouth.

The point of acknowledging that it is magical power is the same as revealing that you have no intention of hiding it.

A steady voice added as if Deon’s silence had taken on a different meaning.

“How about separating the memories like before?”

The method chosen by young Deonhardt, who had just entered the battlefield, to avoid feeling guilty.

What kind of bullshit are you talking about now? For a moment, death appeared in Deon’s eyes.

‘....’

It was only for a moment that my emotions soared out of control. Before the Demon King sees this, his strong reason

makes him lower his head, hides his eyes, and calms his voice. A dry voice that did not contain any sign of survival came out like a sigh.

“...there were my brother’s last words.”

“this.”

“I will no longer turn away.”

If you look away, you’ve already done enough. I worked hard for ten years until I lost the one remaining member of my family.

What Cruel said before he died was to stop turning a blind eye, so how dare he do that again?

So we have to find another way. Deon lowered his gaze.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 203**

203. Is it rest or laziness, or else...(5)

‘Don’t feel guilty if you don’t want to die of guilt?’

If you interpret the words in reverse, it means that the level of blood increases every time you feel guilty.

To be sure, it would be better to take a test. Is there anything I can feel guilty about?

Without even thinking about it, the memory that had been buried in a corner of my heart revealed its presence as if it had been waiting for me.

Recent memories. An innocent person who was ruined and broken only because of me. A lifelong guilt that has a faint presence but must never be forgotten.

‘...Lord Lien.’

ah.

The area of the blood puddle grew.

The Demon King seemed to sense this as well, and slowly lowered his eyes and looked at Deon again. The answer came back a bit late.

“...Then there is nothing we can do. “You better find another way to distract yourself from your guilt.”

“I’ll say it again, if you look away....”

“I’m not doing it. know. But there’s a difference between not looking away and focusing on what you don’t need to see, right?”

Even though that wasn’t the case, the Demon King took one more step and narrowed the distance.

Deon glances down at his feet, which have precisely stepped into the area of the blood puddle. The Demon King grinned and rubbed the bare dirt floor with his shoes.

“How about making a hobby?”

“...yes?”

My eyebrows naturally furrowed at the sudden remark.

“Musical instruments, painting, gardening... whatever. It’s just a very healthy and peaceful hobby. “It’s about creating a moment where you can take a breather from the painful reality.”

“ ....”

“I will help you.”

It was a kind of declaration.

Deon, sensing that he cannot refuse, frowns. The Demon King grinned, nailed it as a decision, and quickly changed the subject.

There was no opportunity to say anything, let alone refute.

“Oh yeah, did you hear the news?”

“...What is it?”

“The crown prince... or should I say the emperor now?

“Elpidius Desert received mercenary support from Esperanes.”

“oh.”

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Remember was the butler of the mansion where Deon Hardt was staying.

Emperor Elpidius boredly played with the armrests of his chair, recalling his meeting with the old man who had been so rewarding in person. There remain unresolved questions.

‘Why did the Duke act like that?’

On the day they visited an old butler named Remember with a note, he and Alethea received an unexpected gift. The problem was that I received not only a gift but also a question as a bonus.

The note the Duke gave was a certificate. A certificate to assign the mercenaries requested to Esperanes to Elpidius and Aletea. They were by no means a small number.

How surprised I was to hear the operational numbers that Remember told me. Even though it was a profitable situation, I couldn’t keep my mouth shut and ended up saying something.

[There are too many. Isn’t the calculation wrong?]

[It's only natural that he asked for mercenaries that match the duke's wealth with all of his assets.]

[...Huh.]

It must have been an absolutely difficult decision, but it's truly amazing.

The duke first received only some of the requested mercenaries and used them to guard the royal family, and left all remaining mercenaries to Elpidius and Alethea.

It's a bit surprising to see unexpected power, but it's a good thing anyway. It wasn't a calculation error, so there was nothing to worry about. Elpidius accepted it willingly.

The duke's actions will remain as incomprehensible questions for the rest of their lives, but right now, they are overwhelmed with just the problems of reality, so they quickly erase the unanswerable questions from their minds.

[How long is the dispatch period?]

[For now, I'm looking at it as 6 months...]

[...but it's short.]

[It can be longer if you pay an additional fee.]

It has to be a year before anything can be done. There must be.

...Well, you can go there and pay an additional fee.

This increased power. Uncle... There are hero candidates who clashed with demons at the border and held back some of their troops under the orders of the previous emperor, but it is too risky to bring them in.

Knowing why his uncle sent them there, Elpidius decided to treat them as useless troops, even though it was a waste.

Either hold on there until the war with the demons ends, or die before then.

“Are you listening right now?”

“....”

The voice, rising in pitch, shattered my thoughts.

How dare you raise your voice towards the emperor now? Elpidius’s brow furrowed slightly at the rude behavior.

Each of the nobles, whether aware of this or not, raised their voices and shouted.

“What if you just form an alliance without a meeting?”

“The State of Shan was a country that did not provide any help until the empire was in danger and the Emperor was left alone to face death! “Is there any reason to form an alliance again?”

Oh, you mean that? Elpidius looked at the nobles with sunken eyes.

The alliance with Shan Guo was not something that was contacted first by this side. They first announced their intention to form an alliance. Since the end of all handovers, new information about what my uncle had done was always updated immediately, so he, who knew the inside story, formed an alliance again without much hesitation.

‘...Now that I think about it, not all the information has been updated.’



He prepared to move the capital without me knowing.

Anyway, I guess I should say I'm glad that this information wasn't of that type.

When will their remarks end? Against the backdrop of the noisy cries of the nobles, Elpidius closed his eyes as if he was annoyed.

\*\*\*

Before the reunion of the Empire and the State of Shan, the king of the State of Shan heard a piece of news.

The Emperor said that Edoardo Desert had died.

The King of the Mountain Kingdom, who pretended not to care and calmly bitten the person, read and reread the same document for a while. The letters didn't enter my mind.

As expected, he did not die normally. It wasn't an ugly death either.

It was a death that could only have occurred in myths or dramatized history books, as he was left alone in the imperial palace and wanted to die with the demon king's army.

'Indeed, he went as expected.'

Even though we didn't get along very well, we admired his actions themselves.

How should we view him as a model of an 'emperor', yet he behaved differently and was still supreme? I was lost in

thought as I ran my fingertips over the letters on the document.

When viewed objectively, his choice was not entirely rational.

‘If the royal family had to remain, the heir, the crown prince, should have been left there.’

It would be inappropriate to override the nobility of the princess for remaining for the people of the empire, as the image of an abandoned victim would remain stronger, and the emperor is one of the empire’s strongest forces with even fragments of a warrior. Moreover, considering the chaos that would result from the emperor’s death, he should not have died.

Therefore, if one of the three had to remain due to public sentiment, it had to be the crown prince. There’s no way I didn’t know that fact.

“...After all, it would be difficult to say that he is a model of the emperor.”

King Yeonhwa of the Mountain Kingdom realized something. What Edoardo Desert chose at the last moment was his family.

It is not a sacrifice for the empire or its people. He sacrificed himself to protect his nephews, who were not even his children.

That fact is so surprising.

“It must not have been an easy choice.”

He muttered quietly with his eyes wide open.

...Now that I think about it, when he unilaterally announced the end of the alliance, he made a comment that he thought of his nephews who would remain in the future.

[As long as I am alive from this moment on.]

[Don't worry about the empire's actions.]

In other words, it means that from the moment Edoardo dies, please worry about the empire. It doesn't mean excessive interference, but rather it means taking good care of my nephews.

I put down the unreadable document and played with my fingernails.

'Even though such a request wasn't even exchanged in the first place.'

It was not a direct request, but a wish that was implicitly expressed. It doesn't matter if you don't listen to the wishes of a self-indulgent emperor...

After all, the people he was trying to protect were those he sacrificed himself to protect. Even though his death was not for the country, his death was so noble that even I was fascinated by it.

"...There is no reason why we cannot grant even a single wish of a dead person."

Moreover, since the country is located in the south, there are many superstitions, so it would be emotionally unpleasant if you did not listen to them.

She finally put her hand on the communicator.

Unless I misread the emperor's wishes, the communication device connected to this would have been properly moved without being abandoned or lost. As expected, the communication device soon transmitted the other party's voice.

-What's going on with the King of the Mountain Kingdom?

"I propose an alliance to the current emperor of the empire to drive out the Demon King's army from the continent."

\*\*\*

At this point, I've listened enough and tolerated it enough.

Elpidius, who had been quietly listening to the nobles, tapped the armrest of an ornate chair and attracted attention. Calm voices filled the conference room, as if calming the heated atmosphere.

"It's not that Sanguo didn't provide help, it's that it didn't provide it. "When the empire was in danger and the Emperor was left alone to face death, this side had already broken up the alliance first."

"yes? "What is that...!"

"The Emperor secretly broke the alliance first."

"Why is there no meeting..."

Someone muttered as if groaning.

But the person who deserves that criticism is not here. The attention of the nobles was again focused on the successor and current emperor.

In the center of attention, Elpidius continued his explanation quietly.

“As you know, we were planning to abandon the former capital. If San-guk had tried to help at that time, it would have been more difficult. Didn’t you help the Emperor until he left alone and went on a long journey? “The late emperor... did it with the intention of handing over this position to me, so there is nothing that can be said to be Sanguk’s sin.”

“....”

“You people shouted that I formed an alliance on my own, but that too was promised in advance in the line of the Emperor. Breaking up the alliance is temporary. We will form an alliance again when I ascend to the throne.”

“This is something we don’t know about.”

“As I said before, it was done in secret, so it’s worth it.”

All subsequent reprehensible actions were borne by my uncle.

So I shouldn’t be criticized in this matter. That’s an action that will make your uncle’s efforts go in vain.

It looks like they are trying to use this as an excuse to suppress us... but we have no intention of being pressured down.

In order to get revenge, he not only has to protect the imperial throne, but he also lacks charisma and power compared to his uncle, but he is the emperor who wanted to hand over his position to someone like that. The young emperor gently grabbed the armrest.

“Do not insult the Emperor’s efforts any further. “There is no fault with either me or the King of the Mountain Kingdom.”

“No matter what, Your Majesty, if you proceed without meeting with the nobles...”

Shutter! thud!

The nobles’ mouths fell silent. Wide-open eyes look in one direction, as if they have seen something unbelievable. There was a table there that had been broken in two.

The princess with her sword drawn in front of him opens her eyes and looks around at the nobles. Each person who made eye contact trembled their shoulders and avoided gaze, and then a voice as full of murder as their eyes weighed down the audience.

“Let’s leave it at that.”

There is no uncle controlling the imperial faction, and there is no duke as the head of the noble faction.

The royal family, facing an unfamiliar power structure in an unfamiliar place, was completely alone. The only people we can rely on are each other.

So, I will take care of my brother. Among the things my uncle had in order to protect the imperial throne, what was there that we did not have?

Yes, it was helpless.

‘Insufficient force? ‘You just have to fill it with spirit.’

Alethea slowly put the sword she had drawn into its sheath. He spoke coldly, with an unsmiling face unlike usual.

“It has already happened and there is no one to blame. If we really need to see someone take responsibility, we can say that the Emperor bore the burden through his death. “Why should we continue this pointless fight when we need to save time?”

Now that her brother has safely ascended the throne, the foolish and bright princess mask is no longer useful. Alethea laughed lightly as she looked at the dumbfounded expressions of the nobles at the completely changed atmosphere.

why. I guess they didn't know that the stupid royal family could use a sword? That's funny.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 204**

204. Is it rest or laziness, or else... (6)

Aletea Desert was second in line to the throne. The person closest to the throne after the emperor. It was natural to receive succession education, and it was also natural for swordsmanship to be included in that subject.

'If you had remembered and doubted my actions when your brother's ascension to the throne was announced, you wouldn't have been so surprised.'

How funny must they have looked at me to be so shocked?

No. A duke would have noticed. This is an area of ability, not whether you look down on it or not.

'...Only the truly incompetent are left.'

He stopped laughing and put his sword in its sheath on the floor. thud! A loud sound echoed in a space filled with silence.

"Anyway, it is difficult for the current empire to deal with the Demon King's army alone. Alliances with other countries were essential."

"But the reason why Her Majesty's opponent has to be the State of Shan..."



“Then which country should we form an alliance with? Esperanes is a kingdom that is difficult to even contact, and Rweche has suffered great damage since forming an alliance before and has fallen out with us. Excluding these two kingdoms, all that remains are the Mountain Kingdom and its tributaries. I guess Gyeong has other tricks up his sleeve?”

“ .... ”

Silence fell.

Alethea spoke softly to the greedy pigs who were trying to strengthen their power in the current chaotic situation by moving the capital and changing the emperor.

“Don’t do anything foolish.”

How dare you try to suppress the spirit of the newly crowned emperor? So, doesn’t this side have no choice but to come out strong?

They are my only family left in the world. She revealed her teeth with the will to protect them.

\*\*\*

After returning from the meeting with the Demon King and resting a bit while reading the documents sent by Develania, an uninvited guest came to visit.

Let alone being a close friend, if you see him from a distance, he gets so scared that he runs away, so you can’t even have a proper conversation with him. It would have been nice to simply resolve the goal and leave quickly, but I felt quite sorry that he had brought strange food and asked for tea time, so I used my whim and arranged the music.

Thus began a silent tea time filled with discomfort.

‘...If you’re going to do this, why did you come?’

Deon looked at the person sitting across from him with a sour expression. You can see the devil holding a teacup and covering half of his face without even touching the food he brought with him. The hands that are openly shaking are a bonus.

Deon finally sighed as the silence seemed like it would never end.

“Tea is for drinking, not for covering your face.”

“...!”

There are so many different things.

What would you do if you were so startled while holding a teacup to your face? The demon, who has been thrown tea in his own face, rolls his eyes as if he is embarrassed. The bangs that were so wet and stuck to my forehead were dripping with water.

Anyway, I can’t just keep holding an empty glass in a situation where I heard those words. Dadadalgrakak. His trembling hands put down the teacup with an embarrassing noise, and his whole face was finally revealed.

Deon, who had been following his movements with unimpressed eyes, reached out his hand and picked up the food the other person had brought, and opened his mouth.

“Why are you here, Myers?”

Wasak.

Wow, it tastes bad. It's worth it just because I thought there was a twist.

"Uh..."

"Are you trying to call a lieutenant again?"

"...!"

Myers, commander of the 12th Corps, jumped up from his seat and waved his hand, sweating profusely.

"that...! "I got scolded by my adjutant a lot last time... I'm not like that anymore...!"

Yeah, you'd better keep your mouth shut. What if you ruin the dignity of the corps commander?

Even when I think about it again, the most surprising thing is that he maintains his quiet image. What kind of timid and tactless thing is reticence?

Deon put down a bite of the strange food on the table and brushed off the crumbs from his fingers.

"It's a joke. Are you not eating this? "You brought it with you."

"Oh, that doesn't taste good to me..."

It doesn't taste good to me either, you idiot.

If you're going to give an answer like this, it's better not to answer at all.

'Or was it poisoned?'

For a moment, he looked down at the food with a bite mark with suspicious eyes, but then shook his head.

Who would be poisoned by food that looks ominous and tasteless just by looking at it like this? Even if it is poisoned, it doesn't matter because the warrior's body will detoxify it on its own.

“....”

“....”

Myers, who was trembling wildly in the uncomfortable silence, swiped the bangs from his forehead with his hand as if he were frustrated. At the same time, the third eye on the forehead, hidden under the bangs, was fully exposed.

Deon, who had been leaning crookedly in his chair upon seeing this for the first time, straightened his posture.

“There was another eye?”

“ah...!”

Pababat.

“...I didn't mean to hide it.”

“ah...!”

However, Myers muttered and glanced at Deon.

“Be careful because it may look uncomfortable in the eyes of Deon, a human....”

“That's what the adjutant said.”

“yes.”

Is it like the tentacles of Lyrinel that she wears around her neck like a muffler?

Deon, who looked curiously at the third eye and lost interest again for a moment, slumped down in his chair and waved his hand.

“It doesn’t really matter. So, when are you planning to bring up this purpose?”

“That’s...”

I feel like my stomach is going to burst as I watch him hesitate again.

Deon, who had been quietly watching Myers as if this wouldn’t end today, was the first to open his mouth.

“Is it because I’ve completely neglected work?”

“...!”

That’s correct.

I was expecting it. I heard that because I neglected my work, the support staff in charge of clearing out monsters was transferred to the battlefield. As the commander of the 12th Corps in charge of eliminating monsters, it was quite difficult.

“I was planning on moving soon anyway, so go back.”

Even if I didn’t have to pay such a bizarre and tasteless bribe, I would have moved at some point. It would have been the same even if the Demon King had not called and interviewed him directly.

Because my purpose has not yet been achieved.

Therefore, since it was a situation that could not be left idly by forever, he gave a light confirmation and issued an order to congratulate the guests.

“Oh, take this tasteless thing with you.”

“yes. ... yes?”

Myers, who had been mindlessly putting back the food he had brought, looked back in shock, but Deon did not wait for him and called Ed and Dan and drove him outside.

Ed closed the door and in the meantime, Dan, who was cleaning up the table, found an unknown food with clear bite marks and picked it up. His expression became subtle as he appeared to be blooming with a black aura.

“biscuit? ...It looks too good to be true... Was it grilled monster meat? Or... were you even tried to poison yourself?”

“poison? ...Ah, that... It’s one of the popular snacks in the demon world. Even though there are some differences in likes and dislikes, it is quite popular. “It’s not poison.”

You are a foolish person who does not even respect cultural diversity. As expected, Deon, why did that guy...

As always, I ignored Ed’s words, which followed a familiar pattern. Dan looked back at Deon with a surprised face.

“It doesn’t look tasty at first glance... but you have a lot of courage, Master.”

“I knew there would be a twist. Rather, Ed.”

The unscheduled and unwanted tea time was over, but instead of crawling under the blanket like usual, Deon sat down on the bed and snapped his fingers. The corners of his mouth rose slightly and he made a pleasant sound.

“Tell Lirinel to have tea time.”

“Now... are you talking?”

“okay.”

“You just had tea time...”

“It doesn’t matter.”

“All right.”

Ed leaves for a moment to make contact.

If I knew the 11th Corps commander Ririnel, he would come running as soon as he heard the news. After finishing clearing the table, Dan opened his mouth playfully as he set up new tea leaves and a kettle.

“Have you come to your senses now?”

He finally noticed something moving.

Deon chuckled at the obvious joke.

“What is the spirit? From the beginning, I...”

He glanced.

Blood-red eyes take in the puddle of a color similar to mine at my feet.

A calm voice continued.

“...I was sane.”

\*\*\*

It was a sudden tea time invitation, but Lyrinel flew by like the wind.

Deon, who had been anticipating her actions, welcomed her with a relaxed smile without the slightest embarrassment despite her immediate visit and directly took her hand, and Lyrinel, who had vowed to be pious, collapsed at that one action and was left in a half-fazed state. sat in front of the table.

‘For now... let’s calm down.’

I took a sip of tea and picked up a cookie. Strangely, my eyes couldn’t take my eyes off of Deon, but I had no problem putting it in my mouth.

Lyrinel, who never took her eyes off me while drinking tea and eating cookies, seemed like a burden, but Deon kept smiling without showing any emotion and waited thoughtfully until the other person swallowed everything in their mouths.

Lirinel was the first to speak in an awkward silence.

“What did you call me for...?”

“I want to see.”

“omg.”

What a shame...! Lirinel covered her mouth.

It was a light joke, but it seems it worked harder than expected. When silence came again as he froze and couldn’t



even breathe, Deon burst into light laughter and brightened the mood.

“I’m kidding.”

“That’s right! Just kidding! haha!”

“I was just curious, but...”

A straight finger brushes the side of the teacup. A voice almost like a murmur came out slowly.

“The devil said he used up 90% of his magic power when he saved me.”

“Yes, I did!”

“You must have used up your magical power in many ways after that...”

His pupils straighten up. The half-downcast eyes were clearly focused on Lirinel.

“How much time do we have left now?”

“...!”

“Was it a burdensome question? But you are the only demon who can know that.”

There is only me...!

“Of all the demons excluding the demon lord, you are the only one with the most magical power. yes?”

“Of course...!”

Oh, I was caught. Lirinel quickly covered her mouth.

Assessing someone's magical power is only possible when the amount of magical power does not differ greatly. If the gap is large, the only things people feel about each other are 'overwhelmingly many' and 'overwhelmingly few.' In that sense, Lirinel, who had magical power second only to the Demon King, had a rough idea of how much magical power he had consumed, which had become similar to mine by consuming 90% of his magical power.

Even if I covered my mouth later, it was already too late. Deon, with shining eyes, rested his chin and tilted his head. The eyes slowly folded, and ruby-like eyes appeared between them.

"Can you tell me?"

"But... it's confidential..."

"Is it confidential to me too? "Considering my status, I think it's okay to listen."

"But... I need to get permission from the Demon King..."

My hand was held.

Lirinel closed her mouth and lowered her gaze. Four fingers and the palm supported the hand, and the thumb slowly swept the back of the hand. I was startled and reflexively raised my head, and a pretty smile greeted me as if I had been waiting for it.

"Of course I won't tell anyone. "Can you tell me a little bit?"

"...! ...!!"

Yo yo yo... monster! This poor man!

I quickly covered my nose. Apart from that, the mouth opened steadily. It was pointless to hold on, but there was nothing I could do.

Deon gave you a blessing, right? As the leader of the Demon Church, it is right to pay back, so this is force majeure.

“Come on come on! “It’s almost the same.”

“okay?”

“It’s still more than me, but...”

It’s not decreased as much as I thought.

Well, it will be okay since it will continue to be consumed in the future. Just maintaining the flowers in the central garden would take quite a bit of magic.

The puddle under my feet got bigger. Deon, who had been holding Lyrinel’s hand for a moment after looking at it with a dry gaze as the area had now expanded to a radius of 2 meters around me, smiled brightly.

“Thanks for letting me know.”

“...!!”

In order to calm down Lyrinel, who is struggling with the waves of emotions, the best thing to do is to do nothing. Due to his previous experience, Deon was not embarrassed and moved his face away from her.

It was only when Deon’s teacup was almost empty that normal conversation became possible.

Lirinel, who seemed to have come to her senses late and was looking around with an embarrassed expression, let out an exclamation as if something occurred to her.

“Do you know that, Deon? “The Church of Salvation has completely collapsed in the human world!”

“okay?”

“yes! “Now that the rival is gone, Demon Cult will grow even bigger!”

“Good. “Is the demon summoning still not working well?”

Demonism is constantly attempting to summon demons from the human world. The standard way for demons to come into the human world.

There are fewer restrictions than coming through the border, so if even one of the twelve corps commanders is properly summoned and makes a contract, that alone is a great harvest.

But is it as easy as it sounds?

As expected, it didn't seem to be going well, and Lirinel sank down.

“I'm sorry... It happens to regular demons sometimes...”

“No. “If you succeed, it just becomes a little easier, but if you fail, it doesn't hinder your work at all.”

In the first place, it was one of the excuses and a trick for entering the human world.

“You successfully brought back the summoned small children according to the route you created, right?”

“yes.”

“Then that’s enough. “Relax.”

“Yes...”

The topic of conversation disappeared again.

What a mistake again before I could make up for my ugly behavior a moment ago. Lirinél rolled her eyes uneasily, thinking that an order to banish guests would be issued like this. It was by chance that an enchanted wooden box came into view in the process.

To be exact, it was a wooden box with ‘almost all of its magic gone’.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 205**

205. Noli metuere (1)

'It seems like Deon values that...'

Should I tell you? No, you already know? Isn't this a useless meddling?

Since you're human, there's a good chance you don't know. The level of heartache had crossed the line and the image of Deon Hart dying was stuck in her mind like a trauma. Lirinel, who did not want to see Deon heartbroken ever again, cautiously opened her mouth.

"Um... Master Deon."

"huh?"

"I mean that wooden box."

"...Why is that?"

"Almost all of the magic over there is gone. Would you like me to cast it again?"

The slightly cold eyes widened in shock.

You didn't know either. Lirinel added hastily.

“It looks like it’s a preservation spell... It’s a spell that steadily draws out the caster’s magic power. I think the caster died or the burden was too great so he stopped doing magic. Fortunately, it hasn’t completely disappeared yet, so if I walk you back, it won’t be a problem...”

Before Lirinel could finish speaking, Deon stood up and approached the wooden box with impatient steps. My slightly trembling hand touched the lid.

Lirinel was watching with worried eyes from behind, but there was no time to pay attention.

Just take a short, deep breath, close and open your eyes once, and open the box. I couldn’t feel the scent of blood.

‘....’

Yes, now it is no longer possible to check whether there is corruption by the smell of blood.

He nervously looked at the slimy liquid under his feet and stretched out his trembling hand. However, just before I reached it, a thought popped into my head and I had to stop quickly.

‘...if corruption has progressed....’

You must not touch it carelessly. The more you touch it, the more it gets damaged.

Instead, I called out to the owner of the anxious gaze I could feel behind me.

“...Lirinel.”

“Yes, Deon...!”

“The preservation magic hasn’t all disappeared, right?”

“Yes, the magic effect still remains.”

“...okay.”

I put the lid on.

Why didn’t I think of this? He personally killed the magic caster, the Duke. Now that he’s dead, I should have considered the possibility of his magic disappearing.

‘Stupid bastard.’

Lirinel, who was fiddling with her teacup and looking around as if the silence made her nervous, spoke carefully.

“I’ll walk you back...”

“No, it’s okay.”

Reason took center stage again.

They say it’s a magic that constantly eats up magical power, but you can’t do it to Lirinel. He held the box in his arms and smiled, pretending to be okay.

“I think we should end tea time here. “I suddenly had a place to go.”

“Oh yes!”

Deon patted her back as she hurriedly got up and left the room. The destination was obvious.

Let’s go to the devil.

\*\*\*



“It’s been a while since we’ve seen each other, but do you think you’ve started to want to see me again?”

As always, the Demon King calmly accepted the unannounced visit.

He puts down his pen, looks up and grins. It was a playful laugh that lightened the mood, but Deon approached the Demon King with a stern expression, as if he had no time to adjust.

A wooden box was placed on the desk.

“Do you see the magic here?”

“You mean preservation magic? “It’s almost gone.”

“Please walk again.”

“ .... ”

“Please walk.”

“ .... ”

“Please walk.”

It was a shameless statement.

The last sentence is almost argumentative. The Demon King opens and closes his mouth without meaning, as if speechless due to his extremely confident attitude. Soon, a small laugh broke out, like a cough.

“Is it okay to tell Lirinel that much?”

“I guess the Demon King’s magic is more reliable. As you said, it’s ‘that much’ magic, so can’t you just do it?”

“You’re trying hard.”

His eyes were bent with a smile on his face.

Casting the spell itself is not difficult. However, I just don’t like the idea of having to cast a spell that consistently consumes a small amount of magical power in a situation where it is better to conserve magical power.

Before, when he was overflowing with magic, he would do things he didn’t want, but now it’s different.

‘So Deon.’

The tightly closed lips rose in a meaningful arc.

‘Suggest the conditions first.’

I don’t want to ask, ‘What will you do for me if I do that?’

I just closed my mouth and smiled quietly. I don’t need to ask you verbally to know, right? Since you are not that perceptive, you will quickly understand the meaning of silence.

As expected, Deon sighed as he looked at the demon lord who did not respond.

“If you cast a spell, I will move right away.”

Originally, I was going to rest for a few more days... but what followed was a sigh that was almost like a lament.

However, for the Demon King, that would not be perceived as an advantage. So he says.

“You said the empire received mercenary support from Esperanes.”

“It did.”

“We will make the mercenaries of Esperanes withdraw from the empire.”

Only then did a change occur in the Demon King’s expression.

Not an iron-clad smile, but a genuinely interesting smile.

“I don’t like blank checks. “What is the deadline?”

“I will move right now. I’m going to the human world. I’ll bring you the results when I get back. “If the results are positive, visible results will come out within a month at the latest.”

“Okay, then I’ll give you one month.”

This means that you should return quickly with the results without staying in the human world for too long.

The Demon King stretched out his hand and tapped the wooden box.

It was an insignificant action, but Deon, a warrior, could feel it even if only for a moment. Something has changed. It must have been magic.

“If I fail, I will reap the magic.”

“....”

“Then have a nice trip.”

Deon turned around without saying a word, holding the box in his arms. I was about to leave the room without any hesitation when I heard a soft voice behind me.

“Deon.”

“....”

“I’m here.”

...Yes, the devil is here. The person I need to kill is here.

I know better than that. So there was no need to say that. Even if I don’t do that, I will come back here again without running away to the human world.

I stopped walking and looked back. When our eyes met, the Demon King grinned and waved his hand.

“When I get back, I’ll teach you how to play the piano as a hobby.”

“....”

“Try it once and if it doesn’t work out, let’s try something else.”

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Deon put on his hood and headed to what used to be his mansion, holding the enchanted wooden box in his arms.

I lifted the hood slightly, looked at the sky, and played with the front edge of the hood. It’s been a while since I haven’t worn a hood, so it’s a little more stuffy than before, but I can’t take it off. Sunlight is not the problem.

Apart from becoming a warrior and becoming healthy, Deonhardt revealed his face to the entire continent and became a person who was openly attached to the demon world and would be killed. It was obvious that he would be stoned the moment he was caught.

The count's house, no, the marquis'... The road to the now abandoned mansion was quite unfamiliar, perhaps because it had been a long time. Maybe that's why, even though there was nothing to see, my head kept turning to other places and the time it took to arrive was longer than I had calculated.

I took a quick look at the white wild roses I found along the way, and looked up at the blue sky and sun I hadn't seen in a long time...

As I walked leisurely, I arrived at the mansion, and as expected, there was no one guarding the front gate. It was a little surprising that it was in a clean condition, contrary to the expectation that it would have been ruined by angry people.

'The door is also locked...'

I pushed the locked iron door slightly enough to keep it from breaking, then took a step back.

If the door is locked, it probably means that there is someone inside. It seems like you would know it without even looking at it.

"Tskcha."

Clutching the box tightly to his side, he jumped over the front door with a simple leap and was inside.

As you walk a little further, you can feel it clearly. Originally, it was quiet because there weren't many people around, but the atmosphere was definitely different when there were no people at all.

Feeling a sense of incongruity between the familiar place and the unfamiliar atmosphere, I slowly walked through the interior, looking around. It was when we were almost in the backyard that we heard a faint singing sound.

“Once upon a time, in a world, Death spoke.”

It’s a familiar song. It’s a familiar voice.

Deon’s steps became faster. Finding the source was not difficult because all you had to do was head to the place where the song was heard.

“Do not sin.”

An old man in a tailcoat was trimming a tree in a sunny spot in the backyard.

A low singing voice, almost like humming, rang softly.

“After death, your soul begins to break under the weight of your sins.”

It’s been a long time since I heard that song.

It’s a refreshing feeling to hear this. It was a commonly heard song until the eight year war broke out.

It is a folk song that parents sing to their children and street children also sing when they are bored. Did the content roughly contain a warning not to commit a crime?

As the era of war began with the 8-year war, it became an environment where one could not survive unless one committed a crime, so it naturally disappeared.

“Disappearing without paying the penalty is a very convenient avoidance.”

“....”

“Ah, are you here?”

Remember, who found Deon standing still as if possessed, smiled kindly and approached him. His attitude was so calm that you would never even think of him facing the commander of the Demon King’s army.

“It’s been a while since I sang that song. “I completely forgot.”

“It is the privilege of an old man who is alone in a war.”

For an old man living a peaceful life, ten years ago seems like just yesterday.

How far away is this? I tried to argue, but Remember was faster. He smiled and gave a belated greeting.

“It’s been a while, master.”

“...Remember is still the same.”

“Master, you have changed a lot.”

“It’s an environment that has no choice but to be like that. More than that...”

Deon looked around at the people around him, who showed no sign of popularity, and then looked at Remember again.

“Where are the other people going and why are you doing this alone?”

“Everyone went on vacation. “It was my first time using the authority of a deacon.”

“...It’s beyond your authority to send everyone away, leaving you alone.”

“Thanks to you, I realized the sweetness of power.”

A light, dreamlike conversation filled with laughter.

As if to balance the situation, Remember stopped joking and spoke the truth.

“We let those who wanted to go out and gave leave to those who didn’t.”

The tone of voice is light, but there is a strange sense of discomfort.

For a moment, Deon realized that he was tilting his head. This is my final report as a butler.

With this report, the master-servant relationship between master and butler will disappear. Well, there’s no need to be here anymore. Even if you do, you will only suffer losses.

‘This is my first time feeling this way.’

Until now, I have personally broken off many relationships and seen them break up as well. Nevertheless, this is the first time a relationship has ended in this way. The only end to a relationship that I know of is something extreme, like death.

Perhaps that was why he felt so strange that he could not put it into words, so Deon kept his mouth shut for a moment and then calmly answered as if nothing had happened.

“There is no need to repeat it. “Everyone must have left.”



“No, there were those who truly wanted to stay. Three people in particular were very motivated. They were passionately shouting that everything would be forgiven with just one face...”

“...were they maids by any chance?”

“You know very well. “It looks like you have an idea who it is.”

“...even a joke.”

“Hol hole. “If you want to believe that.”

Remember took a step back.

Now it's time to wake up from the dream. The calm atmosphere changed.

Deon took off his hood. Remember also loses his mischievous expression and bows his head politely. A business-like voice continued, different from before.

“I guess you're here for a chat. I'll take you to the parlor.”

“...yes.”

# I'm Not That Kind of Talent

## Chapter 206

206. Noli metuere (2)

Deon Hardt had known for a long time that Remember was no ordinary person.

As if he had no intention of hiding it in the first place, he casually showed his unusual appearance, so unless you were a person with a keen sense of humor, you couldn't have noticed.

In addition to the silver-blue hair and eyes, the origin of Esperanes, which he had vaguely revealed, was clearly remembered in his mind even if he was not conscious of it, so Deon recalled it when appropriate.

[The crown prince... or should I say the emperor now? Elpidius Desert received mercenary support from Esperanes.]

As soon as I heard that, I could immediately see how things had progressed. I had already heard that Elpidius had visited the mansion that belonged to me.

The Empire has always been a target of interest for the demon world that targets the human world. Especially its main player, Edoardo Desert. Even though the most threatening opponent was dead, I didn't do the foolish thing

of taking my eyes off him right away. There's no way 'he' Edoardo raised his successor roughly.

As soon as his death was confirmed, the informants who had been observing Edoardo's movements flexibly changed their focus and began to intensively observe the movements of the new emperor Elpidius. Thanks to this, Deon was able to quickly hear the news that he had visited this mansion.

'Elpidius visits the mansion where he stays with an unusual Esperanian. And the subsequent mercenary support of Esperanes. It's obvious even without looking.'

All that remains is confidence.

Red eyes follow the movements of an old man in a tailcoat. Deon, who was sitting still, watching the old man drink tea leisurely, holding the box in his lap regardless of whether the tea in front of him was cold or not, suddenly opened his mouth.

"Can you lend me some mercenaries here too?"

It was a blunt statement.

Remember pauses for a moment before putting down the teacup. The lowered pupils rose and our gazes naturally met.

"No, I'm afraid that will be difficult."

"Hmm."

I tried it and it caught me right away. If it wasn't really related, the response would have been that they didn't know what I was talking about.

This confirmed that he was a conduit for mercenary support.

Did you say that you have to pretend to know even if you don't know? Deon smiled meaningfully, recalling the proverbs floating around in the world of nobles.

"Then what about taking back mercenaries who volunteered for the empire?"

"That too is difficult."

"Then it's difficult."

Honestly, I don't understand.

Esperanes was a kingdom that did not care about the demon world, which was looking at each kingdom to devour the human world. It doesn't make much of a difference, and even if you try to eat it, it will only consume a lot of troops in the process, and it's a very small kingdom that doesn't even have the benefit of swallowing it at the expense of taking losses. Worse yet, even Deon himself had forgotten its existence.

In other words, if we had remained calm, there would have been less possibility of the demonic world reaching us even after the conquest of the human world.

"Supporting mercenaries to a country that is being trampled by the Demon World can be taken as meaning that we will fight against the Demon World."

If you make a move like this, the story changes.

How should I deal with Esperanes? Remember laughed empty-handedly, as if he had noticed Deon, who was beginning to make plans to destroy Esperanes in his head.

“Is that possible? Esperanes has always maintained a neutral stance. “It was so in the past, it is so now, and it will be so in the future.”

“It is difficult to view the current actions as neutral.”

“Mr. Hart.”

It was an unfamiliar title that was neither called ‘master’ nor a title.

Deon stopped reflexively and looked at Remember. He was smiling with age in mind. The words that came out when I opened my mouth had a sharp meaning, unlike my low and soft voice.

“Esperanes is a sword.”

“....”

“No one gets angry over a sword.”

“...under.”

At the remark that pointed to the past, Deon let out a laugh as if he was wondering when he had hardened.

okay. When I went back and forth between the Emperor and the Demon King, I used that logic to survive.

I didn’t even ask questions like why I knew. It wouldn’t be strange if you knew about Remember’s abilities as you’ve seen them before.

He just stared straight into the old man’s silver-blue eyes and opened his mouth to break the short silence.

“So you’re asking us to look at Esperanes now that he’s in that position?”

“If you say it without pretense, it will be like that.”

“I’m sorry, but I don’t think that will work.”

“....”

“Remember, you were completely wrong. What Remember just said is nonsense. “The premise was wrong to begin with.”

It’s not even funny.

A cold sneer flowed out.

“That’s when the sword doesn’t choose its owner.

“Remembert rejected our request for mercenaries.”

If you cannot hold a sword that protects its owner with will, it is right to destroy it.

Remember, looking at the quietly burning red eyes, let out a faint sigh. It was an expected situation.

A slightly relaxed voice spoke as if lamenting.

“...As expected, it happens like this. Why do you say it’s so difficult to ignore the old man’s sophistry?...”

“Because we also have our own position.”

“Are you sure you will?”

“yes.”

So hurry up and show me the rest of your cards. I won't be angry even if 'he' loses this time.

Deon smiled bitterly.

As if unable to overcome that look in his eyes, Remember cautiously added his words. As it was a sensitive issue, I felt like they were paying close attention to it, which was rare.

"Wouldn't it be okay to let us go, considering that we have recovered the body of your brother?"

"...!"

Deon's eyes widened. At the same time, the dilated pupils immediately show joy and joy, and the corners of the mouth rise to create a bright smile. Remember's worries were meaningless.

I feel like I'm going to die from the overflow of emotions. Even joy can take your breath away.

Deon closed his eyes as if he was truly going to die of happiness and let out a voice full of sorrow.

"...also."

Suddenly, a teardrop fell.

"It was Remember."

The person who recovered my brother's body.

Remember carefully examines Deon's face. Deon laughed again as if showing off.

It was not taken and used arbitrarily, but it was called 'repair'. He said he had to go through a lot of trouble to find

the body because he had moved it, but I couldn't be angry because I knew that if I had left it alone, it would have already become food for crows before Develania even got to the place.

I tried to use it in the negotiations now, but that was something I deliberately planned and pushed for.

"Did you know?"

"I was only expecting it. That was also recently."

I made this prediction after reading the report from Develania who was tracking Cruel's body.

Because the location of the place I was tracking and tracing without any further progress cleverly overlapped with the mansion I was staying in. There, Deon reflexively thought of one person.

The old butler of the mansion who acted as if he knew everything.

It was only a guess, but I trusted only that and my intuition and took a gamble in front of the devil. I'm glad it fits.

"How would you respond?"

"...Location...."

A trembling voice came out faintly along with the sound of wind leaking.

The wooden box in my arms feels hard again. Deon closed his mouth for a moment, cleared his throat quietly, and spoke with an affirmative meaning.

"Where is the location?"



“I will take you there right away.”

Remember took out a bandage and a bandage from under the sofa and stood up.

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After walking for a while, we arrived at a place near the border line.

Deon discovered a small peak right near the place where day and night separate, and looked back at Remember in silence. As if I had read the questions and reprimands in my eyes, the answer came right away.

“Hart goes back and forth between the human world and the demon world, so no matter which side he stays in, I found a place where I can watch him.”

“Still, there could be an attack by a monster...”

“It’s okay because we placed a barrier. “Because we can’t use humans, we can’t create an elaborate formation, so we can’t block demons, but we can sufficiently filter out monsters that are just mindless beasts.”

“...Thank you.”

The four wooden pillars placed in all directions around the tomb seem to be the main axis of the barrier.

A broken sword lying in front of a grave comes into view. Seeing the familiar appearance, Deon quietly walked up to him and knelt down in front of him.

‘It’s Cruel’s... sword.’

There was no way I didn’t know.

This is the sword that he held until the end of his life. As he looked at it, the dire situation at that time came back to him, and Deon tightened his jaw so that his teeth were crushed.

‘Not yet.’

Now is not the time to get emotional. I forced my eyes off the sword and turned my head.

What caught my eye this time was the tombstone.

“...Why is this tombstone empty?”

A monument that stands erect but has nothing engraved on it.

I set the wooden box down next to me and ran my hand over the smooth tombstone. An answer came from behind me.

“Because this old man was not given the right to engrave it.”

“...iced coffee.”

Now I understand.

A question that had always been incomprehensible was resolved. Deon took his hand off the tombstone and looked back at Remember. The eyes, which had always been hard, sparkled with vivid emotions.

“You were waiting for the day to tell me the location of this tomb.”

So I was left alone in the mansion with no one around.

I was curious the whole time I came here. Why was he staying in the mansion when he should have left long ago when the situation became extremely dangerous due to meeting Elpidius and supporting mercenaries? There was no way he didn't know I was coming to the mansion.

"But why bother...?"

From his perspective, Cruel would be a stranger.

Remember grinned at the young eyes full of questions.

"If you didn't know, wouldn't it be difficult to pretend not to notice the sight of the body of a person who sacrificed his life for someone else lying around carelessly?"

"...As long as there is no further interference, I will not touch Esperanes no matter what happens. "My brother..."

It was an unexpected remark, but Remember, who knew it was just another way of saying thank you, instead of asking again, stayed silent and waited for the comment.

Then, a deep, subdued voice filled with overwhelming sadness came out as if chewing.

"Because you gave 'everything' for me. "You have to say thank you like this to make it worthwhile."

"You were a greater person than I knew."

It is not just 'life'. Remember, who read that meaning, nodded gently.

In fact, not only that, but Deonhardt's voice contained a strong sense of self-deprecation and self-loathing, such as

'for me' and 'what can I say', but he pretended not to notice.

"If so, what words will you engrave on the tombstone?"

"...You said it was a qualification."

"yes."

Deon smiled bitterly.

"Do I really have the qualifications to fill this tombstone?"

"If the owner of the tombstone is not the person he wanted to protect until the end, who will fill the tombstone?"

"...."

There was no answer.

Deon turned his head and looked at the tomb. He stretched out his hand and lightly swept the well-maintained lawn in front of him and spoke softly.

"The lawn... did Remember take care of it too?"

"yes."

"...I will not say any more thanks since I have already confirmed the price. However, apart from thanking you, can I ask you a question?"

"Tell me."

"Why didn't you sort that out? "Is there any special reason?"

A flower bloomed in the exact center of the grave.

...It's the same type of flower in my room. Even though it is from the human world, it is a strange flower that is vivid and its wilting standards are unknown.

'I had no connection with flowers, but I've been seeing them often lately.'

And only one kind. Deon frowned.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 207**

207. Noli metuere (3)

It is too noticeable to say that you passed it by without noticing it. It would be impossible to miss it, especially if Remember had the lawn so well organized.

As expected, Remember gave the answer right away, as if he had already known it.

“It’s not that we didn’t organize it, it’s that we didn’t. Even if I pulled it out, it continued to grow. It even blooms all year round. “It doesn’t look like an ordinary flower.”

“....”

It bloomed on Cruel’s grave. If it didn’t collapse due to the providence of nature or Remember’s hand, there must be a reason why.

Deon somehow thought it might have something to do with me. It’s just a groundless feeling, but that’s enough.

I can feel the rough yet soft texture of grass under my palm. When he came to his senses, he had his left hand on the grave and was reaching for a flower.

“...!”

As soon as I touched my fingertips, the flower shattered like an illusion. Deon froze. In Remember's eyes, it seemed like he was just fixated on an extraordinary phenomenon, but that wasn't the case.

Flower Cruel was talking.

I died without regrets.

I will wait for you leisurely, and I hope that you too will live without regrets.

"...what."

It wasn't an admonition to live. As if he knew Deon Hardt's current situation, he just hoped that he would 'live without regrets.'

Deon looked at the spot where the flower was in confusion. It was so strange that there wasn't even a trace left, so for a moment I wondered if I had seen something in vain... but

then, bang!

'Is that possible?'

I slapped myself on the cheek and swept the spot where the flower was.

The same phenomenon will no longer occur here. Deon had a hunch.

So, this flower... bloomed all year long just to convey that message, and continued to grow even after being plucked.

Just for me.

‘The fact that he died without regrets must have been something he said to stop me from blaming myself.’

Not saying it directly was actually the right choice.

Because I haven’t forgiven myself yet. If I had conveyed my meaning directly instead of saying it in that way, I might have ended up pointing a sword at myself.

There is something more that needs to be pointed out. Deon slowly caressed the grass with his hands and spoke in a whisper, as if he had been in emotional turmoil.

“The flowers in the vase by the window in my room were probably sent by my brother.”

Hien said he picked flowers that were blooming on a grave near the border.

If Hien, who has no interest in anything other than man-eating plants, had tried to pick flowers from the human world for me, she would have picked as many different types of flowers as possible to make a gorgeous bouquet instead of just one simple flower. So it must not have been purely Hien’s thoughts.

Did you say that one flower caught your attention? There was probably some scientifically unexplainable phenomenon at work.

“Strangely, I didn’t have nightmares when I slept in that room.”

Even when I had a nightmare in the beginning, the white light chased it away before it reached its worst.



And above all, there is the last thing the former warrior Cassius said.

[The day you were kicked out of the nightmare, I was asked to convey words to someone.]

[A man with black hair and green eyes asked me to say hello.]

Oh really.

My head bowed and my forehead touched the grave. Deon muttered as he knelt down and rested his head on the grave.

“You were still protecting me.”

I begged you not to do that.

What should I do with you, who protects me even in death?

Unexpectedly, my hatred toward myself did not soar. Deon, who was rubbing his forehead against the rough grass, said something nonsensical as if he were joking, in a slightly quiet voice.

A soothing atmosphere, as if basking in the spring sunlight, spread around.

“If you’re dead, you should rest, bro.”

When I was young, I secretly visited and observed my older brother, who was busy receiving training for his successor. He was quickly lifted up and moved to a chair in the corner.

It was the middle of the night when I couldn’t sleep. I remember tossing and turning and eventually going out into

the hallway to take a walk indoors. Then, I went into my brother's room after finding that the light wasn't turned off.

He was studying at that time. He was busy with various things during the day and didn't sleep until late at night, so my brother asked him when he was going to rest. Deon still remembers what he answered then.

"They say you can sleep when you die."

What if I'm still not sleeping?

Just as a child is always a child in the eyes of a parent, I expect that in the eyes of the older brother who wanted to save his younger sibling, I will be seen as a child that was thrown into the water.

But even though it looks like this, it's been a while since I became an adult. I'm already in my late 20s, so what if I'm still like this?

"...Remember."

I called out to the person who had been standing behind me the whole time.

"I have decided on a tombstone."

"If you tell me, I will engrave it as soon as possible...."

"No. There is no need for that."

Deon picked up a nearby wooden stick.

After becoming a warrior and learning to control his strength by fighting the emperor, he became able to break rocks with eggs. I don't know if this is possible because of strength

control or because I am a 'hero', but anyway. So it wouldn't be difficult to dig out a rock with a wooden stick.

As a test, he wrote lightly on the floor and continued speaking.

"I will do the engraving, so can I ask Remember to give me my brother's body...?"

So that my brother's body can be made whole.

I gently pushed the wooden box that had been placed next to me towards him.

"...As expected, the box was his head. "Isn't it corrupt?"

"I'm fine. "I really want to ask if my brother's body is okay."

"Do you see the amulet attached to the bottom of the tree trunk? It contains functions that slow down the rate of corruption. "I put it there in case the rest of the body comes back, but I guess that was a good thing."

As if he had been preparing for this moment, Remember comes carrying a shovel that had been leaning against a nearby tree.

Well, I think this will be enough. Deon, holding the wooden stick, scrubbed the writing on the floor and placed one hand on the tombstone. The hand holding the stick began to move more carefully.

A calm voice spread through the air as if flowing in silence.

"Was the reason the grave was made in a southern style to prepare for this time?"

“Couldn’t we just leave the body unattended for the rest of the body that may return at some point? “That’s rude to the dead.”

Rather than the northern style grave, which involves placing a coffin deep in the ground, covering it with soil to level the ground and erecting a tombstone, this is a southern style grave with earth piled up in a hemispherical shape.

Originally, Southern-style graves were the same as placing the coffin in the ground, but this time, it was placed on the ground and dirt was piled on top to make it easy to take out. Later, when the body is intact, it can be replaced with a northern-style tomb.

With strength and stamina that was not typical of an old man, the burial mound was quickly dismantled and the coffin was exposed. At the sound of the lid opening, Deon stopped his hand and raised his head.

“...ah.”

A moan came out of nowhere.

I see my brother’s body in disarray, as if it was a reflection of that time. A body with torn clothes and signs of being pierced by various weapons. And above that...

I closed my eyes tightly before the cross section of the neck came into view.

Remember, who opened the lid of the wooden box as if to divert Deon’s consciousness, took out a light-colored thread and needle from his belt and asked.

“What are you engraving on the tombstone?”

“...There is a phrase I saw in my brother’s book when I was young.”

A phrase I saw in my brother’s book that I was studying at the time.

I said it was an educational book. When I tilted my head at the unfamiliar language, my older brother pointed out the words and recited their meaning one by one. To be exact, he glanced at me and pointed out each sentence of the book, reading it out loud as if he were self-studying, but now I know.

That was also out of consideration for me.

“...I want to engrave that.”

Those words came out after a long time.

Even though he finished speaking late, Remember just glanced at him and without saying anything, cut the end of the knotted thread and put down the needle.

A sweet, indifferent answer flowed out softly.

“okay.”

There is a rustling sound as if it is busy.

I’m not looking, but I know what he’s doing just by hearing the sound. Deon asked, stopping his hand again after engraving a few words.

“...What on earth does Remember do?”

Before leaving, I packed a bandage and bandages. Even though the identity of what was in the wooden box was not revealed, it was a natural action, as if it were natural.

He has a lot of questions. As if sensing this question, Remember answered while holding a bandage in his hand.

“He is a mercenary broker dispatched from the Kingdom of Esperanes.”

“...That’s something we’ve already found out to some extent.”

“What makes it unique is that it comes from a high-ranking noble family.”

“If you are a high-ranking noble...”

“He was the duke’s second son. “It doesn’t mean much now.”

“It can’t be meaningful.”

Deon picked up the given clues without missing them.

“If you are from a high-ranking noble family, you must have a strong influence among brokers.”

“ ....”

“Even if you are a duke, you must have considerable connections. I don’t think it would be enough to simply explain that they have a strong influence...”

“...I don’t think I can handle it. How much are you trying to torment the old man? “First of all, he plays a central role among the intermediaries dispatched to the empire.”

“Then...”

“The recovery of the intact body has finally been completed. Would you like to see it?”

“....”

He changes his tune.

But this time too, Deon had no choice but to pass over.  
Because my head turned reflexively without even thinking.

There, in perfect condition, Cruel Hart lay embracing the  
last days of his life.

‘...at las.’

Perhaps because I was nervous or because I was stiff from  
kneeling in front of the tombstone for a long time, I forced  
my stiff body up and approached the coffin. The closer you  
get, the clearer Cruel’s appearance becomes.

He looks no different from when he was alive, only with a  
bandage wrapped around his neck.

It actually took a long time. Deon’s face contorted as if he  
were crying.

“Cruel.”

Remember quietly steps back. Either way, Deon, who had  
already pushed his existence out of the realm of recognition,  
opened his mouth again.

“brother.”

Of course, what you prepare for and what you see in person  
are two different things. I slowly closed my eyes in an  
unexpectedly difficult situation. A familiar darkness has  
arrived.

I cut myself off from the world with just one eyelid, and after  
a short silence, as if I was possessed by something, an

unplanned word came out like a cough.

“...Sorry.”

It was like that last time, and it's like this again. My apologies to him were always impulsive.

‘I didn't mean to say this.’

I was thinking of just checking to see if it was really intact, putting the lid on it, and then burying it again.

Sorry. Sorry. Sorry. Deon, who was stupidly repeating the same thing, chewed the tip of his tongue and stopped talking.

I suppressed the emotions that rose up and stretched out my hand towards Cruel's face. His face, which I touched for the first time since his death, was cold without any warmth.

It was sad rather than scary.

“...My brother said he died without regrets, so I guess I shouldn't have felt sorry.”

What do you think?

“I am already an irredeemable piece of trash.”

Still, I won't ask you why you saved me.

I will not ask whether I should have just let the evil person who killed my entire family, who was a burden to my family, die.

Because that means denying both your life and death.



“But... just like my brother said, I will live a life with no regrets.”

I express my gratitude to you for not forcing life on me.

You, who willingly gave up your life for my survival, had every right to force me to live. Nevertheless, I am thankful that you did not do that, and at the same time, I feel suffocated by your kindness that is still conveyed even after you leave this world.

‘Why didn’t I notice this when you were there?’

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 208**

208. Noli metuere (4)

Being young is not a good reason. There are some things that can be forgiven using age and ignorance as excuses, and some things that are not. In my case it was the latter.

As a thorough sinner, I have a duty to grant your wishes. So I am thankful. Because if you wanted life, you would have had no choice but to follow.

He lightly stroked his head and smiled bitterly. I will live a life with no regrets, just as you wish. So, bro.

“Because I’m fine.”

Until the day I visit.

“Sweet dreams.”

Just take a break.

There is no need to block nightmares or curses. I am an adult and an adult. No, I still have many shortcomings to be considered an ‘adult’, but now that I am in this situation, I have no intention of avoiding responsibility like a child and whining about how burdensome it is.

In other words, they are all mine and I have no intention of opening my hands to others, living or dead.

The smell of blood emanates from all directions. Is it a hallucination or did it come from my brother? He paid no heed to it and stroked his hair a few more times before slowly withdrawing his hand.

Remember approached without notice and closed the coffin lid.

“I will make the tomb in the northern style.”

“i look forward to.”

It came without writing on the tombstone. Deon turned around to continue writing, but stopped at the sight he saw.

Red everywhere. For some reason, I felt like the bloody smell had gotten worse, and I think that was why.

‘...This is the extent of my guilt toward Cruel.’

The world was covered in blood.

The water level was still at a level where I could feel the soles of my shoes splatter, but...

to test it out, I climbed on a nearby rock. As a result, the water level rises rapidly and follows the soles of the shoes. As soon as it hit the floor, it lowered itself again.

that’s interesting. Deon smiled and bent down to pick up the wooden stick that was soaked in blood. My hands felt dry, with no moisture at all.

I approached the tombstone again and began to carefully carve the words. It wasn’t a very long sentence and I was

confident, so I was able to complete it without taking too long.

A response to his message that was sent with all my heart, leaving aside all formalities.

[Noli metuere una tecum bona mala tolerabimus.]

Don't worry, I'll endure the good and the bad with you.

I lightly brushed the fine engraving with my fingertip. It would make sense with this sentence. No, that's right.

It's a memory from my childhood, but I remember it clearly. After watching my brother recite this part, I closed my eyes, and after reading a few more sentences, he picked me up and carried me as I fell asleep.

I thought it was a dream because I was asleep, but now that I think about it, it might have been reality.

"Are you finished?"

"...yes."

"Are you going to go after the tomb is finished or are you going to go right away?"

I have no intention of going back right away. Deon, who raised the corner of his mouth in response to Remember's question, sat down in his seat.

The blood on the skin and the stronger smell of blood are annoying, but my pants aren't actually wet, so it's okay. I smiled naturally, pretending not to see or feel anything.

"I think this will be our last meeting, so I'm planning to stay a little longer. Would you like to be my conversation

partner?”

“What do you think is so interesting about talking with this old man?”

“How could it not be fun to have a conversation with an old man who gave up his youth to time and gained insight? Besides, Remember is a man with many secrets.”

The Demon King placed an anti-corruption spell on Cruel’s head on the condition that Esperanes take back mercenaries from the empire. If things continue like this, the magic will be canceled.

‘I’m not sure if it was hung on the ‘head’ or the ‘wooden box’ that contained the head.’

Looking at the wooden sticks placed in all directions around the tomb and the amulets attached underneath them, the spell installed by Remember that slows down the rate of decay is a range type, not a specific type. Now that Cruel’s body is complete, his head will also fall into that range.

Regardless of whether there was a spell on the ‘head’ or the ‘wooden box’, I was planning to ask Remember as a last favor before returning anyway to remove the amulet that slows down the decay in time for me to arrive at the Demon King’s Castle.

If the ‘wooden box’ is enchanted, the thing blocking the flow of time will disappear and Cruel’s body will flow with the flow of nature without distinction between head and body. Even if there is a spell on the ‘head’, even the Demon King will withdraw the magic that fixed time around the same time, so Cruel’s intact body will no longer be forcibly held on the ground and will naturally return to the earth.

Accordingly, his soul will also be able to rest.

‘If it’s going to be canceled already...’

Wouldn’t it be better to cancel it after consuming more of the Demon King’s magical power?

It is said that anti-corruption magic steadily takes away the caster’s magic power. In order to expend even a little more of the damn devil’s magic power, it would be better to wait as long as possible before returning.

Even at this moment, I feel disillusioned with myself for calculating, but I have no intention of buying. As I was quietly fiddling with my lips, Remember, who had been shoveling, raised his head, met my gaze, and smiled kindly.

“You’re openly declaring that you’re going to dig up secrets.”

“It’s the last time, right?”

“‘Last’ is a really good excuse. “It makes me feel like I have to listen to whatever request I ask.”

“....”

“But we are not separated by death, so how can you confirm the end? “It is impossible to know how the world will turn out.”

“So, are we going to break up once the tomb is completed?”

I pretended to be disappointed and slumped my shoulders. I heard a soft laugh as if I was in trouble.

“They say you get older as you get older, but it looks like I’m definitely getting older.”

What kind of affection is that guy?

Deon raised his head as he muttered to himself with positive meaning. The old man who had once been my butler was looking at me with his silver-blue eyes shining gently.

Deon's complexion brightens as if he is responding accordingly. The old man just laughed.

Remember remembers the young hero who reacted enthusiastically whenever I teased him.

I remember him trying his best to avoid the medicine, saying he didn't want to eat it because it was bitter, and I remember the young man who frowned when I put candy in his mouth, but his expression secretly relaxed.

At the same time, I had no choice but to ask because I knew the miserable life he had led.

"What are you curious about?"

It seems like it's time for me to retire as well.

Deon, who had no idea what was going on in the self-deprecating Remember, smiled brightly and tapped the seat next to him.

"Don't do that, let's sit here and talk. "I will leave the grave to the person Remember brought."

"...did you know?"

"yes. He probably also built the earlier Southern-style tombs. "There's no way an old man of noble status would do the digging himself."

“....”

Remember, who was looking at Deon with narrowed eyes, snapped his fingers.

A man dressed in black appears from somewhere and is handed a shovel. Remember lightly patted his shoulder as if asking for his favor and sat down next to Deon.

“Since when did you know?”

“Wasn’t it me who was asking the question? “I asked what I was curious about.”

“I see. He is more mischievous than that. “If you had known, you would have told me sooner, but you should just watch the old man do the digging himself.”

“It’s Remember’s fault for hiding it. Besides, Remember is too healthy to be an old man.”

I guess that wouldn’t have put too much strain on my body.

Deon, hugging both knees, leans his cheek on my arm and smiles. Remember let out a light laugh.

“Before I take questions, I’d like to ask how long you plan on staying...”

“I’m planning on leaving in about three weeks. “With Remember, of course.”

“her.”

“It’s not like they won’t accept this level of stubbornness.”

“...I guess I should check the rooms in the mansion again.”



It was a shameless statement, but what can you do? It feels like just yesterday that I was the young hero's butler.

It was natural that the one who gave away his emotions first would lose.

Deon closed his eyes gracefully after reading the meaning of the permission.

"Then, now that you know that there is no use in wasting time by talking like this, let's have a full-blown conversation."

"Did he know this too? "You've grown so much that I haven't even seen you before."

"As long as you live, you can't just stay in place forever. And what I'm asking for is a conversation, not a Q&A. "There's no need to be so nervous."

Remember laughed instead of answering. A fierce battle will unfold for three weeks.

"Conversation is good. What is the topic?"

"Even so, I've always been curious about something."

I've been curious about Remembrance ever since I found out that it was unusual.

If you have the opportunity to ask a question like this, you'd be a fool to miss it. Deon gently closed his eyes, basking in the sunlight shining down on him. A calm voice was added to the gentle atmosphere.

"Did former Emperor Edoardo Desert know the identity of Remember?"

Emperor Edoardo did not simply grant me a mansion. Employees were also sent to manage the mansion and provide convenience, and Remember was one of them.

Did the emperor really know his identity and sent him? If so, for what reason did he send him?

Red eyes filled with clear questions silently urge you to answer. Remember slowly opened his mouth.

“You said it wasn’t a Q&A... but the topic of conversation is quite sharp.”

“Are you trying to change your mind again?”

“no.”

Silver-blue eyes gently curved.

“At least you probably didn’t know as much as you do now, Hart. “My first impression was that he was a suspicious Esperanian with a guard, and if I had looked through old books to investigate, I would have guessed that he was a middleman.”

“If he had known that he was a middleman, why would the emperor have requested a mercenary... No, the emperor would never have allowed a suspicious person to join him before that.”

Former Emperor Edoardo Desert cherished his swords, that is, the talented people of his faction.

And it may be hard to say it myself, but at the time, I was his favorite sword. So the emperor couldn’t have placed dangerous elements in the space that was supposed to be my resting place.

“The thorough neutrality of the Esperanes is very famous, and it is also known to everyone that the Esperanes care for their country. What Esperanian would put their country in danger by messing with the emperor’s favorite hero for no reason? “In a situation where safety was secured, being a fighting nation would have been an added point.”

Well, as long as you’re a ‘human’, there can be no exceptions, so how can you be so sure?

The voice continued as if it sensed the question.

“Esperanes is a very closed kingdom. In other words, it is very difficult to get in and out. Would such a kingdom really send out just anyone? And that includes middlemen.”

“I see.”

“And to answer the question of why the Emperor did not request mercenaries, he must have been unsure as there were very few cases of actual support for mercenaries. And most of all...”

He spoke in a whisper, without the slightest wavering in his delicate tone.

“There is no way a person who wants to die will fall into the water and look for a rope.”

“...”

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Three weeks passed by in an instant.

Cruel’s tomb was completed on the same day that Deon and Remember began their ‘conversation’.

Deon, who carelessly swept the tombstone in front of the completed tomb that day, returned to the mansion that was his and lived in peace with Remember. Other than not having to deal with paperwork, going to Cruel's tomb whenever I had time, and not having anyone else other than Remember, my daily life was no different from before.

Occasionally, Remember would bring news about the Demon King's army, but Deon didn't even blink at the news that he was winning or even that he was losing.

'There's no way the demons, whose ban on magic has been lifted, will suffer a crushing defeat.'

To begin with, I don't have any special attachment to the 'demon tribe' or the 'demon king army'.

Rather, for my plan, it would be better if the number of demons were moderately reduced. It would be nice if everyone died, leaving just enough to completely trample the human world. How can a corps commander not die? They are the biggest problem.

Afterwards, when news was delivered that the battle situation in which the Demon King's army had been pushed back had completely changed with the arrival of the corps commander, Deon nodded quietly.

Of course, the corps commander is the problem.

"Are you planning to leave now?"

An unchanging, calm voice broke my thoughts.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 209**

209. Noli metuere (5) Deon

turned his head slightly and smiled when he saw Remember.

“As expected, you have a good sense of humor.”

“I have no choice but to know because you dragged me here to the grave where I had been going alone all this time.”

“....”

It's just as he said. Now I am going back to the demon world.

Because I stayed in the human world for too long. The deadline promised to the devil is coming to an end. From the time he toppled the empire and returned to the Demon King's Castle and let go of everything until this moment, the Demon King must have tolerated a lot.

Since we have never seen him explode, it is right to go back before his patience runs out completely in order to avoid unnecessary variables.

Deon, who was kneeling on one knee and caressing the tombstone, softly called out to Remember.

“Can I ask you one last favor?”

“Let me hear it first.”

“I would like you to remove that amulet, which has anti-corruption properties, in about a week.”

“It’s not difficult. “Originally, I was planning to leave right away, but I don’t have any problem with staying for a week or so, so I’ll do that.”

“....”

It was truly a dream-like daily life. Deon gently closed his eyes.

A peaceful daily life under the sunlight. Everything I had experienced so far felt like a dream. Every time that happened, the vivid smell of blood that hit my nose and the blood splattering on the floor brought me back to reality, but if it wasn’t for that, I might have mistaken it for a dream.

But that shouldn’t be the case. I gently clenched my fists.

‘It doesn’t make sense to escape reality when my sin is here.’

Don’t look away.

I lightly kissed the tombstone and got up.

“Remember.”

“yes.”

“I definitely want to repay the favor Remember gave me. So....”

“Esperanes will no longer interfere in the war after providing support according to the contract already concluded.”

Without hesitation, Remember answered straight away.

Perhaps the conversation so far had broken down a layer of the wall between them, or perhaps it was because it was truly the last time that the tension had eased, but the silver-blue eyes that always had a mysterious glow were overtly resolute. Deon found a faint hint of ‘compassion’ in it.

‘...sympathy?’

It was quickly hidden, but it was clearly sympathy.

Why do I feel sympathy when I say that? I frowned unconsciously at the incomprehensible flow.

Remember, who could easily read Deon’s intentions through his openly revealed facial expression, simply laughed instead of explaining or adding an explanation.

‘Sometimes what you don’t know is the cure.’

I definitely should have hidden it, but I made a mistake.

It was literally just a moment, but you captured it without missing a moment.

It’s strange that our guard hasn’t relaxed since we’ve been closer than ever for three weeks and now that we think we’re breaking up, but it was better not to get caught. Who would have known that I would catch that brief moment in the first place?

Deon Hardt probably thinks that Remember’s sympathy has something to do with that comment.

But it was wrong. Remember was merely inadvertently revealing the underlying emotions that had always been hidden.

Therefore, you should not answer his questions now.

Anyone would feel bad if they found out that their relationship with one person started out of sympathy for the other person.

How would Deon Hart react if he found out? In a somewhat predictable situation, Remember smiled again with his mouth tightly closed.

...During my three-week stay at the mansion, during the conversation I had with Deon Hardt, there was a question about why he came to my mansion.

At that time, Remember answered:

[It was a coincidence.]

[...Coincidence?]

[Yes. It was just by chance that you caught my eye, and by chance I heard that the Emperor was looking for a butler for the mansion where Deon Hardt, one of the heroes of the Eight Years' War, would stay, and by chance you applied for the position and caught the Emperor's eye.] Coincidences come together and come together

. It was meant to be.

Among the heroes born against the backdrop of the eight-year war, a particularly young hero was bound to stand out.



'Hero' is a heavy title. In particular, the title 'hero' related to war is ultimately attached to 'how many people were killed.'

How much hardship did I have to endure and how many sins did I have to bear to get to that position? Rather than admiration, I felt pity.

After that, I became a butler with the thought of wanting to observe him more closely... but the underlying thought was that I wanted to personally check and examine the condition of the young hero who was exhausted after walking a rough path and would continue to walk a thorny path. It is safe to say that their relationship began with 'compassion'.

Even when he was a 'hero', this soft old man felt sorry for Deonhardt. It was a shallow feeling, comparable to pity for a beggar starving to death on the streets, but it was clear sympathy anyway.

If so, what will it be like now that time has passed and even the affection has been lost?

"If there is only one demon lord and he does not want to step forward, the only thing he can achieve by turning the hero into an enemy is destruction. "Even if I try to interfere, I will stop it from above."

Now you have gone beyond being a 'hero' and have become a 'warrior'.

Coincidences came together and became fate.

Esperanes, which has a longer history than any other kingdom, has many old books. Remember, who read many old books as a child thanks to the privileges of a high-ranking noble, now that he has gained insight due to his age, he has realized the intention of the world.

So I still sympathize with Deon Hardt. I couldn't help but sympathize.

'....'

This is not an explanation of the 'compassion' that was implied at first glance. Instead of an explanation or clarification, evidence was provided to support the previous statement, as if trying to pass it off as something that never happened, but even so, Remember's words were so surprising that Deon had no choice but to ignore them.

His eyes widened slightly, as if he was a bit surprised.

"...did you know that you had become a hero?"

"If you wanted to hide it, you should have covered your appearance."

"I wasn't really trying to hide it, but... I knew it, so why..."

"Because there was no need to mention it."

Remember smiled faintly.

Deonhardt is clearly a sinner. No matter what the past was or what the story was, when we look back at reality, this is an undeniable truth. I have no intention of denying it in the first place.

Nevertheless, Remember, an old man with a weak affection, felt sorry for Deon Hardt, independently of the sin he had committed. Since he secretly gave small amounts of help like this, pretending not to do so, it would be enough without having to say the extent of it directly.

“Anyway, it seems like you’re anxious, so I’ll give you the confirmation again. Esperanes will no longer move.”

But I can’t help out loud. Helping Deonhardt means taking the side of the Demon King’s army. Ultimately, it means betraying humanity, so if you make that choice, the kingdom will abandon this old man before it gets caught up in it.

You can’t be hostile. The kingdom would not agree to this, and more than anything, the dangerous young man in front of him had already entered the old man’s heart.

Like many older people, Remember is also a step away from courage and seeks stability. It was obvious that it was a choice he would make.

‘onlooking.’

Sympathizing and taking action are two different things.

Moreover, what can a mere insignificant person do when the world has personally chosen him?

In any case, the Kingdom of Esperanes itself is a symbol of neutrality and neglect. As a person from such a kingdom, it wouldn’t be a bad idea to watch Deonhardt from a sideline position.

Collecting Cruel Hart’s body and granting Deon Hardt’s last request was the most courageous act he could have done.

“So what are you going to do now?”

Remember raised his head in response to Deon’s question.

It’s a later plan. There was nothing in particular, but...

“...it wouldn't be a bad idea to compile a history book.”

“History books... you mean?”

“yes. Aren't all kingdoms scheduled to disappear except Esperanes? In the future, whether the Demon King's army establishes itself in the human world, fails, or retreats for a special reason, it will naturally be ruled by the devil. “There won't be time to leave a record of this era, and even if we do, it will be quickly lost in the war, so this old man is trying to write it down.”

“...awesome.”

Of course, this would only be possible if Esperanes were to remain safe.

Although Deon, the general commander, assured that he would not attack Esperanes, he cannot guarantee that the Demon King's army, which has trampled the entire human world, will not target the only remaining kingdom. Even though they both knew that fact, no one said anything.

Deon smiled mischievously, as if trying to lighten the slightly tense atmosphere.

“Please make me the main character.”

“...Is there any other main character in history?”

“Wouldn't it be possible to leave the political history aside and write a novel in the form of a novel? “Did you say it was a lost history?”

“Or it could be kindness. I'll give it a try. I wonder if I can complete this before I die...”

The atmosphere was relieved by Remember's harsh words, which willingly accepted the prank.

Now it's time to part ways. Deon, who said his final goodbye to Remember, looked back at the tombstone once again. An intaglio engraved in a fairly convincing handwriting caught my eye.

[Noli metuere una tecum bona mala tolerabimus.]

Don't worry, I'll endure the good and the bad with you.

I don't know when I'll be able to come see you again. Maybe I won't be able to come see you until I die. That's why I'd like to say hello in advance.

As it might be the last time, Deon smiled brightly as if he had no worries about anything in the world.

'Hello brother.'

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Deon Hart returned to the Demon King's Castle.

It was his return just before the month he promised with the Demon King. Deon, who had no luggage and was going straight to the Demon King's office without even stopping by his room, stopped when he saw Ed who had come to meet him.

"Ed."

"Yes, Deon."

"Tell this to Develania. "I'm canceling the search for Cruel Hart's body."

“yes...?”

This is the body of my older brother that I had been trying so hard to find. When he finally found a head, he even had an anti-corruption spell applied to it and kept it nearby when he slept. I don't know who cast the spell, but whatever.

Ed, startled by the completely unexpected command, raised his head and looked at Deon. Without even having to look, I immediately noticed a difference from before I left.

‘...does not exist.’

It seems that he took a box containing the head with him when he went to the human world, but it is not there. No matter how you look at it, your hands are empty.

Did you lose it? If that were the case, a different type of order other than a search cancellation order would have been issued. There must have been an uproar right away. So you decided to give up on finding the body and just send the head? Or perhaps he came from the human world to find the remaining bodies and hold a full funeral.

Since you stayed in the human world longer than expected, it's probably the latter.

All these thoughts came to me in an instant and were organized. Ed adjusted his expression as if he had done this before and bowed his head politely.

“All right.”

“then.”

As if he had nothing more to do, Deon passed Ed and headed towards the Demon King's office without hesitation.

I'm not in a hurry, but I don't hesitate either. He strode across the familiar hallway and reached the door, raising his hand to knock without taking a breath.

smart.

"come in."

I went inside as soon as permission was given.

The Demon Lord, who was sitting at the desk as if he was doing paperwork as always, puts down the pen he was holding and looks at me. As soon as our eyes met, the eyes took on an unknown light and became curved.

"It's very late."

"...."

"I remember you said that you would bring the results when you came back and that the performance would be released within a month... It's almost a month, right? "Seeing as there are no new reports coming in about Esperanes, it doesn't seem like there are any achievements."

"...."

"Did you not have enough time? "If the results are positive, I'm willing to give more. What do you think?"

result?

The Demon King, with his hands half clasped and his chin resting on them, smiled. Deon also smiled in response.

"Failed."

Although it was only a moment, it was such a shameless and confident statement that it left the Demon King speechless.



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 210**

210. Didn't they say that hatred is like a forest fire (1) and is a gamble? This was the plan from the beginning.

Esperanes' mercenary case is an empty bait, and if Remember has Cruel's body, it's my own gamble that will either succeed or fail.

'No, even if you fail, you get your money's worth, so it's ambiguous to call it a gamble.'

If the gamble failed and the Demon King withdrew the magic, I planned to ask Lirinel to preserve it.

Deon raised his eyebrows.

"There is nothing to say even if the magic is removed. sorry."

"Ha...Ahahaha!!"

I never thought you would do something so blatantly rude. The Demon King, who had his head down and his shoulders shaking, couldn't hold back and burst into laughter.

This is why I can't let go of Deon Hart. If you're going to get bored, they'll do something fun for you!

The long-standing madness of someone who had lived in boredom for a long time that no human could ever have was reflected through the eyes of the station, filled with joy.

“You found Cruel Hart’s body! The body was returned intact. You knew that before you set off! yes?”

“....”

How dare you play pranks on the devil? It’s so adorable it’s driving me crazy.

He snapped his fingers proudly. Anyone with as much insight as Deon Hart would have figured out what this meant. The Demon King grinned.

“The magic was done just as you wanted. “Now that the time I’ve been holding on to has started to pass, everything will return to the natural order.”

“....”

“I don’t know if it’s because I didn’t think of the possibility of tracking down that grave and raiding it or threatening it, or because I have faith, but...” I glanced at Deon

. Red eyes maintaining composure came into view.

The Demon King narrowed his eyes at the calm eyes that did not show any emotions.

“If it is a belief based on confidence, it is the right answer.”

“....”

“Because I was always weak to you.”

I cherished him when he was just an interesting and desirable toy before he fell into my hands, but what about now that he is in my hands and has become a hero?

What if, in addition to having the qualifications to be a teacher, you can also provide this kind of enjoyment?

“I made it fun, so I’ll move on this time too.”

Of course I had no choice but to pass on.

Moreover, the Demon King is not weak enough to need to use Cruel Hart’s tomb. Since he had no intention of doing such a lame thing in the first place, the Demon King loosely leaned his upper body against the back of the chair with the intention of relieving tension.

Deon nodded calmly. It was still a shameless attitude, as if it was natural.

“thank you.”

This is the answer I expected. That’s why he wasn’t shaken even when he heard that graves were being dug up.

Former Emperor Edoardo and the Demon King seem to be complete opposites, but there are some strange similarities. Is this a characteristic of monarchs?

This is probably because there is no need to do ugly things as one sits in a high position and holds strong power. Since you have the confidence that you can punish or crush your opponent at any time without doing the dirty act of digging up graves, you can take it easy.

‘It’s unlucky, but it’s beneficial to me...’

I'm angry that he dared to say something that crossed the line about my brother's grave, but I can't show it.

Deon lowered his eyes, which had the same color as someone's green eyes.

'The situation is different, so you shouldn't explode with anger hastily.'

Since Deonhardt is a hero and the Demon King is a Demon King, no matter how playful and peaceful the atmosphere is, there is bound to be a strange tension underlying it. Do you explode with anger in this situation?

Not only will it instill unnecessary caution in the Demon King, but if something goes wrong, a life-or-death battle between the hero and the Demon King may break out on the spot.

You can vent your anger later when you kill the Demon King. Until then, you can break it down into small pieces and resolve it in the form of complaining and grumpiness and adjust accordingly. Anyway, the Demon King knows that the current situation is like walking on thin ice, so he will laugh off most things like he does now.

'...No need to worry, you think my mishaps and arrogance are fun.'

I inadvertently looked up. My eyes immediately met the station, as if I had been looking at this place the whole time.

After a short silence, the Demon King must have remembered something for a moment and let out an exclamation of 'Ah' and snapped his fingers.

"The meeting will be held in a moment."

“...yes?”

“Break time is over, right? “You promised it with your mouth.”

As a result, even if it was a lie, since he promised to move as soon as the magic was cast, it can be seen that Deonhardt began to properly stand on the front line from the moment he set off for the human world.

So, it is not strange to participate in a meeting as soon as you return.

Deon, who was quietly looking at the grinning Demon King, let out a dull sigh.

“All right. “I’ll stop by my room and get ready.”

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I have come a long way from the human world to here. Knowingly or not, he was so tired that he wanted to lie down on the bed and rest for a while until the meeting, but since cleanliness is also a part of rest, Deon went into the bathroom as soon as he returned to the room.

Then, she came out wearing a gown, grabbed a towel as if it were natural, glanced at Dan who was waiting, and sat down on the chair crookedly, putting her arms around the backrest. Dan, who was standing behind me, began to shake off my hair with a towel.

A soft voice was thrown out in the peaceful silence.

“Did you say your last goodbye well?”

“...huh.”

It was a sudden and brief remark, but there is nothing that cannot be understood.

It's strange that Dan doesn't notice that the wooden box he's been carrying around so much is gone. Deon closed his eyes and smiled lazily.

"When I came into the room, I saw the flower had completely withered."

"yes? "It's a little withered, but it's still alive and well, so what's that..."

Dan closed his mouth after checking the vase by the window.

"...It's really... "I feel like I've been experiencing a lot of really unrealistic things since following the Master."

More so than if you were in a village where a shaman existed.

It seemed like he was somehow still alive until this morning, but I wonder when he withered away. There is a flower in sight that has dried out and dropped its petals. I couldn't believe what I was seeing with my own eyes, so I took the towel I had used to dry my hair and went to the window.

As I was touching the rough flower petals that had fallen on the window sill, I heard Deon's soft voice.

"I finally closed my eyes."

Look at their withered appearance, as if they have fulfilled their calling. He probably accepted that there was no need to protect him from nightmares or curses.

Deon smiled bitterly, although he was happy that he accepted my wishes, but still felt sad seeing the flowers wither.

“The window will feel empty.”

“It’s withered, so we need to clean it up... but if Master wants it, I’ll leave it alone.”

“No, there is no need for that.”

Because it’s just an empty feeling because something that was there is gone.

Tuk-tuk. Deon, who had been tapping his fingers on the table, suddenly stopped moving.

“I guess we can ask Hien for that monster from the human world.”

“...yes?”

“Because it’s the same type as that.”

Cruel has been put to rest. As if to prove it, the flowers withered, and the feelings and warmth that had been felt suddenly disappeared.

Withered flowers are only remnants and have lost their original meaning, so it is not necessary to fill the empty window sill with that one.

That’s why Deon thought of it. A strange plant from the human world that Hien had introduced several times as a gift. That the source is the same type of flower as that flower by the window.

Even though he has become something similar to a monster, he will not wither easily. The conditions were quite satisfactory and I felt better, so I hummed softly, but I felt a stinging gaze.

“Speaking of strange plants... Master, have your new tastes become strange?”

“Do you want to go to the human world and find the same flower every time it wilts, or do you just want to take care of that weird plant?”

“Now that I think about it again, I think it’s a very nice taste. What kind of person would train a monster plant? “This is something only a master can do.”

“♪”

This is a desirable change in attitude.

Feeling satisfied that the stinging gaze was gone, I hummed a tune. Before I knew it, Dan, who had come over and combed my almost dry hair, opened his mouth again.

“Is that the song? Do not sin?”

“Do you know?”

“It’s a very old folk song. “I understand that it is known all over the continent.”

“I knew it was old... but I didn’t know that.”

When I think back on the lyrics, it’s so funny that I end up humming it more.

There are probably more people in the world who have committed sins than those who have not committed sins, so



what if it only contains information telling you not to commit sins? What about people like me?

A quiet silence fell again. But before I could enjoy it, there was a polite knock on the door.

"This is Ed, Deon. "I came to pick you up."

"...Ah, a meeting. come in."

Ed, who came in to lead the way to the conference room, paused. He was so embarrassed by Deon's appearance that he wasn't even fully dressed yet that he shouted for a moment.

"step!"

Well, I thought so. He never yells at me. Deon calmly leaned his face on his arm, looking at his mother-in-law as if she was longing for his daughter-in-law.

Ed's nagging towards Dan continued.

"I have to go to the conference hall soon, but what if I haven't brought you clothes yet? As expected, you..."

"Yes, I'm sorry. "Shouldn't we get you some clothes first before that?"

It's arrogant and annoying, but it's not wrong. Ed, who was licking his lips, glared at Dan once, then turned around and took out some clothes.

Meanwhile, Dan, who had finished combing his hair and putting down the comb, touched his chin as if something was bothering him.

"Master's hair has grown a lot."

“okay?”

“Yes, I will be tied up enough.”

“Now that I think about it, I feel like the nape of my neck is stuffy...”

It’s understandable since I’ve only trimmed my bangs so far that they don’t sting my eyes.

Dan, who was fiddling with the back of his head, asked.

“Would you like me to cut it for you?”

“I don’t have time right now, and it’s more annoying than anything. “Just tie it up.”

What’s so bothersome when all you have to do is sit down?

Dan, suppressing his bewilderment, gathered Deon’s hair downwards and roughly measured it before letting go. Deon looked back at him with a question mark above his head.

“First, you need to put on some clothes.”

“ah.”

As if he had been waiting, Ed held out his clothes.

It’s a uniform again. Deon obediently stood up and took off his robe.

Thanks to the two people sticking together, I was able to get dressed quickly. ‘Master, you must not hold it there. Wrinkles form, right?’ ‘Deon, one button was pushed.’ ‘Please just stay still and we will take care of everything.’ I’ve heard things like that, but the results are good, so I guess it’s okay to say it’s done.

Now it's time to tie your hair. Deon sat back down on the chair Dan had pushed for him and closed his eyes as the hand carefully pulled his hair together.

But this did not last long.

"...."

"...What are you doing?"

I have to either tie it or let it go. What if I just hold on to it?

Dan rolled his eyes at the brief scolding. Uh... the end of my words suddenly became blurred.

"I don't have any string to tie it with... Do you have anything there?"

"Your tone is arrogant."

Even though he says that, it is clearly visible that he is steadily thinking about what Deon wants. While Dan was suppressing his laughter, Ed, who had finished thinking, took off the bolo tie that was tied around his neck and held it out.

"Is this enough?"

"I'll give it a try."

In the end, it tied up okay.

Deon, who was playing with the ponytail of his hair that was tied low at the bottom as if it was a little awkward, shook his head and stood up.

"But don't follow me, go to Hien and get the plant. "I'm trying to get back a gift I rejected... but I'll probably give it

to you obediently.”

Wouldn't they rather be happy?

“And wait in front of the conference hall.”

“yes.”

Dan nods and goes out. Deon looked back at the remaining Ed.

“Take the lead.”

\*\*\*

It seems that the Demon King has not arrived yet.

As soon as he entered, Deon, who had checked the most senior seat, turned his head when he heard a rattling sound. His gaze met with eyes that were bright enough to be burdensome.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 211**

211. Hatred is like a forest fire (2)

We only made eye contact, but the heavy desk shook again.

“Muh...”

“Lirinel...?”

“My hair!”

“....”

Something feels bad?

“You tied your hair...!”

“ah.”

I felt like the gaze of the corps commanders was stronger than usual, and this seems to have been the reason.

...But it seems like I'm not the only one who has changed?

As I sat down, I belatedly noticed the appearance of the corps commanders. Somehow, the people who usually looked like ‘humans’ were showing off their ‘demon’ appearance without any hesitation.

From Lirinel, who freely released the tentacles she wore around her neck like a muffler, to Myers, the 12th Corps commander, who coolly flipped her bangs to reveal the third eye on her forehead, to Idelia, who opened the four eyes on her cheeks that she usually kept closed.... ‘

.. .When I thought about it, the demon users I encountered in the hallway when I came here also clearly showed demon characteristics.’

what. Is this a declaration of war?

There may be no reason for that yet.

‘Of course it would be better to ask.’

If we leave it as is and there is a misunderstanding, both parties will be in trouble.

At some point, I stopped tapping my fingers on the desk and looked at Lirinel. His extremely sparkling eyes, as if he had been looking in this direction the whole time, met my gaze as if ready to listen to anything he said.

“Lirinel.”

“Yes Deon!”

“The tentacles are free today?”

“yes! “I heard that Deon said he would accept us as we are!”

...I?

“Who said that...?”

“Myers said it!”

“I was moved when I heard it.”

Devellania, with her hair tied up, rolls her eyes and gently waves her open hands. The gills behind the ears and the web between the fingers caught my attention.

Yes, he also rarely opened his fingers in front of me. Of course, I knew that there were webs between the fingers, but... looking at it like this again, it feels amazing that he can handle thread with those hands. It's not a secondary weapon, it's a main weapon.

Deon, who was quietly looking at her hands, shifted his gaze to Myers. As soon as the gaze touches it, it freezes like a statue. Since the number of times I talked to him was very small, it was easy to get lost.

That's the only time we've talked recently.

'It seems like the conversation during tea time spread that way.'

[Be careful because it may look uncomfortable in the eyes of Deon, a human....]

[It doesn't really matter.]

...But.

I nodded inwardly, but then tilted my head for a moment.

'I've never said anything about the appearance of demons.'

Considering only the timid Myers and his polarizing lieutenants, I would have overlooked it even if I had thought of it that way, but now that I know that most demons were cautious, I have no choice but to look back on my past

words and actions. The result was, as expected, 'That has never happened.'

Common sense tells us that there is no way to say something about someone being fat, skinny, too tall or too short. The appearance of the demons can be seen as similar to this, but unless they lack common sense, they would not act like that.

"When did I ever say I would reject the demons?"

"That's not true, but... When you had just arrived at the Demon King's Castle, your expression hardened every time you saw the 'different' part of us..." "

Ah."

I know what it is.

It was probably because he was scared. It's okay now that I'm used to it, because the appearance of demons is scary when you look at it objectively.

Even more so, what would it be like if you had no power? It was strange that I didn't freeze in fear.

Well, considering the situation at the time, it would have been better for my attitude to be understood as 'disgust' rather than 'fear'... '

So, except for those who had characteristics that couldn't be hidden, most people hid them.'

There is no way to explain it now. In order to do that, he had to explain why his expression hardened at that time, so Deon chose to talk back.



“When will the Demon King come....”

“The Demon King will eat it.”

...They say even tigers will come if you tell them what to do.

Everyone stood up, the door opened, and the devil came in. He looked around the inside, confirmed that Deon had arrived on time, and sat down with a slight smile.

With a single gesture to sit down, there was random movement and silence came. The Demon King, resting his chin on the back of his hand with his elbows on the armrests, began to speak.

“Well, as everyone expected... Deon’s break is finally over.”

The type of silence has changed.

Anticipation and excitement. The joy of those who are confident of victory is silence. Deon lowered his gaze, pretending not to notice. I felt the cube Ed had given me before coming in under the desk.

“I thought that since the empire had fallen, the rest would be done quickly without Daeon’s help, but it seems it wasn’t as easy as expected. Neither the mountain country nor the fortress-locked empire can be easily overthrown.”

“ .... ”

“So, Deon.”

Red eyes rose as if responding to a call.

“What should I do?”

“ .... ”

I think I'm missing a very important procedure before that.

What if I just ask what should be done, saying that it is not easy at all? While Deon Hardt takes a break, I should at least briefly explain how things worked and what the current situation is.

'Actually, it doesn't really matter.'

Deon turned the cube under the desk while making eye contact with the Demon King. With a snap, I felt the cube return to its original state.

...Honestly, I have no interest in the human world anymore. The reason he sided with the Demon King and attacked the human world was for revenge. As long as half of his revenge was accomplished and Cruel was able to rest, there was no reason for him to be interested in the human world.

'I would like to completely disengage from the human world and focus on something else...'

I have no intention of going out and attacking anymore, and conversely, I have no intention of saving myself from being trampled by demons. In short, it means that the human world is no longer a concern.

How many people have died so far and how many lives will be lost in the future... is none of my business.

That's probably why the Demon King didn't bother to explain the situation in detail. Deon Hardt didn't ask directly, and even if he came forward and said it, it would only increase his sense of guilt without any benefit.

Deon thought as he shook his leg and kicked away the blood that was almost covering the top of his foot.

'In order to achieve the goal, it is easier not to let go of overall command, and there is also a promise made to the devil.'

Let's just pretend to do it in moderation.

The situation is not as expected from the Demon King. It is enough to just think back on what the Demon King said a moment ago.

From what I heard, it seemed like they were targeting both the Mountain Country and the Empire at the same time, so I guess we'll just have to sort things out on this side first.

"It would be better to just keep the empire in check and take down the mountain country first."

"San Guk?"

"yes. Rweche shouldn't be touched right now, and the fortress-locked empire will take a long time to overthrow. There is no guarantee that San-guk will not resort to manipulative actions in the meantime. So, I think it would be better to keep the empire in check, destroy the mountain kingdom first, and then deal with the empire later."

"What is the possibility that the empire will play a trick while destroying the Shan State?"

"The current empire is busy taking care of itself. With the death of Edoard Desert, the emperor changed, and with the death of Duke Stave Illuster, the head of the noble faction, the power structure became unpredictable, and even the capital was moved. It would be more confusing than it should be. "Not only do I have no time to help other countries or think of other ways, I will rather humble myself so as not to attract the attention of the devil's army."

In that case, you might think that it would be better to attack the Empire before it gets its act together...

Deon thought as he rolled the cube in his hand.

‘We cannot overlook the fact that the capital that must be conquered is the fortress.’

As I said, it is better to postpone it if you are not confident that you can take it down within a short period of time, considering the possibility that Sanguk may use a trick.

“Are you considering the alliance between the two countries?”

“Until the Demon King’s army arrived at the capital and I killed Edoardo Desert, the Mountain Kingdom did not show any movement. “He probably broke the alliance or betrayed us before that.”

Either way, it doesn’t change the fact that the empire doesn’t help the mountain countries.

Even if the alliance was moderately terminated, as a result, the former capital of the empire collapsed and the former emperor died, so it would be difficult to renegotiate, even if both parties were at odds. It would be even worse if betrayal was the cause.

3rd Corps Commander Ashild, who had been listening quietly, raised his hand.

“I remember you said that the empire should only keep things in check.”

“okay.”

“We will need troops to check, so wouldn’t it be better to attack?”

“I’ll say it again, the capital where the royal family and major leaders are currently staying is a fortress. “It means we are in terrain where we can easily block enemy forces.”

“I know. But what does that matter...”

“If you think of it as a terrain that can easily prevent external invasions, wouldn’t it be seen as a terrain that binds those inside to prevent them from easily leaving?”

“...!”

“We will be able to keep it in check even with a small number of troops.”

Deon smiled softly.

On one side, Lirinel shook the desk and Ashild fell silent. The Demon King, who was just smiling and watching the situation, opened his mouth.

“Then let’s conclude that we will destroy the mountain country first. Do you have any thoughts on how to do it?”

“Honestly, I think we can win if we just send the majority of our troops and push hard without a plan. After the collapse of the empire, the kingdoms that became vassals of the Mountain Kingdom must be shaking to protect their own country. “It would be one thing to monitor and tie them up.”

This is why, in difficult times, one should not make a vassal state through clumsy methods such as persuasion or bargaining. They will turn around at any time for the sake of my kingdom and their own safety.

What was absorbed for strength became poison. Deon sneered softly.

“But if I had to add something... it wouldn’t be a bad idea to explode something that would encourage the betrayal of the kingdoms they own.”

“For example, what?”

“Are you going to announce publicly that I am a hero?”

The Demon King, understanding the hidden meaning of that remark, rolled his eyes.

“Are you going to use the magic you used during your speech again?”

“yes.”

It is a magic that appears on screen across the entire continent. I don’t know, but it will take a lot of magic power.

The Demon King’s retort continued.

“There must be a way to spread the rumor. “Is that not enough?”

“That takes too long. “It can be distorted as rumors spread.”

“The worse the rumor, the faster it spreads and the more distorted it becomes. If it’s a bad rumor from the humans’ point of view, wouldn’t it be beneficial for us? And no matter how long it takes, how long will it take? “I can wait that long.”

“I can’t wait.”

widely. Deon put the cube down on the desk and looked straight at the Demon King.

“Human lifespan is short.”

“But you are a warrior. “Will you live as long as me?”

“The passage of time feels shorter the longer you live. There is a big difference between how a child feels a year and how an elderly person feels. And I’m still young. This is true even for humans with a short lifespan, so there is no need to compare them to demons. What will you do if you live for a long time? “Right now, the passage of time feels long.”

The more he speaks, the more the corners of the Demon King’s mouth rise with joy. Deon continued speaking regardless.

“And the more people want time to pass quickly, the slower it feels. I don’t know how long I will have to wait for word to spread, but it will be a long time as I want to get the job done as quickly as possible. And above all.”

Even if you leave aside all the previous things.

“Even if the rumor spreads widely, there will be many people who think it is nonsense. The content is absurd, so I will add more. In order to finish it clearly and quickly, it is better to bring up the screen.”

Undeniable truths are hammered home through audio-visual materials. Is there any other method that is as easy and quick as this?

The Demon King also nodded, acknowledging that fact.

“That’s right. If you become a warrior and come forward yourself, it will be quite a shock. “It must be that much easier to swing.”

“no.”

Deon shook his head.

“The person on the screen is Dan.”

“step...?”

“Of course, I need proof that I have become a hero, so I plan to show my face on one side of the screen...”

Show your face on the screen, but do not speak. The person speaking is Dan.

The corps commanders who read the meaning changed their expressions.

“Dan?”

“That human...?”

The conference room is buzzing. The corps commanders know very well who Dan is. There is probably no one in the Demon King Castle who does not know this. Dan is the first of the few humans brought in by Deon himself.

But that alone is not enough to convince me.

The long-dreamed-of path to conquering the human world has been opened. As serious as they are about the current war, most of them dared to frown in front of the strong, unlike a race that used to submit to the strong.

“Master Deon....”



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 212**

212. Hatred is like a forest fire (3)

“Being on screen means becoming a representative of the demon world. Deon might not know, but it would be too difficult to put another human in that position...”

“That’s right! I’m sorry Deon, but I don’t understand. “I want to tell you in advance that if that person tries to appear on screen, I might kill him before he does!”

3rd Corps Commander Ashild expressed his disapproval, while 7th Corps Commander Silua strongly agreed. In addition, many corps commanders agreed with their facial expressions, although they did not open their mouths.

On the contrary, there were those who were in favor.

“That sounds fun. “I agree.”

“Develania!”

“I agree too. It’s new, right? “I think it’ll be fun.”

“Even Trover...!”

2nd Corps Commander and 9th Corps Commander.

Ririnel, commander of the 11th Corps, also agreed, but for slightly different reasons.

“Anyway, if Deon shows his face and reveals that he is a hero, nothing else will be noticed. With all its beauty, what kind of person would pay attention to a bumbling squid? “You probably don’t even know if the speaker is a human or a demon!”

“calamari?”

“It’s a phrase used to compare a very ugly person. “I heard it from the 5th Corps commander.”

If this continues, the story will leak somewhere else.

The Demon King is quietly watching the situation unfold with an expression that makes no sense as to what he is thinking. Deon glanced at him and tapped the desk, drawing attention again.

“The last time I came forward, I claimed that the Demon World accepts humans without prejudice, citing the fact that I am the commander of the 0 Corps.”

It was to induce human betrayal and internal strife.

“But there was a rebuttal.”

“...ah.”

The expressions of some corps commanders changed as if they had some understanding. Debellania, who was originally in favor of listening to the opposing and neutral sides, looked interesting.

In particular, Idelia, who was mainly in charge of information processing, seemed to have clearly realized this and changed her position to agree.

“What did they say over there?”

“...I accepted it specifically because it was Deon... I refuted it by saying something like that.”

“that’s right.”

They claimed that it was specially allowed because it was ‘Deon Hardt’.

Deon smiled sweetly at Idelia, who surprisingly gave an appropriately condensed answer, and continued speaking again.

“Dan is proof of that.”

Deon Hart is not the only evidence. To achieve this purpose, evidence that it is Dan rather than Deon is more important.

If the ‘warrior’ Deonhardt is the whip, Dan, the ‘common man’, is the carrot.

Heroes who are on the same side as the Demon King will feel the fear that comes from the overwhelming power gap, while ordinary people who are doing well in the Demon King’s castle will have the courage to turn to the Demon King’s army. That would be a pretty plausible and sweet temptation.

That’s why Dan has to stand in front of the screen himself. I have to let people know that I am living well like this without shaking with my characteristic shamelessness and eloquent tongue.

Dan is not the only person living in the Demon King's Castle who speaks shamelessly, but...

'They can't do that.'

Their 'good at speaking' has a completely different meaning from Dan.

You can say that he is good at speaking because he speaks confidently without being nervous... but he is good at 'talking' as the word says. The most important 'logic' is missing.

How can we trust these people who are armed with shamelessness and confidently push forward without logic and give them a place where everyone can see? Crazy dogs are not allowed. Anyway, no way.

After organizing his thoughts, Deon put a smile on his face. A calm voice flowed out that no one would know what he was thinking.

"This is excellent proof that the Demon Lord's army accepts humans other than Deonhart. "Do you understand why this is the case?"

There was no answer, but the atmosphere changed as if I was somehow convinced.

It was only then that the Demon King, who had confirmed that a rough conclusion had been drawn from the softened eyes of the corps commanders, opened his mouth.

"Bring Dan."

"It'll be right outside the door."

Deon added as if he had been waiting. There was a satisfied smile on my face as the situation went as expected.

It was not for nothing that I ordered Dan to wait in front of the conference hall before coming here. The Demon King's eyes narrowed, but Deon pretended not to notice and turned his head to ignore his gaze.

The new arrival Dan was bowing in greeting.

'...You've been fooled.'

The Demon King followed Deon's gaze and immediately laughed when he saw Dan.

Were all of the previous remarks just a starting point for the present, or were they guided appropriately to suit the situation?... Either way, it doesn't matter as the point is that they had made the calculations in advance before participating in the meeting.

It looks like a fox. I said it looked like a fox, but it looks like it really wants to become a fox.

For some reason, it seemed like he could see in Deon the image of a fox happily wagging its tail, pretending not to be the case, so the Demon King closed his eyes as if he was amused.

'Now that you think about it, you were planning on pretending to be a fox from the beginning, right?'

I remember when I recruited him into the Demon King's army and first sent him to the empire.

I thought it was a complete demon lord, but cutely, it was walking a tightrope in the middle. When he returned to the

Demon King's Castle, everything, including his mood, eyes, attitude, and tone of voice, gave off a subtle sense of discomfort, which I immediately noticed.

'At that time, I was still a clumsy fox cub.'

At the time, the only thing it knew how to do was show its teeth and bite its enemies, and it was almost like an immature dog trying to pretend to be a fox, but now it is a proper fox itself.

'It is said that humans are originally beings greatly influenced by the environment...'

The human in front of us is so dramatic that it seems like it could be used as a model.

Although he was caught up in Deon Hardt's guidance, he did not feel anger. On the contrary, the Demon King felt extremely satisfied that he had in his hands a specimen that steadily grew, changed, and showed various aspects, so he looked through the altar with a generous heart.

'...You're more powerful than I thought.'

It is quite impressive to see him standing firmly in front of the Demon King while avoiding the sharp gaze of high-ranking Demons in a place where everyone is paying attention.

'At least I won't be nervous when I appear on screen.'

At this level, the minimum conditions were met.

The silence was getting longer as the Demon King did not open his mouth. Without further ado, I opened my mouth.

“human.”

“yes.”

“Can you stand in front of everyone?”

“...yes?”

It was a word that came out of nowhere after cutting it all out. It was natural not to understand.

I suddenly called and asked what this meant. Confusion appeared in Dan’s eyes.

“This time, it looks like the screen will be shown across the entire continent, so I’m asking if I can stand there.”

“...!”

Dan, who understood the situation from the added explanation, widened his eyes.

It was just a moment. Dan, who was surprised for a moment but calmed down his emotions and expression as if he had never been before, lowered his gaze as if he was thinking about something.

And how long has it been?

“If you just leave it to me, I will do my best.”

He raised his head and grinned before the gaze of the short-patient demons showed signs of urging.

In a silence filled with understanding and affirmation, several corps commanders click their tongues in disapproval and turn their heads, while Deon raises an eyebrow as if he

is suspicious of something. The Demon King quietly looked down at Dan.

‘I have something else on my mind.’

What are you trying to do?

I’m curious, but I have no intention of stopping it. There is no certainty that he will do anything harmful to this side, and there is no way that a human who faithfully follows Deonhardt will do anything harmful to him.

Since he was neither a demon nor a hand-picked human, the demon king studied Dan quite carefully and figured out his tendencies.

That’s why I was able to calmly remain silent even though I knew there were other thoughts.

‘He’s not a foolish guy, so even if he gets into an accident, it’ll be within a reasonable range.’

Maybe it was the human knights who came in later, but at least the people in front of them weren’t stupid.

From the looks of it, Deon had been ordered to wait in front of the conference hall door in advance, but since the current situation had come to an end, even if there had been no prior notice, he would have roughly figured out the situation. You probably realized that Deon Hardt had planned this situation.

In other words, he got into this position thanks to Deon Hardt’s recommendation.

Having an accident in a situation where you are standing in front of everyone because of someone’s recommendation



means that you are tarnishing the recommender's face and at the same time placing responsibility on him or her.

The Demon King glanced at Deon and slowly nodded.

"Okay then, let's just proceed like this...!"

"...?"

"...."

"Demon King...?"

Why did you suddenly stop while speaking? Someone carefully spoke to the Demon King, who kept his mouth shut without even finishing his sentence, as if he was worried that something was wrong.

Only then did the Demon King's face distort mercilessly.

"...A guest has arrived."

"...?"

You're a guest. Was there any guest worthy of coming to the Demon King's Castle? I wonder if even a hero has invaded.... The moment when doubt and caution appeared on everyone's faces.

-smart.

"I'm sorry, Demon King. Now, the heads of each tribe...!"

"Move!"

The door suddenly opened and someone burst in.

\*\*\*

Just a few hours before the incident occurred.

The leaders of each race, except for the most difficult opponent, the Demon King, gathered together again.

It's a scenery I don't like any time I see it. The Fairy King, who was quietly drinking tea and looking around in one side of the desolate and gloomy garden of the vampire castle, took his eyes off the scenery to protect his eyes and looked at the organizer of the meeting.

"We've been gathering together more often these days.  
"Why did you call us this time?"

"It's obvious."

The vampire leader frowned and set down the teacup a little roughly. A low voice, as if chewing, followed along with a clattering sound.

"It's a monster problem."

"...There is definitely no sign of improvement."

"This is not a problem that simply stops there. Even though the heads of the government visited and spoke directly, there was no change in the situation. No, it actually got worse."

A grinding sound was heard.

...It looks like there's a lot piled up. Did you say that a swarm of monsters recently crossed into the realm of vampires? I heard that the damage was extensive.

I understand how you feel, but... The Fairy King swallowed a sigh and rolled his eyes. I made eye contact with the leader

of the mermaid tribe.

After a brief exchange of glances, she seemingly nodded and spoke in a soft voice with the intention of calming the other person down.

“So are you planning to go protest again?”

“okay. Monsters are born from the devil. The devil deserves to be held accountable. Since we have caused damage to other races like this, we need to protest and receive compensation for the damage.”

“It seemed like he was doing his best. However, it seems that the medical history has been lacking recently. I think there are unavoidable circumstances, so please be a little considerate...”

“Hah, what on earth are you doing?”

“....”

The leader of the mermaid tribe fell silent again. A brief glance is exchanged with the Fairy King again.

The vampire leader does not know that the Demon King is still targeting the human world. In fact, it almost brought down the empire.

All she knows is that the ignition of this war was Deon Hart. Afterwards, I stopped taking interest in the topic of the Demon King with a cynicism and wondered how long a low-quality game of playing house that matches the rhythm of a human would last, saying it wasn't worth his age, so I have no idea what happens after that.

They even intentionally blocked her view, so unless she tried to find out, she had no choice but to know.

‘If she finds out about the current situation...’

‘She will probably try to kill Deon Hart.’

It is dangerous for humans to freely invade the territory of demons, but it is also dangerous for demons to devour the human world and increase their power.

Because the Demon King is not a being that can be trusted. When the boredom reaches its peak with the human world as a distraction target gone, and you decide that ‘chaos’ would be more fun, you will immediately turn your weapon in this direction. It will disrupt the barely established order of the abyss and cause confusion. So, based on common sense, it is right to be on guard in advance and try to prevent it.

In the process, it would be natural to kill Deon Hart, who was the ignition point of the war and played a major role in the conquest of the human world.

Of course, this only means from the perspective of the vampire leader who does not know the future that the conquest of the human world will fail.

The head of the fairy tribe sees the flow of the world, and the leader of the mermaid tribe sees the future.

On the day the Demon King visited the realm of the Fairies with a demon gardener and Deon Hart, the two confirmed that they were showing favor to each other toward Deon Hart. It’s a bonus to be sure that it can’t happen without a reason.

So they exchanged information and put their heads together to predict the future.

Of course, unless it is a 'prophecy', there is a possibility that the future may be wrong, but it is a future predicted by two beings working together, not just one being. The chance of being wrong was very small.

The two thought about the future with such a high hit rate.

'If things continue like this, it will not be difficult for our species to establish itself in the human world in the future.'

Just like the demons, the fairies and mermaids have also longed for the sunlight-filled human world for a long time.

To be exact, we should say that the fairies covet the beautiful, yet fragile plants of the sunlit land, while the mermaids covet the brilliant light that illuminates even beneath the surface of the water, but anyway.

The conclusion thus reached was simple.

Let's not disturb.

Even if we don't step in, the devil will fall before he devours the human world.

Also, the key to everything is Deon Hardt. If possible, help him get out of the way.

The human world, which he cannot reach, is his responsibility, so there is no need to go out there. Who could possibly disturb him in this abyss within our reach?

'Vampire leader.'

It's not that I didn't think about informing her of this future with a very high hit rate and asking for her cooperation. But there was a very big problem preventing that from happening.

The point is that vampires do not crave sunlight.

There is no way she would leave everything to a future that is not 100% perfect and ignore the demons' conquest of the human world for the sake of a land with unwanted sunlight. Even if the future predicted by the two comes true, if it doesn't, it will cast a dark cloud over the fate of the race.

They will most likely go on a rampage to stop it.

So she was blindfolded, and now, in the present, the two have come to a conclusion again.

'After all, it would be better to hide it.'

'As expected, it would be better not to find out until the work is finished.'

Now that the conclusion has been reached, it is time to choose an answer. While I was looking for an answer that could adequately hide the current situation in response to the vampire leader's question as to why the Demon King's army was so lacking in strength that they could not even properly clean up the monsters, someone who had been silent all along suddenly intervened.

"It's because of the war."

"...!"

"War...?"

“okay. Isn’t the Demon King’s army currently engaged in a war to conquer the human world? “The empire has already collapsed, right?”

oh my god.

The mermaid leader quietly closed his eyes and the fairy king frowned.

The vampire leader, who was slowly considering what I had heard in silence filled with strange tension, immediately stood up from his seat.

“what?! Are you saying the war is still going on? “You didn’t stop even after destroying the empire?”

You’re like a tactless dwarf. The Fairy King gritted his teeth inwardly.

If you are frivolous and without dignity, you should at least have some tact. What should I do if I open my mouth arbitrarily?

It seems that his overly calm attitude actually created a sense of discomfort. Sensitive red eyes turned in this direction. A voice filled with calm anger and faint doubt continued.

“I was originally not interested in the human world, so that’s okay. “Looking at that Dunchi knows, there’s no way you didn’t know.”

“ .... ”

“You mean you just let that happen...?”

The person next to me said, 'That's harsh to say.' The dwarf chief tried to argue, but no one paid attention to him.

A war of nerves takes place amidst the silence. Even the dwarf chief shrugged his shoulders and kept his mouth shut, so the silence that came was broken some more time later when the vampire chief snapped his fingers.

"Please properly investigate how this happened."

"All right."

A vampire appeared from nowhere and lowered his head. The leader of the mermaid tribe stretched out his hand toward the guy who was about to disappear again, but...

"Wait a moment..."

"Don't move."

"...."

I had to stop when the being with its red eyes raised fiercely.

The vampire leader looked around the audience and spoke in a threatening tone, as if telling them not to even think about such nonsense.

"This is my territory. "You have to respect what I say, right?"

"...."

As more time passed, she was able to obtain information from her quick subordinate.

After reading the report on the current situation to the end, she immediately jumped out of the room and ran out. The



mermaid leader and the fairy king, who sensed something ominous, hurriedly chased after him and shouted.

“Where are we going?!”

“Break your damn toys!”

“...!”

no!

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A demonic user can be seen through the gap in the door, rolling around in the hallway as if he had been pushed. Deon looked around the hall, saw me, and frowned as he saw the vampire leader approaching without hesitation.

I heard the Demon King mumbling.

“Be quick too.”

I don't think that's important.

He just got his nails done. Even at first glance, it looks like it could be used as a weapon. I don't know why, but judging by its looks, the target is clearly me.

‘...Should I deal with it?’

I hope it won't be a problem even if I kill you.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 213**

213. Hatred is like a forest fire (4)

I can't understand why it's like this, but I have no intention of dying quietly.

Weapons are prohibited in the conference room, so there is no dagger, and the fact that the opponent is the head of a race is also a problem, but since he is not a kind person to let someone who is trying to take his life, Deon clenches his fists with the intention of willingly dealing with him.

Fortunately, the worst did not happen.

"for a moment!"

"Let go of this!"

"calm down!"

"Why are you stopping me?"

The fairy king and the head of the mermaid tribe came in later and urgently stopped her. The viciously sharp fingernails split the air without reaching their destination.

"It's enough to just hide it so far! Don't disturb! We need to get rid of it before it's too late! "You all know—"

The vampire leader scratched the Fairy King's face as if he was enraged by the actions of those who blocked him.

The horse scratched him. If the Fairy King hadn't quickly pulled his head back, his face would have been cut off. Then he was probably dead.

I felt someone sitting nearby flinch. It was a movement so slight that it was not noticeable, but Deon, who was nearby and was a warrior, could tell.

1st Corps Commander Jaykar was looking at the Fairy King with an expressionless face.

To be exact, the scar on his face.

"...."

The Fairy King raised his hand and looked at the scars on his face. His eyes became cold as he looked at the blood on his fingers.

"...It's vulgar."

"what?!"

"They said it was vulgar. If your appetite and constitution are low, shouldn't your behavior be noble? "Despite repeated attempts to stop him, the so-called leader of a tribe is running wild like a mad colt without any understanding of what's going on. If this isn't vulgar, what is?"

"...wanna die?"

"That's what I want to say."

A meaningless fight between the leaders continued. The mermaid leader's cry to stop did not work.

What kind of bullshit is this in someone else's conference hall? As I relaxed my fists and watched the scene with only a little bit of tension, the Dwarf Chief, who I don't know when he came in, shouted right next to me, waving his fist in the air.

"iced coffee! It was a shame! I should have swung a little more to the right there! okay! like that! Oh, they are also fairies. "You're agile!"

"...."

"Are there any refreshments here?"

"...As far as I know, there is none."

"It's a shame. ... Ugh! That one went in correctly! Are you okay?!"

...That's bullshit.

I don't know, but I think I started this commotion.

Well... the fault was the one who came in and tried to kill them first. I didn't do anything wrong.

Deon leaned back in his chair because he felt exhausted even though he had done nothing in particular.

Fortunately, the commotion did not last long.

That was when the vampire leader, who spat out blood, was about to rush towards me, baring his fangs fiercely.

“...I think it would be enough if you could tolerate this much. How far do you plan to go on a rampage without even knowing what to do?”

A sense of intimidation oppressed the air.

Each of the corps commanders who stood up and stood guard hastily bowed their heads towards their lord, and the instigators of the disturbance fell to their knees, unable to withstand the pressure.

The Demon King, whose expression had disappeared, was looking down at them.

“Those who are said to be the leaders of one race invade the center of another race and cause chaos with the intention of killing a single human being.”

“ .... ”

Some people look aggrieved. Deon, who was examining the expressions of each leader, inwardly shrugged his shoulders.

Well, it would be unfair for someone who followed him to stop him.

‘But the Fairy King fought together. ‘Why do you look so unfair?’

It’s true that I made a fuss, so I shouldn’t have anything to say. Among these, the only one who can be excused is the head of the mermaid tribe.

A cold voice continued, as if frost would break out at any moment.

“What kind of rudeness is this?”

The Demon King straightened his body, which had been leaning crookedly on the chair.

I tried to see how far I could go, but it didn't work out. He leaned his upper body forward and spoke in a whisper.

“This is not why I gave you permission to enter the central garden.”

How could they have reached this place?

There is no need to think about it. Because it was given permission by the devil.

In life, there inevitably comes a time when the heads of all races must gather together. Even if he were to be the head of all races, there would only be five because he only recognizes races that are intelligent enough to have political conversations and fights.

It is natural that power was not discussed. ‘Individuals’ are not regarded as races, and the size of ‘groups’ is determined by their intelligence rather than pure force. Therefore, they are highly intelligent and are the strongest race in the abyss—

what would happen if a war breaks out among them?

The barely stable situation will be shaken.

The abyss existed in a state of chaos for too long. Not wanting to lose the peace they had worked so hard to find, the heads of each highly intelligent race agreed to resolve their disputes through negotiation, and what resulted was an ‘access right’ granted only to the heads.

The right to enter the center of each tribe's territory where the leader resides.

This is an advantage that allows everyone to easily gather together, but it also gives them the power to control each other's lives and monitor each other.

Only the 'head' is allowed, and the arrival point is fixed, and it is designed so that when you visit, a signal is immediately sent to the owner of the area, but it is the center anyway. It is safe to say that he gave his heart away.

The Demon King, who initially agreed out of interest and curiosity in the new method, gradually began to quit as time passed and the leaders of other races changed several times. Because he was confident that he would win even if he turned all three of the other races into enemies. Even as time went by and generations changed, the younger ones took their seats as leaders. How funny must it have been.

Still, not doing so was a kind of mercy.

Because I found something new and interesting in the boring car. They should be thankful to Deon Hardt.

...but.

What would you do if you tried to kill the person you should be thankful for?

"You'll have to explain this situation so I can understand it."

The more you talk, the lower the temperature in your intestines becomes.

As can be seen from the atmosphere, the Demon King is in a very bad mood right now. No, to put it bluntly, I was a

little... angry.

I must have looked so ridiculous that they stormed into the conference room and killed the core forces in front of everyone watching. It's also something he particularly cares about.

'...Should I just kill him?'

There is life in the gaze. Just as the Demon King was about to snap his finger, the startled vampire leader hurriedly opened his mouth, as if he sensed something ominous.

A slightly calmer voice came out, as if he had come to his senses thanks to the Demon King's cold anger.

"I... I heard some dangerous information."

"...."

"I would like you to cooperate for a little while to prevent the extinction of the demons."

At the same time, I don't have to ask to know the purpose of glancing at Deon Hardt.

'Extinction'. The corps commanders raised their heads in shock at the appearance of a word that was heavier than expected. The Demon King did not hastily open his mouth and just stared at her.

The vampire leader, feeling that he still had the right to speak, continued.

"I apologize for coming here without following the proper procedures. "I was emotionally excited after hearing something completely unexpected."



“...What did you hear?”

“The Demon King’s army goes beyond destroying the empire and is actively moving to conquer the human world, and at the center of it all is a human being, and that human being is a hero... That’s about it.”

“You know that now? “The news is quite slow.”

“I was originally not interested in the human world... there was a reason.”

Red gaze passed by the fairy king and the mermaid tribe leader.

Although it was only for a moment, there was anger in his eyes. I don’t know why, but it seems like those two were covering their eyes and ears. The Demon King calmly tilted his head to one side.

“If you’re not interested in the human world, you’ll just stay still. Why did you come all the way here and make this mess?”

What does extinction mean?

No matter how excited you were, you wouldn’t have known that it wasn’t a word you should say carelessly.

The vampire leader answered under the suspicious gaze of the Demon King.

“Because all of this happened because of ‘one person.’”

Bright red eyes turn to Deonhardt. Deon looked into those eyes and felt a strange emotion that had nothing to do with the conversation.

This is why the trivial 'Deonhardt vampire theory' was going around when I was in the Empire. The color is definitely similar to my eyes.

The demon king, who had been silent, waved his hand.

"...The meeting ends here."

It is a clear order to congratulate guests.

The corps commanders, who had been on edge due to the difficult situation just moments before, hesitated, unable to leave the position easily. Their hesitation was broken when 1st Corps Commander Jaykar made the first move.

He glances at the Demon King and the Fairy King Deon in turn, then bows his head and strides to open the door. Then, as if he had suddenly come to his senses, the other corps commanders rushed out after him.

After Dan left, leaving behind a worried look, only the heads of each race, including the Demon King, and Deon remained in the conference hall.

The Demon King focused his gaze on the vampire leader again.

"It's because of one person?"

"okay. I don't really know anything about this, but I can make an inference. I heard that a while ago, that human being was brought to the Demon King's Castle in a state of half-asleep. "If the news reached me, it would mean a pretty big commotion, and thanks to that, I learned how much you, the devil, care about that person."

"...."

“And soon after, a war against the empire broke out. Then the reason is obvious, right? There must have been quite a bit of influence from the people they said they cared about. But honestly, I thought they would just pretend and stop. Because it’s always been like that in my memories. That’s why I turned off my attention...”

After saying that, she glared at Deonhardt.

I thought that the Demon King’s actions would stop at the point where he would alert the human world, as he had done so far. Let humans remember and be wary of the Demon King and push for the subjugation of the Demon King as soon as a hero is born.

I thought the result wouldn’t change much, just that it was added to match the toy’s strengths and weaknesses.

She hadn’t gone any further since a long time ago when she was too young to remember. The vampire leader relaxed too easily.

But it wasn’t.

“It was not because the Demon King directly wanted to move, nor was the public opinion of the Demons in that direction. “It happened because of just one person, so what’s wrong if this isn’t right?”

“Demons have always coveted the sun.”

“It’s a problem if that desire suddenly becomes stronger because of one person. Besides, that person is a ‘hero’?”

“okay.”

“I don’t understand.”

You have your archenemy under your command. Isn't it no different from embracing a bomb?

I don't understand why the mermaid and fairy tribe leaders are protecting him. Is there really something to that person?

The vampire leader turns around and approaches Deon. Deon, whose eyes widened slightly at the unexpected movement, lifted his chin and slowly examined it.

After all, the eyes contain a lot of things. What she found in the red eyes, which resembled those of her kin but were distinctly different, was a spark.

"You have pretty eyes. "It's like a blazing fire."

It looks small because it is curled up, but the flame burns more powerfully than anything else.

"After all, you are a dangerous person."

"...."

Either way, he is a person who will bring bad results.

I also don't understand the actions of the leaders who protect this person. No matter how much I look at it, it only looks like something that needs to be killed.

As the two leaders who see the flow of the world and the future, I know there must be a reason for protecting them like this, but as someone who sees and analyzes the present, I can't just ignore it unless I tell them the reason.

At least the abyss can be peaceful because the human world has become a boring toy for the demon lord to kill his

boredom, but what will happen if the demon lord devours the human world?

‘It will be difficult to deal with them as their power grows.’

But this is a reason I can’t talk about, so I’ll leave it aside.

Even if the Fairy King and the head of the Mermaid tribe protect this human, it will be over if the Demon King decides to kill him. The vampire leader, who had chosen words in his head to persuade the Demon King, slowly opened his mouth.

“Can you guarantee that this man won’t change his mind? You are a hero like no other. “He is the devil’s nemesis.”

In fact, this is also included in the reason why he wants to kill a human named Deon Hart.

If he changes his mind, the devil will die. At the same time, the power of the demons will weaken. If that happens, humans will come here, and as a result, our species will also be far from living a peaceful life.

There is no way humans would just discover an unfamiliar race and pass it by.

“The moment this guy turns his back, it will be a disaster for the demons.”

“That’s kind of....”

“Why me? “That’s true.”

“ ....”

“Did you think I would follow suit if you just stopped me without telling me the reason?”

The Fairy King closed his mouth.

The situation has come to this point, so I can't keep my mouth shut. A look was exchanged with the mermaid tribe leader.

Since it was in front of the Demon King and Deonhardt, what they could say was extremely limited, so there was only one reason why they chose to choose.

"...Don't you want to live under the sun?"

"...what?"

The vampire leader's expression became distorted, as if he couldn't believe his ears.

She touches her forehead for a moment and then lowers her head. Then my shoulders started shaking. A hollow laugh came out.

"In the end, that was the reason...!"

What is that damn year?

I know that the demons who always coveted the human world ultimately did so for that reason. I still don't know the devil's intentions, but this was probably why the head of the mermaid tribe stopped me.

Because I want to live under the bright and warm sunlight, not the cold moonlight.

"I don't understand, but I understand why."

The Fairy King's expression softened slightly.

Watching that, his stomach twisted, and the vampire leader smiled, touching the corner of his mouth with his thumb. It was a wound from a fight with the Fairy King a little while ago.

“But what should we do about this? “Our species does not have a good relationship with the sun.”

“...you.”

“Do you remember what I said, Demon Lord? “That person is dangerous.”

Before I could say anything, the Fairy King turned his head and glared at the damn vampire who had called the Demon King.

“It’s like holding a bomb in your arms that might explode at any moment. It would not be an exaggeration to say that humans are a species that is prone to betrayal, so they may end up extinct. So, why don’t you kill me right here and now? “If you don’t want to get your hands dirty, you can hand it over to me.”

I’ll take care of it.

“...It’s fun.”

The Demon King, who had been listening to all the remarks with his chin resting, chuckled and stood up.

They say all sorts of things about the person in charge. They say I have to kill him or I can hand him over.

Even if the body breaks down, it can be repaired, but the mind cannot. Why make a statement like that just to put

some more stress on a guy who is already in a fragile state mentally? Then what if it breaks?

He walked leisurely and approached the fierce vampire and said mockingly.

“In the end, it’s about being wary of the demons’ power growing stronger, but they only put in fancy words.”

“...But it’s not a lie, that guy’s eyes...!”

“Shhh-.”

Until there.

The Demon King lightly covered her mouth as she raised her voice in embarrassment and smiled.

Yeah, I guess it’s not a lie. But do you have to use your mouth carelessly to use it?

‘...under.’

A short laugh lingers beneath my palm as if I sensed something. When I gently moved my hand away, she spoke silently.

[You knew.]

The Demon King smiled, raising the corners of his mouth as if showing pride. That’s obvious.

There is no way that the insight of someone who has lived longer than anyone else is worse than hers. So, with an unspoken warning not to be arrogant and talk carelessly, he whispered into the vampire head’s ear.

I said I would handle it so I could hand it over.



“Who are you going to pass it to?”

Whoever wants.

A deep, deep voice warned.

“It’s mine.”

Who dares say this or that with my life?

Whether I kill it, keep it alive, or at least throw it away, it has to be my choice. This means that it is not something for someone to encourage.

It was presumptuous to speak without knowing the end, but it was presumptuous for a long time.

“...okay okay.”

The vampire leader trembled at the bloody warning and stepped back with both hands raised.

No matter how much you save, you are still human. I thought it would be easy to get rid of them since they wouldn’t have much affection for them compared to the demons.

“I judged wrong. Excuse me. “I’ll just go.”

I was quick to give up.

There is no way for her to kill Deonhardt as long as the Demon King knows everything and is protecting her. It’s frustrating, but even though they are the same leader, the gap between her and the Demon King is very large.

So, it is better to give up at this point and focus on preparation. To be able to withstand whether demons

devour the human world or humans push into the abyss.

‘There’s plenty of time.’

After making that decision and having some free time, curiosity arose.

How things will work out in the future. How is it that the head of the fairy tribe and the leader of the mermaid tribe surround that human?

I said don’t you want to live under the sun? I wanted to see for myself the entire process and conclusion of the races of the abyss settling down in the human world.

When the vampire leader retreated, the Fairy King opened his mouth as if he had been waiting.

“...Then it looks like it’s all sorted out.”

It seems like it has been resolved somehow, but I feel strangely uneasy.

I’d better get back quickly. The Fairy King hurriedly opened his mouth.

“Don’t bother me any more and go back quickly. “You were really rude today, Demon Lord. This will never happen again...”

“Where are you going?”

“...?”

They attack at will and try to go as they please.

The Demon King grinned at those who looked back with a puzzled expression.

“We need to make sure we compensate for the damage caused by this, right?”

“....”

“I know I can’t go back until I compensate.”

You may be free when you come in, but not when you leave.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 214**

214. Hatred is like a forest fire (5)

The Fairy King promised to hand over herbs and the Dwarf Chief promised to hand over weapons at a lower price, and the Vampire Chief promised that all demons, including the Demon King, would have any responsibility for monsters crossing into the vampire's territory. Only after promising not to ask questions was he able to escape confinement, not imprisonment.

The Fairy King, who was walking away with a noticeably crooked face, frowned belatedly when he saw the leader of the mermaid tribe next to him.

"Devil. "Why don't we get anything from this guy?"

"Because I'm the only one who wasn't cocky."

"...."

"Originally, I was only going to get it from vampires, but you guys were too arrogant."

One is running wild like a vampire in the conference hall, and the other is cheering and screaming as if watching a game.

How can I just ignore something like this? If you just ignore it, you might take something like this lightly, so the only thing you can do is fight the most arrogant vampire and punish him.

“I’m glad I didn’t get the same deal as a vampire.”

The treaty she made is poisonous to the vampires.

Even if the demons find it too difficult to deal with the demons and force them into their territory, they will have to deal with it on their own and cannot say anything about it.

Of course, for moral reasons, I wouldn’t do it openly, but the possibility of doing it ‘accidentally’ is very high. You will have to suffer a lot in the future.

“ .... ”

I expected a rebuttal right away, but it was quieter than I expected. The Demon King asked teasingly towards the silent Fairy King.

“I guess you guys know how cocky you are, right?”

“...Tsk.”

The Fairy King turns his head and opens the door and goes out. I made eye contact with several people waiting in front of the door.

For a moment, the Fairy King’s eyes fell on a human other than Deonhart, and he turned his eyes to see a tall demon. Naturally, our gazes became entangled and silence fell.

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

Pointy ears and black skin that was originally white.

The Fairy King looked at his twin brother, who was a proud warrior of his clan but had become a demon due to the influence of the Demon King's magic, with an inexplicable expression, and slowly opened his mouth.

"It's been a while."

"...yes."

"Is this place worth living in?"

Jaykar, who had been looking at the Fairy King persistently without even blinking, finally took his gaze away from him. His downcast eyes blinked once and his head slowly shook up and down.

"I am very satisfied."

"...is it."

For a moment, an indescribable expression flashed across my face.

"It's disgusting."

Blatant contempt and disgust appeared on the Fairy King's face.

Dan, startled by the unusual atmosphere, pretends not to have heard anything and sneaks away. The Fairy King glared at Jaykar without even paying attention to the sign of him moving away.

Contrary to expectations, the lips that seemed ready to burst out at any moment were unable to easily spit out words and eventually closed.

He clicks his tongue and passes by Jaykar, exuding cold air. It was clearly a movement indicating a break in conversation, but a low voice followed behind him.

“I think you were in such a hurry that you couldn’t fully appreciate the central garden.”

“....”

“Take a look around before you go back.”

The Fairy King did not answer.

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Jaykar. Commander of the 1st Corps of the Demon King’s Army and the Demon King’s agent. It uses the most basic type of sword, and due to its extreme fighting style, the edge is easily damaged, so it is mainly used by stealing weapons from enemies.

This will be generally known information.

‘And...’

At the entrance to the greenhouse-shaped central garden where he arrived to return to his domain, the Fairy King closed his eyes for a moment. Maybe it’s because we haven’t seen each other in a long time, but useless information is passing through my mind.

A clan tainted by demonic energy and a shame for the race. The Fairy King’s former right-hand man and twin brother. A collection of repressed murderous intent, completely different from the rest of his compatriots, etc....

The memory that kept going back to the past suddenly returned to the present and pointed out the most recent conversation.

‘You said you are very satisfied with your life here.’

That’s right. Arsenic was spilled.

Unlike when you were in the realm of the fairies, you wouldn’t have to suppress your murderous intentions.

In any case, since he became a demon, my relationship with him is over. The Fairy King lightly shook him off and stepped into the central garden. A scenery that I had not seen since I was rushing after the damn vampire filled my field of vision.

“...her.”

The Fairy King had no choice but to stop in place.

I have no idea what name to give to the emotions I am feeling at this moment. I blinked blankly, as if I had just entered an unfamiliar world.

The garden was filled with flowers from the human world, which were the only things he was interested in.

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Dan, who left the room due to the unusual atmosphere, did not return to his room right away.

Calm steps hit the dirt floor. He gathered his thoughts as he headed towards a corner that was once an abandoned training ground.

I didn’t say I would just stand in front of the screen like a puppet and say what I was told. There was another reason



why he accepted the Demon King's offer. That's why I've already thought about where I'm going to go when I leave the conference room.

'Originally, I was going to take the Master to his room and then go, but I think you'll understand because the situation is the same.'

It seemed like the waiting time would be long. There is nothing we can do because there is no time to waste.

...I never ran away because I was pressured into an uncomfortable situation.

'I haven't heard the exact date, but I'll be standing in front of the screen soon.'

All preparations must be completed before then.

In the distance, you can see a training ground exclusively for the Mad Dog, or Lofty, Knights. The gymnasium was noisy again today, as if they were playing here all day because they had nothing to do.

"The Dernivan baby laughed at me again!"

"Is that so."

...I don't know why those demons are there.

Dan, who was looking at the 5th Corps commander and his adjutant with a shocked expression, takes a step forward and approaches the members of the Lofty Knights. The knights seemed to have already noticed that he was coming and were welcoming him with bright faces.

"step!"

“A long time! “Why don’t you come here more often?”

“That’s right, every time we go, you kick us out and only come when you want to!”

“Wow, this is disgusting!”

“That’s because you guys are so noisy...!”

Oops, I almost got caught up.

Dan crossed his eyebrows, took a deep breath, and gestured toward the knights.

“Let’s gather here.”

“Yes?”

“What? “Do you have anything to give me?”

“what? Dan is giving you something to eat?”

“I’m empty-handed?”

“That’s not it!”

Even taking a deep breath was useless.

I raised my voice and raised my hand to massage the back of my neck. Let’s calm down. If you get more angry here, you will be the one who loses.

Regardless of what we say, we’ve come together properly, so let’s just be thankful. That way, I feel at ease.

“...however.”

Dan lowered his hand and looked somewhere in the crowded crowd. The knights who felt suspicious of his actions also turned their heads to follow Dan's gaze. They were able to easily find a being mixed in with the crowd.

A being that is absolutely not human.

"?"

She blinks at the sudden focus. Each time, the compound eyes, like those of an insect, would hide between the eyelids and then be revealed again and again.

Dan asked, barely suppressing a sigh that threatened to burst out at any moment.

"Why are you here, Commander 5th Corps?"

"They said you would gather together."

"It was only for the Templars."

"why? "I'm curious too. Can't I stay here?"

Instead of answering, Dan looked at her adjutant.

Dernivan, who was holding the baby, seemed to have grown aware of his superior's duties, and immediately called her.

"Oel, it would be better for you to go in now."

"why?"

"It's time to feed the baby."

"ah! okay. let's go."

Also a lieutenant. The handling of superiors is top-notch.

I gave a quick thumbs up as a sign of respect. Even though he clearly saw this, Dernivan turned and followed Oel without any change in his expression.

Seeing complete disregard, Dan shrugged his shoulders and looked at the knights. As if they realized that they had something to say, the people who were watching the two demons moving away turned their heads one by one and focused on this side.

Without missing a moment of silence, he immediately opened his mouth.

As if whispering softly.

“Don’t you want to do something for your boss?”

\*\*\*

After the other leaders left and even the dwarf chief who was being mean to me was sent away, Deon quietly picked up the cube on the desk and took out a cigarette from his pocket.

His mood was at its worst.

‘You’re saying you have to kill the person in front of me...’

That wasn’t just looking at me funny, it was an act of confidence that he could kill me.

Well, I understand. You would never have thought that the Demon King would protect humans as his archenemy. I would have thought that with just a little bit of persuasion, he would go ahead and kill me. In reality, I had murderous intentions towards him and I could sense it to some extent, so I would have thought so even more. So there would have

been no need to think about the feelings of someone who would die soon.

But what should we do about this?

The devil chose me.

‘Thank goodness. ‘If they had tried to kill me, they would have overthrown everything.’

I’m not an idiot and there’s no way I’d just die.

Does she even know that the devil’s choice saved her life?

If the devil had tried to kill me as the vampire leader had intended, and a conflict had occurred, she would also have been caught up in the process and died. There’s no way that a guy who spoke like that in front of people could be saved in a situation where it’s a do-or-die situation, right? He probably would have killed her first.

Anyway, it’s annoying.

The boiling feelings of discomfort did not cool down, so I ended up putting a cigarette in my mouth.

Come to think of it, I didn’t do medicine while I was in the human world. Is this the first time in a long time that I will be smoking again? I was thinking about something like that and was about to light a cigarette when a hand suddenly came from somewhere and took the cigarette away.

When I raised my head, I saw the Demon King rolling his eyes and waving a cigarette as if showing pride.

“I understand you’re stressed, but medication isn’t good for the long term.”

“....”

I have no desire to live long anyway.

As if reading his thoughts from his sullen expression, the Demon King crumpled his cigarette and smiled.

“It would be difficult if I died without achieving my goal.”

Deon’s eyebrows rose.

First of all, if you look at the situation, it seems like it is being said for ‘Deon Hardt’, but the tone is ambiguous.

I wonder if that purpose is the Demon King’s purpose or Deonhart’s purpose... As I was looking at him with suspicion, a voice continued.

“I think you need something else to occupy yourself. “Like a hobby, for example.”

“....”

“I promised to teach you how to play the piano, right?”

The Demon King whispered.

“Follow me.”

\*\*\*

[Demon King.]

[A being created by the world to kill heroes.]

A straight finger sweeps down a short sentence. The Demon King lowered his gaze as if lost in thought.

A hero is born to kill the devil, and the devil is born to kill a warrior.

So what happens if the hero and the devil become one side?

‘....’

I can’t hear the piano sound. The Demon King lifted his hand that had been placed on the emblem and raised his gaze.

I made eye contact with Deon, who was sitting in front of the piano and looking back with a clumsy face.

“Did you hit all 10 times?”

“yes.”

“lie. “You only hit it eight times.”

“....”

The Demon King smiled lowly, put down his book, and stood up from the sofa he was sitting on. Deon’s eyes glanced at the title of the book the Demon King had put down.

[About the Hero and the Demon King]

[Author: Caber]

This is a book I read at the library. The devil took it away while I was reading it. Has it not been brought to you yet?

My thoughts about the book didn’t last long. While I was thinking about ‘abuse of power due to overdue payment’, the devil came closer and touched one of my shoulders.

“It seems piano isn’t your thing. “Seeing as how quickly you learn, it seems like you have talent.”

“...Because he is a hero.”

“yes. “A warrior is a collection of talents.”

“....”

Instead of saying something, I turned my head forward and looked down at the keyboard.

He said while fiddling with the ponytail of his hair behind his back as if he was thinking.

“There are many other instruments. Would you like to try them out? There might be one you like among them.”



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 215**

215. Hatred is like a forest fire (6), so

I'm not interested. I'm tired, so I wish you could just send me to my room.

Although there was no way he could not have read the blatant expression on his face, the Demon King pretended not to notice and walked naturally and opened a door in a corner.

"Take your pick. "If there's something you like, I'll teach you."

"...."

Feeling that he couldn't resist the wide open door and the smile facing me, Deon sighed and stood up from the piano chair.

"Why are you so obsessed with making hobbies? "It's not your business."

"I remember the reason was fully explained."

"...Are you serious?"

"of course. And you're saying it's not your business? This definitely has something to do with me. "Things won't work

properly until the spirit of the main forces is broken.”

Deon replied by frowning once and looked inside the open door.

There were all sorts of musical instruments in the room I checked.

From the familiar Northern-style instruments to the unfamiliar Southern-style instruments. Deon, who was tracing the familiar harp with his fingers, suddenly stopped as the Demon King’s words passed through his mind.

“...I remember you said that if there was an instrument you liked, you would teach it to me...”

“That’s right.”

“Does that mean... you can play every instrument in this room?”

“Of course. “How can I teach an instrument that I can’t even play?”

Nonsense.

It’s a room that seems to have a collection of musical instruments from all over the world, but can you really play all the instruments here?

“If you don’t believe me, can I at least play for you?”

“...No, I believe it. I’ve lived for a long time, so it’s not impossible. Still, I’d like to hear you play...”

“Any instrument or song you want?”

“I already heard the piano, so please play the violin.”

“okay? “That’s surprising.”

I guess I knew how to choose an unfamiliar instrument.  
Deon just smiled.

Didn’t you say you would believe it? It’s unbelievable by human standards, but the opponent is the devil and there’s no way he would lie about something like this, so I have to believe it. In other words, since the intention is not to doubt or test, there is no need to choose a difficult instrument.

But the song.

“I also want a different song.”

“What?”

“I don’t know the title. This is a folk song widely known in the human world. Do you know that the lyrics roughly warn death not to commit sins?”

“Ah, ‘advice from death’?”

It seems like he knows too. I never thought the title would come out right away.

If you said you didn’t know, I tried to call you roughly. I was curious about the devil’s reaction after hearing the lyrics, but I was a little disappointed.

The Demon King, who had tuned the note by making a few sounds as Deon clicked his tongue inwardly, raised his head and smiled.

“I like it because it’s a short song. “It’s not difficult, so I’ll play it for you right away.”

“....”

What kind of ridiculous comedy is this when the lyrics of the song played by the Devil, who can be said to be the center of evil, to mankind's greatest criminal are a warning not to commit sin?

Whether Deon is sarcastic or not, the Demon Lord takes his stance. The bow was placed on the string and the playing began.

'...you're good.'

Even though it is a simple song, it is clear that it has overwhelming talent. A skill that an ordinary human would not even be able to reach even if he tried his whole life. The same goes for the piano, and it seems that not only can he play all instruments, but his skills are at a high level.

Although there is only accompaniment with no singer, the lyrics naturally come to mind in sync with the notes.

I think these lyrics clearly remind me of even the vaguest parts. Deon looked back at the lyrics in his mind.

Once upon a time, in a world, Death spoke.

Do not sin.

After death, your soul begins to break under the weight of your sins.

Extinction without paying the penalty is too convenient an avoidance.

The bigger the sin, the faster the reincarnation process takes place.

And and....

'Isn't this the end?'

The song doesn't end. Similar notes were repeated and continued naturally, as if there were two verses.

Even though it ended up being shorter than a typical song, it was definitely longer than I originally thought.

The fact that there is a second verse means that there are more lyrics after it... Deon looked at the demon king.

"why?"

"...No, I heard you well."

"It was nothing."

The Demon King bowed playfully and elegantly, then turned around and put away his instruments.

A low voice, as if muttering, filled the space after an awkward silence for a moment.

"It seems like he's not interested in playing instruments, so I'll try teaching him a different type next time."

"...Is there no option to give up? Anyway, I have time to pursue hobbies..."

"I have."

"...."

"If you don't have it, you have to make it. You seem to be overconfident in yourself..."

That's right. The Demon King turns his body and narrows the distance, bending slightly to make eye level.

It seemed like he was staring at the bright red eyes, but then he disappeared between the curved eyes. He grinned and tapped my temple with his index finger.

“No matter how excellent your body is, if this part is damaged, it will be useless. “Even though he is a hero, his spirit is separate from his own.”

“....”

“I understand that you feel proud after becoming a hero, but don’t be too overconfident. “From what I can see, your mind is not in a very good condition right now.”

\*\*\*

I was finally free from the devil. It was a moment he had been waiting for, but Deon was not in a good mood. This was despite the fact that the Demon King let him go in a simple manner, contrary to his strangely persistent attitude as if he would not let go unless he learned something.

‘Is today just a day to be in a bad mood?’

Considering the incident that broke into the conference room, I think it can be said that this is the case.

Still, I can’t just be annoyed. Deon thought as he tried to cool his head as much as possible, since he would be the one to lose if he continued to expend his emotions.

‘...Let’s go back quickly.’

A familiar room, a space that can be seen as a kind of personal territory, gives a feeling of stability regardless of whether or not it is a place to rest.

So, it would be best to go back and lie down in bed. Even if I work, I have to do it in bed. Dan will nag you a bit, but you can just ignore it.

After diligently walking, I arrived at the room. And Deon was able to find a figure standing in front of the door.

“Ed.”

“Master Deon.”

The loyal adjutant bows his head and apologizes, saying he is sorry for not being able to come to collect him.

Was it just because that was on my mind that I was waiting here? Deon, who was looking at him silently, suddenly opened his mouth due to a sudden impulse.

It was an impulse that had nothing to do with Ed.

“There’s nothing to apologize for, just bring me a drink.”

“...yes?”

“a lot.”

“yes?”

“At least ten bottles.”

“...Wouldn’t it be better if you punished me? sorry. I offended Deon...”

“I said I have nothing to apologize for.”

You didn’t do anything wrong.

The eyes shake with confusion, shock and doubt. It may have seemed pitiful to the faint-hearted, but Deon completely ignored it.

I didn't get an answer, but since I said this, I'm sure he will get it on his own. I passed him and opened the door. My eyes met something.

'...No, since I don't have eyes, it's a bit hard to say 'eyes met'.'

Juicy fluid.

The monster cried softly as if asking what it was doing standing there. Deon closed the door and went inside, as if he had been in a daze for some time. A complex gaze was directed at the monster plant.

"...I forgot about it for a moment."

"What?"

Looks like you had a lot of work to do today.

I told Dan to get this guy. I ordered it myself and completely forgot about it. Still, it worked because Dan did what he asked.

I belatedly moved my feet and approached the flower pot placed in a familiar location. As it got closer, the flower bud that was facing this way opened slightly, then shrunk, and let out a cry. The leaves shook as if in greeting.

Deon smiled faintly.

"Okay, hi."

"Yuck."



A strange plant that originated from the same type of flower as the flower on the previous window that would not die easily.

As expected, I have no choice but to cling to the remnants of someone else's something for the rest of my life. I swallowed the bitter feeling and reached out my hand to touch the bud.

"From now on, this is your seat. "Please be quiet."

"Pfft."

Are plants originally derived from flowers in the human world gentle in nature? Or that he is particularly friendly to humans... I turned around, leaving my meaningless thoughts behind.

The Dan that sneaked in was standing there naturally, as if it had been there from the beginning.

"Where have you been..."

"It looks like you really like that plant. "Did you give it a name?"

"..."

"You didn't even give me a name?"

"...What's your name?"

I know I'm going to change my mind, but I'm thinking of letting it go for now. Deon, narrowing his eyes, turned his head and answered.

If I had to think about it, my attitude when I accepted the Demon King's proposal at the meeting was suspicious, so it

probably had something to do with it.

This is what happens in the demon world. If the demons were focusing their eyes and ears on this area, they would immediately cut off the screen transmission and slit the guy's head as soon as they caused damage to the demon world. Dan probably doesn't know that fact, so he won't have any bad accidents.

'He's not an idiot. I wonder if he's going to stab me in the back 'in the demon world'.'

A soft laugh was heard, whether he was aware of this thought or not.

"You are so heartless."

"Yuck!"

"shut up."

Previously, plants also did not have names, so why do we need to give them names now?

Irritatedly, I took off my outerwear and sat down on the bed.

Dan, who cleverly caught the coat flying towards me, folded it neatly and draped it over his arm, then stopped and turned his head.

"...Strangely, I kept hearing a cold breeze coming in...."

Where his gaze landed, there was a window that was wide open, letting the cold air in.

"Aren't you cold?"

"Not really."

“Still, it would be better if you keep it closed. “The room is too cold.”

Before Deon can say anything, Dan approaches the window and extends his hand. However, he was unable to achieve his goal as a green stalk suddenly popped out from the side and hit his hand away, and he had to bite himself in surprise.

I heard everyone laughing as if they were watching.

“good job.”

“Yuck!”

“master...?”

Deon, who came closer, returned holding the flower pot and sat down on the bed again. His index finger tapped the flower bud as if praising him.

“Just leave it open. “Because the smell gives me a headache.”

“The smell... are you talking about? “It doesn’t smell like anything...”

“It’s just something like that.”

It contained an expression of incomprehensibility as the red eyes looked around the room filled with blood.

“The time has come...”

“...?”

smart.

“This is Ed, Deon.”

“That’s right. come in.”

The door opened and something that wasn’t Ed came in. Deon fell silent as he spotted a cart full of liquor bottles. I felt Dan’s narrowed eyes next to me, but I pretended not to notice and looked away.

...I thought they would roughly put it somewhere and bring it, but I never thought they would bring it on a cart. I said I should bring a lot, and I brought a lot.

Deon, who was looking blankly at the bottles being placed on the table one by one, muttered softly.

“I don’t think it’ll all fit on the table...”

“I’ll put the rest on the floor.”

“Uh... okay... thank you for your hard work...”

Hands wearing white gloves busily carry the bottle onto the table. Deon, who had just barely regained his composure after watching the scene for a long time, belatedly looked at his hand and opened his mouth.

“You didn’t take off your gloves?”

Hands wearing pure white gloves.

Rumors spread that Deon was embracing the demons as they are, so everyone stopped pretending to be human, but why aren’t they taking off their gloves, which must be frustrating?

Ed, shocked, curled his fingertips.

“yes...? Yes that’s right. If there is any problem....”

“No. That’s not true, other demons have stopped hiding their differences from humans in front of me.”

“Oh, I know. I thought about that too, but it has become a habit and I feel empty without it, and since I received the gloves as a gift, I decided to just keep wearing them.”

“...gift?”

“yes.”

Ed smiled faintly.

“It’s a gift from Deon.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 216**

216. Hatred is like a forest fire (7), so

it was a gift given without thinking. I was just given something that was roughly what I had, driven by the atmosphere of the time, but I can't believe he kept it just because it was a gift I gave him.

"That's right..."

A blurry voice speaks slowly.

Deon Hardt probably doesn't know what kind of expression I'm making right now. If I had known, I wouldn't have shown such a strange expression. Dan was sure.

"Thank you."

"...."

"Good job. "Just leave now."

"Still to clean up...."

"You can leave the cart behind. "I'll call you again later, so get out."

Ed, who hesitated several times, could not resist the unspoken urging and left after leaving a polite greeting.

After seeing that the door was closed, Dan turned his head and looked at Deon again.

He appears to be lost in thought, fiddling with a strange plant in a flower pot.

However, Dan frowned slightly as his expression that he had not yet adjusted was clearly visible in his eyes, and then he opened his mouth in a playful way.

“You told me not to get attached to you, but what if you end up getting attached to me?”

“...what?”

“I don’t know how I should accept this situation...”

Dan shakes his head excitedly with a mischievous smile on his lips. Deon frowned.

“What kind of bullshit is that now?”

“Well, I thought you would definitely deny it. “It doesn’t matter what you say, but before that, please improve your facial expressions.”

“...what do you think of my expression?”

“It’s not like he’s showing affection, but he looks a little shaken?”

“....”

“You looked like you were being eaten by guilt mixed with all kinds of emotions.”

“...under.”

It's funny.

Without bothering to answer, I stood up with the monster in my arms. I walk over and put the flower pot down by the window, as if kicking away the blood that has accumulated to below the ankle bone.

It seemed like he knew how to read the mood, so instead of crying, he quietly raised his head, looked at me, turned around, and smiled proudly.

"No way."

"...."

"It looks like your eye is finally sprained."

Bright moonlight pours down over your head. The red eyes, completely obscured by backlight, glowed eerily in the shadows.

Dan, who was about to retort, suddenly shuts his mouth, and Deon, who did not miss the opportunity, naturally intercepts the right to speak. A topic that had nothing to do with the previous conversation came up.

"What is your current influence at the top? Are you maintaining it well?"

"...On the contrary, it grew bigger and did not shrink. In the first place, the biggest obstacle was only the top of the low-fell. "Other top companies are trying hard not to get on our nerves."

"I should be thankful to Stigma senior."

"...."



Even though there was no clear evidence yet, it was a remark that confirmed that the person who exterminated the Rowfel family was Stigma Primiro.

Dan was silent again, and Deon walked slowly to the table. He picks up one of the liquor bottles that were piled on the table and blows off the neck of the bottle with the blade of his hand. Dan's mouth opened dumbly at the extreme action.

"No, here's the tool to open the bottle..."

"It's easier this way."

"And what are you going to do if you get hurt? Wait, are you just going to drink it with your mouth? Then I got a cut in my mouth."

"It's okay because you're a hero."

"It is not a good habit to use your body carelessly."

"The nagging has increased."

As if he genuinely cares.

Deon drank from the entire bottle and smiled. Dan's expression hardened.

He pursed his lips a few times before closing his mouth. His jaw muscles tensed for a moment as if he was clenching his teeth, but then let go.

A slightly weakened voice was heard.

"Since we are attending the Master, we have no choice but to improve. Even before you became a hero, you always

made people's hearts flutter. "You said that if you die, you can't even guarantee my life."

What was the situation like right before awakening as a warrior? Didn't he get caught in an explosion and almost die? As a result, even though I know that he has become a hero, I seem to be overprotective.

Despite being aware of this situation, Dan chose to push forward shamelessly rather than retreat. If I step back from here, my white and red master will really take care of my body. It would be better to catch it now.

So even now, there is a nagging feeling telling me to be careful. However, how much will the nagging of someone you don't trust affect you? Deon brushed it off with a shrug of his shoulders and changed the topic.

"If you stand in front of the screen, everyone will know who you are."

"...."

Instead of answering, a dissatisfied expression came back.

Deon, who quenched his throat with alcohol again as if he didn't care about the lack of response, continued speaking. His remarks were closer to a mumble to organize his thoughts rather than a conversation.

"When the face appears, people who know the name will appear, and when people who know the name appear, the information will be connected to the top of your page. ... No, I think people with some information in the human world already know. "I might send troops to the top the moment your face appears on the screen without any need for investigation."

“...It is time to withdraw from the human world.”

“That’s right.”

It was time to slowly step away.

Deon poured a new bottle and held it out to Dan. The eyes were pleasantly curved.

“Prepare to withdraw from the human world. “To completely fall in love... 20 minutes before you appear on screen.”

You should not withdraw too quickly or too late.

If we withdraw quickly, some quick-witted leaders will understand the situation and prepare in advance.

Those who have completely shaken off everything related to Deonhardt would not know that there is a connection between ‘Dan’ and ‘Deonhardt’. Den Sangang had already received permission to distribute military supplies in the name of Deon Hardt once, so it would be rather strange not to know.

The Dan Sangang, which has a history of using Deon Hardt’s name, and its owners Dan and Deon Hardt.

Even if they weren’t, they would have been keeping a close eye on them, but the top that was growing in size in the human world and making a lot of money suddenly withdraws? Since there is no reason to give up future gains and retreat, you will probably think of the connection with Deon Hardt.

Being related to Deonhardt also means being related to the demon world. Of course, many assumptions will come to

mind, and among them, there will also be a candidate called 'screen'.

'Things like last time shouldn't happen.'

Deon frowned as he remembered the man who had arbitrarily barged in and retorted.

'If you're late, the group that was withdrawing will be caught and robbed, so of course it's not possible and it's best to withdraw 20-30 minutes early.'

Deon, who was organizing his thoughts, suddenly felt his hands becoming lighter and looked at Dan.

Dan, who took the glass, was smiling with an emotion that was hard to read.

"I'm sure I'll receive quite a bit of resentment."

"It's the fault of those who knew it was dangerous and just ignored it."

Even though they knew that Den Sangang was related to Deon Hardt, the leaders of each country ignored it.

Before he even turned to the demon world, the top had already grown to a certain extent.

War is rampant. The upper level also plays an important role in supply, so it would not have been easy to take them down. In particular, in a situation where the game of war had completely changed and the enemy had become the Demon Realm, it would have been even better because Dan Danang was the only one who could perseverely carry supplies through the fearsome demons.

‘There is an implicit rule that wars in the human world do not touch the top, but there is no way the demon world will keep that.’

There is a limit to our own supply, so we have no choice but to rely on the Dan Merchants, who are under the protection of Deonhardt, even though it hurts our pride.

Deon put down the empty bottle. Red eyes looked directly at the man in front of him.

“Or are you even afraid now?”

Are you afraid of having your face and name exposed to everyone and being shamed as another traitor to humanity?

Dan makes eye contact as if understanding his intentions. Deon continued without averting his eyes.

“Even so, I understand. “I made the recommendation on my own, so maybe you weren’t ready.”

“....”

I asked sarcastically, but I don’t plan on reprimanding him even if the answer is yes. Because receiving the hostility of countless people all at once is more suffocating than I had prepared for.

How many curses did I hear on the way between the mansion and my brother’s grave in the human world? It might have been more than just a simple curse, but it contained blatant, deep hostility and murderous intent that could not be easily ignored.

A razor-blue curse dripping with bloody tears uttered by those who lost their loved ones at the hands of demons in

war.

Yes, it was a curse.

Deon reached for a new bottle, thinking that if he had not had a goal to achieve or if he had taken on the task with half-hearted determination, he might have been defeated by the curse strangling his throat and taken his own life.

“...But you are the one who accepted it. “You can’t give it up now, so it’s better to make proper preparations now.”

The neck of a new liquor bottle is blown cleanly away by the blade of a hand. Dan, who was watching this, grinned.

“Are you afraid?”

“....”

“Is that possible? “This is what the Master also did.”

Even if you are afraid, there is no way you can say it out loud.

Not only does saying it out loud won’t change anything, but there’s no way a master can whine about something he did without saying a word because he’s afraid of his subordinates.

Even the fact that I instigated it played a part in why things came to this point. In such a situation, Dan was not so conscienceless as to complain or try to back out.

“We will prepare without making any mistakes.”

“...okay.”

Deon poured alcohol down his gullet again.

I hear muttering that doesn't sound like I'm drunk at all. Dan, who was tipping his glass at the small but clear voice, looked at Deon.

"Did I say that my hatred is like a forest fire..."

"...?"

"That's what the witch doctor said back then."

[For you, hatred is like a forest fire. It may not be a big deal at first, but at some point it will rapidly grow in size and eventually engulf everything.]

"You were probably there too. "I don't know if you heard."

After that remark, he said this to Dan, who was hiding nearby and following him.

[And that child is close to an explosive that will explode at some point.]

[When an explosive explodes, a fire occurs. Conversely, when a fire occurs, an explosive explodes. Because of that, I hoped to avoid encountering that child as much as possible, but...]

Then, as if he remembered, Dan let out an exclamation of 'Ah'. Deon sat crookedly on the chair in front of the table and twirled the bottle.

A dry voice came out.

"It would have been better if that person had said it a little more explicitly at that time."

"...."

If that were the case, wouldn't I have been able to blame Cruel?

I unconsciously asked myself a question. The answer came quickly. no.

If I had told him not to blame my brother, he would have stabbed me in anger and said that there would be some misunderstanding, and if I had told him that there would be some misunderstanding, he would have not believed me and expressed his anger. If I had said I would regret it, I would have ended up bursting out in emotion. The shaman's words were for the best.

If I hadn't said it out loud, I would have gotten hurt.

As if it has no intention of protecting its own sanity, the brain does not give good answers even to 'what if' assumptions. Deon finally let out a laugh.

"Actually, I know. At that time, I would have been angry no matter what I heard in defense of Cruel. "I would have continued to blame my brother, dismissing it as the nonsense of someone who reveres superstition."

The hatred that was once simply directed at the family is now growing like wildfire, unable to control its size, and is trying to engulf the world. It's a situation where I can't guarantee how far it will go.

If Cruel had been alive, it wouldn't have ended up like this. Even if he had found out the truth and tried to drive me crazy, he would have either calmed me down or suppressed me and prevented me from going on a rampage.

The possibility that it could not have been prevented was not taken into account. Whether he used coercive or



moderate methods, I would have listened to him. Now that I know the truth, I am a complete perpetrator of Cruel and a sinner.

“...Master.”

Dan, who had been listening quietly, opened his mouth.

“You seem so kind.”

“...what?”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 217**

217. Hatred is like a forest fire (8)

Deon slightly opened his mouth as if it was absurd.

“This is only about the Master’s nature, excluding the current situation.”

“No... no matter what... I don’t think he’s kind.”

“well. Usually, families that can avoid responsibility by blaming others naturally end up blaming others. The heavier it is, the more it increases. “It’s so painful to blame yourself.”

“ .... ”

“I think it can be seen as a kind of self-protection instinct.”

Deon’s mouth fell shut.

Dan, who lightly moistened his mouth with the glass in his hand, spoke slowly.

“Nevertheless, the Master chose to blame himself instead of blaming others. Even though it was more of a passing relationship rather than a deep friendship. “If this isn’t good, what is?”

“...That should be seen as an objective judgment rather than a good thing.”

“Do you think you blame innocent others because you don’t know how to judge others objectively? “Everyone does this even though they know it’s not true.”

I put down the glass that still clinked a little.

Before he knew it, Dan had put down the empty bottle and lightly grabbed Deon’s wrist as he reached for a new bottle, stopping him and placing the bottle he opened in the normal way in front of him.

Deon glanced at him, picked up the finely opened bottle, and said.

“I put countless lives at risk for my own personal purposes.”

“I know.”

“And yet, without even knowing the subject, you are directing your gaze of resentment towards another being.”

“I know that too.”

“When we destroy the empire...”

“I know that too. When did I say that a master does not blame others?”

Why are you so stubbornly denying something that you can just move on from?

Dan poured all the liquid remaining in the glass into his mouth and filled the glass again.

“The former master said that instead of blaming others, he chose to blame himself.”

“That’s it. Even so in the case of the shaman, seeing my attitude towards the duke and the emperor, what were you thinking when you said that...”

“Is that so? Then let me correct it. “The Master chose to blame himself before blaming others.”

“ ....”

“If I had blamed others instead of blaming myself in the first place, I wouldn’t have said those kinds of words.”

“but.”

“master.”

In the first place, I didn’t say this to start an argument.

Since it was just a casual remark, it would be better to get it over with quickly, so Dan opened his mouth without dragging it on.

“Who is the most resentful and hateful being in the world?”

“ ....”

Deon stiffened, as if speechless. Dan raised his glass with an expression that seemed like he expected that to happen.

“That’s why it is like that.”

The way I see it, you just became like that because you had overflowing feelings for yourself.

He may claim that he blames others in order to survive because he felt like he was going to kill himself, but that's just because he was blaming himself and the emotions that overflowed from resentment and were aimed at others.

Given the magnitude of the overflow, you feel a strange emotion because you can see the magnitude of the emotions you must be feeling and the good nature that would not have been able to easily aim negative emotions at others if you had grown up normally.

As the time we spent together became longer.

Dan was also aware of Deon.

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I can't refuse Deon's orders, so I'm moving to bring him plenty of alcohol, but that doesn't mean I feel safe.

No matter how much Deon has changed, has even his drinking changed?

Since you have become a warrior, it is questionable whether you can take it, but you cannot ignore the possibility that it is just one chance. If the drunkenness really spreads, the Devil's Castle will be overturned again.

So Ed chose to go to the Demon King and report before bringing alcohol to Deonhardt.

[Oh, it's okay.]

I got the answer.

[Deon's drunkenness was caused by his time being frozen in the past.]

[The past... you mean?]

[Yes.]

The eight-year war.

The Demon King, who swallowed hard, grinned to reassure himself. Ed was startled when he saw the devil's smile, but he didn't care.

[I am living in the present now, so there will be no problem.]

Deon Hardt shared his memories from the Eight Years' War. Since then, I have been avoiding uncomfortable truths and situations by distinguishing between what I can and cannot remember and passing them on to my subconscious, which means that my mind has not had a chance to grow.

Memory separation implemented to survive on the battlefield. Memories that have not merged even though the war is over. A time when I was stuck in the situation at the time without being able to grow.

It is not for nothing that drunkenness seeks out enemies. The time when Deon Hardt separated his memories was during the eight year war when he was desperate for survival.

To be exact, it had not been that long since he had entered the 8-year war and he had just devised the 'cruel method of combat.'

'Obsessed with the enemy and obsessed with blood... I wasn't used to it yet, so I couldn't control the 'degree' properly and went on a bit of an extreme rampage.'

Now that my memories are merging and my mind is growing again in time, there is no problem.

[In the first place, there is no way for a hero who is immune to poison to get drunk on alcohol or something like that.]

[Ah...]

There are a lot of things I don't understand, but I do know that he won't get into that scary drunken state.

It looks like you omitted it on purpose, but if that were the case, you wouldn't have been able to answer if I asked. Ed, satisfied with just getting a confirmation, nodded obediently and walked away.

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As expected, Deon Hardt was not drunk.

Dan mutters, 'As expected of a hero...' Deon looked irritated and poured some of the liquid left in the bottle into his mouth. This makes six bottles.

Nevertheless, let alone getting drunk, I didn't even feel drunk, so in the end I got really annoyed and took out a cigarette. Dan lit the fire familiarly.

"Are you not going to eat any more?"

"Even if you drink it, you won't get drunk. "It's not like your memory is interrupted, but you should feel moderately intoxicated."

The good news is that the drug in the form of a cigarette is effective as long as you smoke it. Perhaps because the drug

remains in the lungs, the effect may remain for a while even after the cigarette is extinguished.

Deon, who was staring blankly at the liquor bottle on the table with a cigarette in his mouth, came to his senses only when the end of the burned butt dropped ashes.

No, he seemed not to have fully come to his senses yet, and muttered softly as he caught the falling ash with his palm.

“Originally, after the top tier withdrew from the human world, we tried to advance into the demon world...” “

....”

“It seems like the only thing we can gain is money.”

There is no need as the money is already overflowing.

What’s important is whether or not he can have a beneficial influence on this side at a critical moment... To be honest, I think the possibility is very slim.

It’s not because I think it would be difficult to grow the top. Since there are four cities with strong characteristics, they will be able to quickly grow in size if the top tier just moves back and forth and acts as a bridge. If you focus your troops on the reason that the monsters on the road that are bothersome need to be eliminated anyway, they will be eliminated quickly.

However, I don’t think there will be any use for it even if it gets that big. Deon, who was unable to find any useful use for his efforts, chose to give up.

“Well, if you think about it seriously, you might come up with something useful, but there’s no need to be cautious



by making unnecessary moves when you hear something like that..." Damn

vampire.

Deon narrowed his eyes in annoyance, put out the almost burned butt in his throat, and took out a new cigarette.

"...I have no choice but to be self-respecting for the time being."

Words don't even have a form, but they leave a residue deeper than anyone else's.

The vampire's remarks today must have had an impact, knowingly or unknowingly, on those who heard her. Even though I swear from the front that it can't be like that, from behind I'll be following Deon Hardt's movements with my eyes without even realizing it.

"Master is really..."

The fire approached right in front of us.

When I looked up, I made eye contact with Dan. He said with a smile.

"It's a disaster."

I had expected this since I was wary of the demons... but I never thought they would really have the demon world in mind as well. A small expression of admiration flashed across Dan's face.

Dan noticed from Deon Hardt's previous remarks that he was defining the Demon King's army as the enemy.

It's just a rumor, but haven't you considered allowing the top to advance into the demon world? To try something similar to what we did in the human world!

'From his perspective, this place is in the middle of enemy territory.'

It's so cruel to think like that here. I laughed.

Deon, who was holding a lit cigarette, burst into laughter as if laughter was contagious.

"It just so happened to be like that."

"Haha..."

Speaking of disaster, I am reminded of what the shaman said when I met him.

They called me an explosive that would explode one day. Dan tilted his head.

"...what?"

"No, it's just..."

At that time, Dan heard the shaman's words reciting the intertwined fates of me and Deonhardt, and I still remember them. Therefore, he glanced at Deon once again and muttered a question without realizing it.

"Did our relationship explode because the fire started, or did the fire start because the explosive exploded?"

"I don't know. Still, I am convinced that by the time I met the shaman and heard what he said, it had already happened."

“If it was already after the explosion, it means we met before that... The only time we met before that was during the 8-year war... our first meeting...” “

Yes. at that time.”

From their first meeting, young Deon learned from Dan that hemoptysis must be hidden.

To be precise, you can survive only if you don't look easy. A simple but important realization led to the expansion of territory, inventing combat methods, and separating memories. It would be safe to say that it starts with Dan's advice.

‘Thanks to you, I survived...’

The first thing I said when I saw my face was ‘Get out of here’ with a threat asking if you wanted to die, I guess?

When word came back that I had a foul mouth, I cursed as much as I could, saying that I would show them what true foul language is.

Dan's expression was strange, and he must have remembered that time. Deon hesitated for a moment in the past, which was quite embarrassing at the moment, and naturally opened his mouth as if he had never done that before.

“If it weren't for your advice, I wouldn't have lasted long and died. “For that, I am grateful.”

“ .... ”

“Anyway.”

I put out my cigarette again and got up from my seat.

“Clean up all the remaining alcohol and put it in the cart.”

“Are you trying to return it?”

“If it’s an item, it’s kind of edible, so it’s a bit strange to return it because it’s leftover. “They won’t even try to take it.”

“Then...”

“Follow me.”

Deon, who had helped Dan move several intact liquor bottles onto the cart, turned his back.

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The place he was heading to was the lodgings of the Lofty Knights.

Dan, who had been silently following Deon’s steps, paused for a moment at the lodgings in front of him. The eyes that showed the back going inside without hesitation shook slightly.

‘Why...’

I thought I wouldn’t find them at least today.

I know what he was thinking when he came here. However...

I heard Deon’s voice.

“It’s quiet. “That’s not the answer.”

“...It might be at the training ground. “Because we were always gathered there.”

“no. “I looked when I was in the room and there was no one there.”

When did you check that again? I sighed and blinked slowly.

It is obvious when you look at the quiet place that should be noisy. He must have been away as I said. It would be suspicious to anyone if not just one or two, but almost half of the people who had nowhere else to go suddenly left.

‘I’ll get caught.’

I guess I have to be prepared to get scolded. The steps were heavy and filled with resignation.

It was then that I heard a voice.

“What, Captain...?”

A Templar member who spotted Deon confidently crossing the hallway stopped in place and rubbed his eyes.

The guy blinked blankly for a moment at the sight of Deon, who was clearly visible even after removing any possible foreign matter from his eyes. As if he understood the situation, he jumped up on the spot and shouted.

“He’s a real leader!”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 218**

218. Adjutant Attendance (1)

“What? “The captain has come?!”

Suddenly. thud! Doors opened everywhere and crazy dogs came out.

One, two... Dan, who had been counting the number of people with resignation, opened his eyes wide as he checked the number of people who kept coming out.

‘The number... is the same?’

According to the original plan, nearly half of the seats should be empty.

Although I was confused for a moment, I quickly grasped the situation.

‘...You didn’t follow what I said.’

I’m glad I didn’t get caught, but I don’t feel very good.

With a complicated mind, I watch the Lofty Knights surrounding Deon Hardt from a few steps away, when Kletter passes by and taps him on the shoulder as if to cheer him up. It was a passing movement that did not stay by his side for even a moment, let alone a conversation, but

Dan could clearly hear the words spoken in a low voice, like a whisper.

“I just felt something, so I’m just there, so feel free.”

Milan, who was running towards Deon Hardt, also left a comment as he passed by him.

“For some reason, I felt like the captain would come today.  
“Everyone felt that way, including me.”

Huh.... This time I was at a loss for words due to a different meaning.

I hit this with pure instinct... What kind of animal sense is this?

‘Is this what happens to everyone who falls on the battlefield?’

As Dan was getting his misconceptions into his head, Deon, who glanced at Dan from among the crazy dogs who were eagerly welcoming him, asking why he had come to this squalid place, opened his mouth.

“I have something to give you.”

“yes? “Is it a gift?”

“It’s not a gift.”

“A gift from the captain?!”

“Wow!”

“ .... ”

Okay, let’s call it a gift....

Deon, who wisely minimized his stress by giving up quickly, pointed to the cart pushed by Dan behind him.

“Everything over there is yours.”

“Wow, all that alcohol is ours?”

“okay.”

He roughly shrugs his shoulders. Dan’s eyes became strange as he looked back and forth between Deon’s attitude and the Lofty Knights who were shining their eyes at him.

This atmosphere feels somewhat familiar... Have I seen it somewhere before?

When did it happen?...

‘Ah, when I threw leftovers at the wild dogs.’

I think that was the attitude of the woman who was throwing leftover food to the wild dogs in the valley. The attitude of the wild dogs that got used to it was similar to now.

‘Well, it looks like the people in charge have no idea.’

It’s not a problem; it’s okay as long as they like it.

I brushed aside the thoughts that came to mind and calmly covered my ears to protect my eardrums from the cheers that immediately erupted.

The sound was so loud that I could hear it even though I covered my ears.

“Waaaaaaa!”



“Even if I didn’t, my mind was so confused that I wanted to drink! Long live the captain!”

“Top-trend!”

“...for a moment.”

Deon, who was quietly listening to the cries of the mad dogs, raised one eyebrow.

Regardless of whether it’s the damn ‘de-se’ or ‘dae-se’.

“Your head is complicated? Has there been anything that bothered you recently? “I never asked you to do anything.”

“Huh.”

The member who had spoken without thinking quickly covered his mouth. But it was already too late.

As soon as he covers his mouth, numerous hands reach out from behind his back and grab him, dragging him through the crowd. His figure disappeared from Deon’s sight, and soon a dull sound and suppressed screams rang out through the town. Even that was soon buried in exaggerated laughter.

Milan took a step forward to catch Deon’s gaze and stuttered, letting out that awkward smile again.

“Haha, so... I was tired and wanted a drink!”

“That too. “I don’t remember making you do any work, so why would you be tired?”

“Uh... that’s...”

Milan, who was rolling his eyes, glanced over Deon's shoulder.

Dan raises his index finger in front of his lips and then straightens his middle finger as well, twisting his wrist to show the back of his hand. Milan, who sensed with his animal sense that this was the way out, walked up to Deon and took a deep breath.

Deon, startled, tried to step back, but he grabbed hold of him and wouldn't let go.

"...what?"

"As expected..."

It smells like medicine.

Rather than being relieved that a crisis had been avoided, I was more worried. Milan unconsciously narrowed his eyes and spoke in a lower voice.

"Did you take medicine again, Captain?"

"What? approximately?! Is that true?"

"...."

There is no specific answer, but that is enough.

The knights who read the affirmation in the silence began to run wild.

It was an instant before the topic from before was completely forgotten and buried under the continuous rain of nagging voices and candy being shoved into my mouth.

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Even when the day to show the screen was set, Dan maintained a calm attitude as each day passed.

Corps commanders he occasionally encountered while passing through the hallways glanced at him and expressed their own admiration as they passed by, and even when Deon Hardt gave him a compliment that was not a compliment, saying he was calmer than expected, he only smiled faintly and his basic attitude did not change.

Although the intention was completely different.

As time passed by helplessly, I was shaken by emotions that invaded my senses several times.

After all, he is also human. Dan, who often traveled to the human world, knew very well how Deon Hart's name was treated in the human world.

Just by hearing it, he spits as if he is unlucky, easily mentions the name of the owner's death, and curses with bloody tears. The angry scream that seemed to be pouring out the soul of someone who lost a loved one was so terrifying. Deon Hardt. The sight of him crying while repeating that one name is no different from that of a madman.

Deonhardt, who was thrown by them, died in various ways under the three-chi tongue and was torn into thousands of pieces. If the name had a shape, it probably wouldn't have been able to maintain its original form.

Of course, because Deon Hardt was the first, the reaction may have been more intense.

However, as the situation is the same, the second one will also get quite a bit of response. I think it would take about

the third time for the reaction to be somewhat minimal. So, if I were to stand in front of the screen, it would be something similar to that.

Even though he knew that fact and felt something similar to worry or fear, Dan never changed his words. Not only could I not do that, I couldn't refuse in the first place.

'Because Deonhardt recommended it.'

Dan smiled bitterly as he adjusted his clothes.

Now that I have entered the conference hall, stood in front of the Demon King, and received a proposal from him, the situation can no longer be regarded as a simple recommendation from Deonhardt.

The fact that the Devil himself proposes something means that a meeting has been held in some form and a conclusion has been reached. In other words, this means that it was the result of the corps commanders becoming aware of this issue and expressing their own opinions. If you refuse here, you will be unintentionally insulting everyone in the room.

All the costs, including the resulting negative perception, would have gone to Deonhardt, the first recommender.

'Furthermore, it's funny that the person who encouraged this situation to step out.'

If you want to achieve what you want through something, you must also be prepared to pay a corresponding price.

It's enough for a child to struggle to get the benefit and avoid the cost. Isn't it so ugly for a grown adult to do that?

Therefore, despite his complex emotions, Dan tried to take advantage of the given situation instead of running away.

“Listen carefully.”

A white hand was placed on my shoulder.

Deon Hardt spoke with a more serious expression than when he stood in front of the screen and spoke in person, as if he was anxious.

“There’s nothing much you have to say. It will only last 30 seconds to 1 minute at most. “No matter how much you hesitate, it won’t take more than two minutes.”

“....”

“This is not incitement. Not even a speech. I’m just listing the facts. So, there’s no need to strain your shoulders.”

He presses his shoulder.

The weightless touch somehow made Dan smile, forgetting his nervousness, and slowly raised the corners of his mouth. Deon frowned when he saw that.

“That doesn’t mean you shouldn’t be nervous at all.”

“sorry.”

Even though he apologizes, the smile on his face does not disappear. Deon looked at him quietly, and instead of criticizing him further, he opened his mouth and added some advice.

“I think I’ll finish in the 30s if possible. Order of speech? Introduction? Forget everything. Just say the main point and leave. “Don’t give the other side time to interfere.”

“It seems you don’t have faith in me.”

“of course.”

From the moment he accepted the offer, I could see him thinking differently, so there was no way I could trust him.

I lowered my hand from my shoulder and pulled my collar. Deon opened his mouth, glaring piercingly at Dan’s face, which had lowered to his eye level. A low voice whispered as if warning.

“I don’t think you’ll do anything stupid, but I’ll warn you just in case.”

“....”

“Don’t act like a fool.”

“...Of course.”

The corners of Dan’s mouth rose smoothly.

Deon sighs and lets go of his relaxed smile, which is enough to relieve all the tension in the viewer. Dan calmly adjusted his wrinkled clothes.

Deon, who was watching this, stretched out his hand...

“Ah, Master. “I am grateful, but I will take care of the clothes.”

“....”

...and gathered it again.

A slightly nervous voice followed.

“I repeat, there are two things you need to say. “Deonhardt has become a hero, and the Demon King’s army also accepts humans other than Deonhardt.”

“Aren’t you worried too much?”

That’s not what Dan said. Deon turned his head.

I don’t know when I came closer, but I made eye contact with the demon king who was laughing nearby. Adjutant Ed, who was fidgeting a little away from him, was a bonus.

‘If the Demon King has come, I have to report it. What should I do if he does that?...’

After giving him a reprimanding look for a moment, Deon turned his head again at the voice of the Demon King. A light voice spread throughout the space, destroying the atmosphere that had been created.

“You will figure it out. is not it?”

“Yes that’s right.”

“...but.”

“Let’s sleep and leave it at that.”

The Demon King looked at Dan’s outfit and saw Deon. There was a smile in my eyes.

“I think you should start by improving the way you dress rather than Deon Dan, right? “My clothes are wrinkled.”

“...I trimmed it myself a while ago.”

“yes? You said you trimmed it yourself? Somehow... I dressed you up perfectly, but the clothes were wrinkled...!”

“....”

The Demon King quietly turned around.

Deon, who was quietly looking at the pitifully shaking shoulders, opened his mouth.

“Why are you putting up with it so unexpectedly? Just smile.”

“ha ha ha!!”

“....”

Should I have just told you to keep holding on?

Ed, who was watching, comes over and rearranges his clothes. Deon stood still and looked at the Demon King with a mischievous look in his eyes as he was touched here and there by his hands. Of course, the Demon King didn't care and just laughed.

It would be better to change the topic. I asked a question to him who was still smiling.

“You weren't really interested in this matter, were you? It'll be over soon anyway, so there's no need to come...”

“That's right. Honestly, I'm not interested. I told you, right? “I'm sure they'll figure it out.”

“Then why...”

“I remembered what I should teach next.”

The Demon King gently rolled his eyes.

“How about a picture?”



“...I think this is a topic that is very inconsistent with the current situation.”

“It doesn’t matter, right? “I don’t think I’m interested in musical instruments, so let’s learn drawing next.”

“....”

That’s what they said when they came all the way here. It’s so absurd that it makes no sense.

Although there was no answer, the Demon King seemed to take it as a positive and turned around, saying he would leave. Deon, who had been watching the back silently walk away just as he had arrived, turned his head and looked at Dan.

“Are you ready?”

A cool wind, unique to the demon world and unaffected by the seasons of the human world, blew.

Unlike Demon King Deon, which was held indoors, Dan’s speech was held outdoors. This was because the corps commanders who did not trust Dan wanted to watch directly from outside the screen to prepare for any unexpected situation.

A blatant expression of determination to deal with problems as soon as they arise.

Since I have to speak in front of people who are stronger and higher than me, I will inevitably be nervous no matter how short it may be.

Therefore, I tried to give more time if necessary.

“Both ‘listing of facts’ and ‘post-processing’ were perfectly prepared.”

Dan grinned.

# I'm Not That Kind of Talent

## Chapter 219

219. Adjutant Attendance (2)

“...Okay.”

If it's okay with you.

After roughly looking at Dan's outfit, Deon lowered his head and looked at his own outfit. There's no mirror, so I can't look at it properly, but the clothes Ed arranged look neat at first glance. I inadvertently raised my hand to touch the clothes, but under Dan's stinging gaze, I slowly twitched my finger and lowered it.

Someone might say that I am sensitive to just one thing: clothes. But Deon, Dan, and even the Demon Lord knew. The attire shown at official events has many meanings.

‘So you must have dressed me like this.’

Even though he did not say a word, let alone spoke, and only showed his face, he was dressed in a black uniform with gold embroidery. Considering that the clothes he usually wore when standing in official positions in the empire were white uniforms with gold thread embroidery, it can be said that this was an outfit with clear intentions.

For example, while nailing down the fact that Deonhardt is the Demon Lord's army, it also contains the intention of

provoking the Empire if we dig deeper into the human world.

In Dan's case, he wore very ordinary human clothes. It's not the luxurious clothes worn by nobles, but it's not shabby either, and it's neat, trustworthy, and appropriate.

Clothes that are too extravagant will make ordinary people feel distant, while clothes that are too shabby can be seen as a sign that the treatment received in the demon world is not good, so the middle line was probably chosen.

As I was just looking at the clothes with my eyes down, Ed spoke carefully.

"If you don't mind, I'll show you the mirror."

"No, it's okay. "You know I don't look in the mirror."

I didn't like mirrors before, but after Cruel died, I stopped looking at them at all, so I guess I know that well.

When I had just become a warrior, everyone I met had a strong reaction, so I took a look at it out of curiosity... but I was also disgusted.

I smiled roughly and waved my hand. I felt Dan's gaze, but I pretended not to notice and ignored it.

"master."

"So you're ready? "I think I'm ready, so let's get started right away."

"...As you wish."

I know it wasn't a call in that sense. Nevertheless, Deon pretended not to notice and walked over to sit on a chair a

little behind where Dan was standing.

As I sat up straight and looked around, I made eye contact with the corps commanders who were watching from a distance. I stared blankly at each person bowing, smiling, or waving, but then I turned my head back to its original position when I saw a sign approaching in this direction. Dan, who passed me and stood on the podium, was grinning in my direction.

He puts down a piece of paper on the table in front of him. Is it a speech? That's not to say it's just one or two pieces at first glance. It's funny that a speech is needed for a speech that won't last longer than 2 minutes at most, and it's a lot. What on earth?

Whether or not Deon gave him a questioning look, Dan slowly raised his head. The endless black night sky, devoid of any sense of reality, filled my field of vision.

However, it is really difficult to forget your sense of reality and remain absorbed. I slowly closed and opened my eyes to sort out my emotions.

...Now then.

"let's begin."

It's time to follow the owner into the abyss.

Dan puts his hand on the prepared magic stone. and.

A small light appeared a little distance away.

\*\*\*

The empire collapsed and the demonic invasion of the human world began in earnest.

The strongest defense wall of the human world must have collapsed. Contrary to expectations that they would be pushed helplessly by the powerful forces of the Demon King's army and completely wiped out like grains in the fall, I expressed admiration for the fact that they were still holding on.

Paul, the second leader of the revolutionary army, thought.

'In times like these, it is the general public who suffers.'

The higher-ups are too busy focusing on the war to take care of the people. We take care of the general public.

Otherwise, the Church of Salvation has collapsed and a very suspicious and bizarre religion called Demonism is expanding its territory at an alarming rate. It would be good to prevent that as well as inform about the revolutionary army.

It is about reaching out and grabbing public opinion, focusing on the status that is at the bottom but has the potential to be the largest. That will one day become a very powerful weapon.

'In order to do that, I have to cover that mouth first.'

Paul quietly stared at the screen floating in the air.

A man I had seen in the portrait posted with the report, who was unfamiliar but not a face I had never seen before, was showing his face on the screen.

I know who he is. He is the owner of the largest existing merchant in the human world and has ties to Deon Hart. The name was... Dan.

‘And the person sitting behind him...’

Paul, who inadvertently shifted his gaze, froze.

...Once you catch my eye, I can’t take my eyes off it. The beauty is so overwhelming that one wonders if it was created with a halo using instantaneous magic.

Although her beauty was clearly beyond his taste, Paul frowned at the ominous feeling that instantly ran down his spine. The other person’s name came out like a moan.

“...Deon Hart.”

With perfect timing, a man with white hair and red eyes smiles at the screen. As I was looking at his face as if fascinated, Dan opened his mouth with a simple greeting.

His opening words had quite ominous connotations.

– Everyone knows that heroes were born in the human world.

There’s no way you don’t know. Humanity, which is in crisis, is the only one who has hope.

But why is that mentioned by the author? From their perspective, it may not be a good topic to talk about.

– I’m sure many people are looking for a hero. People who claim to have some information power, including all levels of power, are probably doing their best to find it. But...

the man on the screen laughed.

The corners of his mouth turn up and a crooked smile appears on his face. Paul's expression hardened at the obvious ridicule.

- Isn't it strange?

He asks exaggeratedly, spreading his arms wide.

It looked like a play was taking place, but the sight drew attention again, and the gaze that seemed to be fixed on Deonhardt shifted again until the screen turned off.

- So much manpower has been mobilized to search, but why can't we find the hero yet?

ah.

I think I know the cause of the ominousness. I think I know why a man named Dan said that.

My fingertips are shaking slightly. Despair reared its head.

Deon Hardt sits on one side of the screen, showing off a beauty that is on a different level than before. And Dan brings up a story about a hero.

- Do not worry. Because they're not incompetent. It's natural that you can't find it. Because heroes do not exist in the human world.

Is heaven truly trying to abandon humanity?

Otherwise, how could...

- Deon Hart became a warrior.

How can you make a choice like this?



For a moment, the continent was immersed in heavy silence. Deon Hardt, on one side of the screen, crossed his legs and rested his chin on his elbows on his knees. A smiling figure with his eyes folded as if showing off was clearly transmitted on the screen.

Paul buried his face in his hands. The shock was so great that I didn't lose sight of him this time.

There was a hero in the demon world who was the devil's only opponent. This means that he was on the same side as the Demon King, sitting in the position of commander of the 0 Corps and general commander, and was aiming the weapon called the Demon King's Army at the human world. Is there any truth more cruel than this?

It wasn't until Dan's next statement that he came to his senses.

- Do you understand? In other words, it is only a matter of time before the Demon King's army devours the human world.

...Oh yeah. I see I was able to understand thanks to that statement.

This despair is what they intended. It will be just the groundwork for the next statement. We can't sway them to do what they want, so it's best to come to our senses quickly.

Didn't you prepare in advance for this moment?

- I'll say it again at this point.

"The state of readiness will remain the same."

“yes. “It’s perfect.”

“Connect as soon as I give you the signal.”

Do they really know?

That we were prepared in advance.

– The Demon World willingly accepts humans other than Deonhart. We guarantee your safety.

“...now.”

The small pores seen in despair will deceive many. It’s difficult to create a situation where you have to be wary of your allies when even if you stick together, it’s not enough.

At Paul’s signal, control of the screen was transferred to this side.

From now on, I am the representative of humans. My attitude represents the human world and influences public opinion of mankind, so be careful about managing your facial expressions. Even if you are anxious, don’t seem anxious. Even if you are despairing, don’t let anyone know.

The man, who had shed his boyishness and become a full-fledged young man, looked straight ahead with a proud face.

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Control of the screen was taken away.

From behind, you can hear Deon Hardt standing up. I could hear the corps commanders muttering.

He felt Deon's stinging gaze asking him to skip the introductory nonsense and just get to the point, but Dan calmly stared at the screen.

- How long will we have to repeat this meaningless conversation?

It's the guy from last time.

The man who dared to call Deon Hart a 'traitor to heaven who killed his own brother.'

By the third time, a new magic stone was immediately prepared, as if it had been prepared in advance. Instead of immediately opening a new screen, Dan looked at the man on the screen for a moment.

- Let me ask you this directly. What on earth should we trust and entrust our lives to in the demon world? It's the enemy. Even the races are different. The war between the human world and the demon world has never been concluded. This is different from wars between countries on the continent, which have resulted in countless decisions and have many precedents recorded in history.

There is no way to overcome the fear of a situation where a hero is on the devil's side.

Maybe that's why he chose to fight back. By stimulating fear of the unknown, the possibility of someone turning to the demon world is minimized.

- It is not a fight between human beings. It is a struggle between one race and another. The fate of our race is shaken by our one choice. Our lives and the future of humanity are at stake. If you make the wrong choice, there is no chance to go back.

The voice gradually gets louder. Only one voice rose as if piercing the sky.

– And the demon world willingly accepts humans? Yes, that could be possible. But can we dare to guarantee that there will be no discrimination?

Dan glanced at the new magic stone placed next to the existing magic stone.

...There's no need to step forward just yet. Let's wait a little longer. If you listen, that statement will come up at least once.

– If you answer yes, I want to laugh at you. There can be no discrimination! If there is anyone who was swayed by those words even for a moment, I would like to tell you. Since when have we been so naive as to believe such nonsense? Even within the same human race, big and small discrimination exists right now!

The guy clenches his fist and slams it on the table. Like a fish in water, he moved his tongue smoothly and raised his voice.

– We discriminate against each other based on our status, our capital, and our appearance, skin color, and all kinds of tendencies! If the same mankind is like this, what about the demons who are more evil and unstoppable than humans and follow the principle of the law of the fittest? Moreover, there is a clear difference in appearance between demons and humans!

There are no words about waiting, only words that are unfavorable to this side.

At this point, it would be better to induce it directly. Even so, Dan placed his hand on the magic stone as he was getting piercing stares from all directions urging him to hurry up and not turn on the screen.

Dan's screen appeared next to Paul's screen.

- I really want to ask. How long are you going to be trapped by narrow-minded views?

- ....

- Demons are evil? Since humans also discriminate among themselves, the demons will become even more so? Isn't that a view that views humans as too superior? Why do we view the tendencies of demons as being lower than those of humans, as if it were natural? On what basis?

For now... okay.

Dan laughed as he felt Deon's harsh gaze.

Let's take care of the situation first. I let too much be said.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 220**

220. Adjutant Attendance (3)

‘What on earth is your intention?’

Even though I clearly told him to finish it quickly to prevent the other person from interfering, he took his time. It was probably intentional. The result... as expected.

– We discriminate against each other based on our status, our capital, and our appearance, skin color, and all kinds of tendencies! If the same mankind is like this, what about the demons who are more evil and unstoppable than humans and follow the principle of the law of the fittest?

The man on the screen jumps like a fish out of water.

In the meantime, it is a bonus to achieve an additional purpose as a revolutionary army by naturally incorporating the ‘status system’ into the scope of ‘unfair discrimination’.

Deon, who was watching this, glared at the back of Dan’s head.

‘I didn’t just throw the main point and call it a day.’

What kind of situation is this now? Aren’t you just losing money without gaining anything?

If you thought that you made that decision just because you were afraid of the opponent's rebuttal, you would be greatly mistaken. Deon looked at various situations and calculated them.

This is already the third time the screen has popped up. This means that public opinion has been carefully swayed twice before.

'You'll get sick of it by the third time.'

This time, if only the shocking truth was thrown and turned off, the effect would have been enough.

Even if you put a lot of effort into saying something, it won't have much of an effect on people who are used to it. No, if anything, at this point, you might feel disgusted and repulsed. So that's what I said.

...Annoying.

It feels like the back of my head in front of me is tempting me to hit it.

It seemed like he was about to give in to the temptation, but for a moment, the screen hadn't turned on yet. The moment he decided to hit just one, perhaps out of survival instinct or simple luck, Dan placed his hand on the magic stone.

Another screen appeared in the sky.

\*\*\*

- Demons are evil? Since humans also discriminate among themselves, the demons will become even more so? Isn't that a view that views humans as too superior? Why do we

view the tendencies of demons as being lower than those of humans, as if it were natural? On what basis?

In the end, was their equality permitted only to mankind? Even in a revolutionary army, chauvinism seems inevitable.

A view that humans are better, humans are fairer, and humans are smarter. Dan criticized the arrogance of the other person who took this for granted.

The other person's voice slightly sped up as if he was embarrassed.

- We have words and records of the experiences our ancestors went through...

- Since they are enemies, it would be natural to define them as evil. You can see this just by looking at the history books of each kingdom. Allies are good and enemies are evil. It's not the first time you've come across this kind of black-and-white logic, and isn't it a bit difficult to be swayed by such words and records?

We must not stop here. For some reason, following the warning from the back of his head, Dan pushed ahead without stopping.

- Don't overvalue humans too much. Don't look down on other races. Put aside your prejudices and judge only with your own eyes.

- ....

- Now, how do you think the human Deonhardt is treated in the demon world?



I slowly turned around. A man with looks that would crush your taste clearly appeared on the screen.

Despite becoming the devil's archenemy, he still maintains the status of general commander and commander of the 0 Corps. Even if they didn't know it, the thought that they were being treated not bad was stuck in everyone's mind.

Dan spread his arms this time.

- How do you think I will be treated as a more ordinary human being?

Even though he looks like an extremely ordinary human being, he seems to be receiving decent treatment. At first glance, he has clothes that don't look bad, a good expression, and shiny skin.

There are more people who don't know about Dan and Deon Hardt's relationship than who know about it. This image probably influenced many people.

A rebuttal filled with a sense of crisis immediately followed, as if the other party knew it.

- Deonhardt is a human who suits the tastes of demons, and aren't you one of his subordinates? It deserves to be accepted without discrimination by demons.

...at last.

I got caught. The corner of Dan's mouth slightly rose.

- Deon Hart is a man who suits the tastes of demons... Is it because he killed his own brother, which you mentioned last time?

- That would also have had a significant impact.

Although the answer was vague and vague in its own way, in the end it was an answer that had a clear positive meaning. Dan laughed quietly.

I was planning on finishing it quickly, but a lot came back. Still, I'm glad that I've almost achieved my goal of being here. Let's finish it quickly.

I wiped my smile and raised my head.

- I understand the struggle to define Deonhardt as evil, but this must be done in moderation. What if I tell a lie?

- ...what.

- Who killed whom? Deon Hardt is the clear victim.

I heard a gasping sound behind me. Although he felt a stinging gaze in a different way, Dan did not turn around and glared at the light in front of him.

Mouths were opened and the truth that had been buried in silence due to conflicts of interest was revealed to the world.

- Cruel Hart was not killed by Deon Hart.

Dan moved to remove the top, while at the same time coaxing the Lofty Knights and sending them to the human world.

- Killed by Duke Stave Illuster.

It was all for this time.

Provide information to the revolutionary army so that they can prepare in advance and intervene at the right time.  
And...

the leader of the revolutionary army, who was silent for a moment, spoke.

- That's unbelievable. You picked the wrong person to put down. Do you know what kind of person he is remembered as in the human world?

- know. I know very well. A loyalist who remained in the collapsed imperial palace until the end and died while fighting against Deonhardt. Right? So it was really absurd.

- ....

- Garbage is garbage no matter how nicely it is packaged... It's hard to work hard even though you don't have any good feelings towards the Duke. Don't you know better what his personality is like? While being a revolutionary army.

- ...If you look at Cruel Hart's actions before his death, the last time he went out was with Deonhardt. If the circumstances were like this, would you still insist that it was a lie?

Finally, I change my mind. Dan picked up the paper on the table with an obvious sneer.

- I'm sorry you felt like I was insisting. I should have shown you the evidence first.

- What... is that?

- A document containing the fact that the Duke requested the murder of Cruel Hart and Deon Hart.

-...!

- To be exact, it says, 'Watch to see if Cruel Hart kills Deon Hart, and if he doesn't, kill him along with Deon Hart.' From this alone, you can guess the situation, right? This is truly cruel. Forcing his older brother to kill his younger brother?

How can a person like this be considered noble?

Dan, who was scoffing, suddenly noticed the quiet atmosphere and took a quick look around. The corps commanders, who were watching this direction with their mouths closed, came into view.

'...Yes, Cruel Hart is a subject of caution even for corps commanders.'

It's worth holding your breath because Deon Hart doesn't know what kind of expression he's making.

It's probably quiet in the human world as well. Dan waved the paper in front of the light as if to show off.

- The rest is proof that the Duke has been consistently requesting the murder of Deonhardt for a long time. This one time isn't everything.

- That...

- I'm telling you in advance because I thought you might ask me how I could believe that and whether it was a fabricated document, but I'm sure you've heard that recently, organizations mainly in charge of contract killings were completely destroyed in an attack by unknown people to the point where recovery was impossible. .

- ...no way.

- okay. It was all to obtain this evidence. Do you see the name and seal of the organization written on the document here? Anyone who knows will know. That this isn't fake.

This is another reason why the Lofty Knights were sent to the human world. To obtain evidence.

Some may ask why it had to be Lofty, but honestly, there was no other option.

The opponent is a contract killing organization. I can't send just anyone, I have to send people with a certain level of military power, but I don't have anyone like that under my command. So, the gaze that was scanning the surroundings eventually turned to the Lofty Knights playing noisily.

As they were simple people, it was not difficult to lure them.

[what? The captain is still being framed for his brother's death? How much time has passed since then!]

[Huh, were you just watching that?! You ungrateful bastard!]

[...So now I'm asking for your help to release it.]

[Ah.]

[Please let go of this collar.]

[Sorry.]

The atmosphere at the time was light, but Dan I get it. That they were really angry.

[Aren't you taking any medicine? I know that you use medicine when dealing with people like you.]

[No need.]

[Yes, I guess I don't need it.] Even though

I didn't take medicine, there were veins in the whites of my eyes. We have entered the so-called 'nothing to see' state.

And they really searched through all the contract killing organizations and robbed them, and they found the information and returned much faster than expected.

With this, it was possible to remove the uncommitted sins from Deonhardt's shoulders and hand them over to the real sinners. A reprimand arose from a corner of his mind, asking why he would go out of his way to do something while he was sitting still, but Dan just laughed it off.

'I thought so too.'

It was a pointless revenge, but Deonhardt took revenge himself anyway.

However, how can we remain silent when we see a movement to portray the duke's death as noble? Honestly, that crossed a line.

After investigating, the movements were similar to those at Salvation Church, so I wonder if it was done by the same person. It seems like they loved someone enough to even care about the image of a dead person.

However, there are countless restrictions on what we can do for love. It is faster to count things that are not subject to restrictions, so naturally, what the other person did was to be subject to restrictions.

'That went too far.'

So what should I do? I have no choice but to make him pay a heavy price so that he can never dream of doing something like that again.

Since he dared to fake the death of a criminal, it would be better to show the whole world the ugly evil he committed and have his reputation dragged into the mud.

- At that time, Deonhardt had no intention of killing Cruelhardt, and Cruelhardt wanted to protect Deonhardt from the Duke's demons.

- ....

- The situation that follows will be fully predictable. The Duke's men wanted to kill them both, but Cruel Hart sacrificed himself to save Deonhardt's life and escape. The place is... you know?

devildom.

Paul, who had been listening to Dan with his mouth closed, slowly opened his mouth. Although it was a little slow, his voice came out clearly and without hesitation, as if he had not forgotten his location and situation.

- Why is it a demon world? Deonhardt is a person under the protection of the former emperor, so he would have been protected if he had gone to the imperial palace.

Paul, who was about to conclude his conversation there, noticed Dan's eyes rolling with a sneer as if he was asking a serious question, and he belatedly added.

- ...If you were worried that the duke may have had his hand in your path, couldn't you have sent him to another kingdom for a while?

- No. Your perspective is completely off. Why don't you think about it from Cruel Hart's perspective?

This is Cruel Hart's position. Paul frowned slightly.

The explanation continued without any time to think.

- Since his death was certain, he probably wanted to send the person he wanted to protect to the safest place.

The method Paul mentioned was a short-term solution to the situation, so much so that it could be considered a temporary solution.

Cruel, who foresaw a future in which he would not be able to protect Deonhardt directly, would have looked as far away as possible.

- In that sense, the imperial palace cannot be viewed more broadly as an empire. Because the duke's magic will easily spread. Another kingdom? Yes, it's not bad, but in a situation where the war within the human world has just ended and the Empire cannot be easily trusted, can we really accept Deonhardt, the Empire's main force, without question? You can't ignore the possibility that they might capture you and interrogate you about your intentions. Maybe they will use this as an excuse to protest against the empire. Even if they had accepted it, they would have sent it back to the empire soon after because there was no way they could leave the empire's main forces alone in a situation where they were fighting a war with the demon world.

- ....

- So what else is left? There is nothing but the Demon World.



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 221**

221. Adjutant Attendance (4)

- ...That means.

When I came to my senses, I was caught in the act.

At first glance, the focus of the topic seems to be focused on the duke's evil deeds, but this should not be taken lightly considering what the other person will say next in a situation where the truth is nailed down. There will definitely be significant repercussions.

It's already too late to take a step back. In times like this, there is no choice but to change the topic and change the flow of the conversation... Paul, who had been listening quietly to ease the current situation, opened his mouth.

- Can we interpret this to mean that Cruel Hart knew Deon Hart's location in the demon world?

- no. I don't know. Maybe they sent it because they believed in Deon Hardt's skills.

- Definitely the safest place...

- Even if it is dangerous, is it more dangerous than the human world? Aren't easily visible risks better to deal with than political and subtle risks? Besides, you can't kill a duke

carelessly, but you can kill a monster or demon. Whether risk factors can be eliminated is also very important.

Dan had a relaxed smile on his face, as if it was funny.

I am the owner of the gambling house... no, the owner of the top. Is there any way that a modification like that would work?

Still, I wasn't happy about continuing the meaningless war of words, so I asked a question first to prevent them from asking me again about the same topic.

- Why are you not telling lies, and now you are trying to bite the deceased?

- ...You're the one biting the deceased right now, right?

- It would be difficult to equate this with that. I was just trying to clear the wrong person's name by revealing the truth, and what they were trying to do was to attack the deceased with an unconfirmed complaint.

The way he speaks becomes increasingly poor.

When Paul closed his mouth, Dan shrugged his shoulders proudly and spoke sharply to everyone watching the screen.

- To summarize, it means that the person who killed Cruel Hart was the Duke. If we interpret it a little further, we can say that the culprit behind Deonhardt going to the demon world was also the Duke.

I don't know who tried to raise the duke's image, but they were the ones who brought out the dead first. Therefore, the fact that the duke has been reduced to another object of

disgrace by everyone is also something they brought upon themselves.

Dan raised the corners of his mouth.

‘Did you say that digging up the grave of a person whose grave sins were revealed after death and decapitating the body was called a lieutenant?’

Since the names of the dead are being brought out and are being torn to shreds like this, this could also be said to be a lieutenant’s trial in a different sense.

‘Well, the duke is a criminal.’

I have no intention of writing to sinners. Especially if the victim is someone I know.

Dan, thinking of Deon watching from behind, calmly continued speaking.

– In other words, their claim that Deon Hart killed his own brother to suit the tastes of the demons is completely wrong.

In the end, the story went around again and returned to the initial topic.

As a result, the ‘reason why demons accepted Deonhardt’ that Paul claimed was broken into pieces. At the same time, the argument that ‘he accepted Dan because he was Deonhardt’s subordinate’ also lost its basis.

Humans who have observed this situation will think that the claim that ‘only humans related to Deonhardt are accepted’ has lost its force.

‘Wouldn’t we be accepted too?’

‘Can’t I trust it?’

‘The Demon World has always insisted that it accepts humans other than Deonhart, so you never know.’

In fact, it is true that Deonhardt killed the ‘family’.

So, I reduced the width of the break to ‘hyung’, but fortunately, it seems like they haven’t noticed yet. Well, I intentionally made it confusing, so it’s understandable that I’m going crazy.

Deonhardt’s name was framed and the duke’s reputation was tarnished.

At the same time, since Deon and the demons clearly insisted on what they wanted and created an atmosphere, it can be said that they got everything they wanted.

It’s a complete victory. Dan gave an evil laugh.

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“I would have said that I would just tell the truth.”

Deon said hesitantly.

“You just told the truth.”

Dan laughed.

Deon quietly looked at his face and let out a dull sigh. I definitely tried to scold him properly, but even if I couldn’t, I tried to hit him in the back of the head...

“...I did something useless.”

All that comes out is a light bruising.

This was the part that surprised me. I think this is an issue that deserves a long fight.

Instead of the fierce anger, a blunt voice came out.

“Do you think I stayed quiet because I didn’t know how to explain to someone?”

It’s not that I stayed quiet because I couldn’t find a way to clear my name.

If Deon had his way, he could have gathered evidence and somehow solved the problem the day he heard the rumor that was spread in the human world during the war of words with the revolutionary army. After that, there was plenty of time to resolve it.

Still, he stayed still.

Because I thought that the ultimate cause of Cruel’s death was myself.

‘If it weren’t for me, Cruel would have survived.’

If I hadn’t killed my family, if I hadn’t misunderstood, if I had tried to talk to Cruel even though it was too late... then he wouldn’t have died.

In other words, it is I who killed Cruel. So I stayed still. Perhaps it also contained some form of atonement.

“sorry.”

“...it’s okay.”

Dan ruined it all, but even so, a subtle, unidentifiable emotion takes precedence over anger or irritation. There Deon realized something.

‘...I guess I was more exhausted than I thought.’

So maybe I was waiting for someone to recognize me and solve this problem to relieve me of this burden.

Of course, realizing that fact won’t change anything.

In the end, I gave up scolding him and opened my mouth. There was no eye contact.

“Was it intentional that you dragged out the time with the introduction at the beginning? “To induce the revolutionary army to invade.”

“yes.”

“I couldn’t believe I was planning something like this...”

“I’m sorry.”

“I said it was done. Don’t apologize anymore. “Anyway, we finished it safely, so let’s just move on.”

If it had ended even a little badly, it wouldn’t have gone so smoothly.

Still, I have to check things out. I guess I’ve sorted out my emotions to some extent. I lifted my gaze from the guy’s chin and made eye contact.

“You wouldn’t have gotten the documents on your own. “I clearly said earlier that they were ‘unidentified people.’”

[You may have heard that recently, organizations mainly responsible for contract killings were completely destroyed by an attack by unknown people to the point where recovery was impossible.] Dan nodded

.

“Yes, the Knights of Lofty helped.”

“As expected...”

Then something seemed suspicious.

He said he had a headache and was tired... I tried to change his mind later, but it was so blatantly suspicious that I couldn't ignore it. Even so, I thought it wouldn't cause any harm to me, so I let it go.

Deon, remembering the suspicious reaction he saw when he stopped by the mad dogs' dormitory to bring them alcohol, laughed and took his foot away.

“Where are you going?”

“A place where wild dogs might be.”

“Probably at the training ground.”

Dan, who quickly realized that it was the Lofty Knights, quickly responded and followed them. As if the tension was relieved by the gently flowing air, my mind was coming up with pointless thoughts.

‘It has been upgraded from a crazy dog to a wild dog. Should I celebrate this?’

But isn't it too well tamed to be a wild dog?

No, to people other than the Master, they are like wild dogs...

"The top is..."

"Yes? "A wild dog?"

"what?"

"yes?"

"...."

Deon stopped quietly, curled his middle finger and thumb and placed them on Dan's forehead. Immediately after, bah! And I heard the sound of something breaking.

"Wake."

"...I think my soul will leave before my mind comes in..."

"It's okay. "I won't die."

I started walking again.

Facing the sound of footsteps following behind him, Deon recited what he had said a moment ago.

"Did the top come off in time?"

"I haven't confirmed it yet, but if it goes according to plan, it should have fallen in properly."

"Life doesn't always go as planned, so check it out as soon as possible."

"yes."



“And speaking of the second leader of the revolutionary army....”

It was a bit confusing at first, but now I understand.

Deon frowned as he remembered his youthful face on the screen, where he looked like he had just shed his boyishness and become a young man.

“I think it’s the guy I saw at Salvation Church.”

“Are you talking about Salvation Church?”

“okay. “I don’t know because you didn’t follow, but there was a boy who was taking care of the girl.”

At the time, I only saw it in passing, and it had grown so much that I didn’t notice it quickly, but seeing it a second time from an observer’s point of view, I think I’ll know for sure.

“The name of the current leader of the revolutionary army is...”

“Paul.”

“Yes, it was Paul.”

The name of the boy who infiltrated the Salvation Church and called out to the girl while talking to her was also Paul.

[Sia! What are you doing! I have to go!]

[Ah, Paul! I’m sorry, but I think I have to go.]

Deon chuckled, clearly recalling a fairly old memory.

“It’s a common name, but even the face is the same, so there’s no doubt about it.”

It’s a little surprising how he got to that point, but I’m not curious.

Rather than asking such useless questions, the first thing that filled my mind was the thought that it was okay, even though it was bothersome because I interrupted twice and hit the candle.

Deon remembers the boy’s harsh gaze as he took away a girl named Shiia. If you look at what you’ve taken care of like that, you can probably use it as a weakness. If done well, it may be possible to remove it cleanly.

I gathered my thoughts and called Dan.

“Find a girl named Siia. He was a poor kid who belonged to the Salvation Church. “For a poor person, it has a unique name, so it won’t be difficult to find.”

“Sia Ra... It’s definitely unique. All right.”

Meanwhile, Deon arrived near his destination and stopped.

Why stop here when you can just go a little further? Dan, who was thinking about the name and almost crashing into it, tilted his head and called out to Deon.

“master?”

“....”

I waited, but there was no answer. I slowly came to the side and looked at Deon’s expression. A look of absurdity appeared on his face as he looked at the training ground.

“...?”

At the same time, a question appeared on Dan’s face.

Why do you do that? Is there anyone in the training hall? He wouldn’t make that kind of expression when no one was there.

Naturally, I followed Deon’s gaze and looked at the training ground. Contrary to expectations, most of the Lofty Knights were present in the training hall as usual. ... No, there were more than usual.

Probably more than the number of members of the Lofty Order that I know of.

“Is this some kind of place where corps commanders visit?...”

Deon muttered helplessly.

Dan chuckled softly from behind, but Deon looked at the scene in front of him with slightly cold eyes.

There, Trover, the commander of the 9th Corps, was demonstrating physical power, which he claimed was magic, against the mad dogs.

“This is body strengthening magic!”

“Waaah! awesome!!”

“As expected, you know something! Do you like it!”

“How much training do we have to do before we can use such strong magic?!”

“Body strengthening magic is quite a high level magic. Even though he is still clumsy, he seems to be quite talented as he is doing quite a bit. “If you practice consistently, you’ll be fine!”

I remember it clearly because I once served as referee in a sparring match between Dernivan, the adjutant of the 5th Corps commander, and the 9th Corps commander. The body strengthening magic shown by the 9th Corps commander... was clearly just a physical strengthening exercise.

What is high-ranking magic... why are you so crazy about something like that?

“Was it high-level magic? Please teach me simple low level magic too!”

“Then shall I teach you the silence spell?”

“Oh oh! yes!”

“As a low-level magic, silence magic is very easy! “You just need to quickly hit the other person’s uvula with the blade of your hand.”

“okay!”

“The important thing at this time is power control! “If you focus only on speed and apply too much force, it may turn out to be a killing spell rather than a silencing spell, so be careful!”

As far as strength control goes, it’s not magic, right...?

Dan is already trembling with his mouth covered. Deon, who had been watching with pitiful eyes the mad dogs casting

'silence magic' on each other's necks, stepped into their space.

As if only then had they noticed his visit, their attention immediately focused.

"Daejaang!"

"Are you here!"

"I enjoyed the screen! "It was great!"

"I'm so glad that I was cleared of false accusations!"

Stop. Deon's unstoppable steps faltered.

Whether they knew it or not, the members of the Lofty Knights smiled brightly and shouted.

"We are learning our magic now! We will learn it properly and show you a cool show later!"

...under.

Deon smiled faintly.

"...okay."

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 222**

222. Lieutenant Commander (5)

The Duke killed Cruel Hart. This short but bold truth shook the entire human world.

It would have been noisy enough simply for the fact to have been revealed, but the public was enthusiastic about the duke's death, which was beautifully packaged. When they realized they had been tricked, they became more angry than ever.

It was an instant for a name that was soaring endlessly to fall into the abyss and become like 'Deon Hardt'.

"Duke... no, it's not even worth calling him a duke. Even killing him twice is not enough. I feel like my mouth has been tainted for praising such a guy. "I feel dirty."

"If that's true, you're completely crazy. It means that the culprit behind this situation is Starbe Illuster. How could you be so shameless? "You weren't even stabbed?"

"How can I know the insides of bad guys? "It's rather funny to talk about conscience over that."

In fact, the information they heard was extremely fragmentary, so it is not possible to say with certainty that

‘the culprit is the Duke’, and based on the information revealed, Deonhardt’s sin is still greater.

What does it matter?

Deonhardt’s name has been torn apart from the moment he returned to the Demon World, and is already in tatters, so there is no need to tear it down any further. In such a situation, the name of a newly precious person before our eyes became great prey, and the public rushed in and vented their accumulated anger.

It was a truly unfortunate event for someone who tried to enhance the value of the duke’s name.

Of course, in the midst of the heightened emotions, someone who had a little bit of reason thought of a small question.

“Isn’t Cruel Hart the Duke’s subordinate? He was an official hero of the empire, so he must have been a very good player, but why did they kill him?”

“It’s obvious! My older brother must have stopped the Duke from killing his younger brother. So it must have been annoying.”

“It’s disgusting that he would give an order to kill his younger brother just because he was annoying... But before that, why did the Duke bother to kill Deon Hardt?”

“Oh, I know something about that. At the time, the factions of the imperial nobles were divided into the noble faction and the imperial faction. Deonhardt was clearly the main figure of the imperial faction, and the duke was the head of the noble faction.”

“In the end, the brothers got caught up in a political fight.  
“High-ranking people... tsk.”

Soon they found the answer among themselves and came to an understanding.

Since they just needed something to chew on in the first place, the ‘reason’ probably didn’t matter. Even if he had left it alone, he would have come up with a plausible reason and put it behind him.

The man covered in a robe pulled the front of the hood and smiled. The mouth that could not be hidden under the hood rose in a smooth arc.

“Well, there may be some other hidden reason, but I guess we can look at it that way for now.”

“Anyway, nobles can’t understand! Since they already have enough power, what else did they create to gain from it? ... But who is that...?”

“A passing traveler.”

The man in the robe slightly tilts his head and fiddles with the money in his hand, as if he is making a calculation. A small amount of green hair, almost bob-length, was flowing out from between the hood.

The nobility in the way he speaks and the elegance in every light movement. No matter how I look at it, it doesn’t seem like he deserves to be in such a squalid place, so who exactly is it?

Could it be that he really becomes a noble? Silence fell. The man who had been sarcastic a moment ago saying he



couldn't understand nobles froze and rolled his eyes. The back was wet with cold sweat.

Amidst the tension that seemed at first glance to be fearful, the man in the robe, who seemed to have roughly sorted things out and stuffed all but some of the coins into his pocket, calmly opened his mouth and began to cry.

"Can I ask you a question?"

"What... what is it?"

"I heard a rumor that a dangerous number of monsters have flocked here somewhere. "I would like to ask whether that is true and if so, where is the exact location?"

"Ah yes! It's true. After leaving the castle walls, the mountain on the right is very swarming! "We are barely holding on so far, but I feel anxious in many ways because it seems like it will break through soon."

"Okay... it looks like you've come to the right place. Thanks for letting me know. "This is a reward, so take it."

Ting - A coin flew out. The man who grabbed him without realizing it looked blankly at the man in the robe who was getting up from his seat.

The green hair peeking through the hood is somehow familiar, even though it is definitely my first time seeing it.

'...no way.'

At that moment, there was a rumor that crossed my mind.

Even so, from the moment he was asked about monsters, something came to mind and he was in a state of confusion,

so in the end, the man couldn't overcome his curiosity and carefully called out the person who was about to leave.

"Where... are you trying to go?"

"Where would you like to be? "Since you asked about monsters, let's go catch them."

"ah...!"

I can't believe I'm trying to go directly to a mountain infested with monsters.

It is certainly. He is the person of the rumor. The man opened his eyes wide.

A green-haired hero who suddenly appears at some point and wanders the continent dealing with monsters. The only thing that is well known is the color of the hair, so even the time of its first appearance is ambiguous.

I heard a rumor that it was assumed that he appeared after the capital of the empire was trampled by the Demon King's army...

'I can't believe he was a real person.'

I honestly didn't believe it.

Isn't it like a fairy tale story that there are countless territories and villages saved by the hero who wanders the continent and kills monsters for the weak?

In reality, 'heroes' are too busy fighting wars to care about monsters in remote places like this. Even if I protect people, I will protect higher-ranking people rather than these people of insignificant status. So I thought it was a rumor created

by those who were tired of the war and despairing of the fall of the empire to give hope.

“Okay then.”

The man puts down the money at the cash register and goes out without any hesitation.

Today, this territory will be free from the threat of monsters. The man and the group looked blankly at the back as they walked out the door.

It was the moment when another rumor about the ‘wandering hero’ was added.

Stigma Primiro, who came outside, slowly raised his head and looked at the sky. The blue sky was filled with brown eyes. A voice mixed with laughter came out lightly.

“The weather is nice today too.”

I like it so much that I hate it. How long has it been since it rained?

Perhaps the sky was angry because so much blood was shed on this land. At some point, the sky stopped crying.

Rivers and lakes are shrinking in size and ponds are already drying up. The ground was immediately cracked, and the remaining ground contained blood that could not be washed away, rejecting crops.

The number of people dying from war and hunger caused by drought is becoming similar, and it is truly too much. Stigma clicked his tongue lightly and lowered his gaze.

‘Thanks to you, I could see the screen well.’

The screen, with a clean sky without a single cloud in the background, was surprisingly clear.

Thanks to this, Stigma was able to watch all the scenes without missing anything. Even the detailed appearance and facial expression changes of Deon Hardt sitting on one side of the screen.

‘I had my hair tied up.’

That much time has passed. Stigma, who was thinking about how much time had passed since his first meeting with Deon Hart, soon changed the subject of his thoughts.

Because that’s not important.

‘Did you say Dan rather than that?’

The eyes inside the hood widened pleasantly as I remembered the winner and protagonist of this war of words.

‘I revealed the truth at will...’

I guess he wasn’t scolded after it was over.

He may have tried to hide his expression, but it was visible to Stigma’s eyes. Deon was taken aback when that bold subordinate revealed that the Duke had killed Cruel Hart.

In other words, it was a completely unplanned situation. In other words, it means that he moved arbitrarily without saying a word....

“That’s amazing.”

A low murmur was scattered in the air. A voice filled with slight admiration continued.

“You seem to have quite a reputation, junior. “I have good subordinates.”

It’s not easy to have a subordinate who willingly takes risks for me, including the bastards.

It is a position to stand as the representative of the demon world. If you make a mistake, your head will be blown off that very day. Even just doing what you are told will make you feel out of breath and nervous. Nevertheless, Dan made a risky choice for Deonhardt.

“Or maybe my junior’s abilities are good?”

Anyway, I have to congratulate his subordinate Dan.

Not only did he win the war of words, but even though he stood on screen as the representative of the demon world, there were fewer people than expected who cursed at him.

It was worth it. The duke got most of the attention, and others began to see whether they would join the demon world or not. If you recklessly sell Dan here, things will become troublesome when you return to the Demon World.

‘If this continues, it will only be a matter of time before the human world collapses.’

I should also congratulate my junior on this.

Cruel Hart, who was falsely accused and sent to the demon world, was exonerated in recognition of ‘the older brother’s tearful last effort to protect his younger brother.’ At the same time, isn’t it perfect that the initial goal, the division within the human world, will soon be achieved?

I'm planning on going to meet him at the end, but if I do this, the day we can meet may come sooner.

Not bad. Stigma had a smile on his face.

'Yes, junior. Don't hesitate and keep going.'

I'm saying this for you.

Stigma knows some information about 'sin' and 'karma'.

Since his own behavior follows that of the previous generation, he knows the more trivial details of past history well.

It is not a history with a grand and grand framework, such as wars. Of course, he also knows it as a cultured person, but his specialty is the daily life of the past.

For example, folk songs that have been handed down for a very long time.

Did you know that there is a second verse in 'Death's Advice'?

No, before that, do you know the 'advice left by death'?

Although you may know the lyrics and sound of the first verse, you will not know the second verse and the title.

The title and second verse were lost in the process of being passed down by word of mouth. Stigma managed to find a book related to it and obtained new information by combining it with information from other myths.

So junior, I dare to give you advice.

“If you have no choice but to sin, why not commit a bigger sin than anyone else?”

This is for my purpose and also for your own benefit.

Commit a greater sin than anyone else—

I walked along, humming lowly the forgotten second verse of an old folk song. They look tired, so they pass by the gatekeepers who dissuade them, telling them to leave the monster problem to themselves as it is dangerous, and head outside toward the mountain.

Now is the time to move for honor.

If someone recognized me, they would ask if I would return to the Empire.

At that time, I will answer without hesitation. It's not going back.

It is obvious without even thinking about it that being a 'hero of the continent' and even a 'hero of the human world' is a greater honor than being a 'hero of a collapsing empire'.

With so many people dying and the empire lacking in nobles, Stigma willingly gave up his title and chose to become a 'hero' like something out of a fairy tale.

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“I thought Cruel Hart was dead and truly alone.”

Despite saying he was not interested, the Demon King watched the screen from beginning to end.

Anyway, it seemed like Dan had an intention to do something other than what he was told to do. It was

necessary to keep an eye on what kind of accident might occur, whether it was harmful or not.

So what came out was this.

“Our prospective teacher has good skills.”

His eyes curve with a faint smile.

I wonder if a group of crazy humans have taken the Legion Commander as a hostage and joined them. Isn't the human they brought here doing dangerous things for Deonhardt in front of everyone?

It seems that Deon Hardt has the ability to attract crazy people.

Well anyway.

‘I understand now that he acted so openly for his own benefit.’

No matter how clueless you are, you will understand by now. That you are not alone.

Loners escape loneliness by realizing that they are not alone, regardless of the number of people around them.

The Demon King smiled regretfully.

“With this, you are no longer alone, Deon.”

It's not normal to bring humans to the center of the demon world, and it's even more cunning to go further and build your own power.

The eerie glow in his eyes that reminded him of Dan and the Lofty Knights seemed to have stopped his thoughts for a



moment, and at some point, the Demon King's mood suddenly softened.

'...Still, this isn't that bad either, so let's move on for now.'

Because it's better to lean than to break.

My interest in him hasn't diminished yet.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 223**

### 223. Adjutant Attendance (6)

A screen appeared in the sky. This is already the third time.

For a moment, the high-ranking officials of each country stiffened their expressions and moved their troops as soon as they saw the face of the man on the screen.

The destination is the top of Den.

It was a quick action that I was able to take because I had always had his face in the back of my mind from the moment I found out that Dan and Deon Hardt had a relationship.

‘The fact that he showed himself so openly...’

‘Does this mean that he is abandoning or withdrawing from the top that was operating in the human world?’

The top of Den is the largest top in the human world. Since it was a near-monopoly system, if it were to withdraw, the damage would be severe in many ways. The monarchs’ faces turned cold.

Even though I knew it would be poison, I left it alone because it was necessary. If you don’t use the top, you will immediately face many inconveniences and difficulties.

They made a hole in the chest to make it easier to breathe, and used another poison to prevent the poison from spreading until an antidote was found.

And now, before an antidote could be found, the poison exploded.

How devastated I felt when I heard the report that the soldiers from each branch and even the headquarters had already left when they arrived. When told that he left without leaving a single herb, some people couldn't overcome their mixed emotions and wiped their faces.

And in the war of words that followed Dan's remarks and the Revolutionary Army leader's intrusion...

"Deon Hardt is a warrior."

The King of Rweche muttered softly. Although it must have been quite shocking news for humanity, he remained calm.

That's because he's not interested.

It's amazing, but that's it. One day, while grieving over the death of his younger brother, he remembered wishing for Deonhardt to become a warrior and take revenge on the Emperor on his behalf, and he made a subtle expression, but that was only for a moment, and he soon calmed down and organized his thoughts.

'It's a little disappointing that the upper management withdrew... but it wasn't a significant blow.'

It is a shame to lose a useful errand boy and a convenient channel for money to come in, but there is no harm. In the first place, Rweche is a country rich in materials and self-sufficient.

‘The death of Cruelhardt...’

I heard that he and Deonhardt were not on good terms. Was that not true?

Rumors that they weren’t getting along didn’t just arise; it seems like it was a love-hate relationship of sorts. A relationship that they hate, but not to the point of wishing for death, and rather wants to protect with their lives in the face of death.

King Rweche, who was recalling the sentiment of unique brotherhood, suddenly remembered his younger brother, who had already passed away, and gently tightened his chin. My thoughts continued slowly.

‘...It’s a shame.’

Did you say the duke killed him?

It was easy to understand the situation as word suddenly emerged that the culprit was a duke.

The Duke of the Empire was the Emperor’s biggest internal enemy at the time, and Cruelhardt was the man under him. There’s no way a person of the Duke’s caliber would throw away a useful weapon just because of emotions, so this would have been a murder out of necessity, not emotion.

‘In the world of nobles, it’s called ‘murder by necessity’... it’s obvious.’

The two brothers became embroiled in a political fight.

Now I understand that Deonhardt sided with the Demon World and aimed at the Empire as his top priority. That would have been the best way to respect my brother’s will

for sending me to the Demon World and at the same time take revenge on the Duke.

Cruel Hart's death, unlike other deaths, is a sacrificial form of death intended to save one person. I think I even witnessed this myself, but I never thought I would use my reason and make the best choice in that situation. I'm sure he must have been out of his mind.

The King of Rweche let out a long sigh.

'Of course, I have no intention of defending him apart from admiration or regret.'

Too many people were sacrificed just for revenge. The results of his actions were too gruesome to be admired and Deonhardt's sins were too great to be pitied, so the king neatly summed up his human feelings toward Deonhardt.

No matter what happens, the most important conclusion does not change in the end.

'We don't get involved in the war, we just focus on internal operations.'

Unless Rweche steps forward and does something special, the demon world will place Rweche last in its conquest of the human world. We are a kind of example to show what benefits are given to a kingdom that operates as the Demon World wishes.

So until then, quietly reinforce our military capabilities. So that when the demon world turns its attention to this area, it will not be easily defeated. Beyond simple reinforcement, it would be better to create a hand that can bring the opponent to the negotiation table.

“The empire is going to suffer quite a bit.”

Even so, one of the major kingdoms is insisting on not participating in the war in a critical situation due to weakened military power. The King laughed bitterly.

In addition to military power, the owner of the throne changed and the capital changed. Since the Duke, who was another center of power along with the former Emperor Edoard Desert, has died, the power structure must also be in chaos.

Unless Edoard Desert is revived, or even if it is, will the young royal family be able to overcome this situation that will be difficult to control?

“Still, I guess it’s a good thing that Leweché won’t join the demon world.”

That doesn’t mean they’ll be grateful, though.

Leweché does not return to the demon world. It wasn’t just because of the promise I made to the upright knight of the empire on the day I lost my brother. The king no longer had any ill feelings toward the empire.

Because I heard how the emperor died.

Content that makes the listener fall silent even for a moment. Even though I heard about it through reports rather than seeing it in person, I was overwhelmed by its contents. It was an inevitable story.

‘I keep feeling sorry for my younger brother.’

It’s not that he has become numb to his younger brother’s death. As time passed, I acknowledged the empty space

and resigned myself to it, but the memories still occupy the largest space in my mind and the emotions are also vivid.

However, regardless of personal feelings, the emperor's death burned as splendidly as his actions to the end. Everyone had no choice but to acknowledge it and show respect.

So, I will settle my grudge against my brother's death in exchange for his death, which no longer exists in this world.

It means that I will no longer resent the empire. In other words, not only will there be no way for Rweche to interfere with the empire led by his nephews, but it is not entirely impossible for them to join hands again if the situation or mind changes and the need arises, even if it is just one chance.

'Even so, it seems like there are a lot of things that I carried alone when I died, so even if I added one more thing to it, it wouldn't be noticeable.'

You take it all with you and go. I'll beat you up with that.

Perhaps Edoard Desert would gladly accept it.

Therefore, the King of Rweche unilaterally announced the deal to those who would not hear, neatly settling his resentment against the empire.

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And there is a vassal state that the king of Rweche could not pay attention to.

Even if it wasn't, it was a small kingdom that was overlooked due to lack of presence, disappointment over

various issues, and focus on strengthening its internal stability.

“Deon Hart is a warrior....”

The king of the Taehon Kingdom closed his eyes tightly.

After all, among all those many, many people, there is Deon Hart. It looks like the world is about to be destroyed. And did you say Starbe Illuster? Why did the Duke do what he did? Wasn't that why Deonhardt went to the demon world?

After expressing his resentment towards the Duke, whose face he did not even know, the King calmly gathered his emotions for a moment and looked down at his desk.

‘Since the main forces of both sides have changed, we will have to recalculate.’

He placed a pen on either side of a white stone and a black stone and moved his hand.

A large white stone is moved toward the black stone. I sighed as I looked at it next to the large black stone. A sigh came out of my mouth.

“What should we do from now on...”

As the Taehon Kingdom is a very small and weak kingdom, its king has to be more intelligent than anyone else to protect the country, and in fact, that is how he survived.

It is natural that tightrope walking also falls into that category, the King of Taehon thought. ‘Can Rweche truly protect this kingdom in a situation where even the warriors are on the side of the demon world?’



The conclusion came quickly.

‘It’s impossible.’

I thought about it again and again, but the answer was the same. It’s impossible.

Even though the demon world is not attacking Rweche right now, that does not mean that it will not attack in the future, just that it has been postponed to a later priority.

Moreover, if they do not cooperate with other kingdoms like this, it will only be a matter of time before the mountain kingdom and the empire, which are priority ones, collapse. If that happens, Rweche, which is next in line, will also fall like dominoes. There would be nothing to see about the Taehon Kingdom that belongs there.

‘So you have to judge.’

Will you join or remain in the demon world?

Before making a decision, I read enough information about demons written in ancient books and other books. Demons were defined as ‘evil’. It is difficult to believe it as it is because it is an extremely biased view.

So he recalled the time when the border with the demon world was discovered here in the Kingdom of Taehon. A time when demons who hid their identities often came and went.

I remember that there were minor crimes such as stealing, but there were no serious crimes such as murder. On the contrary, he seemed foolish... or even naive, unable to properly hide his identity. Of course, since they are only part of the demon race, it is impossible to judge the whole by only looking at fragments, but...

“...I have decided.”

After much deliberation, the king made a decision.

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If even Rweche, which has only one vassal state, is unable to properly control the signs of betrayal, what about the Shan state, which has several vassal states?

Because of this incident, the State of San almost had to watch with open eyes as the vassal state it brought in was transformed into a poison. If that had been the case, the damage would have been severe, including wasting troops on surveillance from the inside in case of possible betrayal. If it weren't for the talented tactician I hired recently, I might have been caught with both eyes open.

but.

There is something Saerin said when she looked around the situation in the country as soon as she came in as a bookkeeper.

[The State of Shan brought in too many vassals. This is dangerous. If you have trampled and conquered it so completely that you cannot even recover, the achievements achieved through persuasion will easily be destroyed by the persuasion of others. It may be okay for now, but it may become an internal nuisance one day.]

[Then what should I do?]

[I have one thing in mind... but it may sound a bit absurd. No, it would definitely be absurd. Still, I want you to trust me and listen to me... Will you listen?]

[Tell me first.]

Yeonhwa, the king of the Mountain Kingdom, who was reminiscing, looked back at Saerin, who was standing on one side.

The screen rose into the sky and the top of the platform withdrew. In particular, it was natural that the mountain country, which depended on the upper tier, would take a big hit. Nevertheless, that was all, and the words of the man on the screen were not greatly affected. Thanks to having a capable strategist, the State of San was able to suppress the transformation of a vassal state into a poison.

“Thank you. “Thanks to you, we were able to reduce unnecessary waste of troops.”

Saerin, who came to the Mountain Kingdom on her own and rose to the position of the king’s counselor with only her abilities, smiled softly.

“It’s impossible not to be completely unaffected, but this could make them hesitate to betray to some extent.”

“okay. You are also very unique. “How did they come up with the idea to turn the king of a country into a ‘god’?”

“When you say ‘God,’ it’s unfamiliar, but if you get to know it, it’s nothing new. Originally, the people praised and followed the Holy Prince, right? I just helped express it a little more actively.”

The method she took to prevent betrayal by her vassals was truly unconventional.

No one could have thought of it, and even if they had, they would have dismissed it as a ridiculous idea and never

attempted it.

[There is something that many people in power overlook: public sentiment is the will of heaven. The leaders are a minority and the people are the majority. The reason a minority can stand above the majority is because there was the tacit permission of the majority, so what you need to control is not the leadership, but the public sentiment below.] Saerin

turned the entire country, including the vassals, into fanatics who followed only one king.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 224**

### 224. Deputy Attendance (7)

The voice of the majority has power that cannot be ignored. The people are the majority.

Leaders inevitably have no choice but to look at the people's opinions. Even if they acted as they wanted, they would subside when a large number of people gathered together and raised a strong voice. There are countless precedents of people who failed to do so and ended up falling to a miserable end due to the angry public sentiment.

In other words, if you capture the public sentiment of a kingdom, it would not be impossible to control the kingdom itself.

"It was only possible because Your Majesty was a saint, otherwise I wouldn't have been able to use this method either."

The person who made the people of a country that was a vassal country but had its own monarch to praise the king of the Mountain Kingdom smiled brightly.

The King of the Mountain Country, who was listening, laughed softly.

“You speak sweetly for once. People with abilities usually have different personalities, but you are very versatile.”

“Thank you for a good look.”

“It is truly a pity and a waste that someone as talented as you would become obsessed with love.”

“....”

Saerin closed her mouth. King Yeonhwa of the Mountain Kingdom stood up and approached her.

Yeonhwa extends her hand to the person who is silent even at a close distance. His fingertips lightly lifted his lowered head as if he was happy.

She asked, looking straight into his trembling eyes.

“Are there still any changes to that thought?”

“....”

“This is a man who didn’t look at you until the end. Just having the will to take revenge is too much.”

“...majesty.”

“Oh, of course, I’m not stopping you from taking revenge. “I just want to ask what it would be like for a man like that to completely forget about revenge and continue to work for the human world and the mountain kingdom together with Gwain.”

“sorry.”

The shaking eyes hardened.

Before first proving her abilities and working under the king, Saerin made her intentions clear to her potential superior.

[My goal is to kill Deonhardt.]

[That is natural in the current situation...]

[No, that is not what I meant.]

[....]

Even though a commoner dared to interrupt the king, the king of the mountain country didn't say anything. I couldn't do that.

Because the eyes we met were filled with despair and were swirling around as if we had lost the world.

I knew it right away. You lost someone precious. I lost it at the hands of none other than Deonhardt.

[I wish for the death of Deonhardt, not in a vague sense, but sincerely, for very personal reasons. Once his death is confirmed, I will leave regardless of whether the war against the Demon World is over or not.]

[....]

[I will reveal this to Your Highness in advance to avoid a sudden separation in the future. Also, I ask Your Majesty to understand and acknowledge that my number one priority is revenge... I earnestly ask.]

He looked as if he would leave immediately if he said he would not understand.

The king immediately calculated in his head. Is it really beneficial to accept it? Which is greater: gain or loss?

Her advice as a trickster will be in the direction of killing Deonhardt. He'll probably give you advice in a way that will help you take his head, even if it means taking some damage.

This is a person who will give out advice that contains personal feelings in certain situations. Is your ability good enough to be hired even at the cost of such losses?

[...good night. I understand.]

There was nothing to think about.

[I will not interfere with your revenge as long as the damage to Jim is not too great.]

Unfortunately, Shanguo is lacking in human resources.

A country that relies on one king. Saerin's appearance was very welcome news to Yeonhwa, who was having a hard time keeping her eyes focused on many things at the same time.

What's wrong with making Deon Hardt's death a top priority? Since he has to be killed anyway, it's not that big of a loss. Rather, it can be seen as a benefit since he will faithfully help him until he dies.

Leaving after revenge? That's something you just have to go and persuade them at that time. There is plenty of time until then, so it will be enough to seduce her whenever she can.

Returning to reality, Yeonhwa saw Saerin. A bitter smile that was completely different from what she expected and perhaps was already expected greeted her.



“I know that from your highness’s perspective, he will be seen as a terrible person who is not worth dealing with. I understand. Because in reality he is a bad person. It would be even more so since this incident has clearly condemned him as a scum of the human race. but.”

“ .... ”

“A person’s heart doesn’t always work out the way you think.”

Even if he knows my heart and openly uses it, even if he does something that is cruel to anyone, Saerin continues to love the man who first recognized her worth.

It was of the blind kind, like a bird just hatched from an egg, recognizing the first object it sees as its mother and following it.

“For me, it is a long way off to find a new owner to follow. “I have one master.”

If someone sees you loving a piece of trash called the Duke and working for him, you too will be tied to the same piece of trash. I know very well that I will be criticized along with the Duke.

It’s okay though.

The duke is a great man who cannot go to good places, so in order to meet him, I have no choice but to fall to where he is.

To love a crazy person, you have to be crazy together, and to love trash, you have to be trash together. In that sense, Saerin was already trash.

“So you gave up before you got even more tired....”

“Saying that makes me burn even more. Isn’t there a shortage of fruit and wine? There is still a lot of time left before you leave, and there is a saying in the South that there is no tree that cannot be struck ten times, so you never know.”

“People are not trees...”

Yeonhwa turned her head away, pretending not to hear the hesitant answer. She also had her own reasons for not giving up.

The alliance with Rweche is broken and the empire is in no position to support the Shan State. What can young people who are too busy taking care of themselves do? Since the re-alliance with the empire was purely out of respect for the previous emperor’s will, Yeonhwa, who had no particular expectations from the empire, was in a situation where she had to survive with only the power of the kingdom.

Therefore, in a position where she had to attract at least one more talented person, there was no way she would give up on Saerin easily.

Naturally, I changed the topic.

“Rather than that... is it okay that the attempt to improve the duke’s image backfired and led to disastrous results?”

“...Do you want an honest answer?”

“Oh my.”

That was enough of an answer. Yeonhwa closed her mouth and lightly comforted her shoulder.

Saerin bit her lip.

The Duke's name, which he had tried to elevate to nobility, was mired in the mud. We are in a situation like Deon Hart, or even worse, and are being bitten at will.

'If only I hadn't made such a useless attempt.'

At least he could have been buried with the death of an ordinary nobleman.

I have ruined the one I love with my own hands. There was no way it was okay.

'I even heard that bad rumors about the duke are spreading recently...'

Sigh.

She ended up burying her face in her hands.

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Paul, who went out on a whim but gained nothing and was completely broken by being swayed by his opponent's wishes, stayed in his office and brooded over his bitter defeat.

And then I realized.

"You were waiting for me to intervene."

Dan was waiting for Paul to invade.

In order to reveal the duke's sin, relieve Deonhart of his injustice, and further use it as a weapon of attack. Perhaps it was no coincidence that I knew in advance that the screen would appear.

Even that wasn't all.

Paul, who heard raw rumors from the lowest places, was able to hear the rumors that slowly began to spread not long after the war of words ended.

'They say the duke didn't just kill Cruel Hart, he played with his head.'

'I heard they attached a bomb to a person's body and detonated it.'

'I heard there was a contract with the devil.'

It's still only in the early stages of the rumor spreading, so not many people know about it... but

it wasn't difficult to guess the source. It must be Dan.

Cunningly, those who could present evidence were attacked in front of everyone through the screen, and those that could not be confirmed as facts due to lack of evidence or difficult to present were spread as rumors.

"Whenever you attack someone fairly with incitement and fabrication, you cowardly prepare evidence and rush at them."

It is cowardly just to stand in front of the screen holding the truth, but it is doubly cowardly to have used propaganda and fabrication before and after that.

Paul, who had been thoroughly exploited, thought as he clenched his fists in defeat and anger.

'If this happens, I will completely interfere with it.'

This applies to the Demon King and other demons, but especially Deon Hart and Dan will never achieve what they wish for.

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The first thing the current Emperor of the Empire, Elpidius Dessert, saw on the screen was Deon Hart, who was sitting in the corner rather than on the platform in front.

He could hear the former princess Alethea, now the emperor, hurriedly sending someone to the top of the den, but he ground his teeth when he saw Deonhardt's attire.

"Are you mocking the empire?"

A black uniform with gold thread embroidery that appears to be a color reversal of the uniforms worn in the Empire.

Elpidius took it as a provocation against the empire and was quietly angry, but when it was revealed that Deonhardt was a hero, Elpidius clenched his fist in a different way. Alethea, who had been watching next to him after giving the command, quietly lowered her eyes.

The target of revenge is a hero. Silence fell between the two royal families as a result of overcoming rare odds.

Prime Minister Ardal, who was doing paperwork nearby, saw this and raised an eyebrow.

I feel like something that had been difficult to understand before has become clearer with this. His eyes sank with suspicion.

"Your Majesty the Crown Prince."

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

The two royals belatedly came to their senses and adjusted their expressions. That sight aggravated his suspicions even more, and Ardal's face distorted.

Still, I guess I'll have to check it out myself just in case. I opened my mouth slowly, hoping that it was a misunderstanding.

“I've been curious about this for a while...”

“ .... ”

“Are you really... correct that you are working for the empire?”

“...You are stating the obvious.”

“Oh, I asked the wrong question. “Is it true that you two prioritize the empire over revenge?”

“ .... ”

A heavy silence fell.

Elpidius and Aletea make eye contact and then look at Ardal. A slow voice continued, as if he was choosing his words carefully.

“If we had to be honest, we could say that he was pursuing both revenge and the empire.”

“Are you serious? “You both know that's impossible.”

“ .... ”

“As long as the two of you are the Emperor and Crown Prince, revenge and the safety of the empire cannot coexist. In order to get revenge, you have to give up the empire, and in order to get revenge, you have to give up revenge. So, let me ask you again.”

“ .... ”

“Which do you give priority to, revenge or empire?”

It’s also persistent.

Alethea sighs. Elpidius quietly looked at Ardal.

I understand that Ardal, like the former general Nemeseus, is a commoner hired directly by his uncle. So, I know that I am as inflexible as I am capable.

“You... put the empire first.”

Instead of answering, I started off with another word.

Ardal frowns slightly. Elpidius continued speaking regardless.

“I know you put the Empire before yourself. So, at that time... when the Demon King’s army invaded the former capital, I also know that if the Emperor had escaped without anyone remaining, he would have personally dragged him down, cut off his head, and hung him up. “You are a human being who can do that.”

You make the country look like that and then you step out to live?

Since he cannot even take responsibility for what he has done, from Ardal’s point of view, he becomes a human

being who does not deserve to be emperor and deserves to die.

“...You know me well.”

“It also includes the identification of talent to be used in the handover received from the Emperor. “You can’t swing the weapon in your hand without knowing what it is.”

Even though the Emperor knew this, he kept him by his side.

Because he is one of the few people who will kill him if he goes astray.

But Elpidius is different from Edoardo. What he needs is someone who pushes him, not someone who blocks him. A person who arrogantly considers the wrongs and wrongs of the path he is taking only becomes a hindrance.

If things continue like this, there will probably be a lot of conflict with the Prime Minister. That’s why I ask.

“If Jim answers that revenge is more important than the empire, will you take him down?”



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 225**

225. Adjutant Attendance (8)

“Do that now...!”

The voice that had been rising as if in tears suddenly stopped.

Ardal, realizing that the opponent is the emperor, slowly closes and opens his eyes to calm his emotions. Then, a calmer voice came out again.

“Are you calling that your answer now? “You are truly proud.”

“It’s just a simple question, so what’s not to be confident about?”

“Ha... Is that so?”

It’s not a simple question.

Through this question, Elpidius expressed that revenge was more important than empire. At the same time, the question itself is a pressure and asks the other person what he or she wants, so he is playing a game.

Will you quietly follow my will, or will you dare to take risks and stop the emperor?

“I’m sure you didn’t ask this question because you were genuinely curious about my answer.”

He probably already knows the answer.

Because I know Prime Minister Ardal’s tendencies well.

“Still, if I had to answer, yes.”

“....”

“I will drag you down. “Isn’t it natural for the emperor to fail in his duties as emperor?”

Even with subtle pressure and warnings, the eyes do not waver.

At the very top of the country should sit someone who serves the country more than anyone else.

That is my belief, so put aside your foolish thoughts even now and work quietly for this country. If you are not confident in doing so, try to get down yourself before pulling yourself down.

Prime Minister Ardal dared to threaten the two royal families.

...under. Alethea sneered with absurdity. Elpidius said with a sneer mixed with bitterness.

“You are truly proud. This is not something you should say in front of the emperor. “It would be better to give up the idea that the Emperor will look after you just because he cherished you.”

“When have I ever acted recklessly, carrying the emperor’s halo behind me? I just made my point known. “Your Majesty

will never have to worry about anything before or in the future, and if you don't like my attitude, you can just fire me, so I hope you will refrain from insulting me like that."

"...okay. "I understand what you mean."

They'll take you down if you don't prioritize the empire?

Elpidius rested his elbow on the right armrest of the chair he was sitting on and leaned his upper body loosely. Alethea, who was sitting on the left armrest with her sword in hand, silently turned her eyes towards the Prime Minister.

Both still had a sneer on their faces.

"First off, I'm not going to fire you. "It's also hard to find someone as capable as you."

"But I will not follow the Lord's wishes. The confident attitude was quite impressive, but... well. "Did you think blackmail would work on us?"

The Prime Minister's threats are blackmail. The two royal families noticed his remarks as soon as they heard them.

Alethea stands up lightly and trudges towards Ardal. Instead of walking straight, she closed the distance by slowly drawing a circle, like a wild beast circling its prey, and began her luck in a relaxed manner.

"Even so, in a situation where there is chaos inside and outside the empire, there is no way the Lord would add another layer of confusion by changing the emperor. "Others might not know, but he is Sir Ardal, who serves the empire more than anyone else."

"...."

“Even if you decide to change it just in case, in order to bring down the current emperor, you have to prepare someone to be the next emperor. However, I am the only person who can stably continue the throne. “I am strictly on His Majesty’s side, so I will not do anything according to His will.”

“It’s not a public place, so you can call me what you feel comfortable with now.”

“Yes, brother. In any case, the Lord who served the Emperor closely would know better that there is no legitimate successor other than me. “Because when the Emperor ascended to the throne, he killed all the royal family members except my brother and me.”

All of my brothers and sisters, as well as their children.

I heard that when the incident began in the first place, escape holes were thoroughly blocked in advance, so no one escaped.

Against the backdrop of the Prime Minister’s silence, a sonorous voice echoed through the space.

“Of course, if you look carefully, there may be a collateral branch somewhere. However, in order to place such an unknown person on the throne, one must take a lot of risk and confusion. Even among the nobles, there will probably be a divide between those who support it and those who oppose it. “This is directly related to the safety of the empire, so in the end, the Lord will not make such a choice.”

“ .... ”

“Of course, I would... assuming that he is not quite incompetent. Honestly, regardless of our mindset, we are

good at one thing, right?”

So they laughed at it. Because the Prime Minister’s threats are ridiculous.

As if she had said all she wanted to say, Alethea stopped pressing and returned to her seat and sat down on the armrest of the chair. Elpidius said, smiling leisurely as he leaned a little closer to make it easier for her to sit down.

“And there is something the Emperor said.”

“....”

“‘The burden is the empire.’”

“...!”

Ardal stiffened. Elpidius smiled bitterly as he watched his expression harden.

“So don’t go against my will. “I’m sure you didn’t forget to say hello to Jim.”

“....”

[Look at the current empire.]

Even though we talk about ourselves, we end up mocking ourselves. My uncle said that to mean that he would treat the empire as if it were his own body, but I am saying this to carry out my personal will. How is this different from other tyrants?

I know I am ruining the noble meaning of the words, but I have no intention of canceling them. I stared at the Prime Minister’s face, which was now completely distorted, and

couldn't resist the last remaining cry of conscience and let it out.

"Still, I plan to follow the Emperor's wishes and make maintaining the empire a top priority, so don't worry too much."

"...You are saying that you will only maintain it. "The Emperor would want a better empire rather than revenge."

"...."

I knew it would be like this. This is why I didn't want to say it. Elpidius sighed.

Look at how he immediately changes direction from threats to persuasion as if he has caught the number of cases. Realizing that if I don't agree with the smart guys, I'll be in trouble more than anything else, I quickly change the subject before I get caught up or persuaded.

"Is Stigma Primiro's whereabouts still available?"

"...."

The Prime Minister narrows his eyes, not knowing that he is changing his words. Elpidius made eye contact, pretending not to notice. After a brief battle of nerves, Ardal was the first to step back with a light sigh.

"We are tracking."

For now, it would be better to be satisfied with just confirming that there is room for persuasion.

It would be good to resolve it as quickly as possible, but it doesn't necessarily have to be resolved right away. There is

still time, so you can persuade them again later. In the first place, I didn't have high expectations because a person's revenge is not something that can be given up right away with a few words.

After organizing his thoughts, he continued.

"There are reports of the appearance of a green-haired hero all over the continent, so it is not difficult to chase him down..." "If

the opponent decides to be a 'hero' and runs away or hides, it will be difficult to catch him. "Why would someone who is a hero do this in a situation where even one troop is

a waste?..." Stigma Primiro is currently missing.

If you go missing while the entire continent is in shambles due to war, you will naturally think of death. Nevertheless, Elpidius was confident of his survival.

Because his death was not certain. The only people who can kill a 'hero' as an individual are 'heroes' such as a warrior, a demon king, or an army commander, but there is no way that the conflict between such people would not have been known, and even if there were many, it would have caused more commotion and would not have been a quiet battle. So the scales have no choice but to tip towards 'survival'.

Above all, there are rumors about a green-haired hero wandering the continent.

The problem is why you left....

"We can only talk once we meet."

“Still, I’m glad you disappeared, leaving behind the Primiro Knights.”

“Almost half of them died, but there wasn’t much left.”

Since we are pursuing them diligently, there is nothing more we can do as we need to conserve our troops.

Elpidius, who was shuffling through documents with a half-resigned sigh, checked the title of the document lying on one side and let out a short exclamation as if something came to mind.

“Oh yeah. “I should have asked you a long time ago.”

“...?”

“Do you know anything about ‘Demonism’?”

“As far as I know, Demonism is an ominous pseudo-religion that has been growing like crazy lately...”

“This is gaining popularity among the people of the empire.”

On the subject of pseudo-religion.

Knock knock. I tapped the papers with my fingers. Alethea, who took out the documents from underneath, lightly glanced at them and said.

“There is no such thing as perfect ‘goodness’ in this world, and there is no way that pseudo-‘goodness’ is possible. “In particular, the fact that it is viewed as an overly positive image by the majority as it is now means that the other side is bad, so it would not be a bad idea to dig into it properly to keep it in check.”

“I agree.”



The duke did that.

If there is something that appears to be absolute good or evil, it is undoubtedly wrong. Most people told me to be suspicious of the one called 'good' because it would be very lame.

He was known for this incident and was a scumbag and a bad person in reality, but he was not so incompetent that even advice like this was ignored.

Therefore Elpidius commanded:

"Did you hear, Prime Minister? "Let's look into it."

"All right."

Even if it wasn't, that damn 'Demon' was a car that I liked.

Could it be that Deon Hart was taken from the name 'Demon Arut' used in the demon world? Ardal's eyes lit up as he promised himself that he would dig into it properly this time.

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The hero praised in Demonism was now sprawled out on the sofa.

The devil caught him and forcibly dragged him to the art studio, saying he would teach him how to draw.

Deon, who had been trying hard to express his lack of interest in drawing with a sour attitude, ended up asking a demon user to take a flower pot from his room into his arms and lie down on the sofa as if in protest. The demon king, who found it amusing, soon gave me an example of a

painting. He sat in front of the canvas holding a brush, saying he would draw it first and show it to him.

The Demon King glanced at Deon, who was humming while stroking the flower pot in his arms in a rare peaceful atmosphere, then changed his brush and spoke.

“Because he is a hero, he must have talent, but apart from talent, he seems to have no interest in this either.”

“Yeah well...”

“I’m a little disappointed. “If you do art, you will create something that will go down in history.”

“...So are you planning to continue teaching mainly about art? On what basis....”

“Whether it is a poet, a performer, or a painter, works that remain in history are usually created based on the artist’s misfortune. “It doesn’t matter whether this is a ‘hero’ or not.”

“ ....”

Tsk tsk tsk.

Deon wordlessly grabbed the flower bud, which appeared to be the mouth of a strange plant, as if pinching it with his thumb and index finger and shook it. The plant protested by waving its stem, but it didn’t pay attention.

A soft voice lingers in the space through the silence that has returned. The voice contained a completely different topic from the conversation just moments ago.

“Didn’t you get a call from the human world saying you would join this side? “At this point, it’s almost time for one or two people to contact me.”

“A very small kingdom called Taehonguk contacted me.”

“If it’s the Taehon Kingdom... it’s a southern kingdom with a border. “It’s not bad... but aren’t there any among the vassal states of the Shan State?”

“yet.”

“I was aiming for Sanguo... but it was surprising.”

Sigh. The plant bit my finger.

What? Although there is no blood, it is still proper defiance. Deon’s eyes widened at his pet plant’s first protest.

“It looks like the mountain country took care of something in advance. Still, it’s still not long, so it might be better to wait a little longer. “You never know if you’ll get a call, even if it’s late, right?”

“Something more decisive may be needed.”

“You even revealed that you have become a hero. Is there anything that could be said to be a more decisive moment?”

“That’s closer to a ‘whip’, isn’t it? What I meant was ‘carrot’. If we take the Kingdom of Taehon as an example, they probably made up their minds based on the attitudes of the demons who came and went between the kingdoms when the border had just been established. “They were pretty quiet back then.”

They delayed reporting because they also wanted to go back and forth between the human world and have fun. Did you say that they promised to behave quietly among themselves because they would be caught immediately if an accident occurred?

The hand that was bothering the plant was moving busily.

“Yuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu of!”

“...What are you doing?”

“Just like that.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 226**

226. Soul-shattering (1)

Deon's eyes widened mischievously.

The Demon King, who was looking at him as if he was a little puzzled, added something as if he wanted to move on without saying anything, but instead put his gaze back on the canvas and returned to the original topic.

"I understand what you mean, but... it will be difficult right now."

"Well... there's no need to worry, you can just destroy one more kingdom. "If that's not enough, you can just trample on a few more."

"By then, everything will have been conquered before appeasement, right? "I heard you use carrots?"

"Whether it's a carrot or a stick, you just have to get the results you want."

Deon narrowed his eyes as he flicked his fingers at the stems and leaves of the strange plant that were growing indiscriminately.

The demon king let out a short laugh in response to that fox-like laugh.

“You have a bad personality.”

“Thanks to you, I learned it.”

“I became bolder than before.”

“That too.”

“Early education was wrong.”

“It’s too late to educate them now.”

Heroes and demon kings are basically equal beings.

“And honestly, you’re not offended.”

“That’s right. In fact, I like it more now. “It’s fun, right?”

“You have a bad personality.”

“of course. “Who is your teacher?”

“ ....”

Silence came again.

Deon lightly touched the flower bud of the strange plant, which had become quiet as if it had given up, with his fingertip and placed the flower pot on the temporary table hastily prepared in front of the sofa. My hair, which had become a mess from leaning on the armrest of the sofa, untied the string, laid it down next to the flower pot, and fell back onto the sofa without any motivation.

Humming, which had become a semi-habit, dispelled the silence.

“Once upon a time, in a world, death spoke—.”

The Demon King, who had been quietly listening and playing with his brush, suddenly tilted his head.

weird.

“Why do you only sing the first verse?”

“The soul after death... yes?”

“I’ve been listening to it since a while ago, but you only sang the first verse.”

“Is there any problem with that...?”

“No, that’s not it.”

A discourteous look followed, as if asking if they were going to start a fight.

If I continue like this, I will get unnecessary hate. I don’t care if he hates me or not, but I think it would be a little unfair if it was derived from a misunderstanding. The Demon King immediately waved his hand.

“I just thought you would like the second verse more, but I was a little surprised that you were only singing the first verse. “Is there some reason?”

Even though there is a second verse, I don’t understand why he is singing lyrics that are not good from his point of view.

As if the misunderstanding had been resolved, Deon’s gaze softened slightly.

“Because all I know is verse 1. “It was only recently that I learned of the existence of verse 2.”

“okay? Well, it’s an old folk song, so there’s nothing strange about it.”

Things that are unbreakable and have managed to be passed down through oral tradition are usually partially transformed or lost in the process. The older it gets, the larger its scope becomes.

Rather, it can be said that it is an unusual case that it has been passed down intact, so it would not be surprising if the second verse was lost entirely.

The Demon King, who was nodding his head inwardly, paused as a thought crossed his mind.

‘That’s just....’

You mean you were doing this without knowing anything? And that too, while pondering only the lyrics of the first verse.

‘That’s amazing.’

It’s amazing in another way. It seems that in order to carry out something on this scale, the vessel itself must be different.

Aren’t you afraid of the aftereffects? ... No, maybe I’m looking forward to that ‘return’.

I put down the brush. As if he was lying down, he turned his head to meet red eyes looking at me, then smiled. He spoke with a smile towards humanity’s traitor and worst criminal.

“Shall I tell you verse 2?”

“...Yes, what...”



Despite the hesitant, annoyed answer, the Demon King kept smiling and immediately began to remember.

If verse 1 contains a warning not to sin, verse 2 contains advice in situations where one has already sinned or has no choice but to sin.

That is why the title is not 'Death's Warning' but 'Death's Advice'.

"then."

The Demon King's mouth opened and a perfectly restored song flowed out.

The finished song was like this.

Once upon a time, in a world, Death spoke.

Do not sin.

After death, your soul begins to break under the weight of your sins.

Extinction without paying the penalty is too convenient an avoidance.

The bigger the sin, the faster the reincarnation process takes place.

And added:

If you have no choice but to condemn.

Commit a greater sin than anyone else.

As soon as you die, your soul breaks down and disappears so that you can forever avoid the punishment for your sins.

This is the maximum consideration I can give.

“....”

Deon was silent. It was not as peaceful silence as before.

Commit a greater sin than anyone else— The devil sings a specific part again as if he were playing a joke. Deon glanced at him with a look in his eyes that made it hard to tell what he was thinking, and calmly organized his thoughts.

‘Does this mean that if the sin is excessive, it is possible to avoid it?’

I understand why verse 2 was lost.

In order for it to remain as a famous folk song, it had no choice but to be removed. It is impossible to turn growing children into criminals, so for the sake of their children’s future, parents would have omitted the name and then it would have naturally disappeared.

“...surely.”

I opened my mouth slowly.

The Demon King can be seen focusing his attention, as if wondering what the reaction will be. Deon just smiled proudly.

“I like the second verse more. “These are interesting lyrics.”

“...yes?”

A look of disappointment appeared for a moment before the Demon King smiled brightly.

What kind of reaction were you expecting? Unlucky bastard. He swallowed his swear words and strengthened his expression, which was about to distort.

“Yes, doesn’t it fit perfectly with my current situation? “I don’t know if that has anything to do with reality.”

“I’ve never died, so I don’t know if it’s authentic, but I do know that it’s a folk song older than my age. “Whether it is valuable because it is old or has been preserved for a long time because it has value, old things have value.”

“...Does that mean the lyrics are really true?”

“I told you, right? They say they don’t know because they haven’t died. Still, it’s worth paying attention to at least once.”

Well... it

feels strange because the lyrics fit perfectly with my situation where I’m going on a rampage and say I’m going to make you regret choosing me to fuck with the world, but that’s it.

It doesn’t matter whether I receive payment for the sins I committed after death or not. For me, who lives only for today, the most important thing is the present. Between the reality that’s immediately upon me and the past that’s strangling me, it’s hard to just hold on and hold on to the breath I almost lost again and again. Did you think I’d have time to think about the future?

If I had paid attention to the weight of my sins and the karma from the beginning, I wouldn’t have done what I have done now.

“okay.”

So I answered half-heartedly and turned around.

Leaving the Demon King’s silence behind, I lay down on the back of the sofa... but it was more uncomfortable than I thought, so I turned around again.

“Now that I think about it, are you sleeping well without any nightmares these days?”

“yes?”

And then I fell off the narrow sofa.

“?! ”

I was shocked for a moment, but thankfully I didn’t fall on the cold floor.

Because I don’t know when the devil approached me, I stretched out one arm and accepted it.

Deon, who was blinking his eyes and looking at the Demon King blankly, frowned slightly as if he belatedly recognized the situation.

“...the sofa is narrow.”

I definitely didn’t fail because I made a stupid mistake.

“That’s because it’s a sofa.”

“For the sake of the Demon Lord’s dignity, I think it would be better to change it to something a little larger.”

“This is the first time I’ve seen a warrior worry about my dignity, and I’m touched.”

“....”

Deon, whose face was completely distorted, raised his upper body that was being supported by the Demon King.

“It’s okay now, so please take my arm away. The height was low and he was a hero to begin with, so even if he had just fallen, he would have been fine. Rather, you can support yourself with one arm...”

“Yuk!”

“...It wasn’t just one arm. “Okay, thank you.”

I said it was well balanced and supported, but there was one more thing.

I belatedly realized the stem supporting my leg and awkwardly expressed my gratitude. A strange plant with a long stem extending from the table rolled up its leaves and lifted them up.

Deon’s face distorted with an unknown emotion at the familiar action, as if he was raising his thumb. The Demon King, who was watching this, pretended not to notice and repeated the question he had asked a moment ago.

“So what about nightmares?”

“....”

Deon buried himself on the sofa without saying a word.

The nightmare came as if waiting for the flower to wither. The night began again when I couldn’t sleep properly, but I didn’t miss the flower’s absence. On the contrary, Deon welcomed this situation with sincere joy.

Because it means that Cruel really went to rest.

“Well... okay.”

The Demon King lightly shrugged his shoulders at the silence that refused to answer.

“Whether I sleep well or not, as long as it doesn’t interfere with my work.”

“....”

“Anyway, the picture is finished. Would you like to take a look?”

He walks toward the canvas. Deon stared at the back, then stood up and took his steps.

On the canvas was Deon Hardt, who looked exactly like reality.

The painting depicts every detail, including red eyes, white hair, eyelashes, and skin texture. If the background wasn’t a canvas and the viewer wasn’t moving, he might have thought he was looking at a mirror.

“You’re probably familiar with it. “Until the recent war broke out, this was the preferred painting style when drawing portraits in the human world.”

“...I know. “All the portraits I saw were in this style.”

“Don’t you think it would be satisfying to draw a picture like this with your own hands?”

“Not at all...”

I’m not interested in the picture.

Still, I do know that the Demon King is good at drawing. It's the same with musical instruments, and even drawing... Is there something I can't do?

These questions finally came out of my mouth as the Demon King continued with his next words.

"If you're not interested in paintings... shall we try interpreting ancient language next?"

"...What on earth can't you do? "Do they exist?"

"Yes? iced coffee-."

The Demon King answered indifferently, as if asking all the obvious questions.

"At least you can do everything you can think of right now."

"...."

"Oh, except for making your wish come true."

Deon's shoulders stiffened.

The shaking eyes were followed by a slightly impatient voice, as if trying to cover up the cause of the momentary agitation with something else.

"As expected, it's hard to believe. No matter how long you lived, you couldn't do all that..."

"Deon."

In the end, it worked out as he intended.

The Demon King, who paid attention to Deon's immediate statement rather than his attitude, smiled as if it was funny.

“Like you said, I’ve lived a long time. If you had lived an uneven life for a long time, your common sense would have worked. “The variable is that my life is longer than you think.”

“ ....”

“I had a lot of free time to learn something and see the end of the field. “It goes beyond arts such as painting, sculpture, composition, poetry, and weaponry such as swords, spears, shields, and bows, and even fields that exist but are not commonly recognized, such as interpreting ancient languages, excavating relics, and processing gemstones.”

“ ....”

“As of now, there is only one thing in this world that I have not learned. “That is something that can only be learned from a hero.”

“ ....”

“So....”

He stretches out his hand.

The murderous touch slowly approaches my neck, as if telling me to avoid it if I want to. Deon, who obediently gave up his neck, glanced down at the hand that was closer to resting, rather than grabbing or strangling, and then raised his gaze again to look at the other person.

There was a distorted expression of emptiness and boredom mixed against the dry background, as if a layer of the mask I wore every day had been removed.

“...I hope you grow up and become my teacher.”



At first glance, it had an appearance similar to suffering.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 227**

227. So that the soul is broken (2)

[The Demon King.]

[A being created by the world to kill the warrior.]

\*\*\*

The Demon King is a being created by the world for a purpose.

A completely new race created with the clear purpose of 'killing heroes.' Therefore, the significance of the existence of the 'demon race', including the demon king, that is born from him, boils down to only one thing.

'At least the demons are born regardless of the world's intentions, so there are few restrictions...'

The demon king, who is directly related to the will, is different.

Do you know that feeling that feels like your whole body is wrapped in chains? The Devil's free will is considered subordinate to the purpose of the world. This means that even death cannot be freely chosen.

‘I am freer than anyone else when it comes to things that are not related to achieving the meaning of existence, but then what can I do?’

What you desire most cannot be reached.

On the other hand, heroes are born based on humans. Humans are a species whose meaning of existence is to live with free will and create various ‘history’. In other words, the free will of the warrior, born by giving power to such a human being, is superior to the purpose that the world gave belatedly.

The Demon King sneered.

‘I’m jealous.’

The weight of free will varies greatly depending on the purpose given to the world when it first created its species.

In the first place, the ‘Demon King’ was created hastily without deep consideration with the intention of being disposable for the world, so there are many errors.

For example, when you can no longer achieve the meaning of existence by killing a hero, you have to wait endlessly until another hero appears who is not allowed to die.

Or, the purpose of ‘disposability’ and the basic rule set when the world first created life, ‘all life has a duty to preserve its species’, clashed, and the latter won, resulting in the birth of ‘demons’ and ‘monsters’.

‘Even if other things are the same, death is not allowed even if you kill a hero...’

The current Demon King is the strongest of all Demon Kings.

Now that I think about it, the former Demon King said something in the distant past, right? To the 'Devil King', being strong is a curse. It's as they say.

Being strong has become a curse.

According to the meaning of existence, the Demon King must do his best when dealing with heroes. I couldn't lose on purpose.

As time passed, the Demon King grew tired. I think I was angry in the beginning when I was just tired. Why do you put human free will first while completely trampling on my free will? It is said that an incident that brought the human world to the brink of extinction occurred at this time.

And as time passed, I met Deonhardt again.

'...I first saw it through a bet with the Duke.'

I quietly looked at the white-haired man who was obediently offering his head.

The Demon King does not regret the bet he made with the Duke over Deonhardt. Even if he realizes this incident, hates me and harbors murderous intentions, his thoughts will not change. No, if that were certain, I would rather praise myself for making an excellent choice at the time.

Thanks to this, I was able to watch the growth of a warrior from a closer perspective than ever before.

'It's always been a refreshing experience from the beginning, and that doesn't change even after becoming a hero.'

This is the first time, even for a long time, that the Demon King has a warrior under his command and resides in the Demon King's castle. This is also the first time that 90% of magical power has been consumed to save a human being, and that the saved human has become a hero.

Perhaps that's why the Demon King, who had been generous to Deonhardt since the time when he was simply regarded as a toy, became even more kind when he became a hero.

The person who gave interest and fun from the beginning ended up having the qualifications to teach at the end, so no matter what he did, it wouldn't be pretty.

You can try to eat away at my magic power, or you can do other tricks behind my back.

You can be arrogant in front of me like you are now, or you can fight back like you were a while ago. There is only one thing I want from you.

"I'm going to teach you so many things. If there is something else you want to learn, you can say it without hesitation. "There's no need to think of it as a debt, you just have to teach me that one thing later."

"...."

"I'm willing to wait until then, so please entertain me like you do now."

Do you understand, my hero?

The atmosphere suddenly became lighter.

The Demon King ended his sentence with an exaggerated playfulness and withdrew his hand with a grin. His expression and eyes were as bright as usual, to the point where I suspected that what he had seen before was an illusion.

‘...’

Deon could not easily open his mouth and looked at the Demon King.

I couldn’t bear to ask, even though I didn’t even mention what the only thing I couldn’t learn was the subject I was asking for instruction on. Not only because the atmosphere was not like that, but also because I felt like I knew what he was talking about.

I realized it instinctively. Oh, this is not it.

‘This is dangerous.’

There is no way I can make what he wants come true. Perhaps, if what he wants is revealed to me explicitly, the nature of the game itself may change once again.

The changed game type would be unpalatable to both the Demon King and Deonhardt, for whom breathing and living itself is a pain. It is terrible to even imagine living a life of hide-and-seek with the devil for revenge until the long life of a warrior comes to its natural end.

Maybe that’s why the voice was a little shaken after a long silence.

“...If you hint at what you want, I might find it and make it happen in reverse.”

“You really would be in trouble if you said that out loud, right?”

“....”

...I was so agitated that I made a mistake. Deon closed his mouth and swallowed the saliva that was about to escape.

I unintentionally revealed that I had bad feelings toward him and received confirmation from the other person that he already knew. A situation where something that both knew but pretended not to know surfaced without preparation.

I don't know when I clenched my fist and my fingernails dig into my palm. He opened and closed his mouth several times, increasing the silence, and then slowly spoke again.

“...I guess that's what I meant to say.”

It was a somewhat unexpected remark, but the Demon King quietly nodded.

“I'm serious when I say you need a hobby. “It's like doing double duty.”

For the current conversation, I taught various things and encouraged questions for the sake of creating a hobby.

To let you know in advance that you will find out someday anyway.

I know that it is easier to lead a situation in the direction you want by not telling it than by telling it. In fact, the Demon King tried to keep his mouth shut until the day Deon found out for himself.

But yeah. I have the urge to express this level of gratitude and respect to the human being whose fate is so strange that it catches the eye of the devil, and yet who works hard to see the end.

‘...selfish bastard.’

Deon’s expression hardened.

The devil is cunning. He was certain that Deonhardt would not do this just because of the ‘hint’ of the true method of revenge thrown in front of him. That’s probably why they revealed everything they wanted to say, but didn’t mention anything directly.

Thanks to this, I was so agitated that I ended up dragging useless things to the surface. Deon raised his downcast eyes in dissatisfaction.

“...I think it would be better for both of us if we just left off the conversation we just had.”

“Is that so too?”

“yes. ... And if you had to teach me something, it would have been better to use some kind of weapon technique rather than something like this.”

I cast my gaze at the vivid portrait painted on canvas.

The Demon King, reading his attitude of trying to get out of an uncomfortable situation as quickly as possible, smiled and asked.

“I’m serious? “In order to teach and properly learn weapon skills, you would have to reveal the foundation.”



“....”

“And even if I teach you, you won’t be able to spar, so you won’t have a chance to understand my origins. Only you will be robbed of everything. Is that okay?”

“...When did I ever wonder about the Demon King’s origins?”

There’s just no direct mention, but now they’re talking about the situation openly.

Red eyes shine as if they are unpleasant. He raised his head straight as if there was nothing to worry about and made eye contact with the Demon King.

“He said if there is something you want to learn, just say it without hesitation.”

“....”

“I want to learn martial arts. “I take care of my own finances.”

You just teach. I will take care of whether it’s hiding the original source or creating a new one, or at the very least, figuring out your skills.

Deon was saying that.

A hint of arrogance appeared in his eyes, as if the words he spoke with his own thoughts had touched his pride.

I don’t think I really had any intention of learning, but I just encouraged it. The Demon King laughed lightly.

“If you say so, that’s fine.”

Only then did Deon, who nodded and calmed his eyes, frown as if something had occurred to him.

“But why are you saying we can’t spar?”

“The Demon King does his best when dealing with a hero. To be precise, it may not have been controlled to ‘not kill’. “If we force it, it won’t be a sparring match but a fight to the death.”

“ ....”

“I don’t think that’s more important right now. “Is it okay to be peaceful like this?”

The Demon King grins. Deon suddenly raised his head as an ominous feeling ran down his spine.

The devil doesn’t go out of his way to tell people things he didn’t ask about first. What you just said must have been a hint. My head, awakened by tension, began to turn quickly.

“...is it related to war?”

“huh.”

“It looks like we have some new news.”

“well.”

“Then it’s not new news, but it looks like I’ve belatedly received information I’d been missing... What is it?”

answer. The Demon King gave an answer filled with laughter.

“The Shan State and the Empire have renegotiated their alliance. “It seems like it’s been a while.”

“....”

“Well, there seems to be some other minor news, but... you can find out about it yourself.”

Are you going?

The portrait is presented with a question that is not a question filled with certainty. Deon, who suddenly accepted it, made eye contact with himself in the picture and stiffened in shock.

“Why is this....”

“It’s a gift, so take it.”

“....”

I feel bad because it looks like a mirror.

Still, I couldn’t refuse what the Demon King gave me. With a shaky expression, he held the picture in one hand and placed the flower pot on the table on the other side... then lowered his gaze when he felt his waist tightening.

Green stems wrapped around his waist.

“?”

“Yuck.”

“Oh, I’ll hang on to it on my own, so you can take your hands off me?”

“Pfft.”

After hesitating for a moment, I quietly placed the flower pot. Fortunately, no flower pots fell.

Deon chuckled at the weight bouncing off his side, took the picture with his free hand, and looked back at the Demon King.

"I heard a lot this time, but I won't ask anything. "I will not ask you what the Demon Lord wants from me."

"...."

"Let me just tell you one thing."

There was a dark light in the eyes.

"Whatever it is, don't let me find out."

That's for all of us.

\*\*\*

A loud voice is heard from the hallway.

Ed, who was lingering in front of the door to greet Deon Hardt, raised his head when he detected a familiar voice. Sure enough, the superior he was supposed to serve was walking from afar.

...For some reason, he had a flower pot attached to his side and a large portrait of himself in his hand.

"It's admirable that you want to listen... but I heard you don't need to."

"Yuck."

"Just hanging on is enough for you."

"Damn...."

“Besides, the paint hasn’t dried all the way, so if you do something wrong, the painting will be ruined. “It’s a painting the devil drew, and I don’t want to hear that I ruined it, so I’ll just do it myself...”

Well, you’ve changed a lot in a way that I haven’t seen before.

Even though the green stems were almost wrapped around the upper body, Ed, who accepted it as a personality with an open mind, suddenly tilted his head as he approached to meet him.

‘But whether it’s the plant or Deon that lifts it, isn’t the weight that Deon must ultimately bear the same?’

Well...that’s not important right now.

I bowed politely towards Inyoung, who was now getting closer.

“Are you here, Deon?”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 228**

228. Soul-breaking (3)

“Ah Ed.”

Deon, who was talking to the plant with a relaxed expression, immediately hardens his expression. Ed had a bitter smile on his face as he clearly drew a line and showed caution.

Should we consider it fortunate that it is not hostile? If it had been before, I would have tried to make small talk by asking what kind of picture it was, but... I felt like I was shrinking for no reason, so I just cautiously extended my hand.

“Give me the picture. “I’ll hang it on the wall in my room.”

“You don’t have to do that...”

“...Do you have any other storage methods in mind?”

“That’s not true... but do whatever you want.”

A picture was held out.

...Now that I think about it, you said a little while ago that the paint in the hallway wasn’t all dry.

Ed, who noticed that the paint was less dry just before he touched it with his keen eye, quickly changed the position where he was holding it and accepted it carefully so as not to damage the painting.

“The paint seems to have dried less. “I will dry it first and then frame it later.”

“As you wish....”

“If I leave it in the room in this state, it will stink and I will have to open the window for ventilation, so I will dry it somewhere else and then hang it in the room....” “...No, just leave it in

my room. . “My room window is open 24 hours a day anyway, and the paint smells better.”

Rather than the smell of blood.

Deon, muttering inaudibly, waved his hand and opened the door, as if telling him to take care of everything else. Dan, who was waiting inside, immediately welcomed him.

“You’re here. Did you have a nice time meeting the Demon King? “It looks like he painted a portrait or something because a picture appeared that wasn’t there before.”

The confident eyes of someone who was sure he would not be rejected landed on the picture Ed was holding.

“I didn’t know there was a demon with such outstanding drawing skills in the Demon King’s Castle. “Who painted that picture?”

“Demon King.”

“Well... you are a multi-talented person.”

Leaving Dan and Deon’s conversation behind, Ed looked around the room filled with completed puzzles, chose the right one, and hung the picture there.

The gaze that went up to check the angle soon fell with sadness in it.

‘Why...’

You hit a wall like that towards me.

It’s almost like Dan’s one-sided bragging, but anyway, Deon doesn’t stop talking and is accepting it well. Perhaps that’s why Dan’s voice, which would normally be passed off as just an unpleasant human babbling, was annoying.

To the point where I couldn’t even get into a light fight like I did every day.

Ed was aware that if he opened his mouth now, he might cross a line. I don’t mind crossing the line with that person, but I can’t go against Deon’s wishes.

“...It’s done.”

Finally, I got the angle right and took a step back.

Only then does the red gaze reach here. His eyes had an indifferent light, unlike their intense color.

“great job. “Go out.”

“...yes.”

The order to congratulate guests seems obvious and the answer is familiar.



Ed, with a self-mocking smile, bows his head deeply to hide his expression and walks away. Dan, who was watching the scene, turned to Deon just as the door closed.

“Um... Master. Are you taking good care of your lieutenant?”

“Why bother?”

“Looking at it like this, it seems a bit weird. Still, aren’t they demons who served their master with sincerity before I came? No matter how unbelievable it may be, at least it is reasonable...”

“But.”

A stern voice interrupted.

Dan closed his mouth and silence fell. Instead of opening his mouth right away, Deon leisurely played with the strange plant that was still hanging on his side, then took it off and placed it on the table.

Eventually, a calm voice pressed down on the space with heavy content.

“I will kill the devil.”

“...!”

“It is true that Ed served me wholeheartedly. Even now, efforts to achieve that are visible. But he is also very loyal to the Demon Lord. Would a guy like that really choose me in a situation where the devil and I face off?”

“....”

Deon smiled bitterly after reading the affirmation in the non-returning reply.

I remember we had a conversation about that topic last time. At the time, he said that he was serving 'Authority' and not 'Deonhardt'.

And when I got to the present and saw the white gloves I was still wearing, I was honestly a little shaken. When I heard that the reason was because it was a gift from Deon, I thought that maybe it was about serving 'Deon Hart' rather than 'authority'.

But then what?

I can see a future for him that no one will be able to choose between the Demon King and Deonhart.

"I can't have a half-baked guy like that by my side in a game where life and death are at stake."

It would be better to induce them to leave.

The demon I encountered most often while living in the Demon King's Castle was Ed. Because Ed was by his side even when he was timid and withdrawn, Deon knew and knew about Ed.

The Ed I came to know thus could be defined in one word. 'soldier'.

I am a typical low-ranking soldier who is faithful to my duties and quickly becomes indecisive if I do not have a task to undertake. It may seem flexible at first glance, but it will break down when you have to make decisions on your own, so it will be useless in critical situations.

"I know you'll feel at ease because it's me. "It would have been better for both of us if we had been complete enemies."

I fell in love with the topic of demons and being needlessly nice.

Blood is flowing everywhere, as if asking me to look at it. Deon didn't care and put his hand on the back of the chair to sit in front of the table...and then took it back.

"Yuck."

"Uh... yes... thank you...."

"...is that a plant? "It's so gentlemanly with the plant theme."

A long, straight trunk was waiting with the chair pulled out. It's a bonus to push Deon back when he sits down with a nervous look on his face.

At Dan's words that he is a gentleman, he places the thin stem against the thick stem and bends down the flower bud. Deon and Dan's expressions became subtle, as if they were putting their hands on their chests and lowering their heads.

"...is it really a plant?"

"I don't know..."

Anyway, thanks to this, the atmosphere was brightened.

Now that the conclusion had been made to stay away from the adjutant, continuing this topic would only add to the atmosphere without any gain, so Dan changed the topic, thanking the monster in his heart.

The next small topic of conversation was the picture currently hanging on the wall. Deon, who left empty-handed, brought a portrait of himself.

“You have unique taste in having your own portrait in your own room.”

Deon responded to the playful, sly remark, leaning back in his chair with a slightly relaxed expression.

“It’s better than having a portrait of an unrelated person hanging up. Besides, I can’t throw it away because the devil himself painted it and gave it to me, and I also like the smell of the paint.”

“The smell of paint... are you talking about? I feel like it’s a little harsh...”

“That’s why I like it.”

Because it smells like blood.

Deon swallowed his last words, looked away from Dan, who had a puzzled expression on his face, and patted the strange plant on the table. Dan, who noticed that he had no intention of talking about the explanation that did not continue even after waiting, flexibly changed the subject.

“Then, can I take this to mean that by the time the smell of paint disappears, it will only become a burden?”

“What... right?”

“Then can I take it and use it as I please?”

“...What are you going to use it for?”

There was anxiety in his voice.

Deon looks away from the plant and looks at Dan. Dan met his gaze directly and grinned proudly.

“It’s not right now, but I’m thinking of a place that might be suitable to use in the future.”

“....”

“I won’t do anything strange. maybe.”

“maybe?”

“Depending on the other person, there may be a little bit of spit on the picture.”

“...What are you trying to do?”

Spit. Although it is not me, it is a picture of my face that is identical to the real thing. I think I would feel bad if it was used for something strange. The slightly shaking red eyes turned to Dan as if demanding an answer.

It’s enough to tease you like this. Dan shrugged his shoulders.

“I will use it for trading.”

“No, I’m making a deal, but why do I need to spit...”

“Not knowing is medicine. Let’s just skip over it. “Anyway, I’ll take that as permission.”

“....”

I don’t think it’s something that can be skipped over.

Still, Deon was confident that Dan would not do anything harmful and judged that even if he caused damage with the portrait, it would not cause too much damage, so Deon passed on without any hesitation.

“Well... that aside.”

I searched my pocket and took out a cigarette.

-widely!

“Yuck!”

“....”

After stopping for a moment, I took out a new cigarette again...

-Tap!

“Yuck!”

“....”

Dan was already whimpering with his mouth covered.

Deon quietly looked at the cigarettes and the monster plants that were pathetically rolling around on the floor, then fixed his gaze on the monster plant. A slow voice that clearly conveyed the feeling of hopelessness flowed out.

“...Don't smoke?”

“Pfft.”

The flower bud shakes up and down. Deon narrowed his eyes and saw the strange plant for a moment before putting the cigarette pack back in his arms with a faint sigh.

“They say that if you raise animals, you will live a healthy life...”

“This guy is a plant, Master.”

“It’s moving. It also makes a crying sound, but it is closer to an animal than a plant. –Anyway.”

The atmosphere has changed.

Dan, startled by the heavy air again, adjusted his posture.

Bright red eyes shine lazily with the composure of a strong man. Deon closed his eyes. A familiar voice passed through my head.

[...I wish you could grow up to be my teacher.]

An unexplained impatience mixed with his eyes again, and his clenched jaw slowly tightened.

“I need to finish the work as quickly as possible.”

“Are you talking about conquering the Ramen Continent as quickly as possible?”

“No, the Demon World.”

“...?”

Too many words have been omitted. Dan’s eyebrows narrowed.

Rather than being resolved in the ensuing orders, the doubts grew and became more confusing.

“The commander of the 5th Corps has a hidden warehouse where he collects valuable miscellaneous items.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“And the 9th Corps commander has rough hands when handling things.”

“...You know that too...?”

“Please tell the 9th Corps commander the location of the warehouse.”

“...ah?”

Dan frowned.

I knew the intention as soon as I heard the command. Deon Hardt is trying to create a wedge between the 5th and 9th Corps commanders.

‘But why?’

There’s no reason to do that, right? I don’t particularly have any ill feelings towards either of them.

Deon smiled slightly at the question that was clearly revealed.

“Didn’t you say it’s too much or too little?”

The world wants me to get rid of the demon lord, so I, who want to fuck him, have no choice but to wipe out not only the demon lord but also the demons.

Well, it is said that demons are hated by the world, so the world may actually like them. Even so, it doesn’t really matter since the plan is to wipe out the human world first.

“I think it would be better to strike a balance more than anything else.”

“...?”

“If this continues, every country in the human world will be trampled and the entire continent will return to nothingness.



Then wouldn't it be fair for the Demon World to return to nothingness as well?"

It wouldn't be a bad idea to build up the sins that have already been committed until, as in the lyrics of an old song, the soul is broken and destroyed to the point where reincarnation is impossible.

"Now I have to start working on the Demon World map. "If we had to target the royal families of each kingdom in order to trample on the human world, the demon world would be about army commanders, excluding the demon king."

In order to get things done quickly, you need to prepare now.

Following the warning of reason disguised as instinct, Deon decided to finish the job before the Demon King found out what he truly wanted.

"You remember my orders, right? There is no need for the 5th and 9th corps commanders to fight for their lives right now, so they can do so without any burden. If you just instill bad feelings towards each other, things will take care of themselves. "Perhaps it will be handled on its own without us having to do anything, or if it doesn't explode, we can look at the situation and address it when appropriate."

"...her."

I thought it would be the end if I just killed the Demon King. Dan burst out laughing.

What kind of ridiculous scale is this? In other words, doesn't that mean that you are going to turn the entire world upside down?

A slightly raised tone of voice came out filled with excitement, mixed with astonishment, admiration, and awe.

“Master is really... crazy.”

“Are you crazy? I was sane from the beginning.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 229**

229. Crack (1)

9th Corps Commander Trover is an extremely fun-loving personality. There's no need to dig deeper since he's a guy who even used up his magical power just for fun. He's that simple. For someone like that, the unique and interesting miscellaneous items collected by the commander of the 5th Corps would suit his taste.

There's no way a simple, tactless guy wouldn't reach for something that catches his eye. He will most likely break things with his rough hands.

"I just don't want to do good things for the demons."

Deon laughed.

"It's only troublesome if another target of my revenge benefits from my revenge."

More accurately, it could be described as 'a race whose leader is another object of revenge', but that is not important at the time when they pushed an empire to the brink of extinction and shook the human world in order to kill the duke and the emperor.

When the human world collapses, demons benefit. Deon had no intention of watching that.

“It may be better to remain a ‘disaster’ rather than a ‘traitor to humanity.’”

“Once you take the first step, there is no turning back. Are you confident you won’t regret it?”

“...I don’t think it’s a question to ask about a topic that makes your eyes shine like that.”

“Ah, the Master’s remarks were so charming.”

Dan raised the corners of his mouth.

“But this is this and that is that, right?”

“Um... you know.”

Deon picked up the flower pot and approached the window. I put down the strange plant in a familiar spot, stroked it once with my index finger, and then looked back at Dan.

The bright red eyes tilted with a sincere expression of puzzlement.

“When did I take a path I could turn back from?”

“....”

“Don’t look at me like that. Because I feel dirty. Do you think it’s just me? Everyone is like that. Originally, life itself can be seen as consisting of a series of irreversible choices. “It’s nothing new.”

Deon looked at Dan, who was startled and raised his hand to trace his eyes, and added as if he were nailing it.

“And if I was going to regret it, I would have done it long ago. “It’s too late for that now, isn’t it?”

Suddenly, the words I had once angry at the emperor who said he had no regrets flashed through my mind.

...Yes, I was angry.

[I wonder if he didn't realize it because life is full of regrets.]

I didn't show it because the situation was so bad, but I was secretly shocked when I said it out loud. Those words were not just aimed at the emperor.

The atmosphere became heavy. Dan, who had been listening quietly, noticed that Deon had closed his mouth and quietly spoke.

"As expected, the Master seems crazy."

"I said no. Why does the story go like that?"

The negativity returned immediately.

Deon shook his head resolutely without looking at the floor. A bitter smile appeared on his lips.

"Not yet."

...'Not yet'?

Dan paused for a moment at the offensive word, but calmly continued walking.

"Well... I understand. "Then I will go and carry out your orders right away."

"Before that, please call me Devellania."

"yes."

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In the beginning, not long after I found out the truth, I was definitely out of my mind. Did you feel like the time passing day by day felt heavy and you wished that time would stop?

But it didn't take long for Deon to realize it.

For the living, time passes in vain. No matter how much I cry and stop, time goes by as long as I live. My time and Cruel's time could not be the same.

Even the time I waste grieving only widens the gap between him and me. Since I couldn't die right away anyway, I had to move before it was too late.

I have to live and move, but the world is pulling my leash, so what can I do? Rather than being dragged along like a dog on a leash, I have no choice but to quickly reach the end of the road and be liberated.

"I heard you called me, Deon."

As soon as I could say permission to knock, Develania appeared in front of me and smiled softly.

Deon looked into those eyes for a moment, then closed his eyes and smiled. For a moment, her expression was colored with surprise.

"I heard that the Empire and the Mountain Kingdom have renegotiated their alliance."

"Ah...ah, that's right. After reporting to the Demon King, I was planning to report to Deon immediately, but the Demon King called Deon first. So I put it off to report it until tomorrow... but you already heard it."

“....”

Are you saying it wasn't intentionally omitted?

The re-alliance of the empire and the Shan State is not such a serious issue. In any case, it doesn't change the fact that the empire is busy trying to get itself together. Even if they formed an alliance, it wouldn't be able to help them in any way, so it's strange that the Mountain Kingdom re-allied... but

the most important thing now is whether Develania intentionally omitted information.

Deon, who was smoothing the corners of his mouth, lowered his hand and opened his mouth.

“Any other information?”

“Most of them have already been uploaded on paper, so there is nothing in particular... Ah, you probably know that the situation is currently delayed due to the inability to breach the walls of the State of Shan.”

“yes. “Have you discovered any additional causes?”

“Yes, that was because of not only the resistance of the Shanguo itself, but also the interference of the revolutionary army. “I plan to organize this into documents and upload them soon.”

“Damn revolutionary army.”

A sound that clearly conveyed frustration rang out.

Deon cleared his emotions by rubbing his head and asked the question again.

“Have the Shanguo and the revolutionary army formed an alliance?”

“No, I looked for it, but there was no evidence of any contact. “Seeing as the movements were not in sync, it seemed like the revolutionary army was just helping itself.”

“...It’s also jingling.”

I don’t know how many more interruptions I’ll have to make to get rid of my instincts.

I want to get rid of it quickly, but is Shiia’s whereabouts still available? However, it may take a bit longer to find it alone, but it will be faster with two people than with one person.

Deon glanced at Develania for a moment, remembering the order he had given to Dan, but then quickly looked away.

Come to think of it, she already has enough work to do. Dan isn’t an incompetent guy, so it wouldn’t be a bad idea to wait a little longer.

“More than that, Deon, you didn’t tie your hair today?”

“A little while ago... I was lying down and it bothered me so I took it off.”

His gaze was strangely busy, and it seemed like he was looking at his hair and face alternately. After becoming aware of it, I awkwardly massaged the stuffy back of my neck.

Develania quietly approached.

“If you’re not going to lie down again, is it okay if I tie you up again?”



...Come to think of it, it's been a while since I brought any clothes, right?

It was frustrating to bring so many different clothes that I got tired of just looking at them, but then the situation changed and I couldn't do that. Deon nodded without much hesitation because he thought it wouldn't take that long and it would be better to let him satisfy his desire like this.

"But you left a string behind."

"Oh, it's okay. "I also tie my hair up often, so I have extra strings."

Develania smiled brightly and gently waved the blue string she had taken out at some point.

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After leaving Deon's room as if he had been kicked out, Ed walked without a destination. Even though he had paperwork to do, he just crossed the hallway aimlessly, as if he had no intention of going to the office.

frustrated. I feel a type of frustration that I have never experienced in my life and I have no idea what to do. His steps wandered around the Demon King's Castle as if he were wandering.

Then, he was caught by the devil on his way to the library.

"It doesn't seem like you have a particular destination, so what are you doing?"

"Ah, Demon King. it's nothing."

" .... "

The Demon King's eyes narrowed.

Only then did Ed realize that his words might be taken to mean that there was no need to worry, so he quickly threw up his hand.

"That's not it. When you say it's nothing, it seems like it's nothing, but it's really nothing..."

"Stop."

"...."

The continued gibberish stopped. Ed closed his mouth and lowered his head with his back. The Demon King, who was looking at the top of his head with a knowing look, searched his chest and took out a piece of paper with the Demon King's seal on it.

Ed slightly raised his head at the appearance of the paper, which acts like a blank check in the human world, and his eyes widened. Blue eyes were as transparent as color, showing agitation.

"Due to the situation, I am busy, so I cannot give you a long time, but with the authority of the Demon King, I will give you about a day of vacation. It's okay to fill the day, and it's okay to return before that. "This day is entirely yours."

"...."

"I'll give you this, so don't be tied up in the Demon King's Castle and go anywhere. The increase in monsters has made passage difficult, but it's not a problem for you, right? "It wouldn't be a bad idea to visit any of the four cities."

"...."

“Don’t you accept it?”

The paper flutters. Only then did Ed politely extend his hand and take the paper. He didn’t want to lose it, so he put it in his arms and checked it before bowing politely towards the demon king.

“thank you.”

“okay.”

The Demon King turned his back without hesitation.

Ed, who was watching his retreating back, turned and headed for the stairs as soon as he disappeared from sight. My mind was in a state of confusion due to the sudden vacation I was given.

I thought as I took the stairs and went down to the first floor.

‘...There’s no place I really want to go.’

However, since I received an order, I cannot be in the Demon King’s Castle.

The decision was quick.

‘You asked me to go to any of the four cities, so it would be better to go to the first city closest to me.’

Once I decided on my destination, my walking speed increased. However, this soon had to stop again.

“Ed?”

When I hear a familiar voice, my head goes up inadvertently and I lower my head again after checking the other person. Of course. A short sigh lingered in my mouth.

Today, I'm met by someone I don't want to meet, but that doesn't mean I can't stop saying hello. A voice with a lower tone than usual came out slowly.

"...Hello, Commander 4th Corps."

"Okay, hi. "It feels like it's been a while since I last saw you."

Idelia, the 4th corps commander, waved her fan and smiled softly.

"Why are you always in the office or Deon's room?"

"...."

"Now that I think about it, Deon said that since he brought in a human as his throne, he only keeps that person by his side...."

It's a sly move, even though he already knows everything. While he is the commander of the 4th Corps who processes information like no one else.

Ed pursed his lips. A folded fan touched under my lowered chin.

The head raised following the movement of the fan meets Idelia's gaze. Reflected in her blue eyes, her eyebrows were arched as if she was sad.

"It's abandoned. Deon is also very heartless."

"...don't speak carelessly."

"Oh my, you're talking about something big going on. Anyone who hears this will think I insulted Deon. "I also respect and like Deon, right?"

This is sincerity without an ounce of lies. I just wanted Ed a little more.

Idelia opened her fan again and covered her mouth.

“I was just expressing sympathy for your situation.”

“...I was grateful, but my sympathy was wrong.”

Ed looked tired.

After Deon brought Dan and his situation was pushed out, the 4th Corps commander began to secretly look at the liver.

He subtly expresses his favor and emphasizes that he is good to his lieutenant. It was obvious that he was trying to drag me into his position as a deputy, so I stayed in my office under the pretext of organizing documents and avoided him, but I couldn't avoid him forever, so I ended up facing him like this.

Just what I've avoided so far has been amazing.

‘He takes good care of his lieutenant... I know this because I personally saw a lieutenant dying while handling paperwork alone.’

Still, I'm glad he didn't suggest it outright...

“How about becoming my deputy?”

...Nope.

Finally, this moment came. Especially now.

Ed sighed. Idelia's voice continued.

“It just so happens that we have good capabilities.”

“....”

“I kept quiet until now because it was Deon-sama’s property, but now it seems like Deon-nim isn’t interested either. If you say you want to move it, they will probably let you go. “I’m sure you won’t think anything of it if you find out I suggested it.”

If it had been before, you would have been angry.

It was a cruelly light voice.

...weird. Ed gently clenched the hand behind his back.

They say words have no form. Inside my chest... I feel like a wound keeps forming near my heart.

I ignored the incomprehensible pain and opened my mouth.

“...I appreciate the offer, though.”

A slightly cracked voice came out.

“I refuse.”

“Well, I knew that would happen.”

Unlike the heavy rejection, the answer was refreshing. Idelia folded her fan and smiled.

“If you change your mind later, let me know. You’re always welcome.”

“....”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 230**

230. Crack (2)

Ed borrowed a horse from the stable and headed to the first city.

It was natural for the monsters to run excitedly at the appearance of a formidable prey that was not moving in a group but was running alone across a desolate field.

Doo doo doo doo!

The earth shakes. A cloud of dust rose and a swarm of monsters were seen coming from afar.

Nevertheless, Ed's expression did not waver.

'It's been a while since I used my unique ability.'

Rather than stopping, the horse continues to run without even slowing down, holding the reins tightly with one hand and putting the other hand to its mouth. He bit the end of his white gloves and pulled them off.

A strange black pattern that even covered the back of the hand was partially revealed.

Ed was born with demonic energy in the wind. It was not created solely from a combination of pure wind and demonic

energy, but there was a sacrifice in the form of a human corpse.

The body of a human general who was lying on the border between day and night on a strong windy day. The body was corroded and decomposed by demon energy and then reassembled to form the body of a demon, and the swirling wind mixed in there became its unique ability.

Perhaps because of his unique ability, or because his body was half-covered in the human world, unlike a demon born by eating a corpse, his hair had pale sunlight and his eyes had a clear sky, so he received a good response from Deon Hart relatively early on among the demons. .

[nice to see you. This is Ed, who will be serving Demon from today. I heard that your physical condition worsened while preventing the hero from committing suicide. We will do our best to help you so that you do not feel any inconvenience.]

[The color...]

[Yes?]

[...No. Please take care of me.]

At that time, Ed remembers that, although it was only for a moment, the red eyes that had built a thick wall looked back and forth between my eyes and my hair, and then relaxed a little. Later, I heard in passing that, unlike other demons, its appearance, including color, was similar to that of a human.

Then Ed realized.

Ah, Demon-sama, you feel aversion to 'demon-like things'.



Since you are human, there is nothing you cannot understand. To be precise, it seems like you feel aversion to 'things that are different from humans', so it would be better to hide the characteristics of demons.

To me, the only characteristic of demons is the pattern that extends from their arms to the backs of their hands. Your arms will be covered anyway when you wear a suit, so you just need to cover your hands. So I always wore gloves.

'Master Deon...'

After all the effort, the distance that had been narrowed grew further again.

Why are you suddenly distancing yourself from me? Did I do something wrong?

The consciousness, which had gone astray, reaches Deonhardt again and hovers in place. Feeling his chest tighten, Ed stopped thinking and looked straight ahead.

"...A lot of those birds flocked there too."

He stretched out his bare hand towards the horde of monsters blocking his path.

Since there is no one around except monsters, there is nothing to worry about. He rode the horse without hesitation and glared at the monsters.

The distance decreased at a rapid pace, and just before the collision, the pattern on the back of the hand moved.

Kwagwagwagwak!!

The monster was torn apart. No, for a moment even the noise was torn away.

The black wind that swirls and tears everything in front of it slowly disappears. The pattern on the back of Ed's hand had long since disappeared.

After a few seconds, noise began to fill the quiet space again. Ed rode his horse without hesitation into the open space, as there was only noise and the monsters had not yet arrived.

For the first time in a while, I felt my heart beating faster and filling my empty arms with air again.

'One hour until you can use it again.'

The remaining time must be used with caution.

Still, the monsters seem to have stopped in fear due to the sight they saw a moment ago, so they will be able to reach the first city before it becomes dangerous.

In the first place, he didn't become a candidate for corps commander just because of his unique ability, which had fatal limitations.

Ed rode the horse calmly, without any signs of anxiety.

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A boring afternoon with nothing to do.

Thump thump!

The doorkeeper, who was dozing off against the door, was startled by the sudden vibration and noise and straightened up.

His eyes widen in disbelief as he realizes that the reason for the noise is because someone is knocking on the door outside. That's right....

‘Surely there were no visit plans today?’

In other words, the current visit is extremely personal, which means that those who are out now are a minority, not a majority.

‘A small number of people broke through that horde of monsters?’

The reason why the castle gate, which was always open, was closed except in special cases was because the number of monsters had increased significantly.

I briefly suspected that I might have mistaken the sound of a monster hitting a body outside the door, but it was clearly a knocking sound. A restrained collision sound made by striking with intention at regular intervals.

I hurriedly picked up the communication table.

“Hey, someone is knocking outside right now. “Can I open it?”

- ....

“Hey?”

- Uh... uh...

Are you saying I can open it or not?

If you open it without checking properly, you could cause a disaster by letting monsters into the castle walls. The

frowning gatekeeper spoke strongly into the communicator again.

“Say it straight. Don’t open it? “Would it be necessary to have troops to block the monsters during opening?”

– ...You can open it. No need for troops. Because there are no living monsters.

The reaction is somewhat strange, but this is what the guy who checked the outside directly from the castle wall said. There was no reason not to believe it.

I grabbed the device that opened the castle gate. It’s clear that there will be a small number, so there’s no need to open it too much, just open it a little. If there were a large number, they would have made a schedule in advance and contacted us before coming, so there is no possibility of a large number.

When the device was moved, there was a heavy sound like “kugugung” and a slight gap appeared in the gate. As if they had been waiting, someone on a horse came through them.

‘...one person?’

I waited, thinking the group would come in later, but no one came.

He asked if the gatekeeper, who was rather still, looked strange.

“What are you doing without closing the door?”

“The group....”

“No one.”

her.

Unbelievable. Did you really come alone? The suspicion that raised its head for a moment soon disappeared as I sensed the evil magic coming from him.

‘...It’s worth coming alone.’

It’s overwhelming, so I can’t tell for sure, but it seems like most of the troops in the Demon King’s Castle are close to the executive level.

Even so, he would usually bring a companion with him in case of an unexpected situation, but does this mean he is confident in his own abilities?

Anyway, they say there are no more demons coming in, so the castle gate must be closed again. I put my hand on the device again. And the gatekeeper, who thoughtlessly glanced outside the gap in the gate for a final check, froze.

‘...Has a storm full of blades passed by?’

Although it was an extremely limited sight seen through a narrow gap, there were shockingly numerous remains of monsters scattered there.

Many, many, many words pass through the firm gatekeeper and head inside. It was only after his presence disappeared that the gatekeeper was able to recall one memory.

‘I said I was strangely familiar with magical powers...’

I remembered. 0 It felt like the evil magical power of the adjutant who was by the corps commander’s visit.

...Wait, what does that mean?!

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The one remaining unique ability I had saved was used in front of the castle. If you just leave it alone and it comes with you when you enter the castle, you will be in trouble.

The adjustments were not done properly for fear of damaging the castle walls or gates, so some ugly remnants were left behind, but the monsters were cleared out anyway.

‘Where should I go anyway?’

After leaving the horse behind, Ed stopped and looked around.

All you can see are unhealthy types like alcohol and gambling. The thought that I should have gone to the fourth city, even if it was a little further away, slowly dawned on me. The fourth city is a resort city.

‘...No, as soon as I got there, I wouldn’t have been there long and I would have had to start again.’

I gave up my regrets and fell into thought again.

This city of entertainment may be just as good as a city of recreation to some, but not to me. Ed thought for a moment and then walked away with the intention of having a drink for the first time in a while.

There were plenty of bars so there was no need to go through any trouble to find them.

Ed went into an eye-catching bar, sat down, and ordered just one drink. The alcohol content is not that strong.

“Brother, is that going to be the message?”

“I have to go back soon.”

Since I came alone without any demons to take care of me, it would be difficult to drink to the point of intoxication.

The bartender, sensing that there was no room for further persuasion due to his firm attitude, clicked his tongue and turned around. Ed lifted the glass that came out shortly afterwards.

It was only when I took a sip that a long snake-like arm draped over my shoulder.

“What’s going on with the devil who doesn’t even drink alcohol? “Do you think there’s something troubling you?”

A thin black tail flutters in the corner of my eye.

A black tail with a pointed tip is a characteristic of incubus and succubus.

...Yes, this was a city of entertainment. I should have gone to the fourth city. Ed’s expression hardened.

“...Aga.”

“Yeah, it’s been a while.”

The incubus rolled his eyes lazily and waved his hand.

...One day, Ed almost exploded with hostility toward Hien and warned him not to approach Deon again. At that time, Hien said something wrong, so Ed strangled him and Ben stopped him. At that time, Ben said this.

[Understand. That guy has bad memories about incubuses and succubi.]

[Mistaken for succubus and incubus and confessed wrongly...]

The incubus called 'Eiga' in front of me right now is the target of that damn incident.

The person I truly loved when I thought she was a succubus. My first love, who couldn't contain the overflowing unfamiliar emotions and eventually confessed to me, revealed that he was an incubus and mocked me.

Incubus and succubus can change their bodies according to the other person's taste, and if the other person does not have an external preference, their basic body condition does not change much, so there was no choice but to be confused about the gender of Eiga, who is basically a skinny body type. At the time, I had no external tastes and I thought the other succubus' basic body was a bit plain.

They abused it like that.

"...What kind of face are you clinging to me with?"

"Oh, you're being too tight. Still, can't you be a friend who listens to your concerns? "There is no particular prejudice against incubus or succubus."

"Thanks to you, it's been a long time."

"I'm so sorry."

His tail touches Ed's neck as if he is apologizing but not at all sorry. The sharp end poked my cheek playfully. Ed yanked it away and growled.



“It would be difficult to show one’s tail like this in front of prejudiced demons. “This is one of the reasons why you are looked down upon.”

As if living as a parasite on others is not enough, the tail that exists on all incubuses and succubi seems to be asking them to recognize us and discriminate against us. The appearance that shows a sense of unity among the free-spirited demons is the same as asking people to recognize them and discriminate against them.

Regardless of whether Ed’s spirit was vicious or not, Eiga grinned as she gently wagged her tail to pull him out of his hand.

“For something like that, the reaction is milder than expected. “Let go of your tail so obediently.”

“....”

“Would you like me to tell you something in return for not hitting your head on the table as soon as you saw me? “I don’t know what the problem is, but if it’s a problem in an extremely private relationship rather than a public one, it’s definitely a problem with your attitude.”

“....”

“Because your attitude was always half-baked at crucial moments.”

It’s not like the demon’s personality changes easily. Eiga clicked his tongue.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 231**

231. Crack (3)

When Eiga revealed that he was an incubus instead of answering Ed's confession, he could have become Ed's friend depending on Ed's attitude.

As time passed and we became closer than anyone else, the confession at the time was embarrassing, but it could have been passed off as an incident and memory that could be laughed off. That day could have come.

Nevertheless, the reason the situation turned out this way was also because of Ed's attitude.

[....]

It would have been better if he had gone wild in anger, asking if he had deceived him.

Ed just remained silent. His mouth was closed and his eyes were shaking randomly, revealing his agitation.

Let alone saying things like saying it's okay or asking them to pretend they never confessed, they don't show any emotions other than agitation and hesitation, so how much blood has dried from the other person's point of view.

It was all the more inevitable because it wasn't a sincere attempt to deceive or tease him.

'How can I reveal that I am an incubus when a demon with evil magical power treats me well, mistaking me for a succubus...' Even so,

succubi and incubuses are treated with contempt, so it is important not to offend other demons. .

By the time Ed realized that he was not a demon who would be disadvantaged for just that reason, it was already too late.

The hesitation passed the moment of reversibility, and what was thought to be a brief moment of interest or amusement for the strong grew longer and eventually led to catastrophe.

So Eiga was already prepared to reveal the truth. I will accept whatever judgment he makes and whatever action he takes.

'But I never thought I wouldn't be able to make a decision.'

Because I can't do that easy thing.

It didn't matter if it was positive or negative. What Eiga wanted was a clear attitude. Only then will the current messy relationship, which has come to nothing, be clearly sorted out.

Either remain friends or never see each other again. Or... even though that will never happen, they become lovers.

But no matter how long I wait, all I get in return is silence.

In the end, Eiga had no choice but to take the initiative and end the relationship. If you try to sort out the relationship first from the position of being deceived, you will eventually reach the same result no matter which path you take.

If you say things to end your relationship with a man, such as saying that you won't see him in the future or that you won't see him again, just because he's shameless, it will lead to the worst results.

Eiga decided that if the result was the same either way, she should at least make Ed's attitude clear.

So, they even mocked him by claiming to be a villain, but what does this soft attitude mean?

I was afraid that I might have become dull because it had been a long time since we had seen each other, so I came out shamelessly and mentioned my friend.

A little bit of absurd emotion unintentionally seeped into my voice.

"Look at us even now, our relationship is not enough to be hostile, but your attitude is too soft. Even though I did that."

This is our first conversation since then.

The demon, who was supposed to be very busy, was drinking alcohol, something he didn't usually enjoy, with a calm expression on his face. I couldn't pass by him and approached him slyly, pretending like nothing was wrong, but there was no way he wouldn't be nervous.

Even if I couldn't do it, I thought I would slam my head on the table or grab my neck.

“...If you want, I can separate your neck from your body right now.”

“Giving people a choice like this... no, that’s enough.”

“....”

Ed quietly brought the glass to his mouth.

Certainly, my current reaction was docile. I don’t know if it was because I was getting drunk or because time had passed and the shock and emotions at the time had dulled.

...No, actually, I know.

Ed was afraid of breaking up with the person he had once given his heart to.

So, pathetically, they couldn’t say anything to the person in question and only harassed the gardener of the Demon King’s Castle, who didn’t have any affection for them.

‘I haven’t even forgiven you, but I’m just holding on to the strings of our relationship.’

While mocking myself, I poured the remaining liquid in the glass into my mouth in one go and stood up.

Ed smiled bitterly as he met the gaze of the incubus, who was quietly looking at me. Contrary to his facial expression, his voice came out low, showing no emotional agitation at all.

“Certainly, as you said, my attitude may be what caused the problem.”

If a lieutenant, who is supposed to be more sure about making and breaking ties than anyone else, acts soft like

this, it would be untrustworthy to his superior, Deon. You must have taken into account the possibility that you may be swayed by a useless relationship and make a wrong decision or delay the decision itself.

Did Deon understand me like this?

Ed made a subtle expression for a moment to hide the emotion that was creeping up on him, but then he let out a dull sigh.

“But what can I do when it’s easier said than done?”

Did you say it was an interpersonal relationship? When I think about it, I think I was particularly weak in that area.

Still, I can’t help it. If I could fix it, I would have done it a long time ago.

“This is me.”

“ .... ”

“I have to go back now.”

Ed turns his back and goes out the door.

‘That guy...’

I didn’t even say words like ‘let’s never see him again’ until the end. Eiga let out a laugh.

I came out with the excuse that I had to go back because I didn’t want to stay there any longer, but it hasn’t been long since I arrived and I have no intention of going back right away. Ed walked aimlessly.

‘...Still, I think it’s a good thing I came.’

I regretted it a little when I met an unwelcome person before I was ready, but I am satisfied because my doubts were resolved thanks to it.

‘In the end, the problem was the situation.’

If something like this happened to me because of my personality, I would usually blame myself, but Ed didn’t do that.

It is not malicious or harmful to others; it is just one of countless personalities. You just have one of the many different types of personality that everyone has, so why would that be a sin?

The problem is the surrounding environment that made it a sin.

‘The change in Deon’s attitude is proof of that.’

My personality has not changed before or now.

The only thing that has changed is the situation, and since Deon’s attitude has changed, the cause is obvious.

...however.

Ed, who was walking around the city with his thoughts in mind, suddenly stopped when a question crossed his mind.

‘Is the current situation such that Deon needs to keep his distance from me...?’

No matter how much I think about it, I don’t think so.

‘...Is there some other reason?’

My worries didn’t go that deep.

“hello. long time no see.”

“...?”

Ed, out of his thoughts, shifted his gaze. A demon of low stature that was just enough not to bother me caught my eye.

It’s a face that looks familiar, like I’ve seen it somewhere before. Who is it?

“Adjutant?”

“....”

Instead of responding to the greeting, I remained silent no matter what he said and looked into his face. Cold sweat broke out on the face of the guy who had been talking to me a few times.

After a few seconds had passed, Ed let out an exclamation, as if he remembered.

“The manager of this city?”

“Yes, that’s right. “I am honored that the commander of the 0 Corps commander’s adjutant remembers me.”

“glory?”

Glancing down, the pupils lowered. My hands, which were put together politely but shaking, reached the edge of my gaze.

As if noticing the gaze, the manager tightens his hands. Ed didn’t have any intention of saying anything, so he returned his gaze without hesitation.



“How did you find out?”

“I heard about the deputy’s visit late.”

“ah.”

It looks like someone who remembered the face reported it.

At the same time, I also understand why I came all the way here. I calmly opened my mouth and came up with an answer that the other person wanted.

“Commander 0 is not here. “You don’t have to think about the unnecessary assumption that you came here secretly before I came.”

“...that-.”

“I didn’t receive any special order to visit, but it was a very personal visit, so you don’t have to worry about it.”

“...Thank you so much for letting me know.”

Only then did the manager’s expression relax a little.

He bows his head. As if he had a little more leisure, his tongue moved along with the tension.

“I would also like to sincerely thank you for your generosity in overlooking my somewhat rude attitude.”

I don’t like flattery, but this is a greeting, so...

Ed gave a cursory nod to the burdensome thank you and walked away.

Where should I go now? Spending time is also work. My worried gaze quickly landed on the manager who was

waiting for me to pass by.

...oh.

“for a moment.”

The manager, who was about to sneak away, was startled and stopped in place. The face that looked like it was about to die for a moment soon came back clean as if it had never happened before.

When I raised my head, Ed narrowed the distance between them and placed a hand on one of my shoulders.

“You are the manager of this city, so you know this place well, right?”

“yes? Yes that’s right.”

“Good.”

Of course, you should get tourist information from locals.

The manager froze.

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Thanks to a great guide who instantly understood my tastes and catered to my wishes, Ed returned to the Demon Castle after a quality tour and headed back to Naeseong for work feeling much better.

And it wasn’t long before I encountered a scene that threatened to shake my high spirits.

“bad guy! “You bastard!”

Arrows are pouring down.

9th Corps Commander Trover swings his fist and strikes them away. Taking advantage of the gap, Oel, the 5th Corps commander, narrowed the distance and swung his bow, and the bow struck him directly in the face. He made a cheerful sound.

At this point, there was no time to think or measure anything.

“Oel.”

“Just a moment, you two! Please stop!”

After confirming that the 5th Corps Commander’s adjutant had jumped in and grabbed his superior, Ed quickly jumped in and grabbed Trover.

After that, my head started spinning. No, correct me. After I finished understanding the situation, my head started to hurt.

‘A fight between two corps commanders...’

That alone is a pain in the ass, but now we are at war. It is obvious that if a discord arises between the corps commanders, the damage will be suffered by the Demon King and the general commander, Deon. Ed couldn’t stop his grip on Trover from tightening.

...Anyway, stopping the two demons is the priority now. The 5th Corps Commander’s adjutant seemed to think the same thing and spoke to his superior.

“If the Demon King or Deon see it, they might be amazed.”

“Shut up Dernivan! “Let go of this!”

Ed looked at Trover.

Since they are demons with superior physical abilities than anyone else, they will be able to easily shake off any hand that grabs them if they put their mind to it. So I thought he would immediately throw his hand away and make a fuss, but contrary to what I thought, he stayed still, covering his lower abdomen with one hand.

Ed asked, feeling uneasy about the silence.

“Trover, may I ask what the situation is?”

“....”

Trover silently wiped the blood from his nose and lowered his hand. Ed’s eyes were shaken by the new but obvious traces of bleeding.

Either way, he slapped Ed’s hand away with a very annoyed expression and let out a seething voice towards OL.

“What’s wrong with one broken piece of junk like that?”

“what?!”

ah.

Thanks to you, I’ve finally figured out the situation, but I’m not happy at all.

OL started running rampant, threatening to kill him. Trover confronts him and asks him to give it a try. At the same time, the feeling that had been brought on by the vacation returned to its original state.

Ed sighed as he and Dernivan stopped the two demons again.

'I'm tired.'

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The situation ended with Dernivan whispering something to Oel.

What on earth did he say that made the demon, which seemed like it would never return until it beat Trover, return obediently? When I first heard it, I thought he said he would be waiting for me to go see it. I'm a little disappointed that I couldn't hear the crucial part.

Trover seemed to know that since he had given the excuse, there would be no benefit to him if this incident escalated, so he obediently backed down as well as O.L. I couldn't help but feel truly fortunate.

'There wouldn't be a demon in the Demon Castle who wouldn't know that Orel cherishes the unique items he picked up here and there, so why did Trover...' Was he that bored

?

How did you find the warehouse before that? I heard that it was kept hidden and moved periodically so only a few people knew about it.

I'm exhausted. Ed finally let out the sigh he'd been holding.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 232**

232. Crack (4)

'Where is Deon?'

First of all, there is no one in the office. Are you in your room?

Ed closed the office door he had opened and started crossing the hallway again. In the first place, the office and Deon Hardt's room were not that far away, so it didn't take long for him to reach his destination within sight.

There Ed stopped walking. Someone was opening the door and coming out.

"step?"

"...Adjutant?"

Dan looked back at Ed and was shocked when he unconsciously responded to the familiar voice. A demon who looked exhausted like never before was standing in the middle of a dark hallway.

what. As the Master kept pushing me away, the wounds I received piled up and eventually exploded.

This is my first time seeing it. Even when Deon Hardt became general commander and was buried under a mountain of documents, things didn't get to that point, so Dan had no choice but to ask, even though he knew that the other party didn't view him favorably.

"You look kind of tired... Is something wrong?"

"ah."

Only then did Ed realize his condition and raised his hand to stroke his face.

The place where the hand passed is replaced by the same orderly expression as usual. He answered calmly as if it was no big deal.

"There is a conflict between the 9th Corps commander and the 5th Corps commander."

"Ah...."

In the end, it all went according to plan. Dan's expression became strange.

Then, did that demon come to tear it down and stop it? There was no need for it, but you went through a hard time buying it.

I understand. If it were a normal general commander, a conflict between major internal forces would be a sure loss, so Ed, who knew nothing, would have stopped it for Deonhardt's sake. Dan suppressed the sound that was about to escape.

'What kind of demon is so devoted...'

My conscience, which I had completely forgotten about its existence, secretly complains of pain.

Dan, who had been trying to avoid eye contact, suddenly realized that there was some confusion in his gaze, so he pretended not to notice.

“It must have been difficult.”

“Not really...”

I couldn't finish my negative words. Ed trailed off, looked away for a moment, and then asked a question as if to end the conversation.

“Is Deon inside?”

“No, Master is probably in the Lofty Knights' exclusive training hall. I was planning to go there too. Would you like to go with me?”

“...no. “Go first.”

Since there is nothing to talk about anyway, the awkward atmosphere will continue throughout the trip. Since we don't get along well, it would be more convenient and better for both of us if we go separately.

Dan, who sensed what Ed meant, shrugged his shoulders and took the first step. Ed waited a moment and followed him at a certain distance.

Despite the fact that they moved separately, the two had to stop at the same place before they even reached their destination.



The first person to stop was Dan, who had been walking ahead of him.

The brain that received the shocking scene from the towering eyes stopped working for a moment. All movement temporarily stopped.

“...crazy.”

“hmm...?”

Ed, who had been walking without thinking, raised his head at the swear word that came out without warning.

And said. crazy.

“What is that...”

The distance between them had narrowed again, but that wasn't important right now.

Ed struggled to keep his eyes, which were shaking mercilessly, fixed straight ahead to understand the situation. His eyes held the Knights of Lofty and Deonhardt.

The Templar member 'holding' Deon Hardt shouted.

“Did everyone get it once? Now throw it randomly! Whoever drops it, prepare to die! Of course, not to me, but to the captain!”

“Do you think we'll miss our captain? “You haven't just practiced once or twice, you've already experienced it in practice a few times.”

“No, even if it's true in real life, practice is different. We always practiced with a sack filled with rocks and sand. “I've never actually served as a captain.”

“Is the conversation over? Anyway, are you going? Captain, relax your body!”

Deon Hardt took to the skies. A member of the Knights Templar waiting where he fell takes him in with a sense of security. Deonhardt was thrown into the air again for a moment.

‘Oh my... no, my God.’

Don’t they know that Deon is not a prince?

Ed’s complexion turned pale as he threw and caught Deon Hart in a big way.

This sight alone is enough to make one wonder, but they shamelessly complained about Deonhardt.

“Daeja, we are practicing jumping with a captain who has difficulty moving in an emergency situation, right? “If you keep tossing and turning, you’ll be in trouble.”

“...That won’t happen anymore.”

“You don’t know, right? Come on, trust us and relax your body. “Just stay still and we will take care of everything.”

It’s not that heavy so you can throw it really high. Ed gave up thinking at that point.

While Ed was losing his mind, Deon, who was floating in the air again, muttered absently, as if he, too, was half lost for a different reason.

“I’m in Yongsan. “If it’s a situation where I have trouble moving around, you’ve already...”

“Huh, then you can turn on your head and practice jumping before such a situation arises! The captain may rebel at that time... Feel free to toss and turn, captain! “But I’ll practice not to drop it!”

“If I truly rebelled, you wouldn’t be able to endure.”

“Are you going to rebel so much that we get hurt?”

“...huh.”

“The reply was late.”

“huh.”

“It’s already too late. I can not hear that. “Here we go again!”

...When I stopped by the room, I heard there was a lot of noise outside the window, and this was why. I thought it was just noisy because the master was visiting. Dan, who had barely managed to come to his senses from leaving the house, shook his head.

After coming to my senses, I finally noticed the presence of other demons on one side of the training ground. Dan’s eyes wavered again as he belatedly recognized that their identities were the 11th and 8th Corps commanders.

Even if the 11th Corps Commander Lirinel is like that, why is the 8th Corps Commander here? He was even sitting down with blood all over his body, hugging his knees.

I slowly approached the two.

“hello.”

“Okay, hi.”

“...I... won't be able to...”

“...Excuse me, Commander of the 8th Corps, why are you doing this? “No, before that, Master, why are you so mesmerized?”

There was no way Deon Hart, who was normal, would just ignore their crazy behavior. Probably, no matter what excuse he made, the moment he tried it for the first time, he would have drawn a dagger and punished him.

The answer and facial expressions are vague, so it's obvious that he's lost. Dan was sure.

As expected, Lirinel shrugged her shoulders.

“It seems like you were very surprised to hear that the Demon Cult succeeded in summoning a corps commander. It's been like that ever since. “The knights think it's because Deon is in a bad mood, so they're making such a fuss to get rid of him.”

“yes?!”

“Didn't you hear the shouting just now? I said, ‘Here we go again until you come to your senses!’ “The voice was a bit quiet in the middle part.”

“I didn't hear... no, that's not it.”

I knew that the Demon Cult was constantly trying to summon high-ranking demons, but was it really successful? After overcoming such rare odds, I ended up becoming a corps commander?

“...Seeing someone who has never been here before acting like this means that the 8th Corps Commander has probably

been summoned. Have you even signed a contract?”

“That’s right. “When I was summoned, the situation was a mess, so I signed a contract in a hectic manner.”

I don’t know what the situation was, but I do know that it has something to do with the blood of the 8th Corps commander.

We have only just begun to lay the groundwork for the Demon World, but a huge variable has appeared in the form of a corps commander who has not even succeeded in summoning and has even signed a contract, so the Master is understandably ecstatic. If the human world collapses too quickly, there won’t be enough time to prepare.

Dan, who was looking sadly at Deon, who was flopping around and being thrown around, lowered his gaze when he suddenly heard a voice.

The 8th Corps commander was crouching down as if he were going to become a ball.

“It’s true that Deon feels bad... After all, even when he was summoned, he ended up like me...” “

Huh? is that so?”

“Of course I am...!!”

Hel, the commander of the 8th Corps, collapsed at Lirinel’s innocent grin.

‘No, why here?’

Why did the 11th Corps commander speak with approval when he knew the 8th Corps commander’s personality?

Dan thought as he looked at the 8th Corps commander who seemed ready to dig into the ground. Adjutant We need a deputy.

I remember that the commander of the 8th Corps, whom I only saw a few times, always had his adjutant by his side, comforting him well. Where is the adjutant?

I quickly looked around to find the 8th Corps Commander's adjutant to see if I had missed it again, but before that, Ed, who had been watching the situation nearby with his mouth shut, stepped forward first.

"no. Deon is well aware of the outstanding abilities of the 8th Legion Commander. So, it is definitely not because you are disappointed in the 8th Corps Commander."

"...okay...?"

"yes."

The 8th Corps commander slowly raises his head. Ed willingly met those eyes and nodded with determination.

Demons who go to the human world through a legitimate contract face fewer restrictions. For other ordinary demons, the difference may be minimal, but if demons as high as corps commanders have signed a contract, the commander's strength will increase significantly and it will be much more convenient.

Even so, the war was showing signs of becoming entrenched, so I couldn't help but welcome this news.

Not only did he do it purely for Deon Hardt's sake, but also out of personal interest.

‘Is it time to return to the Demon King’s Castle?’

As he moved from the first city to return to the Demon King’s Castle, Ed slowly organized his mind and thought.

‘If Deon stays away from me because of the situation, that is, the environment, you can change that environment.’

If I were to guess, the environment probably meant war with the human world.

I still don’t understand why I should distance myself from it... but I can’t think of anything else, so I have no choice but to cling to this.

Therefore, I wanted to end the war as quickly as possible, but contrary to my wishes, the war seemed to be solidifying into a standoff. This was evident from the fact that Trover, the commander of the 9th Corps, who was supposed to be on the border, returned to the Demon King’s Castle.

‘Then it will be troublesome.’

The entrenched standoff causes the return of a corps commander who has no work to do, and the returning corps commander is unable to overcome his boredom and causes problems with other corps commanders, causing conflict.

This does not simply end there but causes problems in the management of troops. This means that if you are not careful, it can lead to a situation where power is cut off. The reduced power will accelerate the consolidation of meaningless standoffs and wars of attrition. The vicious cycle repeats itself.

For Ed, who wanted to quickly end the war with the human world and return to the same relationship he had with Deon,

from whom he had grown distant, it was the ending he most wanted to avoid.

Therefore, an 8th Corps commander who can shake up the game is very important. Ed spoke firmly in place of the absent 8th Corps commander's adjutant to revive his spirit.

"Daeon is probably thinking about how to use the great 8th Corps Commander at the right time."

"Is that so...?"

"yes. "Isn't that right?"

Deon.

Ed looked back. Before I knew it, Deon, who was nearby and watching the situation, nodded slowly.

Behind him, members of the Lofty Order were complaining of pain while rubbing parts of their heads, such as their foreheads and the backs of their heads.

"Well... right."

"You heard, right? So just wake up. "The floor is full."

Deon nodded and gazed at the 8th Corps commander who was slowly getting up. I felt like sighing, but I suppressed it because I felt like if I did that, the corps commander with such low self-esteem would dig himself into the ground again.

'I really didn't intend to summon it.'

It was simply one of the excuses used by Demonism to remain in the human world. I was so dumbfounded when I



heard that they had actually summoned me and signed a contract.

‘They said the probability was low...’

I was completely lost for a moment.

Still, something that has already happened must be used somewhere.

Deon first called out to Lirinel, who was snooping around and watching him.

“You did a good job, so you don’t have to worry about it. great job.”

“omg...! “It’s all natural! It’s for Deon’s sake!”

“...and Hel?”

“I’m sorry...”

Why did I just call you by name?

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 233**

### 233. Butterfly Effect (1)

I finally sighed.

Hel is startled by a sigh that clearly shows his frustration, and slowly curls up, looking around. Deon looked at the black shadow slowly falling down in bewilderment, then closed his eyes.

"I'm not trying to scold you... I just want to ask you a few questions. "Get up quickly."

"Yes..."

"There's no reason to scold me in the first place. Anyone can see that this is a good thing, but why is everyone paying attention?"

"Since Deon seemed to be in a bad mood... a corps commander other than me should have been summoned..."

"No, you are enough."

I don't know why I'm here to appease this guy.

Deon had a feeling of skepticism, but he knew that if he expressed it, the situation would return to square one, so he

smiled brightly, conscious of the expression that kept disappearing.

“They said the situation when they were summoned was a mess. You must be capable of signing a contract in the meantime, right? “Even though it was a hectic situation, we also prevented information from being passed on to hostile forces.”

This is why Hel is currently covered in blood.

The timing was perfect, because at the same time as he was summoned, soldiers from the Empire, who had received information that the Demon Cult was in the process of summoning demons, rushed to the scene. He had to identify, single out, and eliminate the enemy before he could properly understand the situation.

“That is enough to prove your abilities.”

“ .... ”

“The reason I didn’t like the expression on my face was because your contractor was an unexpected person.”

In fact, he seems more capable than other corps commanders, but I don’t know why he has such low self-esteem.

He’s so talented that it’s giving me a headache right now.

“Is that so?”

“okay.”

We can’t not send that to the human world.

Currently, the demons are working hard to conquer the human world, which seems to be out of reach. Even though you are the general commander, if you make a decision that is difficult to understand, you will immediately be criticized. Or rather, it would be more so because he is the general commander.

The demons would pour out questions, and the demon king would playfully check them with a polite smile.

Deon, who was looking at Hel, the 8th Corps commander who hesitated, began to cry slowly.

“First... let’s try to understand the type and scope of your abilities that can be used in the human world.”

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“Annihilation...”

“yes.”

“The demonic believers are probably not strong enough to annihilate the imperial army, so they probably succeeded in summoning demons.”

That too, just as the soldiers arrived.

It seems like I’ve failed all along, so what can I expect to succeed this time? Elpidius touched his forehead as if he was in trouble.

“Because it was annihilated, there is no way to know how strong the demon was summoned...” I thought it

was suspicious, but I didn’t expect it to be this bad.

How surprised I was when Prime Minister Ardal rushed in with a pale look on his face and shouted that soldiers should be sent to the Demon Cult immediately. When I asked what that meant, the document presented as if I had been waiting for it contained information that was hard to believe.

‘Demonism... the same humans are trying to summon demons.’

We are at war with the demon world, and there is an enemy within.

Yes, if there are people like this, there are also people like that. I understand it in my head, but... Elpidius clenched his fists. An indescribable feeling of frustration weighed on my heart. At first glance, it had a tinge of despair.

‘Even so, the situation is not good.’

No, maybe it was because the situation was not good that it ended up like this.

The desire for survival, inherent in all living things, must have led to the desire to cling to the strong.

So... I understand. They are simply defeated by their most basic instincts as a living being before they are human.

So Elpidius slowly opened his mouth.

“There is nothing we can do about what has already happened, so let’s move on. “Let’s conclude this by sending a warning to the king of the Mountain Kingdom to be careful.”

“....”

“Send troops to the Demon Cult again. Even if you let your guard down once and allow it twice, you shouldn’t allow it twice. “This time, send more qualified people than last time and handle it reliably.”

Judging by the fact that the documents Ardal brought with him at the time recorded a conversation in which he strengthened his resolve to succeed this time, this must have been his first summons. That’s a good thing.

Not twice. Ardal, who read the meaning of the command, raised his head in surprise. Elpidius was not willing to avoid eye contact, but instead faced him directly and spoke like a nail-biter.

“There is no need to arrest him. Find and kill all believers who participated in summoning demons, as well as those who have even the slightest connection to demonism.”

“... When you say ‘those who are even slightly related’... do you mean to kill them even if they are not believers?”

“I guess that’s because it includes people who received a piece of bread from the Demon Cult.”

“... ”

I can’t help it. We also need to filter out those who are sympathetic to Demonism. Only then can we prevent the possibility of the resurrection of Demonism or the emergence of a second or third Demonism.

He added to Ardal, whose expression was stiff.

“If you were my uncle, you would have given the same order.”

“...I know. But at least he felt guilty.”

“Yeah, it was a really useless feeling. “There is no need to overturn the order, so there is no need to make yourself feel uncomfortable.”

For demonic believers, guilt is a luxury. It's unfortunate that non-believers die, but that's it.

The reason humans can be superior to other living creatures is because of reason, which can suppress instinct. Since they have lost their instincts, they are beasts.

‘If you turned your back on it because of your desire for survival, this side has no choice but to stimulate that instinct as well.’

It is not a meaningless order based on my desires, but a command given out of necessity. There was no reason to feel guilty.

Ardal sighed at the tyrant temperament clearly visible in Elpidius.

“You say all these scary things. It may seem unnecessary, but guilt is essential to an emperor. It's a device that helps you find better solutions. If there was no guilt, it would be easy to give orders like this. “In the future, without even thinking about finding another solution, they may order to abandon the people of the empire without hesitation just because it can be processed more easily and quickly.”

“...You've been nagging me for a long time.”

Elpidius rested his chin and tilted his head crookedly. As he was shouting with his whole body that he would not listen to

nagging, Ardal looked at the other person as if asking for help.

Alethea felt eyes on me and smiled awkwardly.

“His Royal Highness the Emperor.”

“Well... First of all, I think His Majesty’s order can’t be helped. “I agree with what the Prime Minister said, but I don’t think there is any need to feel guilty, at least as far as Demonic believers are concerned.”

“...oh my god.”

“A monarch just needs to take care of his people. “There’s no need to worry about animals since they’re outside the scope, right?”

She openly called the Demonic believers beasts. Ardal stiffened.

It would have been better if they had called him a criminal.

Humans are not given the right to lower the value of other humans to beasts. The emperor was no exception to that. What she said was something that even an emperor should not have said.

What you think on the inside and what you say out loud are different. It could be such a dangerous statement that it could revive slavery, which was abolished a long time ago.

Are you really saying that they are brother and sister born to the first prince, who is said to be gentler than anyone else? Ardal lamented inwardly.



At least when the emperor was alive, it seems like they were good, but what made them like that?

No matter what Ardal was thinking, Elpidius didn't care and opened his mouth.

"Did you hear? "Hurry up and pack up your troops."

"...."

"Show me a clear example of what kind of end you will face if you dare to betray the demons."

Golden eyes, similar to those of someone who claimed to be a tyrant in the past, but with a more vicious look, flashed fiercely.

....

This command is not just for example. In a dangerous situation where you don't know which demon has been summoned, the best way is to kill the contractor, who is an easy human.

If we kill all those associated with Demonism, the contracted people among them will also die.

Elpidius thought when he received the news of the annihilation and continued to infer that the demon summoning was successful.

'Who is the contractor?'

\*\*\*

After the death of the former Emperor Edoardo Desert, Paul, the leader of the revolutionary army, which had increased its power unprecedentedly by absorbing talented people

from countries that were victims of the war of conquest, had not joined because of his concern, heard the news that the Empire had sent troops to the den of Demonism. He ordered the collection of additional information.

‘In a situation where even one troop is a waste, there is no way to waste troops pointlessly on a pseudo-religion that can be disposed of later.’

It seemed quite urgent that it was left unattended and then suddenly sent, so there must be some reason.

The additional information obtained was quite shocking.

The Demon Church has been consistently attempting to summon demons.

“You’re crazy.”

Paul, who had successfully summoned the demon and was informed that the imperial army that arrived one step late had been annihilated, muttered coldly.

“Some people are going around saying they will stop the demon world for everyone, but others are trying to bring demons into the human world.”

Even so, the revolutionary army was doing its best to protect the human world by thoroughly interfering with the Demon King’s army that was trying to attack the Mountain Kingdom, so this news was particularly unpleasant.

After re-reading the contents and checking the front and back of the paper to see if there was any missing information, he looked up.

“Is there any information about the summoned demons or contractors, Mr. Iram?”

“Not yet. Even the empire that sent troops directly doesn’t seem to know.”

“Well, they said they were completely wiped out...”

The demons who came to the human world through contracts have different levels of risk not only in terms of personal force but also in terms of application.

The worst thing would happen if a ‘human’ contractor were to summon a ‘contracted demon’ at an important operational location. There is even a record that the restrictions in the human world are reduced for demons who make a contract, but it must be truly terrible.

“Whether it’s a demon or a contractor, one of the two must be dealt with. Please let me know as soon as the information comes in.”

“okay.”

The contractor is a passageway for the demons, so if it is difficult to deal with the demons, you must at least eliminate that passageway.

After receiving confirmation from Iram, Paul leaned back in his chair with a long sigh.

‘...’

He closed his eyes and enjoyed the long-awaited silence, then slowly opened his eyes and looked at Iram. As if he sensed someone’s gaze, Paul smiled an uncomfortable smile

at the other person who had their eyes fixed on the documents.

“By the way, Mr. Iram.”

“huh?”

It’s a rare moment of free time, but I have to say more about it. This is a question you can only ask in your free time.

“Is Shiia’s whereabouts yet?”

“ ....”

Iram closed his mouth.

Although he seemed to have managed his facial expressions well, Paul seemed to be unable to pay attention to the slightly shaking eyes, and could read the agitation in the other person’s eyes.

under. I laughed out loud. I knew it would be like this.

I pretended not to notice and said each word with emphasis.

“It’s been a long time since I asked you to find Shiia, but you still haven’t even said a word.”

“ ....”

“Isn’t it really... strange? “Our revolutionary army’s intelligence isn’t so incompetent that it can’t find a single girl.”

Iram, who was only then released from the frozen state, sighed and lowered his eyes.

“Sorry.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 234**

### 234. Butterfly Effect (2)

It was a word thrown out without explanation, but Paul could understand it.

As expected, you already knew about Shiia's whereabouts. You probably knew it once upon a time.

"Mr. Iram... Mr. Iram, Mr. Iram...."

"...."

"Why did you do that?"

A voice close to lament came out.

I felt betrayed, but I wasn't angry. Because sadness precedes anger.

"I know very well what role Shiia plays for me."

Shiia's existence is not something that can be seen and judged piecemeal.

For Paul, who has been burned countless times by the same person, Shiia is the seed and root of the only humanity left for the emotionally barren slum child. As long as he was the

leader of the revolutionary army, no one could take Shiia away from him.

An insider can do that.

“...I am.”

Iram, who had been listening quietly, opened his mouth.

“I wanted to eliminate your weakness.”

“....”

“Daniel, the leader of the squadron, dedicated his life to his mother and lived for her, so there was nothing he could do, but you are different. “I’m still doing well without that girl.”

“haha.”

Dry laughter filled the room.

Then, a low, slightly angry voice came out.

“Why is Mr. Iram judging that?”

“....”

“Then what are you going to do if I really go crazy?”

It seems that the man who was the head of the squadron, my mentor, and my older brother treated him too gently because he was his closest associate.

How ridiculous did they look at me that they did all this?

Paul picked up a document on the desk and waved it.

“Mr. Lee Ram, do you know what document this is?”

“...?”

“It is a document that analyzes the current situation and writes down the direction in which we should move forward. It’s the latest version. “Should we postpone the ‘policy to be implemented after the revolution’ that Daniel came up with and call it a temporary policy to be implemented in the interim?”

I know it’s a very important document, but...

what does it matter? A doubt appeared in Iram’s eyes.

Paul meets her eyes, grins, and holds the documents with both hands as if showing off. The moment Iram was startled by the ominous smile, suppressed by an emotion that he didn’t know whether it was anger or sadness, the paper tore in two.

“...!”

Iram’s eyes widened.

Paul didn’t stop there, but repeatedly grabbed the torn paper and tore it again, tearing the document into shreds over and over again. It was almost like crushing it.

It was only after Paul held the crumbled documents in both hands that Iram came to his senses and belatedly grabbed his wrist.

“What... what are you doing! “That important thing!”

“Let go.”

“....”

“Let go, Mr. Iram.”



The hand holding my wrist fell weakly.

Paul scattered paper dust in front of her eyes as if showing off. Unseasonable snow was falling indoors.

Iram stared blankly at the scene. It was not easy to come to my senses due to the calm anger of someone who had been quietly performing his role until now.

...I know what this behavior means. He is warning.

If you want to play the role of a proper leader, you should first find out Shiia's whereabouts. There will also be a warning not to do something like this again.

"Not twice, Mr. Lee Ram. "This is the last time."

"...."

"Where is Shiia?"

ah.

I can still see the little boy Daniel was carrying around, but I wonder when he became so big.

The eyes, full of the spirit of a leader leading a group, are directed straight in this direction. After making eye contact for a moment, Iram slowly opened his mouth.

"...Honestly, I'm not sure because I haven't had time to pay attention to that child since the war against the demon world got into full swing and I got quite busy. However, if I could just tell you the location at the time of the last discovery...."

"...."

“...it was a demonic religion.”

“...what?”

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This is a scam.

Deon, who was conducting a skill test with various questions to the 8th Legion Commander Hel, was unable to control his growing surprise, which was closer to astonishment, and ended up saying something without realizing it.

“That doesn’t make sense...”

“...As expected, I’m... incorrigible...”

“No, that’s not what I meant... He’s ridiculously talented.”

So much so that I feel threatened.

Is it really okay to release this into the human world? I think it won’t be long before we hear news of a complete conquest. Deon was seriously worried.

“It’s really... all-powerful....”

“...Thank you...?”

“...Okay, first of all, it’s a compliment.”

Hel, the commander of the 8th Legion, is a demon who is skilled in all kinds of weaponry. That alone was threatening, but as a demon born with magical power in the shadows, even its unique abilities were dangerous.

Blending into and moving through shadows.

Even the restrictions were relaxed to the point where it was similar to the Demon World. It was a ridiculous situation, considering that as soon as they heard Develania's tip a long time ago, they quickly moved to deal with the target and returned.

Even though it has its own distance limit, what kind of crazy ability is this?

"Anyway... thank you for your hard work."

I also need to remove it as quickly as possible.

"thank you."

"...."

The greeting returned without pause.

Today, the blood dripping from the floor was bothering him, so Deon rummaged in his arms, took out a cigarette, and told him to go inside and rest.

As he turned around, Ed and Dan followed behind him as if it was natural.

Deon stopped for a moment in front of the door he had already arrived at and looked back at Ed.

The eyes that meet each other move down with resignation, as if they know what he is going to say. Deon closed his mouth, which he had reflexively opened at the sight, for a moment before finally opening his mouth and saying what he had intended.

"You did a good job too."

"...."

A euphemism for congratulating guests, meaning to leave.

Ed, who had been silent, glances at Dan, bows his head and walks away without saying a word. Deon, who had been staring at the back for a moment, quickly looked away without any hesitation and placed his hand on the doorknob.

When I opened the door, a strange plant that was looking out from a flower pot by the window with its chin resting on it made a 'squeak' sound and gently shook its leaves as if greeting me.

"Oh yeah. hi."

"Pfft."

As I go inside, the stems reach out to this side.

How far can that stretch? Deon, who was looking suspiciously at the stem that was growing longer and shorter at will, wrapped his waist around the dangling plant and grabbed it without breaking the pot.

"...what?"

"Yuck."

"You look in a bad mood?"

"Sweet!"

"Oh, that too, but it smells like cigarettes?"

"Yuck!"

"...How on earth can we communicate before the plant smells... or before?"

Dan's expression, which was slightly distorted as if he couldn't understand it, was quite funny, so Deon laughed and put the flower pot down on the table. He spoke playfully in a more relaxed manner than before, gently brushing his fingers over the thick stem that could be considered the body of the guy who was retrieving the stem wrapped around his waist.

"Just by feeling?"

"...Is that true?"

"It's not a lie at all... Aside from simple communication, he usually expresses his thoughts in quite detailed ways.

"Anyone can tell."

"okay."

"by the way."

Deon, sitting on the bed, opened his mouth as if muttering.

"The 8th Corps Commander must be killed as well."

"how?"

Dan, who was poking the strange plant on the table as if he was curious, calmly asked back.

I wasn't surprised. Because I expected it to some extent.

Deon raised his hand and touched the corner of his mouth, biting the knuckles of his fingers and mumbling.

"I know. What should I do? I can't kill him myself..."

It would be neat if Deon, the hero, killed him himself, but that's not possible. If you kill him yourself, you will definitely

be found out.

There are many people paying attention to Deonhardt even in the Demon Castle. Right now, the Demon King seems to be paying more attention to Deon than other Demons. Even if other demons were put off as a later priority, it would be difficult to even avoid the demon king's gaze.

Deon, who plans to reduce the number of legion commanders in the future, did not want to take the risk of killing just one when it was only the beginning.

"If there's nothing in particular that comes to mind right now, I don't think it'd be a bad idea to take a little rest... Okay!"

Sigh. The monster crawled over and bit my finger.

Dan quickly shook out his hand and pulled out his finger, and when he saw the wound bleeding profusely, he looked bewildered.

"Why are there teeth inside the flower bud?..."

"Fuha!"

"...Are you having fun?"

"uh. very. "The owner is also a biter, so of course he will bite you."

"...."

"There is no poison, so you don't have to worry. "Who dares touch me like that?"

Deon chuckles. Dan looked into his pocket with a sullen expression and took out a handkerchief.

I have no intention of continuing the current topic, which is both nutritious and embarrassing. I roughly wiped away the blood and took out the business I had used to find Deon in the first place.

“...I found the Shiia the Master was looking for. A girl from poverty who once belonged to the Salvation Church. In addition to the name, it also meets these three conditions, so it is probably correct. “He is now in the Demon Church.”

Since I was offending the revolutionary army and its leader in many ways, I thought there would be some reaction when I heard this news. It was especially absurd because the being I had been looking for was in the Demon Church.

However, rather than reacting in any way, Deon just lay down on the bed.

“know.”

“...yes?”

“It was dark under the lamp. “It’s a pity, but it’s too late.”

His eyes became blurred as he looked at the ceiling.

“He was the 8th Corps commander’s contractor.”

“...ah?”

“I didn’t get carried away for no reason.”

It was so empty and absurd. To be honest, even now that I have managed to get my mind back on track, I still find it absurd.

That seemed to be the same for Dan as well, as he stuttered and opened his mouth with a slightly dazed look on his face.

“...Uh...sure...that’s a bit...very surprising.”

“....”

“So... um, what are you going to do? “I belong to the Demon Church, so if you tell Lirinel, it will be resolved quickly.”

Her blind and proactive attitude means that she will carry out whatever orders Deon tells her.

Dando Deon knew that fact very well.

Is that why?

“....”

Deon raised his upper body and opened his mouth as if to say something, but then he stopped and closed his mouth again. A hand covered the face that revealed self-loathing and self-blame.

As if wiping his face once wasn’t enough, he rubs his face a couple of times as if dry washing his face, then slowly raises his head. A voice mixed with lament came out heavily.

“It looks like I’ve been affected by war a lot.”

“....”

“If you see that your so-called thoughts are starting to resemble that damn bastard’s methods.”

The purple pen on the desk within sight is annoying.

I got up, picked up the pen, and broke it in half. I returned to the bed with it and roughly threw it on the table where the flower pot was placed, and the monster plant said, ‘Yuk!’ and slapped it with its stem.



Seeing that absurd situation, Dan unconsciously closed his mouth.

“....”

“...You’re quite perceptive.”

“Yuck!”

The strange plant raises its thumb... or rather, its leaf.

It was trivial and funny to do, but it made me feel a little better. Deon said with a grin.

“Well, let’s go a little further and think about it later. “We don’t have to decide right now, so let’s postpone it for a little while.”

“...Yes. That girl is a contractor for the 8th Corps commander, so no matter what you do right now, if she returns, she will be viewed with suspicion. “It would be better to take some time to deal with it.”

“yes. When I was looking for Shiia, I didn’t do anything in secret. Probably all the demons know. In that situation, if she dies, I will be the first to jump on board...”

In fact, Dan realized what Deon was thinking. Deon probably had a vague idea that he had noticed, too.

So this is just blindfolding.

Nevertheless, since he had no intention of ruining the already improved mood, Dan just agreed without saying anything, and Deon nodded, not wanting to ruin the immediate mood but needing time to find a better way.

There was a strange atmosphere between the two that seemed warm but not.

Dan, who was rolling his eyes in ambiguous silence, let out an exclamation as if something occurred to him.

“...Oh, and there is a rumor I heard while looking for Shiia.”

“What?”

“It is a famous rumor among the commoners of the human world these days. It is the story of a true green-haired hero who wanders for low places, not high places.”

Green haired hero.

One person's name came out of my mouth without even thinking about it.

“...Stigma senior.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 235**

235. Butterfly Effect (3)

Dan nodded.

“Yes, I think so too.”

“But... your senior is not the kind of person who should quit his position...”

Deon tilted his head.

He was a person who hung on to dignity and honor more than anyone else. All of this must have originated from the disgust of being ‘illegitimate’ and ‘half-noble’.

It was clearly said that he was ‘wandering around the continent, seeking the lowest places.’ If any monarch was in their right mind, they wouldn’t waste their precious manpower on something like that, so this can be interpreted to mean that they don’t belong. In other words, if the person behind the rumor is really a stigma, it means that he or she has abandoned the title of nobleman.

‘That Stigma Primiro gave up his title?’

Deon thought for a moment and shook his head.

“Isn’t it just a rumor or a different hero?”

“First of all, this is not a rumor. There were many testimonies from eyewitnesses. The possibility of it being another hero is... not entirely non-existent, but honestly, it's a remote possibility. Green hair isn't that common. It was even said that the rumored hero had an elegance that could not be hidden in his actions...”

“You are a senior.”

When you think of ‘elegance’, it's stigma premium.

This much cannot be denied. Although he admitted it hesitantly, Deon expressed doubts about the incomprehensible situation.

“Why did you abandon your noble title...?”

“I don't know, but he probably has something in mind. For example... aiming for greater honor so that titles and such don't really matter.”

“...Greater honor?”

“Yes, honestly, the empire is collapsing. If I were to remain in a place like that, I would only be a ‘hero of a ruined country’. “Do you think he would be satisfied with just that much?”

“Of course... if you are a senior, you are someone who will move to leave behind an honor that will not be forgotten even after death.”

In the past, especially in times of war, ruined countries are not noticed by people and are easily forgotten. Even if it were an emperor, a mere hero would be forgotten without even leaving a name.

If it was Stigma Primero, it might have been because he didn't like this and left the place.

It's credible. He stroked his chin and nodded in understanding.

Dan added with a grin.

"Actually, other than that, I can't think of any reason why he would abandon his status as a nobleman."

"...That's right."

I've thought about it too, but I can't think of a more credible hypothesis than what Dan said.

...Well, that's not important right now. Anyway, let's leave aside the hypotheses that aren't even certain.

'It's true that Stigma Primiro is wandering the continent.'

Thanks to this, one method came to mind. It was a thought that came to me without much thought, so Deon immediately opened his mouth and shared his thoughts, as if he might have forgotten them while he was distracted for a moment.

"...8th Corps Commander Hel, no matter what happens, it doesn't change the fact that we have to send it to the human world, so how about sending it to the walls of the mountain kingdom, which is said to be delayed, and sort it out through your senior?"

"It certainly seems like he could kill the commander of the 8th Corps who has been freed from restrictions, but... will he really do what we want?"

“It’s going to move. Would a person who left his position for greater honor miss the opportunity to kill the commander of the corps? “If you give me a stage, I will be happy to get on it.”

Even if that’s not the case, it’s enough to make it move.

His tone was filled with confidence, as if he was certain.

When I say what comes to mind, I feel like my jumbled thoughts are being organized properly. Deon continued muttering as if he were talking to himself.

“The 8th Legion is a shield unit, so instead of sending support with Hel, it would be better to leave it behind in the Demon King’s Castle... Instead, you could just send a general unit along with it. After all, the key is the 8th Corps commander. “You know your whereabouts, right?”

“First of all, we are aware of the village where we are staying. “It’s difficult to even make eye contact, let alone make contact.”

“He’s a hero, so he’ll easily get rid of those clingy eyes. “That’s enough.”

Anyway, the only place to stay is an inn. If the situation is not favorable, you are not the kind of person who would insist on staying on the street where there is an inn. Especially since he is a ‘hero’ who can overcome and avoid anyone who comes, there would be no reason for the inn to avoid him.

However, if anyone tries to contact you, they will definitely avoid you, and I cannot go there in person, as I am attracting attention in both the demon world and the human

world... “Tell this to all the inn owners in the village where you are staying

. If you see an elegant man with a dignified posture and speaking style, please pass on a message. “If you give them money, everyone will do it.”

“What is the message?”

“Well... I shouldn’t be too explicit...”

Knock knock. My index finger tapped my thigh.

“... A shadow will be cast in front of the lantern that is standing in a place where the wind is blowing, and only you can remove it... I wonder if it is good enough.”

“All right. “I will tell you that.”

“Ah, at the end, let me add that it is a favor and a gift from an ugly junior. “You know that you have to move secretly, right?”

“Of course.”

Dan grinned.

“I will perform perfectly this time too.”

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It was soon time to leave this village.

I’m confident I won’t get caught, but avoiding it itself is quite annoying. Stigma, remembering the eyes that had been watching me not long ago, rummaged through his pockets to pay.

At some point, I guess I gave up and the number of eyes looking at me decreased, but it's still annoying. Considering that there were people from the Empire waiting inside the inn, Stigma couldn't ignore the possibility that something worse could happen, so he decided to leave the village before it became even more annoying.

...however.

"What are you doing when you're not receiving it?"

Why is the inn owner looking so intently?

The sight of him looking at me without taking any money is quite annoying, so I frown. When I couldn't wait and tried to withdraw my hand, he snatched it away. Stigma let out a laugh.

"What kind of trick is this?"

Only then did the guy who was quietly looking at me open his mouth.

"... I was wondering how to tell the difference since he was said to be an elegant man, but... I can definitely tell when I see him in person..." "

...."

Although he is talking to himself, it is clearly aimed at me. Stigma closed his mouth.

It appears that someone had asked the innkeeper to deliver words or goods. Well, if you've been avoiding him that much, it's normal to know that he won't meet you in person. It seems that the other side also compromised by taking a step back.



The sharp boundaries have softened slightly. Whether he knew it or not, the inn owner spoke to him to fulfill his request.

“Someone asked me to tell you something. “There will be a shadow cast in front of the lantern that is standing in a place where the wind is blowing, and only you can remove it.”

“....”

“I also added that it was a favor and a gift from an ugly junior.”

“...under.”

The catch was quick.

You seem like a cheeky junior. A smile appeared on Stigma’s lips.

“Thank you for telling me.”

Detailed analysis can be done later.

Stigma had no reason to stay any longer, saying he would give them money, so he just walked out the door to get away from the persistent and annoying gaze.

He walked, avoiding the eyes that were looking for me, and when he arrived at a deserted place, he finally stopped and began to think over the message.

‘...It is a lamp that holds on in a place where the wind blows.’

Since it is not a face-to-face conversation, there is a close to 100% chance that the words will leak out, so I think I

conveyed it in a slightly twisted way. It is not difficult to interpret whether it is unfortunate or fortunate.

Usually, 'a light before the wind' means a situation in which one is placed in a very precarious position.

It's not just a wind, it's a 'whirling' wind, so it must be a very dangerous or violent situation. Stigma easily recalled the country of Sanguine, which was being targeted intensively by the Demon World.

'There's a shadow in front of him...'

Have reinforcements departed from the Demon World?

They pointed at me and said, 'Only you can get rid of it,' so it seems like there was a corps commander among them. And not just an average guy, but a particularly strong guy.

Former Emperor Edoard was also said to have been pushed aside by Desert, but that was only because he was special. Stigma was the strongest among heroes. This level of confidence was natural.

'In that case, the candidate would be the 1st or 3rd corps commander, or a corps commander who made a contract with a human.'

The words added at the end, "a request and a gift from an ugly junior," convey the hope that the person who asked for this message is Deon Hart and that it will be listened to and not ignored.

He read the meaning without difficulty and smiled softly, as if he were arrogant. A warm breeze passed over his always cold and aristocratic face.

“Yes... It means that they want me to make a move to the point where they even bring up the senior/junior relationship.”

It is difficult to view Deon Hardt’s message as a complete gift.

It is true that he moves for the sake of honor, but in the current situation, he wants to avoid being tied down by those in power. That’s why he didn’t go to crucial places where his name could be widely known.

My junior, I guess he included the word ‘please’ with this in mind. It’s so quirky and cute that you can’t help but look at it.

“Okay, junior. “I will especially listen to you.”

Anyway, at the end, when we meet again, I’ll end up doing something I’ll be sorry for, so if I think about that, there’s nothing I can’t do.

No, on the contrary, this alone is not enough to replace it.

Stigma began to move again, vowing to find something to replace the apple until the day we met again.

‘...For greater honor.’

There is a common misunderstanding among those who have a vague understanding of Stigma Primiro.

Stigma is not an obsession with ‘noble titles.’ It may have been like that at first, but as time went by and I started to look further, I only held it in my hand because it was a proof of my ‘honor’.

The name 'stigma', a title that was a stain on my family, along with my origins as an 'illegitimate child', made me obsessed with 'honor' that would exalt my name.

In other words, for him, who designed a way to leave his name and honor even after death, his current title of nobility may be a bit of a waste, but it is something he can throw away at any time when necessary.

'If only to stamp my name in the history of this continent.'

Once you get to where the battle is going on, you'll know what to do.

For the sake of my unfortunate, lovely, and sorry junior, he chose an unwilling location as his destination.

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"It will be over in an instant..."

8th Corps Commander Hel mutters despondently. Deon, who had been listening quietly, tilted his head.

who?

"...Of course I..."

Was it you?

What should I do if he behaves like this on the day he goes out to battle? His adjutant seemed to think the same thing and hurriedly patted his back.

"Hel, you will do well."

"I'm not confident I'll do well...."

“Why would you do that when you’re so talented?”

“I don’t know... Is it okay for someone like me to take on such an important mission?...”

My self-esteem is sinking into the ground. Hel’s adjutant, Nine, sighed carefully so as not to be noticed by his delicate superior.

Deon is also seeing this situation, and it is particularly severe today. Is it because it is the most important mission I have ever received?

What should I do with this? He sighed and looked up, and in his eyes he saw the adjutant of the 12th Corps commander passing by, looking for his superior.

“Didn’t I tell you to please think twice before you speak! If that doesn’t work, I advised him to just keep his mouth shut. But what if you do that in front of another corps commander? “I took it as an argument and almost got into a fight!”

“....”

“Oh my, you’re not even answering anymore! “I’m going to quit as an adjutant...”

“I’m sorry...”

“I can’t hear you.”

“sorry!”

Dahar, the adjutant of the 12th Corps commander who was pounding his chest, suddenly turned his eyes to the gaze he

felt. He made eye contact with the adjutant of the 8th Corps commander who was comforting his superior.

It was easy to understand each other's situation.

Sympathetic eye contact was exchanged.

'...You've been through a lot.'

'That one too....'

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 236**

236. Butterfly Effect (4)

What is this? Deon's expression cooled.

I miss the bed in my room. He was watching the situation with eyes full of regret and approached the still despondent 8th Corps commander to quickly resolve the situation and return to his room.

"I know you lack faith in yourself, but that doesn't mean you won't go to war. Just get up."

"But..."

"And you'll be good enough, so it's no use worrying about that."

Hel, who had been crouching, slowly raised her head. A three-dimensional black shadow whose mouth was not even visible spoke hesitantly.

"Are you serious?"

"okay."

Deon placed a hand on his shoulder. Red eyes shone earnestly.

“If you don’t trust yourself, trust me. I think you’ll do well.”

“...!”

Hel’s body stiffened for an instant.

He froze to the point where I was worried that he might have turned into a stone statue, but then his body began to tremble. A crying voice came out.

“I understand... I understand...! I will never... disappoint you!”

...I’m impressed.

I can’t breathe for no reason when I see their motivation rising. Deon rummaged in his arms, took out a cigarette, took a bite, and gently closed his tired eyes.

Even with my eyes closed, I can clearly feel the blood that has engulfed my ankles and risen to the top of my ankles. I heard someone whispering in my ear.

—Hypocrite.

“....”

Deon didn’t show it.

I brushed aside the whispering voice calling me a hypocrite and trash and raised the corners of my mouth and calmly answered.

“...okay.”

The eyelids rise and the dull red eyes take in Hell.



Once again, I feel fortunate that Hel is from the shadows. Because the shadow seemed to have a three-dimensional appearance, I was able to avoid meeting his eyes.

Shadows have no eyes. If Hel had eyes, I wouldn't be able to look him in the eye.

I unconsciously stretched out my hand.

"...Master Deon...?"

A hand hovers around the area where the eye would be.

Hearing the confused voice, he curled his fingers and gently clenched his fists. You can imagine the look in his eyes even without seeing it in person.

Clear, pure, and motivated... These would be what is commonly called extremely 'humane' eyes. What would it have been like if you had encountered this in person? Deon easily expected that he would not have been able to hold out.

How can you resist the look in your eyes when the breathtaking innocence is so powerful just by your actions and tone of voice?

"Hell."

"Yes, Master Deon."

Instead of opening his mouth right away, Deon smiled faintly at him.

...Except for appearance, what is the difference between demons and humans?

Demons are not 'absolute evil' as they are known. Watched closely, they appear to be more pure than humans in some ways.

As my consciousness flowed to that point, for a moment... I had that thought.

'It would be better if you were really 'evil'.'

There would have been nothing to get caught up in carrying out the plan, and I would have had less to feel the weight of my sin.

It felt like a black stone that had been staying in a world of white stones rolled into a world of black stones, but it turned out to be a world of gray stones. The feeling of realizing that there is no stone blacker than me and realizing how black I am.

'...Is it because of the medicine? 'I feel like it's all kind of crap.'

I myself don't know what I'm thinking.

Even if they were truly evil, the situation would not be any different. It's like carrying out a plan, but the weight of sin must have been pondered over and over again so as not to forget it. You are probably more tired than you are now.

At that point, Deon, who had stopped thinking and put out his cigarette, roughly put out his cigarette and looked at the extremely human-looking demon in front of him. Advice that wasn't advice flowed out slowly.

"...There was a report that the advance team that went first had trouble because of a trap. Just in case, you should be careful too."

“Ah...! Yes, I understand!”

—Hypocrite.

A voice speaks and the bloody smell stings my nose. Deon took out a new cigarette and smiled as if responding to the voice.

‘I know.’

\*\*\*

When Deon Hardt was seeing off the 8th Corps commander, Ed, who would normally be by Deon’s side and assisting him, was walking in the garden.

Hien, who had been watching him from afar, tilted his head.

To others, it may have seemed like normal, but Hien, who had lived his life paying attention to what others thought more than anyone else, could tell. He is depressed.

‘What’s going on...?’

I know that he hates me, so I know that I should be careful to avoid him, but... seeing him for the first time doesn’t make me lose my footing.

Maybe that’s why Hien’s constant snooping around was annoying.

‘Oh, I’m picking something up.’

Ed bent down and picked up a rock from the floor and swung his arm toward where he was.

Wedge! Something passed next to Hien’s head with a sound. At the same time, I could hear the sound of a small

plant dying.

“....”

“Get out.”

A voice that sounds like an animal growling, completely at odds with his usual neat demeanor.

It feels like a wounded animal sharpening its blade to hide its weakness. Hien stopped and raised his head, and only when I met his eyes glaring at me did I come to my senses and slowly walk away.

It was then that I heard a sly voice.

“You have a bad temper.”

Ben, holding a visiting bag in one hand, leisurely waves his other hand and steps in between Hien and Ed.

Ed’s face distorted as if he was displeased with his actions, and Hien, who suddenly escaped Ed’s sight, looked confused for a moment and then quickly walked away.

Ed, who was quietly watching the figure quickly moving away, turned his head towards Ben and showed his irritation without hesitation.

“You too, get out of the way quickly.”

“It’s scary. Deon should know this temperament of yours.”

It was a lightly spoken word, but the response it received was fierce.

“...shut your mouth.”

Even so, it is the worst remark for someone who has been sensitive to issues related to Deon Hardt.

The surrounding air sinks coldly. There was life in his voice.

However, Ben, a berserker and doctor who had a war of nerves with the corps commanders, calmly took his place on one side. He casually accepted the offer and patted the seat next to me as if telling me to sit down.

“Don’t be so harsh on me, let’s have a drink with the free demons.”

“What if you don’t have alcohol...”

“Hmm?”

“....”

Ed closed his mouth when he saw a bottle of alcohol sticking out of the visitation bag.

The words “Why did that come out there” were on the tip of my tongue, but I held them back and turned my head to express my refusal to talk.

“Quack.”

“what?!”

In the end, I couldn’t hold it in and ended up spitting out one word.

Ben goes on a rampage, asking why I am a quack. Ed seemed to feel better after looking at him, so he looked at him quietly and added a few words.

“I told you all that there was a bottle of alcohol in the sacred visiting bag. It seems that the attending doctor is treating patients with alcohol these days.”

“...Damn you.”

Ben looked at Ed and the bottle in his hand as if he seriously wanted to hit that head, then sighed and took the bottle.

Ed opened his eyes wide, seeing him in a calmer manner than expected, and fixed his head straight ahead for a moment before opening his mouth after a short silence. A slightly subdued voice spread throughout the empty garden.

“‘Idle demons’... Looks like you’ve become more leisurely, too. Deon-sama has definitely become a hero, so it’s only natural.”

“Yes, I am almost unemployed.”

It was a remark that was more like a self-talk and could easily be taken as an argument, but Ben’s reaction was unusually gentle.

Ed closed his mouth for a moment and then slowly asked a question.

“Aren’t you sad?”

“Well, as a doctor, I’m actually happy. It’s proof that Deon is healthy.”

The problem is mental though.

With a low muttering, he takes out two glasses from his visitation bag and pours them some drinks. As he looked at

that, the word 'quack' lingered in his mouth again, but this time Ed managed to suppress it.

They took the glass and sipped it together. The long, if short, silence that had flowed between them for a while was suddenly broken when Ben opened his mouth.

"What if?"

"...."

"If the Demon King and Deon come into conflict, whose side will you take?"

"...That's an impolite question."

"You said if."

"It's not worth answering."

Ed jerked his head and lifted the glass to his lips. Ben, who was quietly watching the scene, blurted out.

"You are avoiding the answer."

"...."

"Can we take this to mean that we can't choose either side?"

"...I am loyal to both of them. I cannot choose either one. In any case, being loyal to Deon is also being loyal to the Demon Lord, so there is no problem."

"So, isn't that why we made assumptions based on the premise of 'what if'? It's indecisive."

Ed was about to ask who would you choose in a fit of anger, but shut his mouth in shock as a thought crossed his mind.

“...that family of yours.”

The atmosphere became heavy.

Ben was noticeably silent, and Ed closed his eyes tightly.

...When I thought about why Deon suddenly distanced himself, there was a question that remained unresolved. I was wondering if the current situation was really enough to warrant distancing myself from myself.

What if... really what if.

‘What if there’s really something else I don’t know about?’

The puzzle fits together as if the missing clue was found.

...No, no, no. Speculation should be refrained. Ed, who consciously stopped thinking just before coming to a conclusion, continued speaking with difficulty.

“Does this mean that Master Daeon is considering treason?”

So... are you staying away from me?

In order to restore relationships, we are waiting for the war with the human world to end quickly, but Deon’s attitude may not return to its original state even after the war is over.

I’m trying to act calm, but my fingertips are shaking slightly. What should I do if this speculation is really true? A call was made to the worst assumption that naturally came to mind.

“Answer me.”



“...I assumed the worst.”

Ben, who was quietly looking at him, smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

“It doesn’t necessarily have to be treason. Wouldn’t small disagreements also fall within the scope of confrontation?”

“...Are you serious?”

“okay.”

Our eyes met in the air.

Ed looked into his eyes for a long time and finally sighed. A weak voice asked, as if all its new energy had been drained.

“Then whose side are you going to take?”

“well.”

“Huh, you pushed me like that, and in the end, you too...!”

“I’m your doctor.”

A short word stopped Ed from continuing his speech.

Ben smiled at him, who was quietly looking at me with his mouth closed.

“For the attending physician, the patients in charge come first.”

I once made a fatal mistake.

I dared to suggest alcohol to a patient in charge. Deon’s remarks at the time were so shocking that I still remember them. I could never forget it.

[Think carefully about whose doctor you are.]

[Well... I didn't even expect it to begin with.]

It was an incident that lost trust as a doctor, so how could I forget it?

I don't care that he was putting pressure on my chest with his arm at the time. It was okay to hold a dagger to his throat and threaten his life.

However, my identity as a doctor was shaken and my trust was lost. My heart sank at the remark criticizing that.

After that, I promised myself several times that I would never make the same mistake again.

Even though the Demon King is the master of all demons and the one who sent me to Deon, in the end, my patient is Deon, not the Demon King.

Because the attending physician only cares for the patient in charge.

"...That seems like a bit of a dangerous statement."

"The only thing a doctor can do is for the sake of his patients, so what's the risk?"

"...."

Ben just smiled, engraving his promise in a corner of his heart.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 237**

### 237. Butterfly Effect (5)

The border between the demon world and the human world, which was a place of caution even before the war, became more tightly monitored after the war broke out.

Although it is not possible to close all borders due to the limitations of the troops that can be operated, it is possible to monitor them day and night so that if something happens, they can be immediately notified. Therefore, the imperial soldier, who was always paying attention to the border, discovered a group of troops who had escaped under the cover of darkness and immediately reported it to his superiors. Emperor Elpidius, who immediately noticed where they were going, went to the country of Shan, which was an ally and was being targeted intensively by the Demon King's army. Contacted.

"It's reinforcements from the Demon World..."

The King of the Mountain Kingdom, who had cut off communication, muttered calmly.

"It looks like the Demon King has no intention of ending this war."

Otherwise, there would be no way to push firewood back into this place that is showing signs of becoming a moderate standoff.

Likewise, his voice seemed calm but a little worried.

“This is support in a situation where news that a demon has been summoned from the empire has just arrived. It is likely that the demon was utilized.”

“I agree with what you said. Moreover, considering that he sent general troops, he must have a lot of confidence in his abilities.”

The regular troops are in fact just a sidekick to fill in the numbers. The key is probably the ‘contracted demon’.

“If you have that level of confidence....”

“It would mean that the demon that signed the contract has at least a general level.”

“I’m sure he’s not the corps commander.”

“It’s not that there is no possibility at all, but...”

Yeonhwa, the king of the Mountain Kingdom, who had been quietly looking down at the communication device, raised her head. I made eye contact with Saerin, who was looking at me with worried eyes.

“...I can only hope not.”

“ .... ”

“Now then, let’s predict the movement path.”

She claps her hands and points to the map on the wall. At the same time, Saerin's gaze, which had been a bit serious, also moved.

There was no conversation about how to respond if the other person was a corps commander.

If it is difficult to deal with a corps commander who is subject to various restrictions, how can he deal with a corps commander who has legitimately come forward and reduced his restrictions through a contract with a human? If there was a hero with the fragments of a warrior, he was not a common being to begin with, and the former emperor Edoardo promised exceptional treatment and swept away all talented people, so there were no talented people left in the country.

Therefore, we implicitly put aside uncertain and uncomfortable topics and keep our eyes on the map. My finger touched one spot and gently drew a line along the street.

"The guys knocking on the gate right now took this route."

Saerin nodded and spoke.

"And there were various traps along the way."

"That fact was most likely reported to their superiors."

"Yes, so the movement route of this reinforcement troop is..."

Yeonhwa took her hand away from the map and looked back at Saerin.

The two people's eyes lit up at the same time, as if they were thinking the same thing.

"It'll be the same."

"It'll be the same."

A satisfied smile appeared on Yeonhwa's lips.

"Why do you think that?"

"It's the fastest, most well-polished, and you'll think most of the ships have been destroyed with the advance force moving."

"that's right."

Do you know why the name of the country of mountains is 'Sanguk (山國)'?

The country is located in a mountainous area. Although it is not surrounded by mountain ranges like Esperanes, there are enough mountains to impede traffic, so the king of a country that is not self-sufficient has overcome the opposition and concerns of numerous subjects in the past and built a road to make it easier for the upper class to travel. I wiped it away.

It would be a very good attack route for the demons.

"But there's something they overlooked."

There's no way she didn't keep in mind that this road could be used as an attack route by enemies. This was the reason why the subjects opposed it in the first place.

A well-paved road is designed to trigger a trap if an unauthorized person uses it. Therefore, messengers or merchants using that route had to contact them in advance and take steps to temporarily stop the trap's operation.

You can check and manage whether a trap has been stopped or activated within the castle you reach along the way.

Did you notice? It was called 'management'. Yeonhwa raised the corners of her mouth.

"In the first place, the trap wasn't a one-time thing."

It's only a one-off thing.

When the trap is triggered, arrows are fired and rocks roll. That's not everything, but anyway.

All stored arrows and rocks are not consumed in that single activation. After consuming a certain amount of arrows and rocks, the trap stopped working until the next trigger.

That's it. If you touch the device just a little bit, the exit from which the rock rolls will change and the direction the arrow will aim will change. This means that memorizing the location of traps is useless.

"It was aimed at reinforcements following during the war or when the enemy retreats, but this is how it is used."

As expected, it was a good idea to design it this way even though it cost a lot of money.

A trap like this won't be able to do anything to the 'contracted demons', but it will be enough to cause enough damage to regular troops.

“More than that, the problem is those ‘contract demons’...”

Should we also find and eliminate the contract demons?

Hoping that the number of reinforcements from the demons would be greatly reduced when she arrived, Yeonhwa began to think about the level of skill of the demons she had contracted with and how best to deal with them.

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Hel, commander of the 8th Corps, who had been summoned from the human world and moved to join the troops departing from the demon world, was now going through considerable hardships.

Crash.

An ominous sound is detected, and arrows rain down from somewhere. Hel quickly pulled out a spear from the weapon strapped to his back and struck down the arrows, using magic to create a temporary shield in areas that were out of range of the spear. Although the restrictions were reduced, perhaps because it was the human world, the magic power was drastically reduced.

Then, after going a little further, rocks and burning logs come rolling down from both hills. He tried to block them with magic, but later realized that magic could not be used, so he took out his shield, stood in front, and struck them away. Nevertheless, more people died than before.

It was devastating.

[Deon... said he believed...]

Hel sat down on the spot.



If it weren't for Adjutant Nine's encouragement, he would have wasted a lot of time until he recovered.

[Hel is doing well enough right now. If magic is not used, it means that you are within the range of the magic suppressor.]

That means there is a castle nearby.

[I mean, we're almost there. [Why don't you try a little harder?]

How far would you have traveled to move forward with those words as comfort? At a time when everyone's nerves were looking upward, not knowing what would fly at any moment, the ground sank in.

And what you see are various old and broken weapons and sharply carved trees stuck in the ground below and pointing sharply upward.

'I'm sure it'll be recycled once...'

thought Nine, the 8th Corps commander's adjutant, as he escaped the eerie floor, wedged into Hel's side.

I heard that the previous troops had passed through this road, but as if they had reinstalled a new ship, all the ships along the road were operating properly.

...Maybe it wasn't a one-time trap.

'Well, it's a well-paved road like this, but it would be difficult if there wasn't that level of defense.'

I understand... but the problem is that our troops have been greatly reduced by this.

I feel the arm holding me tremble. Nine sighed softly. A swear word suddenly came out.

Damn mountain country.

‘Why did you create a trap so meticulously that we... killed our superiors and caused an uproar?’

Things that are bad and disgusting. Bad guys. People like humans.

While Nine was spouting all kinds of curses inside, Hel, who had lost her voice in a trap a while ago and was left stranded, looked around blankly at the troops under her charge, with Nine at her side.

At first glance, the number appears to have decreased noticeably compared to when we started. My head fell heavily.

...Suddenly a thought occurred to me.

‘If I had moved alone...’

I would have been able to use my unique ability to quickly reach my destination without any major problems.

At the very least, it would have been better than now even if I had only had to take one person with me.

Hel, who unconsciously thought of the troops following her as a burden, was so startled by her own thoughts that she quickly began blaming herself.

“As expected... I was the problem...”

“No, Hel. This was something that could not be helped.”

Nine was accustomed to comforting his superiors.

“This is the limit of regular troops. It’s not the 8th Legion, and it’s not particularly elite.”

“No... I should have paid that much attention and taken care of it...”

Maybe it’s because I’m not good enough... That’s difficult...

I could faintly hear a gloomy voice that seemed to be digging into the ground. Nine, who was still held by his side, touched Hel’s arm and lowered him to the floor, then looked back at his superior.

“If you’re having a hard time, how about leaving the leadership to me?”

“...Yes?”

“I will follow with my troops, so Hel goes first.”

“...!”

Hel, who looked up at the opportunity to throw off her heavy burden, paused as if something was holding her back. His head slowly shook left and right after a short silence as if he had lost the momentum that seemed to give him an affirmation at any moment.

Contrary to expectations, a firm voice returned.

“No. Then what if you die?”

Nine’s expression changed strangely.

“...I don’t die that easily.”

“You almost died in a trap just a little while ago...”

“That’s because you were careless. I didn’t pay attention to the floor.”

“....”

If he goes ahead like he said and Nine lets his guard down one more time, then he will die helplessly. Hel, who was looking at her lieutenant with her mouth closed, slowly opened her mouth.

“Daeon said he trusted me.”

“....”

“I have to take responsibility and take him to the end.”

“....”

“I.”

Nine closed his mouth in an unusually decisive manner.

...It’s good to be motivated, but what should I say about this?

‘Deon, your statement that you trust him... I think it has a very good effect.’

I feel like the breathtaking feeling will backfire at any moment.

Suppressing a sigh that threatened to escape at any moment, he called out to someone who was not here, and eventually nodded, unable to overcome the stinging gaze as if urging him to answer.

“All right.”

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“Like all fields, spearing may seem simple at first glance, but if you dig deeper, it divides into numerous branches, making it complex and vast. The more you know, the more you see.”

Huh.

The Demon King, who came to the training ground with Deon according to his promise to teach him weapon skills, lightly swung his spear.

“If I were to explain the spear simply... it would be about blocking and thrusting. There are two types of blocking: striking outward or pressing inwards, and stabbing... I don’t have to say it, you know that, right?”

The first weapon I decided to teach was the spear.

There is no particular reason. I just heard that one of the weapons in the training ground was available. Since Deon didn’t specifically choose the type, there was nothing to worry about.

“More than anything, it is important to retrieve the spear. Due to the nature of the stabbing motion, it exposes the biggest gap when attacking. If you do not retrieve it in time, you will receive a counterattack that can directly lead to your life.”

“ .... ”

“Remember. The stabbing and retrieving are all one movement. The movement is... like this.”

Whoosh. The spear pierces the side of Deon's head and falls out.

If it weren't for the warrior's eyes, he would have only seen an afterimage. With his movements so agile and clean, Deon scanned the spot where the spear had passed, then raised his gaze and saw the Demon King.

He was smiling shamelessly.

"Did you see it?"

"...."

Instead of answering, he reached out for the spear the Demon King was holding. He obediently handed over the spear, and Deon, who accepted it, adjusted the spear's handle a few times as if measuring its center of gravity, and at some point, hiss, it fell next to the Demon King's head. thrust a spear into

"Are you saying this?"

"...."

Yeok-an followed the movement of the window and soon turned to face the red eyes facing me.

Bright red eyes hid between bent eyelids, as if waiting for their eyes to meet.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 238**

238. Butterfly Effect (6)

The corner of the devil's mouth rose.

"...that's right."

That's outrageous.

"As expected, you have talent."

"...Because he is a hero."

"yes."

It definitely didn't belong to the first person who tried it. Although it was clumsy, the attack almost imitated the Demon King's movements.

I think that a hero is a hero because he didn't forget to collect it and finished it without fail. The Demon King, who was quietly looking at him, approached Deon, grabbed the upper part of the spear he was holding, and lifted it up.

Deon, who understood that he was trying to take over the spear, relaxed his grip, but the spear did not escape his grip and stayed in place. A soft voice was heard.

"Don't let go."

“....”

“That attack from earlier was correct, but the tip of the spear shook a little when it was thrust in and pulled out. I’ll show you slowly again from your perspective, so try your best.”

Even the stabbing was clean.

To get this far in just one attempt. How much does an average person have to work to reach this level? With the absurd thought that life was truly unfair, the Demon King slowly moved the spear, stabbed it in the air, and retrieved it.

There was no need to explain in detail that the spear had to be twisted and retrieved at this point. The Demon King showed through his actions and only spit out one word.

“Did you see it?”

“yes.”

“Now, repeat this ten times in the correct position. When I’m done, I’ll show you how to block, so do that twice and then spar with Myers.”

“....”

“Why? Sparring is effective when blocking. I’m sure there’s nothing like it in actual combat, but it’s not possible right now, and since I can’t spar, it wouldn’t be best to spar with the commander of the 12th Corps, whose main weapon is a spear. ?”

That shouldn’t be a problem.



In common sense, who would spar immediately after doing only 10 thrusts and 2 blocks?

However, Deon, who realized his talent when he properly held the spear for the first time, did not bother to argue. Just as the Demon King said, it really seemed like that would be enough. No, that is definitely enough.

“...Oh, right.”

The Demon King, who was watching Deon stabbing without a single waver, cried out as if he had suddenly remembered it. Words unrelated to the class continued.

“I heard the imperial army raided and wiped out the Demon Cult?”

Stop. The movement of the spear I was retrieving was momentarily disrupted.

The Demon King didn't care and gently raised the corners of his mouth. A heavy yet light question followed with a slight hint of playfulness.

“I heard that almost everyone is dead and only a few are left. Are you okay?”

“...As long as the contractor is alive, it's okay.”

I heard that as soon as the contract was successful, Lirinel took away the contractor, Shiia, and began protecting and monitoring her.

Moreover, if the contractor had died, 8th Corps Commander Hel would also have been forcibly recalled, but Hel is still on the campaign trail. In fact, I also heard that they are doing a

great job by overcoming traps and reaching the walls of the Mountain Kingdom.

‘You said you used your unique ability to enter the castle and make a big fuss to open the castle gate?’

The King of the Mountain Country was in the next castle, so he couldn’t call out checkmate, but the situation that had made no progress suddenly changed, and that alone is amazing. The last report was that we were leaving immediately for the next castle.

This means that the contractor is safe.

‘It’s so... so passionate that it’s burdensome.’

Deon had a shocked expression.

Hel, Lirinel, Ben and Ed... I think that all the demons that come to mind are passionate, which is a characteristic of their race.

‘Especially how I felt when I belatedly learned of Lirinel’s quick actions.’

A young-looking demon flashes through my mind as he proudly boasts about his actions in stealing a contract, saying, ‘You omitted it because it was such an obvious order?’ I couldn’t help but laugh.

It was an indescribably subtle feeling.

It’s fortunate that the group that took control of the leader of the revolutionary army is alive, but it’s a shame that the group that released the leader of the 8th Corps, with fewer restrictions, into the human world did not die. When you calculate it, it is more beneficial to be alive.

anyway.

“As long as the commander of the army was summoned, the Demon Cult in the human world has fulfilled its role. As long as it is not a contract, it doesn’t matter whether it dies or not.”

“really?”

“yes.”

Actually no.

It would have been better if it had been resolved quietly without summoning the corps commander. What I had left behind just in case turned out to be poison.

How do I clean up the remaining residue? What about the contractor? Even while he was contemplating, Deon neatly completed ten stabs and handed the spear to the Demon King, who stretched out his hand. The Demon King turned his spear lightly as if he were turning a pen and took a stance.

“Now I’m going to show you how to block it, so watch carefully.”

The window moved without any fuss.

“This is what pushes it outward.”

“....”

“This is what pushes it down inward.”

Even though it may seem like it moves roughly, it is clear and clean so it is easy to see and learn. Deon took the spear

that was held out and said, "Try it now," and smiled slightly as he imitated the movements shown by the Demon King.

'I see why you said to only do it twice.'

It's easy, but it's too easy.

Even though it's your first time, the Demon King tells you to do it two more times, as if there's nothing to point out about your posture.

I moved the window and glanced at the demon lord. The Demon King, who couldn't possibly miss his gaze on me, immediately took his eyes off the moving tip of the spear, looked at me, and smiled. Deon's eyes suddenly turned cold due to his unlucky situation.

"The Demon Cult that has entered the human world."

"Oh right."

"...?"

In the same way the Demon King did a moment ago, he cried out and interrupted the Demon King.

Perhaps because this was unexpected, doubt and confusion appeared in the Demon King's eyes. Deon had a barely visible smile on his face.

"How was the monster problem resolved?"

I stopped talking because it was obvious without having to listen to what the Demon King was going to say. It must have been a pointless question as to what to do now. A remark without any special intention, just to upset and put pressure on this side.

There is no need to listen to that. Deon spoke to the Demon King, who still had a questioning look in his eyes.

“As expected, if the Demon King himself steps forward, the number of troops available to operate will increase significantly, and the war will become much easier.”

He was the one who fell in love with me first, but he also had a slightly surprised look on his face as if he hadn't expected this.

‘If you offend someone first, you have to be prepared to get hit back.’

He smiled brightly, as if to show off. Only then did the Demon King blink a few times and raise the corners of his mouth. There was joy that could not be hidden in the eyes.

Before he knew it, he had finished practicing twice, lost his purpose, and took away the limp spear, whispering with a smile.

“The hero is here, but I have to wait until the Demon King is away to use it.”

What do I believe in and why should I leave you here?

Although I said it a little differently, it's still almost as if I said it out loud. Deon chuckled at the unusually explicit answer.

“It's not that you don't like easy wars, is it?”

“well.”

The Demon King shrugged his shoulders.

Although both of them know it and pretend not to know, the Demon King is not waging war to completely devour the human world. Since his main purpose was to fill his own interest and fun using the toy called Deonhardt, he was not interested in easy wars that could be ended quickly.

‘...her?’

If it had been before, I would have answered, ‘That can’t be possible’ and smiled proudly.

Have you decided to answer honestly now? Deon blinked for a moment at the unexpected answer, wondering what kind of wind was blowing.

Meanwhile, the Demon King, who took out the communication stone from his chest, spoke calmly.

“Then let’s stop the class here. Now let’s call Myers.”

“...Isn’t the 12th Legion busy hunting monsters?”

Besides, it hasn’t been that long since I left.

I heard that the commander of the 8th Corps went out to hunt monsters again that afternoon.

It would be a bit different if I told you to come back from there. The Demon King grinned, as if a nervous emotion was reflected in his eyes.

“I’m not saying we’re going to spar right away, but let’s say we’re reserving it for later.”

“Ah...”

When Deon nodded in understanding, the light in the Demon King’s communication seat came on.

I haven't even tried to contact you yet? Their attention gathered in one place. Deon muttered as if he were puzzled.

"There's a communication...?"

It would be rare for someone or a situation to communicate directly with the Demon King's communication seat. What on earth is going on? A doubt suddenly appeared in my eyes.

The Demon King glances at Deon and immediately lowers his gaze to receive the communication. Soon, a slightly trembling voice echoed throughout the training hall.

- Greetings to the Demon King. This is the communication delivery team. I would like to contact you because I have urgent news.

"what?"

- It is said that the troops who went out to provide support a few days ago were annihilated.

Stop. Deon's hand, which had been stroking a bit of loose hair, took a step back and stopped.

It was easy to understand the situation.

'...iced coffee. 'That's it.'

The feeling suddenly sinks.

Therefore, while he was silent, the Demon King slowly opened his mouth as if he was remembering.

"A few days ago... Are you talking about the troops led by the 8th Corps commander?"

- Yes that's right.

"It was completely destroyed..."

The Demon King's eyes sank a little coldly.

"Does that mean the 8th Corps commander is also dead?"

- ...Yes that's right.

In the end, he died. Deon rummaged in his arms and took out a cigarette.

The devil's gaze immediately caught his attention, but he didn't care and lit the fire. The Demon King, who watched the smoke fading as it rose into the sky for a moment, soon focused on communication again.

Questions poured in.

"What is the source of the information? I heard that they were active by joining the troops that went ahead, but why did I only hear news of the annihilation of the supporting troops? What about the troops that went first? Are they safe?"

- A little while ago, I received a direct message from Nine, the adjutant of the 8th Corps commander. It is said that they were attacked by a hero while traveling on a neat and unorganized route for efficiency.

A well-organized road has pitfalls, and an untidy road is narrow and difficult to navigate. The larger the number, the slower the movement speed, so it was worth moving separately.



- We also confirmed the news of the survival of existing troops. They say everyone is safe.

"That's a good thing... I heard the adjutant contacted me directly. So, isn't there only one survivor, not annihilation?"

- He directly said 'annihilation' and contact was cut off in an urgent situation.

...You sensed your own death.

Deon put out the burned butt down his throat and took out a new cigarette. The Demon King looked back and forth between the new cigarette in Deon's hand and the healed wound on his neck that left no trace, and then stretched out his hand.

"Any information about the hero you encountered?"

Crackling.

The index and middle fingers hold the cigarette and the thumb presses the lit end to extinguish it. Deon's hand lost some strength due to the unexpected action.

- Judging by his appearance of green hair and brown eyes, he is inferred to be Stigma Primiro, the Empire's second hero known to have disappeared.

"Green hair isn't that common, and if he's capable of killing the commander of the 8th Corps, who even signed a contract, he's probably the one."

The demon king, who naturally took out a cigarette without missing the opportunity, smiled.

“Thank you for your hard work. If we don’t hear from you by tomorrow, we will confirm annihilation and notify you officially.”

- All right.

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After delivering the news of the ‘annihilation’ of the reinforcements, Nine turned off the communication and raised his head.

The body of my superior is seen lying at the feet of the green-haired hero. The three-dimensional black shadow without any movement made us realize that he was dead because he struggled desperately until the end.

I gritted my teeth. I felt the complex emotions of anger and despair mixed and distorted engulfing me.

...Originally, I was going to report two survivors and request assistance.

[I urgently request assistance. [The location is...]]

That would have been the case if the number of survivors had not been reduced to one.

Deep. An eerie sound was heard, and Hel, who had held out until the very end, died. Nine, who witnessed the scene, stopped talking.

[Adjutant?]

[....]

[...Adjutant? Are you listening? What’s going on?]

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 239**

239. Butterfly Effect (7)

I don't know what expression I'm making right now.

Blood drips from the clenched hand. Trying not to break the communication table, Nine forced his mouth, which would not fall, open.

[...Sorry, but I'll change my words. No support is needed.]

[Yes? What is that...]

[The number of survivors has just changed. There are 0 survivors. Report annihilation.]

[The adjutant is alive, so what are you saying...]

Tuk. The broken communication box fell to the floor and the military boots crushed it.

It is a communication stone that cannot be recovered anyway. At the very least, we must prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy. Nine, who had been rubbing his feet on the floor, looked up to see that it had been reduced to powder.

Our gaze met brown eyes that were far from friendly.

‘....’

He opens his mouth. Because the distance was quite far away, I couldn't hear the sound, but I could clearly read the shape of the mouth.

[You didn't run away.]

“....”

Instead of answering, I took the step I had been taking. Nine burst out laughing as he walked straight towards that damned hero. The two eyes, opened straight as if they would not lose, were stinging.

‘...I know what the right action is.’

I know in my head that I should have run away. The corps commander's adjutant serves as the deputy corps commander and is also a candidate for some corps commanders. Although it is not as good as the corps commander, it is still a valuable force.

My superiors gave me enough time to run away, so I had to run away. That was right.

‘but.’

Nevertheless, from the beginning, my options did not include leaving my boss and running away. The best thing I could think of was to stay far away and call for support so as not to interfere with the fight.

But the boss died.

The graying head asks questions in a stream of consciousness. What was your last conversation with him?

[It will take a long time, so go first.]

I think he was really calm.

[It must have been annoying, but you worked hard to take care of someone like me... I was really grateful.]

The shadow is always stepped on by someone's feet. Hel was a shadow.

He said he doubted whether he could stand above someone like that and stand shoulder to shoulder with them. I also said it was awkward.

If it had been another ambitious lieutenant, he had such low self-esteem and naivety that he would have thought it was right and tried to rise above him. When I first came in as an adjutant, if the Demon King hadn't ordered me to help him make full use of his abilities, he might have tried to devour me too.

No matter how it started and what its true feelings were, I raised it by coaxing and coaxing him to take advantage of his low self-esteem and make him a proper corps commander.

...He's the commander of my corps that I raised.

"Why did you come back? I would have let you go if you had just run away."

"...Take off that foot first."

"Such rudeness."

He takes a step back.

Nine's eyes wavered as Hel's body was fully exposed. Even though I had already seen him die from afar, seeing him die up close was even more shocking.

Regret weighed on my heart.

'...I should have stayed, even if I had to force myself to do so.'

The opponent was a monster.

This was true even considering that the use of magic was suppressed because there was a castle nearby.

Using its unique ability to hide in the shadows, it senses its location and plunges its sword into the ground to injure itself. Even if it moves around in the shadows, it reacts as soon as it appears. Even moving behind his back and making a surprise attack was useless.

Senses as agile as an animal, as if specialized for combat.

It is a battle with a strong possibility of losing. It was right to avoid it.

Hell himself would know better than that. why.

[...Ah.]

Nine stopped breathing as a thought passed through his mind.

We are the problem.

We are the reason why Hel, who was only pushed into battle and could have lost enough weight if she were alone, continues to hang around here and deal with that hero. As soon as he realized that fact, he shouted at the soldiers.

[Everyone retreat! It doesn't matter if you scatter! We all met again at the previous castle...]

[I forgot to say this.]

I was quickly interrupted by a calm voice.

The 'hero', who plunged his sword precisely into the shadow where Hel was hiding, smiled smoothly. When I pulled out the sword, there was blood on the blade.

[You can't escape.]

[...What bullshit...]

[I hired mercenaries. They surrounded this area. They are useful people who were carefully selected. A strong person like a corps commander or a direct subordinate would be able to kill an ordinary demon soldier who can't even use magic.]

[....]

[Well, if I were to die, I would just leave because there would be no clients to pay me.]

My superior is prepared. I feel it strengthening. It's a dangerous situation where if anything goes wrong, everyone could die. Nine clenched his fists.

What is the best outcome that can be achieved in the current situation? What number should I use?

My head spins tightly. The brain realized that it could not take care of everything no matter what it did, so it chose to abandon relatively light things and take care of important things.

[Hel, I will stay.]

Discard the regular soldiers and adjutants and save the corps commander.

I told him to run away because I would rather deal with him. Since the corps commander is more important than the adjutant, it was an objectively correct decision.

[I don't like it.]

But the reason I couldn't do it was because my boss was unusually stubborn.

[Deon said he believed in it.]

[....]

[At least you have to send your subordinates alive.]

Ah. The moment I heard those words, I realized it.

Eventually, the side effects occurred. I felt so weak.

It is certainly more effective to be recognized by someone who is capable and respected than to praise a subordinate for being great, but... '

Master Deon...'

I forced back the lament that was about to burst out and came back to reality and saw the " in front of me. I glared at the 'hero'.

Tilt your head as if the other person doesn't understand. Green hair flowed in time with the movement.



“It seems like your superior wanted to save at least one of you...” “

...”

“Are you planning on making his death in vain?”

“shut up.”

All the ordinary soldiers died.

The order to gather together and focus on one area instead of scattering was of no use. Because it was faster for mercenaries to gather than to break through the siege.

Unfortunately they were standing in teams and had flares.

“At least you don’t have the right to say that.”

“...That’s great loyalty.”

I feel like I’m the villain. You are clearly the invaders. Stigma muttered softly.

“Yes, I can’t help it that you really want to die.”

“I don’t want to die.”

“That’s a firm answer. But what would it be like to fight alone against an opponent you can’t defeat, if it’s not to make you want to die?”

“...I just...”

Nine hesitated, unable to finish his words, and eventually fell silent for a moment, unable to find the right words to say.

I don't know what to say about the emotions that gave rise to this irrational behavior.

After searching beyond the common sense of the demon world and even the common sense of the human world, he finally found a plausible analogy.

"...What parent would just walk away when faced with the person who killed their child?"

"...I see."

understood. Stigma sighed.

The goal of killing the 8th Corps commander has already been achieved, so there is no reason to shed more blood, but this is unavoidable.

"In that case, I have no choice but to deal with you."

Since signal flares have also been used, let's get this over with quickly.

There may be a force that saw the signal and sent someone. For example, a mountain country or a revolutionary army. If he waited any longer, he might end up getting involved with a troublesome force, so he lightly swung his sword, brushed off the blood on it, and aimed the sword in an elegant and hesitating manner as always.

\*\*\*

My body collapses. My vision became blurry and my breath caught in my throat.

It was an instant that defeat was certain. In fact, it was a future that was decided from the beginning.

‘I’m going to die soon.’

Nine smiled faintly.

It’s okay because the pain that inevitably follows in the current situation is bearable. Since I had already prepared myself for the fact that I would die, it didn’t really matter. However....

‘....’

He looked at Hel’s body lying nearby and opened his mouth.

“Do you know what the most powerful magic is that demons can use?”

“...hmm?”

“It’s magic that uses the magical power that forms the body.”

The bodies of demons are made of the demon king’s magical power. Whether it is made up of pure magic power or something else combined, the fact that magic power is involved never changes.

In other words, the magic that utilizes this is the most powerful magic that even demons who have consumed all their magical power can use.

I had no intention of wasting this, so I quickly opened my mouth before I ran out of breath.

“It is also a magical power directly related to the soul... although it is not used very often.”

My words come out in a halt due to lack of breathing.

Is it the leisure of the powerful or is it mercy that wants to listen to the last word?

He smiled faintly at the person who silently listened to his voice gradually becoming louder without managing to slit his throat.

“[In order to achieve what you truly desire.]”

“...Hmm?”

“[You will have to give up your life.]”

The commander of the 5th Corps said, “I heard that humans value hope and life the most.”

It is said that wishes are the goals and milestones of life. He said that without it, he would find no reason to live and would even throw away his precious life.

I have no intention of just leaving without being able to get revenge on the person who killed Hel. Therefore, I have cursed you to give up either your hope or your life, so what will you give up?

The body began to crumble. Nine closed his eyes, feeling dizzy as his vision began to fall apart.

Finally, I vaguely heard that voice.

“...They gave me a choice that I didn’t need to worry about.”

It’s pure.

\*\*\*

Communication has ended.

Deon looked at the blood, which had risen to a higher level, and then raised his head. I made eye contact with the Demon King.

He said, pretending to be nonchalant as he rummaged through his pockets and took out a new cigarette.

“sorry.”

“...what.”

The Demon King, who was silently looking into red eyes, lightly shrugged his shoulders.

“It’s not your fault. Who would have thought that the Empire’s second hero would pop out of nowhere?”

“....”

“Rather... cigarettes.”

No, should I call it medicine?

I even took it out myself to tell them not to do it. Seeing him take it out again so proudly on the spot...

“It seems like the dependence on medicine is increasing...”

“...Heroes are not addicted to medicine.”

“The body may be, but the mind is not.”

“....”

“What should I do with you?”

With a light lament, he took the cigarette out of Deon’s hand.

The demon king didn't stop there, but searched through his pockets and arms and took everything. He smiled and shook what was in his hand.

"It's a lot. Even if it's like this, it's not an addiction?"

"...."

"I've warned you repeatedly until now, but you've ignored it. Until now, the baseline for 'self-control' was vague, so you just overlooked it, but not this time."

Wow.

The cigarette pack crumpled in my grasp.

"From now on, I'm going to issue a ban on smoking for you. Just in case, I should also issue a ban on drugs. You may take drugs that are not in the form of cigarettes and insist that they are not 'cigarettes.' "It's not like you don't know what my intention was when I gave that order."

"What...!"

"Deon,"

a soft voice interrupted.

"How long has it been since I gave you the signal not to smoke anymore?"

"...."

"It wasn't even an hour or 30 minutes, let alone a day. But it's not like I've moved anywhere. I stood there quietly and took out a cigarette again."

The Demon King lightly smiled as his eyes widened. The eyes revealed between the eyelids shone coldly.

“Since you completely ignored my wishes, don’t you think this level of punishment is warranted? You shouldn’t have anything to say to me.”

“...But.”

“Commander of the 0th Legion.”

The smile disappeared from the Demon King’s eyes.

“You should listen to the Demon King, right?”

“....”

‘Hero’ or ‘Deon’ Not this, ‘0 Corps Commander.’

Deon, who realized what he meant, muttered under his breath. Damn it.

“... I understand.”

“Okay.”

His eyes curved again with a smile as if he had never done that before.

That sight was disgusting. Out of luck, Deon cursed under his breath and said,

“Tsk.”

“...?”

Oh, that’s not it.

“Then I’ll go back to my room to revise the plan at this point.” ”

...Just... Tsk. “ Yes

?” Me?”

“ ....”

Well... I’m sure my nerves are getting sharper now that the medicine has been taken away.

The demon king, who had a dazed look on his face for a moment and smiled slightly, held out his hand to tell me to go in.



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 240**

### 240. Butterfly Effect (8)

It is said that the soldiers of the Empire attacked the Demon Church and wiped them all out. Did you say that the religion called Demonism itself reached the level of extinction because they killed all those who seemed even slightly related to it?

The estimated number of survivors is very small. For Paul, who was struggling to get Shiia out, the news was like a thunderbolt.

bang! A fist hit the desk, causing the documents piled next to it to shake.

Probably not, but Iram, who was watching Paul with anxious eyes, wondering if he might get angry and tear up the documents, quietly took the documents off the desk.

“Now, calm down first...”

“Calm down? Calm down?”

A spark flashed in Paul's eyes.

In a way, it can be said that she ended up in this situation because she hid Shiia's whereabouts, so why would she dare to speak out in front of me?

Anger soared.

“Others may not know, but you shouldn’t say things like that.”

“....”

“Who made this happen now! How dare you say something like that?!”

There is no way to even check whether Shiia is alive or dead, let alone where she is.

The anger that suddenly exploded and wandered for a while finally found its target and aimed its blade. It was natural that the target was Iram. There was nothing to say about the current emperor Elpidius’s response.

In a situation where you are at war with the emperor, you cannot just leave alone or respond moderately to a group that attempted to summon demons and eventually succeeded. I should have set an example to prevent the same thing from happening again. To do that, we have no choice but to take extreme measures.

Therefore, from the perspective of the same leader, Elpidius’ actions could not help but be understood, even if they were extreme.

So who will be the remaining targets?

“Mr. Iram....”

The background of Demonism has not yet been revealed.

It’s not that there are no guesses at all, but it is inevitable that anger will be more focused on a clear target that is

directly in front of you than on a distant person that you can only guess at.

A voice as cold as frost fell towards Iram.

“...Find it.”

“....”

“Find him at all costs. Find him and bring him back safely. If he is dead, bring his body for a funeral.”

Put everything aside and prioritize finding my brother.

Iram, who was silent, nodded slowly.

“...okay.”

Paul rubbed his face and sighed. The child's face, blurred by not seeing it for a long time, shimmers in the background with closed eyelids.

A moan as if in pain came out.

‘Hahaha....’

There is a degree of being possessed by pseudo-religion, but what is it that will spill over into demonism? I don't know what the hell is going on with this kid. I think I'm past the age where I can just pass it off as a child.

It doesn't matter that he didn't join the revolutionary army because it's his freedom. Living each day in a daze... yes, it was okay. But anyway, isn't this the case?

‘When I come back, I will definitely have to bring him into the revolutionary army...’

I'm so anxious that I can't just leave him there. Is this how parents feel when they release their child into the water?

As the current times were set against the backdrop of war, it would be better to keep him inside the fence, and he was pledging to keep him incarcerated, not incarcerated. Paul, who noticed that Iram, who was supposed to immediately move to deliver the order to find the child, was still not out, raised his head.

There was a hesitant woman in her eyes filled with sharp emotions.

"What are you doing if you're not going?"

"...I have something left to report."

"Ha... speak quickly and leave."

I don't feel like working anymore today... but what time does a leader of the revolutionary army have for work? It's just that when new information comes in, it's time to work.

Information has an expiration date. Knowing that fact well, he relaxed his clenched jaw as if he was about to scream and sighed again. The look of exhaustion was clearly evident in the rough movements of his hands.

"The Demon World side's support troops were annihilated while moving."

"...I beg your pardon?"

Even though I had to jump up for a moment.

"I heard that one of their forces was very skilled, but they were suddenly wiped out like this? I heard that they crossed

one of the walls of the Mountain Kingdom not too long ago? So I expected that guy to be a 'contract demon'? But they went in vain like this?"

This was closer to an argument rather than a question.

Iram, unable to find an appropriate answer, makes an awkward expression. Only then did Paul realize that I was so agitated and calmed down.

It's understandable to be shaken by hearing surprising news in a situation where emotions are already heightened by the news about Shiia, but this is no excuse. I reminded myself from what position I was listening to these words, consoled myself, and calmly opened my mouth.

"Any witnesses? Can you figure out what happened?"

"It was wiped out while moving to the next castle, so unfortunately there are no witnesses."

"Oh my..."

Paul touched his forehead.

Iram closes his mouth, as if to give him time to control his emotions again. A heavy silence came.

News of the annihilation of the demon side's reinforcements. This is a good thing from a human perspective, but some people may wonder why they react so sensitively.

'...Yes, it's only good news from the perspective of 'humans'.'

However, unlike demons, humans have many forces within them.

And Paul himself is the leader of a faction called the 'Revolutionary Army'. As a 'human', he is naturally fighting against the demon world, but at the same time, he is the leader of the revolutionary army who also struggles for power with fellow humans. In particular, the revolutionary army was in a position to be particularly wary of the monarchs of each country, so as the leader of such a force, it was impossible to just laugh this off as good news.

I rubbed my forehead and was lost in thought.

'The absence of witnesses means it was handled quietly.'

It is said that they were wiped out while moving to the next castle, so it is expected that there will be few witnesses due to the nature of the skirmish, but...

when you think about it, that means either a very large number of people moved and were wiped out in an instant without even leaving witnesses, or a very small number moved secretly. It makes sense.

'If they were pushed in by a large number and annihilated, it would mean that they were not one of the forces of either side. 'I guess it's going to be like a third force.'

In a situation where each force was keeping a close eye on each other, there was no way that news would not have reached them when that number of troops were moving. The only situation where the majority can move without being caught by this side would be a third force that was not in their field of vision in the first place.

'If not, it's something that a few people did.'

Maybe it was an individual's act.

To be honest, I think I've gone too far with the third force...

I muttered slowly.

"...A small elite unit? Or maybe a 'hero'?"

It may be rather surprising that there are still 'heroes' that can be utilized in this era.

If it was sent from another power, it means that they were hiding a lot of military power, so we must be on guard, and if not, we must first attract new talent to this side before other powers take away new talent that appears at the right time in the current situation where talented people are dying every day.

So, as I was quietly lost in thought, Iram, who had been quietly observing Paul's emotional state, opened his mouth.

"Probably a 'hero'."

"...I remember you saying there were definitely no witnesses."

"There were no witnesses, but there were people who seemed to be involved. There were rumors."

"...?"

Rumors aside, he was involved, but he wasn't an eyewitness. What does this mean?

Perhaps she read the doubt on Paul's face... She continued.

"Rumors about a 'true hero' who wanders the continent and raises his sword for villages that have not yet been taken

care of. Recently, mercenaries have been talking about this. A request has been received from a person presumed to be the hero to surround and deal with demon soldiers. He said he received it and carried it out.”

“ ....”

“They surrounded the client from so far away that they couldn’t be seen, so they didn’t even know what had happened and just fought the demons trying to break through the siege. It was only after everything was over and the rumor had spread that the client they were entrusted with was... “I knew it had something to do with work.”

Be thorough too.

Anyway, I’ve heard of wandering heroes. I told you to gather information half out of curiosity and half out of intention to draw on it later. By combining the information I received, I inferred his identity, and the predicted person that came out at that time

was probably... “Stigma Primiro...”

“He has green hair and an aristocratic demeanor. The mercenaries say he had a lot of money and the commission fees were high, so this is probably true.”

“...A combination of the Empire’s second hero and a mercenary that suddenly appeared... It’s a little absurd, but this makes one thing clear.”

“...?”

Paul grins and cracks his fingers playfully. My low mood had improved significantly.



“Stigma Primiro is no longer a hero of the Empire.”

Besides using mercenaries instead of the Empire’s troops or its own knights, there was no way the Empire would send its precious manpower to a place like this if it weren’t for that.

A talented person whose skills have been proven has become free. Looking at what he’s doing now, it’s as if he has given up on himself the title of nobility. In other words, it means that he is a person who deserves to be honored with a carpet in the revolutionary army.

“Try to contact him.”

Iram, who realized what Paul was trying to do, stopped to nod and then hesitantly opened his mouth.

“But if you decide to avoid it...”

“Then it’s unfortunate, but it can’t be helped.”

“...?”

“How can you catch a hero who is so determined to avoid you? You have to be persistent, setting up a trap for no reason, and then back off when he gets offended. Just try to talk moderately and politely, and if it doesn’t work, just give up.”

“okay.”

Iram nodded and turned his back as if to leave, but stopped for a moment when he noticed a document in the corner of his eye.

“....”

“What are you doing when you’re not going out?”

“That’s...”

The document that Paul had put down on the floor moments before, as if he was going to tear it up as his emotions grew stronger.

When she saw that, something came to mind and she hesitated, unable to leave. She took the time to think by putting the documents back on the desk.

‘...Can I ask something?’

In fact, I had already tried to ask several times. But I just can’t figure out if it’s okay to ask.

As she was glancing around, she was urged to do it quickly if she had anything to say, so she pretended not to be able to win and uttered the question she had been harboring.

“...The document I tore up back then.”

“...ah?”

A document that Paul tore as a warning when he was caught hiding Shiia’s whereabouts.

“Recovery...did you do it?”

...Okay, I was wondering why you didn’t ask.

Paul, realizing what she was saying, let out a laugh.

It is only natural that the cause of revolution is more important to Mr. Iram than a mere girl named Shiia. It’s been a while since then, so it’s probably worth asking about now.

I already expected it and understood it in my head... but why do I feel low again?

‘...Anyway, since I heard the question, I should answer it.’

We can’t pressure you to reflect on yourself forever.

It was a mockery mixed with bitterness.

“I conceived and wrote it myself.”

“That means...”

“It’s natural to remember.”

This means that if you put your mind to it, you can recover it with documents.

Iram’s face brightened.

“May I ask what it is about?”

“...It’s the same as what I explained last time. Daniel’s policy is difficult to implement right away, so it is a policy that can be implemented in the interim. In addition, it may be the ultimate and ideal goal, but it is a goal that can never be achieved as long as humans are ‘human’, so it is a policy that must be limited to an intermediate process.”

Iram’s face is filled with doubt and frustration.

What is the content of that policy? He probably wants to listen to it in a clear way. But looking at that expression, the thought of telling him about it disappears even more easily. Paul chuckled and said in a whisper with a little grumpiness, “If what Daniel invented is called democracy, then I invented it

. It would be something like socialism.”

Of course, it is only a name, and it is not a complete ‘socialism’ as it is only a stepping stone and an intermediate process for democracy.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 241**

241. Butterfly Effect (9)

One day, Paul thought.

‘Will there really be peace when the current war ends?’

No way. It's a no-brainer question.

Many countries have already collapsed due to the empire's war of conquest and the war with the demon world that immediately followed. Even if the current war ends with the victory of the human world, peace will not come immediately.

People will rejoice and take up arms again in the midst of chaos.

‘We will wage war again to occupy unclaimed land and fill the void of the collapsed country.’

How can human greed be taken so lightly?

Whether the Demon King's army conquers the human world or the human world drives out the Demon King's army, even if the superficial war is over, another war will inevitably follow.

So I asked myself the question again.

‘In such a situation, can Daniel’s policy really spread its wings?’

...absolutely impossible.

Before it can fully spread its wings, it will be swept away by the fire of war and disappear without even leaving a trace. Paul did not want the thought that was everything to Daniel to fade away.

I sat in front of my desk, twirled my pen and glared at the white paper.

‘The method that Daniel came up with is a policy to prevent power from being concentrated in one person. A slow and careful policy that requires verification and consent through numerous procedures before deciding and implementing something.’

It can prevent you from going down the wrong path, but it is difficult to use in times of war. How long would it take to go through so many procedures when enemies are coming right now?

‘Above all...’

Three institutions that keep each other in check, and the head of the institution that is directly elected by the people. Since I pulled it out and sat it down myself, it wouldn’t be impossible to pull it down again. The people will be paying attention to their every move, thinking of pulling them down at any time if they do something wrong.

Being ‘dragged down’ from a high position means the fall of everything that can be built up as a human being. Your face is known and your power has been restored. Even if you sit there and try to take the money you earned, will the people

just watch? Money is not the issue; you should worry about your immediate life.

In order to survive, you must choose a safe path without being caught. War requires bold decisions, but has a structure that collapses if anything goes awry. Brother Daniel's methods did not suit war.

'Funny enough... what's important in war is cooperation between top and bottom.'

In order for the revolutionary army to survive on the battlefield and continue its legacy, a leader with 'concentrated power' is needed. The only leader who has the power to make decisions and implement them.

Of course, there may be backlash if you make the wrong decision. But that should not dictate future decisions.

'If you're going to push ahead even if there's opposition, you need as much power as possible, so you shouldn't tear up the power right away.'

Therefore, Brother Daniel's policy should be postponed to the distant future, when everything is over and a period of stability has arrived, and a new policy that will act as a stepping stone to withstand the era of war until then should be devised. Paul shook his head.

So the young revolutionary recalled a war of words he had with a man not long ago.

To be exact, what he said in that war of words.

[We discriminate against each other based on social status, based on capital, and based on appearance, skin color, and all types of tendencies!]

Discrimination based on capital.

I had that thought a long time ago. I'm a little skeptical about whether unfair discrimination in this world will really disappear if the caste system disappears.

The answer to the question was 'no'.

He has already seen how money suppresses power. I saw a poor nobleman begging to borrow money from a rich commoner, and I saw an old man who should be respected being insulted by a young man because he was poor.

Even if the caste system disappears, discrimination will remain in this world. Among the numerous criteria for discrimination, the one that accounts for the largest proportion is 'capital'.

'Because we need a reason to convince everyone why a revolutionary army that calls for 'equality' needs a 'leader with concentrated power'.'

There is nothing that cannot be used to make people feel the need for a leader. Paul grinned at the answer that was slowly beginning to appear.

'In addition to the 'class system', individual 'capital' can also be placed as a superficial boundary object that promotes discrimination.'

So, they are saying that they will abolish private property and implement a policy of collecting everything from the 'country' and distributing it equally to everyone. It was purified and called a 'country', but in the end, that role was played by one 'leader'!

A policy where everyone is equal except the leader.



This created an ideology that could withstand the era of war without ruining the ideology of the revolutionary army.

‘The problem is that this should be changed to Daniel’s policy when it is appropriate, but if you are not careful, it can easily fall into a bad direction...’

People in power tend to be easily influenced by it. They say he should step down when the time is right, but it’s likely that he doesn’t want to give up his sweet power. By then, corruption will also exist.

The time to switch to Daniel’s policy will be in a distant future generation, so I won’t be alive to watch it with my eyes wide open until then.

‘...thorough succession education is necessary.’

Although we must be wary of human greed and not trust easily, this is the only best we can do in the current situation. Some people may think of a better way, but this was the best my brain could come up with.

I returned to reality and saw Iram tilting his head.

“Democracy...? Socialism...?”

“yes.”

“?”

Paul smiled faintly.

...Iram is an early member of the revolutionary army who was driven purely by the ideology of ‘equality’. Fortunately, he is a great man who does not focus on personal desires such as ‘power’.

I picked up a pen and wrote on paper. The content wasn't that long.

[Democracy / Socialism]

"I'm not going to explain it right away because it's homework."

"Homework...?"

"Yes. Can you see this?"

I placed my fingertips on the paper and pushed it forward.

"Please infer what these two words mean. I used southern Chinese characters, so if you interpret them, you can roughly figure out what they mean. It won't be that difficult."

"...That means...!"

Iram, who had been picking up the paper and examining it, raised his head.

Paul's wide-open eyes shake slightly as if he senses the intention behind his actions. At the same time, a shaking voice came out with hesitation.

"...You really think of me as your successor?"

"no."

"Then why..."

"Because right now, it's not strange if someone dies at any time, regardless of age."

Rather, the situation is such that young people die before old people.

Paul lifted a document piled next to him without paying attention to Iram. He spoke calmly as he read through it, as if he were resuming the paperwork he had stopped.

“I don’t know when I’ll die either. I haven’t even been able to find a worthy successor right now.”

Am I just too blind or am I not talented? There is no person full of spirituality.

‘I didn’t ask for that much.’

A young person with a flexible mind whose mindset or tendencies are not rigid and can change with education. He is a very intelligent person who has completely absorbed both the teachings of the first head and the additional teachings of the second head and passed them on to future generations. A person of relative integrity who will not give in to personal desires but will work for the greater good.

All you have to do is meet these three things.

In particular, in the case of the second condition, the original attempt was to find a person who was intelligent enough to not only completely absorb the teachings received, but also develop them without distortion and pass them on to future generations, but took a step back.

Paul, who was grumbling internally that there were no good talent, perhaps because the war had ruined everyone, began to busily move his pen. He spoke in a casual tone as if it was no big deal.

“So, when I die without leaving a successor, or when I die without being able to educate all of my successors, or when I die without completing a complete succession in any case, or when even the heirs I have left die under unexpected circumstances and there is no successor.”

“ .... ”

“Mr. Iram, please be a bridge in preparation for that time.”

Iram has been with the leader of the revolutionary army since its creation. Since he was next to the first generation and the second generation, he assisted with many things and saw and heard a lot, so he must have a basic foundation. As of now, you will be able to absorb the teachings faster than anyone else.

Time passes and the leader of the revolutionary army, who has many enemies, lives each day in a difficult manner. It is a precarious situation where you don't know whether you will die today or tomorrow, but if you really die, the revolutionary army, which has no proper successor, will collapse or go astray in an instant.

“It serves as a temporary device to keep the revolutionary army breathing when it is on the verge of collapse.”

For now, we need someone who can serve as a temporary stepping stone to fill the gap between finding, educating, and nurturing a suitable successor and as a second alternative in case of an emergency.

In other words, we need people who can absorb the teachings as quickly as possible and be able to stand on the front line at any time. Paul raised his head and looked at Iram.

“You said you were curious about the interim policy I designed, right? This is an idea and method that is better to discard than to use it half-heartedly. The same is true when a proper successor has not been found. So, do your homework.”

At that time, I will tell you the clear intention of making it and how to use it.

“I hope Mr. Iram becomes a ‘proper successor’ and another person who will raise that successor.”

Iram is the assistant to the leader of the revolutionary army.

It never stands in battle, and even if its enemies do aim at it, it is far from death as it is aimed at the ‘chief’ and not just the throne.

Paul, who was looking at the opponent who had good conditions in many ways, soon buried his head in the documents again and waved his hand.

“Then just leave now. Don’t make the foolish mistake of focusing only on the afterword and forgetting about the matter I mentioned earlier.”

Find Shiia, try to contact Stigma Primiro, and do your homework.

Iram, who had a list in his head, folded the paper in his hand and placed it in his arms, nodding.

“okay.”

\*\*\*

“Thank you for willingly allowing me to meet you, even though it may have seemed like a rude request.”

“Not really. I’m sick of the stares following you, and since you’re one of those people who sticks to the line quite a bit, it’s not a bad idea to reduce your gaze at this point. So, what’s your business? ... No, before that.”

Stigma places his hand under his chin as if thinking. The eyes narrowed and a slightly lower voice pressed through the air.

“What do you belong to? Mountain country? Empire? Or... revolutionary army?”

“...revolutionary army.”

A revolutionary army.

I think I know why he asked to meet me without having to ask about the business... but there’s nothing I can’t do to show him more generosity by taking the time to meet him. Just because I do some errands doesn’t mean the whole day goes by. I nodded leisurely.

“Yeah, I see. What’s your business?”

“Join the revolutionary army...”

“I refuse.”

I knew it.

It’s not funny that the revolutionary army is offered to ‘Stigma Primiro’ and not anyone else.

Is this an offer made by someone who has given up on his title of nobility? If so, I would like to tell you that you are

completely wrong. It was done because there was a bigger goal and not because the caste system felt unfair.

Rather, Stigma tended to be greedy for a higher position where he could prove himself.

In other words, since the caste system was a great stage that might be used again someday, he did not feel the need to eliminate it, so he said no without hesitation.

What was surprising was the other person's reaction after hearing the answer.

"All right."

A clear nod without adding any words.

"...You gave up sooner than I thought."

"It's better than turning a hero into an enemy."

"Wise. Whose idea was it? "Chief?"

"...."

"You are the chief. I felt it from the time I saw it on the screen, but unlike his appearance, he

seems to be quite mature in his head." The other person quickly leaves the room as if he doesn't want to continue talking.

Stigma, who laughed at the cute struggle to minimize information leakage, looked away without hesitation. Silver-blue eyes met our gazes.

"...Then is it time to proceed with the meeting we made earlier?"

Remember.



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 242**

242. Butterfly Effect (10)

"It came much faster than I expected. We almost had appointments that overlapped."

The dignified tone contains a slight sense of playfulness and imitates complaining.

An old man with a gentle expression smiled.

"As I get older, I sleep less. Even if we had overlapping appointments, I was willing to wait. I guess I'm the one who came early on my own. More than that..." Silver-blue eyes shone sharply

.

"What business does this old man, who is so famous these days, care about?"

"There are rumors... I won't deny it, but I don't think it's something you should say."

'Stigma Primiro' is not the only rumor related to 'a person wandering the continent'. Stigma raised the corners of his mouth as if showing off. The eyes were not smiling.

There is one more rumor that has not become widely known due to being buried in the rumors of a 'hero', but has been steadily becoming known beneath the surface. Was it a rumor about an old man killing monsters? It is a rumor that is even more absurd than 'Hero' and is a rumor that does not give any hope or expectations, so it is being buried helplessly, but it is the absolute truth.

The old man in front of me, Remember, was wandering the continent for some reason.

"If you are looking for me after hearing late news about the mercenary brokerage, I would like to tell you that it is too late. This old man has already retired and no longer has authority."

"That much can be inferred just by looking at the way the broker moves around rather than staying in one place. That's not the purpose."

...Then what business did you come looking for me for?

Now that the empire that had enforced mercenary support and benefited from it was pushed to the brink, Remember gave up his position as a broker and retired in return for endangering Esperanes.

They say I am wandering the continent to compile a history book, delaying my return to the kingdom due to my status and connections, but I no longer have any authority.

An old man who only knew how to fight a little had a question on his face. Stigma spoke as if giving an answer.

"I heard that you want to write a history book."

"I didn't really hide it, so it's worth hearing. But why is that..."

"I'm making an offer to accompany you."

"...yes?"

The old man, who was never embarrassed, widened his eyes slightly.

The elegant man gently raises the corners of his mouth. He held out his hand with a gesture full of elegance.

"I am wandering the continent and you are also wandering, so there will be no problem if we travel together, right?"

There will be some monsters that are too old to deal with.

Let's go with me.

\*\*\*

"Actually, that's true."

"?"

As Dan was slowly getting used to the silence in a space filled with silence, Dan suddenly looked up at the sound of a voice.

Regardless of whether his eyes landed on me or not, Deon played around with the 'Chess' on the table without even paying attention to Dan. A mumbling that was almost like talking to myself continued.

"I knew it would be a burden."

"...."

Dan realized what was being said and chose silence instead of a hasty answer. The mouth that had opened as if to answer at any moment had been closed for a long time.

Since he wasn't really expecting an answer, Deon continued talking without paying any attention to the non-answer.

"Even though I knew that, I did it on purpose..."

Even though he knew it would be a burden, he sent regular troops to the 8th Corps commander. Even though I knew it would be more efficient to send him alone, I did it to prevent him from doing so.

"The same goes for believing."

With that said, I knew he would do his best to live up to expectations.

The retreat route was blocked so that they could not easily give up and return. To prevent general troops from being carelessly abandoned as baggage, shackles were placed in advance.

The blood that had accumulated on the floor splattered. Deon, who was habitually searching in his arms because he felt like he had a headache from the bloody smell, realized that there was no medicine in hand and dropped his empty hands. An irritated voice leaked out through my teeth.

"...Damn it."

"Suck."

The green stem pats the back of the hand. Deon stopped and looked down.

“...Calm down?”

“Suck!”

“Huh...”

...I live, live, and get pats even from plants.

I let out a sheepish laugh, as if I had just blown away with my frustration.

As if the irritation from earlier was a lie, I felt better and instead of shaking it off, I quietly received the pat and then moved my hand to grab the long green stem.

“Yuck?!”

“Why are you surprised?”

“WHW!”

“...?”

The guy who was poking around Deon with another stem, as if on guard, suddenly stopped when he saw a face full of question marks. The moment Deon tilted his head at the sight, which had hardened as if it had been turned into a stone, the strength from its once strong stem disappeared.

“Sweet...”

“Why is your body twisting again... Are you in pain?”

“That’s not true, since he always jokes around, he thought it was like that this time too and was wary of it, but then he realized it wasn’t and he seems to like it. To me, it looks like he’s playing in and out.”

“...?”

Only then did Deon’s gaze land on Dan.

It was a pretty face, as if he had heard something absurd.

“Inside and out...? Was this a female?”

“Looking at his mannerisms,

he seems like a male...” “Then... is he a hermaphrodite? No, this guy is a plant to begin with. Plants also have male and female... but...”

Yes, there is...

soul . After muttering something, Deon immediately tried to talk while holding a flower pot. The content was spectacular.

Are you a female? Juicy fluid.

Is it male? Juicy fluid.

Are you a hermaphrodite? Juicy fluid.

What are you doing? Juicy fluid.

Fuck.

Dan’s face, who was watching, was filled with bewilderment.

“...What are you doing?”

“Oh, isn’t this important? I ask again.”

do you like me

Suck!

Fuck.

“You should be able to understand what is being said....”

“The one who understands is the weird one.”

“Well... that’s true, but...”

Now that I feel better, let’s go back to the topic.

This is the end of the pointless flirting.

Deon poked the center of the flower bud, which was visible both as the snout and as an eye, with his finger, telling him to play alone and not to disturb him. He put the glowing monster aside and looked at the table again. A green stalk hissed in, but I swatted it away with one hand as if swatting away a fly, and touched the board with the other.

Dan looked tired at the unfamiliar sight.

‘...Still, I guess I should say I’m glad that the atmosphere has become a little lighter.’

Just a moment ago, I felt like I was suffocating from the weight.

Thanks to that plant stepping in whenever the mood gets serious, I feel like I have some breathing room recently. Deonhardt also seems to soften more when dealing with plants. Should I say that it has become much more humane?

‘I don’t know if it’s good or bad.’

At this point, it would be no exaggeration to say that that plant has taken on the role of the second Lofty Knights... Oh, is this rude to that plant?

Anyway, as I was looking at the strange plant with new eyes, Deon, who had caught the flying stem and suppressed it by pressing it against the table, raised his head.

“Dan. Do you want to play a game?”

“Are you talking about the thing on the table? First of all, it looks like it’s the ‘Chas’ you made last time... but it’s a lot different from the previous one.”

“We just changed the game board itself to a sliding puzzle form, but the basics didn’t change.”

Dan glanced at the monster, which had become quiet from exhaustion, and slowly approached the table.

As before, it is based on the form of a chessboard with a large number of squares, and topography such as mountains, rivers, and fields are engraved within the squares, but pieces of the board are missing from the positions of the two sides that were determined from the beginning. I knew it as soon as I saw it.

“You decide the terrain before the game starts.”

“That’s right. You change the terrain by taking turns pushing the board pieces. It is impossible to immediately return the board pieces pushed by the opponent to their original positions in the turn. The number of times you push the board... is determined by rolling two 20-sided dice. .”

“Lands rich in supplies should be guided closer to your camp, and barren and rough lands should be guided to locations that are easy to defend.”

“That’s right. The game progress afterward is not much different from the last time, so shall we skip it and just



decide on the terrain?”

“ ....”

Instead of answering, Dan looked at Deon.

‘What are you taking this long to say...’

I know that the game is not the intended purpose. It looks like he’s been filling his mouth with what he wants to say and then swallowing it repeatedly, unable to spit it out, so he probably suggested it to buy time.

‘I don’t think people who have shown almost the bottom of their humanity hesitate to speak out because they are pricked by their conscience or are reluctant to show their ugly side...’ As if it was strange that there was no answer, red eyes turned in this direction

. Our eyes met.

Even if you urge him, it will only backfire, there is nothing to get out of it, and you cannot dare to ask him questions. Dan nodded obediently and sat down in front of the table.

“All right.”

\*\*\*

Deon’s mouth opened faster than expected.

He repeatedly opened and closed his lips throughout the game, but when he reached the halfway point, he tried his luck by pushing a piece of the board to change the location of the terrain Dan was trying to take.

A voice with a clear sense of hesitation slowly filled the space.

“At that time... the comment you made in front of the screen.”

“yes.”

“...I’m serious?”

If it wasn’t just one or two remarks I made in front of the screen, how would I be understood if I said that?

I don’t know what you are referring to. Dan pushed the board to pass the turn and then quietly looked at Deon. Deon, who belatedly realized his mistake, added.

“You told me why Cruel sent me to the demon world.”

“ah.”

I know what it is.

“Did you really mean that?”

Did he really think that deeply about me and do it for me?

I know for sure that I don’t have the ability to read minds, but I don’t know why I can hear the words he swallowed before saying out loud. Dan sighed.

“Are you planning on going to the human world?”

“....”

“You look like you’re asking how I knew, but other than that, there’s no reason to think like this again. It looks like you were considering participating in the battle yourself...” He raised his hand and rubbed the area around his chin

.

He also clenched his fist for a moment and placed the knuckle of his index finger under his lips, grinning mischievously.

“It seems like you have a new feeling now that you’ve made up your mind?”

“...Be quick to notice.”

“Should I see Master for a day or two?”

He shrugged his shoulders proudly at Deon Hardt, who was quietly criticizing him for being unlucky, and was lost in thought.

...When exposing the duke’s sin in front of everyone, Paul asked why Cruel Hart sent Deon Hart to the Demon World instead of other options.

The answer I gave back then was probably this.

[As his own death was certain, he probably wanted to send the person he was trying to protect to the safest place.] It

was an insignificant remark, but it seems to have struck Deonhardt differently.

The game has entered its final turn, but there is no progress because Deonhardt does not move. Dan, who was looking at the fixed board, raised his head and met red eyes looking at me.

“What answer do you want? You know everything.”

“....”

“Kruel Hart thoroughly deceived and hid the Master from his eyes while he was alive. Because of this, the Master only

learned the truth after his death and realized his sacrifice and consideration. If I were to ask you here, do you think what the Master has learned is everything?”

This would have been a sufficient answer.

He smiled coolly at Deon, who was frozen with his eyes wide open.

“Perhaps he is more than the Master thinks . It would have been for the Master. Actually, considering what I have learned so far, I wonder if he could have done more than this...” “...

”

“In any case, he placed the Master’s safety and survival as the top priority. That’s why I chose the Demon World instead. And the Master survived as he intended and became a hero, escaping from a dangerous situation.” Is he just escaping? There is only one individual who can threaten him.

He lowered his gaze.

The terrain of the sliding plate was already Deon. It was structured in Hart’s favor. With his index and middle fingers, Dan pointed out the last board that Deon Hart had not taken, and pushed it in with his own hand, saying, “So, don’t worry about going against your brother’s will again, and have a nice trip. Already

. “You have a history of fighting in the human world yourself, so why are you acting like a man who has now left?”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 243**

243. Butterfly Effect (11)

“...It's different when you don't know and after you find out.”

His voice came out as if his core had been relieved a little.

Deon, who was staring at the game board, sat down on the bed and shook his legs. Blood covered my feet and made a splashing sound.

After being lost in thought for a while with his gaze fixed downwards, he suddenly opened his mouth as if he had gathered his thoughts.

“I will send the commander of the 10th Corps.”

The words that came out like that had quite an ambiguous meaning.

“Because it is a cavalry corps, its movement speed must be quite fast. Although it is in charge of protecting the major cities of the Demon World, if you give the reason that it is to quickly fill the gap in the troops and take down the Mountain Kingdom, you will be able to take it out.”

Because protecting the city can be done with other troops.

Dan, who was quietly listening to his remarks while cleaning up the scattered game board, nodded. As if he clearly understood the other meaning contained in the ambiguous remark, his calm voice burst out with heavy content.

“There will be another vacancy for the corps commander position.”

“This time, I’ll go with you.”

“Because it will be easier to use that way.”

“That’s right. And there’s no way I can take no action when the corps commander is dead, right?”

My index finger taps the bed.

Then, a faint, laughing voice came out like a whisper.

“It’s been a while since I’ll be with crazy dogs.”

\*\*\*

As always, the Demon King was not embarrassed by the sudden visit.

“You’re here.”

I am greeted with an easy permission to visit and a natural greeting.

Deon frowned slightly at the tone, as if he knew it was coming. Either way, the Demon King stood up with a leisurely smile and guided him to the sofa.

“I thought it was about time that it came.”

“....”

Deon opened his mouth to say something but stopped when he saw the sofa.

A sofa so spacious that it doesn't fall off even if you toss and turn while lying down. He, who was looking back and forth between the demon king who was sitting across from me and urging me to sit down quickly, and the sofa, closed his mouth. The expression of surprise was soon replaced by a languid arrogance.

I took off my shoes and climbed onto the sofa. I sat down with my feet together, grabbed both ankles, did a butterfly pose, and looked at the demon king as if I was ready. The Demon King let out a laugh.

"You're cocky."

"The sofa is too big."

"At one point I heard it was narrow."

"This is a small bed, not a sofa. I plan to go to the human world some time later."

"...."

The afterword was a remark thrown almost as a surprise, pretending to be natural. It is also a form closer to notification rather than asking for permission.

The Demon King blinked for a moment and then smiled. The answer came out as cool as a smile.

"okay."

"For your information, I'm going with the Lofty Knights, not the 0th Legion...not the Mad Dogs. It's not a good match to

take both of them with me. And..." Deon, who accepted his permission as if it was obvious, rolled his eyes

. . There was no surprise or question about the cool permission.

How much time have you spent observing the Demon King in the Demon World? How could you not predict that one thing? I was confident that the Demon King would willingly allow it.

The only thing I'm not sure about is what to suggest next...

I quietly lowered my legs from the sofa.

"I plan to send the commander of the 10th Corps to war as well."

"That's why you invited the commander of the 10th Corps. That's surprising."

"Because we need troops that can reach the destination as quickly as possible. I thought about moving through space with the commander of the 11th Corps, whose main force is magic, but magic is useless only near the castle walls."

"Yes. It is more efficient for the 11th Legion to protect the demon castle and city in the demon world rather than the human world."

Above all, Deon did not forget the amulet he had placed on the Mad Dogs' shoulder straps.

I took care of it so that you don't die helplessly while fighting with the 0th Legion... If you do it well, you can use it as part of your hand, so if you can hide it, it would be better.



I rolled my eyes and then quietly sighed.

“With the 10th Legion commander missing, there will soon be problems with the defense of the city walls. There will definitely be limits to defending all four cities with the 11th Legion’s magic alone.”

“Hmm.”

Why are you trying to say something like this?

Actually, I think I know. The Demon King narrowed his eyes. The lips still moved with a smile on their face.

“so?”

“Last time, you said you wouldn’t leave because the hero was here.”

“ .... ”

“I would like you to clean up the monsters while I am away.”

Instead of moving other troops, do it yourself.

Even if you accept it, you don’t have to accept it, but I hope you accept it if possible.

Perhaps he sensed that feeling, and a chuckle was heard in the short silence. Just like before, the refreshing answer came back.

“okay.”

I didn’t expect you to accept it so quickly. Deon’s eyes widened.

The Demon King smiled, folding his eyes as if showing off. He lowered his voice as if he was talking about something private and called out the name of the warrior in front of him.

It's Deon.

"I do not intend to fill the vacancy of the 8th Corps Commander. The same will apply to the 10th Corps Commander."

"...."

You knew.

Yes, there is no way the devil wouldn't know. Deon's shoulders stiffened, pretending not to be like that.

"That would be the best situation you could hope for. Above all, the positions of means and purpose have changed within you, so wouldn't it be useless to try to fill them?"

I'm going to die again soon anyway.

I see a small animal wary of me with its hair standing on end. The Demon King looked into the other person's bright red eyes and smiled sweetly.

"Unless there are special circumstances, I will not be able to fill the vacancy of the corps commander in the future. So, feel free to go wild."

I'm also curious about how far I can expand my territory.

'It will be fun to watch.'

Just as even a demon lord would have trouble if several 'heroes' came together, even a warrior would have trouble if

several 'corps commanders' come together. That's why it's a good idea to prepare in advance for the future. Or, in order to protect his final identity as a human being, he tries to destroy the demon world equally.

Either way, there is nothing that cannot be matched by a prospective teacher who is trying hard to teach me.

He gave his own cheer with a benevolent face.

"If there is a good reason, no matter what your request is and what your intentions are, there is nothing you can't do. So just work hard like you are now."

"...."

"Oh, you'd better be careful of the eyes of other demons."

Red eyes filled with irritation.

I felt like cheering wasn't enough, so I added some sincere advice, but it seems to have had the opposite effect. I need to change the topic soon.

"Okay... now then."

The Demon King tapped Deon's forehead with his finger.

Deon suddenly lies down and looks at the Demon King with eyes full of question marks. A blanket was thrown over him.

"Take a nap."

"...?"

"It's been a long time since I had a good night's sleep. There's no way I'll be able to sleep again if I go to the human world like this."

There was no answer. Deon, struggling nervously and getting out from under the blanket, kept his mouth shut and glared at the Demon King. Despite the rather harsh gaze, the Demon King shrugged his shoulders without paying attention.

“I told you before, right? Physical fatigue and mental fatigue are two different things. Don’t worry about the nightmares, why don’t you go to sleep now?”

“No need.”

“I just recently changed the sofa a lot. As you said, it’s about the size of a small bed, so even if you toss and turn while lying down, it won’t fall off.”

“....”

Deon, who completely ignored the answer as if it wasn’t worth it, silently put the blanket aside and stood up. A question was asked with the clear intention of changing the topic, with red eyes containing the devil.

“Can I take a short vacation before going to the human world?”

“vacation?”

“Yes. It doesn’t need to be long, just a day is enough. I’m planning to visit the first city.”

It’s the first city...

The Demon King smiled slightly.

“Do you want to gamble?”

“yes.”

“Hmm.”

lie.

“Well... okay. You’re not planning on going alone, are you?”

“I plan to go alone.”

“No. You have a position, so that would be a problem. How about bringing troops? Ed and Ben are essential.”

Deon’s face distorted.

“I’m only going for a day, so there’s no need to take him with me in such a big way, right? Besides, it’s easier to travel alone if you want to move quickly. There’s no way the hero will get hit by a monster, so there’s no need to...”

“Puh-ha.

”

Finally, the Demon King burst out laughing.

I’ve played around a little bit out of shame, so I never thought I’d get this desperate. If this is the case, I have no choice but to look at it.

Regardless of whether Deon looked annoyed or not, he chuckled lowly and quickly held out his hand. A voice still filled with laughter came out.

“Okay, do whatever you want.”

Just because you’re going into battle directly, there’s no reason you can’t tolerate minor deviations. Since he knows better than anyone else about the devastation of the battlefield, he cannot stop his trick to obtain medicine.

‘Of course, there is no next time.’

Although the Demon King knew the number of Deons trying to obtain medicine in the first city, he decided to pretend not to know.

\*\*\*

I always feel dirty after meeting the devil. Deon crossed the hallway, showing his discomfort with his narrowed eyebrows. Every demon I encountered was frightened, I lowered my head and looked around, but they didn't care.

That feeling of playing with people from the top of your head, even though it's not hostile and you're being swayed by what you think.

I remember the Duke feeling the same way, although not as much as the Demon King, and it seems like they got along well and made a contract. The two of you were a match made in heaven.

‘...How much do you know?’

I played with the corners of my mouth and clicked my tongue.

It feels quite unpleasant to be ‘manipulated’ even though you know it. It was even more so because I felt like I knew what he truly wanted from these actions.

I warned you not to get caught by me.

‘In fact, it's gotten worse than before.’

There were a few things we didn't say directly, but pretended not to know each other.

It's okay to cover your eyes and say nothing, but at this point, it's the same as exposing it to the public. Still, it was better to pretend not to know, so I had no choice but to close my eyes and cover my ears.

The subtlety of knowing you won't move unless explicitly mentioned is also annoying. Deon shook off his emotions by tightening his jaw and consciously changed his flow of thoughts.

'...What I have to do now... is tell the crazy dogs to prepare for battle.'

But before that, I have to go back to my room and do something to sort out my messed up mind.

A little while ago, the Demon King was worried about mental fatigue and suggested sleep. I am grateful, but unfortunately most of my mental fatigue is accumulated while facing the devil. Just looking at that face and having a conversation with it drains my mental strength.

So, as I was hurried towards my room, I heard a voice from somewhere.

"—."

"—!"

A faint but familiar voice. I stopped walking reflexively.

The warrior's astute senses tell him that the source is outside the window. If it was a voice I didn't know at all, I would have passed over it, but... Deon sighed.

'Why...'

It's the 10th Corps commander and Hien.

It wasn't difficult to understand the situation. Because there was a similar situation a long time ago.

Even at that time, Geisitel, commander of the 10th Corps, was persecuting Hien. Maybe it was just because it was annoying.

'It's been so long since I brought him in that he's already causing an accident.'

I glance out the window and see Hien being thrown out. A glimmer of conscience stopped me from just passing by.

Isn't it as if this happened because I brought in Geisitel? I know that what was wrong was Geisitel's poor personality, but I feel very bad.

'...Now that I think about it, I didn't even say hello after receiving the strange plant.'

I received it as a gift, but I almost just wiped my mouth and finished it.

...Okay, this is just compensation for not saying hello even after receiving a monster.

Grumble - I opened the window. The eyes of the demons who were pretending not to notice widened, but they didn't care and put their feet on the window frame.

"Geisitel."

"Hmm? I heard Deon's voice somewhere...?! Huh?!"

"Deon Nieiim?!"



Eventually, Deon jumped towards them.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 244**

### 244. Butterfly Effect (12)

Geisitel hurriedly avoids his body and stretches out his arms as if Hien wants to receive him.

Deon noticed that Hien's condition was a mess in the moment he fell from the air, clicked his tongue and turned his body to avoid his hand. I landed exactly between the two and raised my head, making eye contact with Geisitel.

...Now, how should I start this conversation?

"It was so noisy that the sound could be heard even inside the Demon King's Castle..."

Gaisitel is a demon that is overly cautious of those who are higher than it. If you move roughly, you will probably lower your body on your own.

Sure enough, the guy with a pale complexion bowed before frowning even a little.

"How dare someone like me offend Deon! I'm so sorry! Cut off that gardener's head right here...!"

"her...?"

What kind of thought process is it that he tries to cut off Hien's head after saying it was his fault...?

I think something similar has happened before, but is it just my mood?

As if the sigh that came out inadvertently due to the absurdity was some kind of signal, Geisitel quickly shut his mouth. Deon could clearly feel the attention being paid to his busy eyes, so he pressed his eyebrows together and opened his mouth.

"Okay, stop making a fuss at this point and go in. As for what I brought you in... I'll tell you about it separately later."

I didn't mention the broken hien and scraping it to make crumbs. Whether you support Hien or not, Geisitel's anger will be directed at him from the moment he is mentioned.

As expected, Geisitel, who was all focused on Deon Hardt's discomfort, bowed and retreated in a hurry. Deon looked at the back of the man's head as it disappeared in an instant, then turned his head to the stinging gaze he felt from the side.

Hien was looking this way with his eyes shining excessively.

"Thank you, Deon...!"

"...."

My body naturally shrinks from the burden. Of course, it didn't show on the outside.

I pretended not to do so, looked into the distance and answered slowly.

“Not really. I just did it because I didn’t want to make a fuss, so there’s no need to be thankful...”

“But thank you!”

“....”

Well, it would be better to just change the subject.

Hien’s condition doesn’t look good, as if he just happened to be in trouble. He was trying to catch me from falling like this...?

I scanned the wound with complex and subtle eyes and then made eye contact with him. It seems like there’s no need to ask, but it’s better to check first, just in case.

“Do you know why Gaisitel is like that?”

“Well... I saw an incubus on the way and it bothered me...” “

...Oh, okay. That’s enough.”

There is no need to hear any more.

He gestured in the direction of the castle.

“Follow me.”

In a way, his wounds can also be said to have been caused by me bringing in Geisitel. I have to heal the wounds that seem to have been caused by me.

I could have hurt myself right here and called Ben, but if I did that, this guy would have to bear all the repercussions. Then I’ll be even more bothered. Even if it isn’t, it’s a headache in many ways, but what’s even more annoying is the specifications.

Therefore, despite the inconvenience, Deon personally led the way to the room where Ben was staying.

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My doctor always noticed something wrong and came running to me like the wind before I even had to visit or call him. Because of this, Deon didn't usually go to Ben's room, so this visit seems to have been quite a shock from Ben's point of view.

As soon as they realized that the visitor was Deon Hardt, a violent reaction erupted.

Why did you come here? Are you hurt? Did you fall under a curse that prevents you from being hit by a magic stone? etc.

Only after repeatedly expressing that he was fine and informing others that he had come to ask for treatment did Deon manage to escape Ben's persistent gaze and touch.

"I... am Deon's doctor..." "

...."

"For a gardener like this, it's enough to go to another doctor in the castle...." "

...."

"It's also because there are no other doctors. No, the former devil king's doctor and the current 0 Corps commander's doctor is sitting there treating the incubus gardener with the patient in front of him..."

Instead, a lament that was close to a grumble followed.

However, it is fortunate that treatment is being carried out thoroughly with a strong professional spirit.

Meanwhile, Hien, who seemed to be the most uncomfortable, was surprisingly overcome with emotion and was not paying attention to Ben at all, so let's call this a good thing.

"Master Deon... would give up his personal doctor for someone like me..."

"..."

Well, I don't think that's a good thing. Ben's eyebrows went up.

Yes, they are trying to swallow their complaints and treat me, but if they don't care about me, I feel bad.

Hien... please pay attention. Why do I, who am not even hurt, have to listen to my doctor?

"...Why won't the bandage come off like this?! Nothing is working!"

Ben tears off the bandage and wraps it over the medicated wound. Although it might have been painful to put so much force into his hands, Hien kept his gaze fixed on this area without even letting out a common groan.

Deon's eyes, still shining with emotion, felt very burdensome, so he slightly turned his head.

"...Is the treatment complete if I just wrap it up?"

"Yes, that's right. By the way, for injuries of this magnitude, it would have been enough to take you to any other general

doctor in the castle, so why did you bring it to me?"

Because I don't know where the other ordinary lawmakers are.

If I answer..., they'll look at me like I'm dumbfounded. Deon opened his mouth calmly.

"When I think of 'treatment,' the only thing that comes to mind is you. It seems like I don't have a doctor I can trust other than you."

"...Do you think I will like it just because you say that?"

Then why are you taking out candy...?

"I am grateful that you think well of my skills, but I am Deon's doctor. I don't want to miss the most important patient's injury while looking at other patients."

"I'm putting candy in my hand right now..." "

I heard that the Demon King has banned Deon from smoking. He must be bored often."

"...."

"In that case, you can eat this."

I opened my hands. I see candy in a familiar wrapper. Deon's expression became subtle.

This... looks similar to the candy wrapper that crazy dogs used to take away medicine and give it to them instead...? No, it's not similar, it's completely the same.

...You bastard...?

“I heard that you are going into battle yourself.”

Before I could even open my mouth about candy, Ben seemed to avert my eyes and changed the direction of the conversation. A quick-witted child.

“You are going to the human world in person.”

“...that’s right.”

“Of course I’m going with you, but are you taking Ed with you?”

Why do you include it as if it’s obvious?

Of course, that’s true because he’s my doctor... but I don’t get hurt much anymore, and even if I do get hurt, I recover quickly. I guess it’s not necessary...

More than anything, I know that a ban on drugs has been issued, but I’m already bothered by the nagging that will follow if I use drugs in front of it.

That’s why I tried to say that I would leave it behind, but he seemed to have read my expression one step ahead and spoke firmly.

“You wouldn’t leave your doctor behind when going to the battlefield. What kind of intelligent being would do something so incredibly frustrating?”

I think I was just trying to call you ignorant.

Anyway, I had nothing to say so I kept my mouth shut for a moment. Since I said that, I definitely have to take Ben with me.



Recognition was quick. Deon expressed his agreement with Ben's words in a short silence and answered the previous question.

"...I'll leave Ed behind. I need a demon to lead the 0th Corps in an unexpected situation."

"Aren't you taking Legion 0 with you...?"

"This time, instead of the 0th Legion, I'm taking the crazy... Lofty Knights."

"Ah, that crazy... you mean the human knights."

"...."

Even if I am like that, why do you have the modifier 'crazy' in front of you...?

Deon touched his forehead when he saw even Hien, who was listening with shining eyes next to him, muttering 'Oh, that crazy...'. What should these bastards do so that they become known as crazy people here too? This is the Demon World. It's not even the human world.

"Well, it's good that you're taking me away. The gardener's treatment went well."

"Oh, good job."

"It was no trouble. I heard there is no lawmaker as trustworthy as me, so of course I have to do it."

I guess I really liked those words.

"Do you need more candy?"

"...That's enough. I'll just go."

There was no reason to stay here any longer. Deon immediately turned around. Hien, who was watching, followed behind.

“....”

“....”

...I kept following him.

The steps passing through the hallway have already stopped in front of my door. How long are you going to chase me?

Deon turned around instead of opening the door, wondering if he might have followed her into the room. A face full of kindness faced me, as if it had been waiting.

“...Why are you following me?”

“Oh, that’s...”

Hesitation appears on his bright face and his words trail off. The voice continued slowly, as if it would stop.

“You said you were going to war... in the human world yourself.”

“Yes. Why is that?”

“So...”

Hien hesitates, looking at his thoughts. Just as Deon was about to speak again out of frustration, the guy spoke first.

“Can I take a moment to look at the plant I gave you last time?”

“...what?”

“Ah... that was rude as expected. I’m sorry...”

“No, it doesn’t really have anything to do with it... What does me going to war have to do with you taking care of the plants?”

It’s not like they’re taking it back, they’re just looking at it for a while, so there’s no reason to refuse it. I was just a little confused because I didn’t understand the connection between the two.

“I won’t be able to touch Deon very often from now on, so I’d like to give him some nutritional supplements in advance.”

“Ah... okay then. Come in.”

I opened the door.

Dan, who was greeting me in the room, spots Hien coming in behind him and gives him a puzzled look. Deon lightly shrugged his shoulders and called out to the monster with a wave of his hand.

“Come on.”

“Suck!”

Immediately, green stems wrapped around my waist and hung.

Deon took off the flower pot that was clinging to me as if he was used to it and immediately held it out to Hien.

“Now take a look.”

“Uh...”

“...?”

...what? It seemed like Ki Se was going to put nutritional supplements right away.

Hien rolls his eyes and averts his gaze at the puzzled look. A voice that seemed to be crawling came out in the form of a mutter.

“Because I didn’t bring any nutritional supplements.”

“....”

“I was going to ask permission first and bring it...” ”

...Okay then, I’ll wait for you, so bring it.”

“Oh, could I just borrow the plant itself? I’ll just give it some nutritional supplements and return it right away.”

“Yuk?”

The monster cried.

Deon glanced down at the plant.

“...I’m sure it would be better. Take it.”

“Yuck?!”

“thank you.”

“Sweet?!”

The movement was carried out without paying any attention to the strange cries of the strange plant.

Hien, who took over the flower pot, bows and walks away. A pitiful cry was heard, 'Bwaaaaaeae...!', but no one paid any attention.

As soon as the door closed and the sound stopped, Deon threw himself on the bed. I have to go to the crazy dogs, but I'm lying limp with my face pressed into the pillow and I don't want to move.

'Even if I skip everything else, I still have to tell you to prepare for war...'

It's annoying. I'm tired.

I just snapped my fingers to keep from falling asleep, then turned my head with difficulty and looked in the direction where the altar was. The face was not visible because it was above the range of vision, but it was enough to confirm that it was there.

"Only. Go to the crazy dogs and tell them to prepare for battle. Don't forget to take the medicine."

"yes."

"And...if possible, find out what accident they had here."

The body that had been moving to carry out the command suddenly stopped.

"...Do you really need to find out?"

"...Now that I think about it, it might be better to just not know."

There's no way they would have gone on such a rampage that they would have caused me harm, and if they had done

so much damage, Dan would have reported it long ago.

There is a saying in this world that ignorance is medicine.

Even though he was asked if he really needed to know, Deon felt like his stomach was hurting, so he convinced himself and buried his face in the pillow again.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 245**

245. Butterfly Effect (13)

"Listen carefully."

"Kkong."

"...Don't be so perverse. This is also for Deon's benefit."

"...Yuk?"

"You may already know this, but I'll tell you first. Deon is going to the human world. He wants to come forward himself."

"Pfft."

"You're not just going to quietly wait in your room for Deon to return like an ordinary ornamental plant, are you?"

"Suck! Suck! Suck!"

"Yes, you should stick close to him and follow him. You are a guard plant. It is your job to protect Master Deon."

"Suck!"

"The only problem is... is Deon a hero?"

“Yuk...?”

“If Deon’s life is in danger, it means that no one can save him unless he is quite strong. It was the same in the past when he was not a hero, but what about now? If it were not the Demon King, he would not even try to do anything. Probably. “They’ll probably all be dead before they even get out. That includes you, too.”

“Kyu...”

“So, I have something to give you.”

“Yuk?”

“It’s an unknown thing where we don’t even know what the exact outcome will be... but since we’re trying to save a ‘hero’ from danger, we have to take this level of risk.”

He is a dazzlingly strong and kind person. Just this time, you went out of your way to save me, a mere gardener, even risking the possibility of incurring the 10th Corps commander’s hostility, so I told you everything.

They say that life is consumed like firewood for the light of life, but I hope that his light will burn as long as possible.

“So, what do you mean?”

That’s why I hold on to the child I raised for Him and ask.

“Are you ready to sacrifice?”

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“...What is that?”

“Like I said, I gave you some nutritional supplements!”



“It’s not the nutrition that’s the problem...”

Deon made a shocked expression.

“The kid’s stomach exploded and he’s about to die?”

“Yuck...!”

The strange plant rolls up its leaves as if it is okay.

Although he seemed to be acting like he was fine, his difficult attitude was clearly visible and Deon lowered his gaze without saying a word. I could see that the soil in the pot was not able to hold on to something inside and was bulging out.

‘...They gave me ‘some’ nutritional supplements?’

Why don’t you just say you poured the whole thing in?

It looks like he gave me something other than nutritional supplements...

There were a lot of things I wanted to trip over, but I didn’t bother to mention them out loud. There is no way Hien would kill the plant of ‘Deonhardt’, which is nothing else. Deon shrugged lightly.

“Well... that’s okay. You know more about plants than I do.”

You must have figured it out well.

I was about to finish the conversation and send it out without any intention of dragging it on for too long, but Hien’s eyes widened as if those words had touched something. Deon, who witnessed the emotion overflowing from his dilated pupils, sensed something ominous and frowned.

Hien, who normally would have read the facial expressions at this point and held himself back as if his eyes were blinded by his emotions, shouted in a slightly trembling voice.

“Do you believe me...!”

“....”

Faith. My body reflexively stiffened at the harsh words.

It's only for a moment, but it feels like blood is shining in my eyes. Deon was silent for a moment and then slowly answered.

“...You're a gardener. It's something to do with plants, so you should leave it to the gardener. Then, who should you leave it to?”

“Ah...”

“I think I've done all my business. Why don't you just leave? I'm tired.”

“Ah...ah! Excuse me!”

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In this Demon King's Castle, there aren't many places where the Lofty Knights, other than the crazy dogs, can be.

Accommodation or training center. Or sometimes, all I do is barge into the master's room and sit there.

Thanks to this, Dan was able to find them without difficulty. The place was a training ground.

What I didn't expect, however, was that there were two unwelcome guests.

Because of this, Dan had to stop walking with his destination right in front of him, contrary to his initial goal of quickly conveying business and returning before he got tangled up and got tired.

"What... ha..."

I sighed after holding down the unfinished sentence.

Countless harsh words linger in my throat. It seemed like he would spit out swear words if he let his guard down, but his strong reason succeeded in suppressing them and swallowing them down.

'Because I'm not the one who can say anything.'

The opponents are corps commanders. If it had been the Lofty Knights, I would have made a loud noise.

As I looked at the chaotic dance hall and the customers running wild there, I felt like my head was pounding, so I pressed my temples with my fingertips.

'...Now that I think about it, the 5th Corps commander and the 9th Corps commander have been going back and forth often lately... Since the two have recently become rapidly estranged, I thought something would happen someday...'  
This is what you will witness with your own eyes

. Cut it down.

The 5th and 9th corps commanders were fighting. And here at the Lofty Knights' exclusive training hall!

“Get out of here Trover!”

Oel, commander of the 5th Corps, bared his teeth and pulled the bowstring. The three arrows on the string flew fiercely towards their target.

“The back end is so long!”

Trover, commander of the 9th Corps, thrust his fist. The wind pressure generated along with the sharp sound drove the arrow away.

“Shut up! You’re destroying my treasures!”

“Treasure? That kind of junk? Besides, when did that happen and are you still like this? I’m going to worry about this for the rest of my life, you petty bastard!”

“When did this happen? It’s the victim who should say such things, not the perpetrator, you stupid stone-headed bastard! That’s why you can’t even use magic! Ignorant and shameless bastard!”

It’s raining arrows. As Trover responded, potholes formed everywhere in the ground.

Dan, who was watching the two with his throbbing head, burst into laughter at a question that suddenly occurred to him.

‘I remember Oel wasn’t the corps commander who was this good at talking...?’

When I’m angry, my speech becomes louder.

...No, this isn’t important. As a result, the training hall itself became unusable. Why is no one stopping me! Dan urgently

looked around.

The adjutant named Dernivan, who usually stayed by Oel's side, was nowhere to be seen, and instead, the Lofty Knights huddled together and sharing snacks caught his eye.

My blood pressure rose.

"This... damn..."

"Huh? Dan! What's going on?"

"We're watching a fight. Do you want to watch it together?"

"Come and sit down... Hey, move to the side! Make a seat!"

"Maybe because they are corps commanders, their fighting level is definitely different? There's a lot to learn!"

It's good that there's a lot to learn... but it's not formal sparring, it's 'fighting'. I have to stop you, you crazy people...

'In the end, I'm the only one who can stop them.'

Fatigue suddenly sets in. Dan removed his hand from his head, pressed his eyes, took a step forward, and called out loudly to the two demons.

"I don't know what's going on, you two, but please calm down first..."

"Get the hell out of here right now!"

"This isn't even your training ground?!"

"Fuck off!"

“Oh, it’s so dirty and shameful...!”

...Fuck.

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After many twists and turns, the situation was resolved.

Oh, isn’t it full of twists and turns? Trover was the first to leave, complaining that he was narrow-minded.

Dan was grateful to Trover from the bottom of his heart because he knew how miraculous this was as he had lived in the Demon King’s Castle and knew Trover’s simple and ignorant personality and Orel’s childlike personality.

Even Oel said he felt bad and went away. Finally, in the space where only Deonhardt’s subordinates remained, Dan looked back at the Lofty Knights.

‘...’

The mouth that opened as if it were going to nag at any moment just sighs and closes. The silence that had fallen for a moment was soon broken by the mouth opening again.

A slightly subdued voice came out.

“If a fight breaks out, it is basic common sense to stop it.”

“I know! But it’s fun, right?”

“Hey...! ...That’s it. If I tell you more, you won’t listen.”

Resignation was quick.

These are the people who made the Demon King look shocked, saying that any accident would be okay as long as

Deonhardt was involved. That was the first time I saw the devil's face, which always seemed relaxed, cracked.

As the Lofty Knights' accidents continued, the Demon King, who came to the training ground in person, stared at them and muttered, 'I don't know why Deon keeps these things.'

Dan recalled with a faint look the list of accidents caused by the Lofty Knights, which he heard knowingly, such as jumping through a window as training and crushing a demon user passing by below, getting into a fight with the 0th Legion and being taken to the infirmary, etc. Anything is fine now. I raised my head, compromising and hoping that I would not have an accident that would cause damage to the Master like before.

An overly gentle yet slightly cooled look was directed at the crazy dogs.

"Let me get straight to the point."

"...?"

"Prepare to go out. This is the Master's order. For you, it will be the first time in a long time that you go out on a campaign with your captain."

"...!"

The crazy dogs' eyes changed in an instant.

Surprise, faint fear, a little worry, the joy of growing bigger, and then a burst of excitement.

In the change that occurred in that short moment, Dan hesitated as he felt like he had caught a glimpse of the time

when a seemingly ordinary person transformed into a murderer.

Either way, the Lofty Knights cheered.

“You’re finally going into battle yourself!”

“I can now go on a rampage with the captain!”

“Waaaa!!”

Even Cleter, who was calm, couldn’t hide the smile on his face.

If anyone sees this, they will get angry and say that they are crazy about battle. Perhaps it was in this context that Dan hesitated to take a step back.

But it was wrong.

I’m not happy at all, as I only did it to survive the battle. It was the same for the same reason as in the cruel hands. Although it doesn’t show it, I still feel reluctant and disgusted at killing fellow humans. It will probably be like that for the rest of my life.

‘Going into direct combat’ does not mean being happy because you can ‘run wild’. They were just happy because they could ‘be with the captain.’

As I watched him quietly, it seemed like he was just using his body to become a hero recently, but couldn’t something really big happen if he did that? If Deon were to take part in the war again, I was planning to capture him, go out with him, or use force to keep him within sight... I’m really glad that the right order came at that moment.



The mouth, relaxed with joy, naturally told a joke.

“This is a great opportunity to practice the magic I learned from the 9th Corps Commander!”

“Finally, it’s time for practice! But are you coming along too? If possible, I’d like you to come along and see the magic we’re using.”

“...When I see you all, I don’t want to follow you, but...”

“Hahaha! Just kidding!”

I’m serious.

If you answer ..., it will only lead to a long, meaningless and tiring conversation. Dan, who passed the conversation in silence, steadily said the last words he was ordered to say.

“Do you have enough medicine?”

“Medicines? I have no need to use them, so I have too many. I didn’t use the things you brought me last time, so they’re all still there.”

“I’m glad. If I had said there wasn’t one, I would have been in trouble.”

Cleter, who had been listening quietly, expressed a question as if he did not understand.

“You’ve been doing well for so long, but why all of a sudden?”

“Because of the ban, searches have become more stringent. We have to get them from outside, but if you leave and come back, they will all be searched at the entrance, so it is currently difficult to get new ones.”

“Ek ban?! Then, won’t we be in big trouble if we get caught with drugs?

” “It’s okay because it’s limited to certain people like me and the Master 11th Corps Commander.”

When you think about it like this, you once again realize how well the Demon King can see through people.

Even if you serve Deon Hart, you’ll be fine. They are the type that will get him drugs or anything else he wants, and the Lofty Knights are the type that will take anything that is harmful to Deonhardt and take it from them, but they will refuse it even if they want it themselves. Even though they don’t see each other often, they are aware of this, distinguish it properly, and issue a ban

... . Although he is a devil lord, he is also a devil lord. I heard that he lived for a long time, but it certainly seems like the time has not gone anywhere. ”

Even if you are the commander, why are you and the commander of the 11th Corps...?” ”

... Anyway, don’t forget to take your medicine. It’s also delivered. “I’m done, so I’ll go now.”

“Dan...?”

Dan shook off the questioning stares that were sticking to him with a light shrug and turned around.

# I'm Not That Kind of Talent

## Chapter 246

246. Because emotions have always killed someone (1),

footsteps filled with subtle irritation and anger wander aimlessly around the castle. Trover walked around the castle with his brows furrowed, as if the aftermath of his huge fight with Orel had not yet subsided.

If things continue like this, there's a high chance that I'll vent my anger in the wrong place. The commander of the 9th Corps is simply ignorant, but he is not stupid at all. Since he was not a corps commander for nothing, he was more self-objective than expected and decided that it would be better to continue taking an indefinite walk until he felt better.

So, after some time, I walked aimlessly, showing my discomfort by occasionally kicking the ground, when a familiar demon caught my eye and I stopped walking without realizing it.

'...Dernivan?'

I've thought something was strange since I met O.L. a little while ago, but now I understand why.

If it were normal, there would have been someone to stop the fight before that guy stepped forward. Why is this guy

who never leaves her side in such a remote place?

That alone was suspicious, but even his instincts told him that this was not normal, so Trover quickly hid himself before Dernivan's gaze reached him and frowned.

'This isn't any kind of battlefield, and I'm uncharacteristically on guard... Is there something he's hiding?'

Dernivan's expression and gait itself were not different from usual, but I was confident as I had sparred with him often. The ears are erect and the eyes are sharp and gently rolling. That thing is clearly wary of its surroundings.

As if sensing attention, Dernivan turns his head. Trover, startled, hid his presence more carefully.

"...."

"...."

There was a suffocating tension.

Fierce eyes scan the place where Trover is hiding.

I'm afraid someone might be a demon from wolf origin, but I feel like an animal. Trover swallowed quietly as the situation became more tense than when he was on the battlefield.

And I don't know how much time has passed. In reality, it may not have been long, but it felt like an eon, and Dernivan finally looked away and muttered lowly.

"...is it an illusion?"

"...."

He may have already finished his errand and left without any hesitation.

Trover, perhaps caught by those animal-like senses again, didn't move his body until a long time after confirming that Dernivan had disappeared.

'Is it here?'

He tilted his head as he stood in front of the abandoned warehouse that was believed to be where Dernivan came from.

"Why are you in this warehouse...?"

Did OL move the miscellaneous warehouse here?

...I'm not sure, but I heard that the changed warehouse location is near the 5th Corps' exclusive training ground. They even sent several men from the 5th Corps to serve as sentries. So it wouldn't be a miscellaneous warehouse.

'Or... is it a warehouse that Dernivan personally prepared?'

...Fuha.

There was immediate laughter.

"That doesn't make sense."

That's what I thought, but it's not even remotely credible.

That dry guy has something so precious that he has to hide it by secretly setting up a warehouse? It would make more sense to have two moons.

He is almost like a corpse who only listens to orders from his superiors. A more plausible hypothesis would be that there

was a secret order from Orel.

Anyway... I lightly shook my shoulders.

“You’ll know everything once you get into it.”

Perhaps because it was an abandoned warehouse, the lock seemed to be broken.

I grabbed the handle and turned it. The door opened and I was greeted by an interior scene that was completely different from what it looked like on the outside.

The interior was decorated in a soft and fluffy manner that did not match the warehouse, or even the ‘demon’ beyond the warehouse and the Demon King’s Castle. That alone was shocking, but Trover was dazed for a moment when he saw a creature in the middle of it playing with a doll and tilting its head at me.

“...her?”

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“Daeon, are you sure it’s okay for you to go alone...?”

Ed asked cautiously, looking very anxious even as he brought the demonic horse and handed it the reins.

“As expected, I need to bring at least one demon to help me...”

“You said you’ll be back soon? That’s fine. I’m enough on my own.”

Let them follow you and what should they tell you?

As for the demons I've seen so far, whoever follows them will most likely follow them as if they've given up their personal time. Even though he is restless, he will interfere with a lot of things. In particular, if you do something that goes against the ban issued by the Demon King, he will go to great lengths to stop you.

As Deon, who headed to the first city to break the ban in the first place, it was easier to go alone.

I snatched the reins from Ed's hesitant hands.

"Then I'll be back."

"...Please be careful."

A reluctant greeting was returned.

Deon, who rode the black horse without hesitation with the movements he was now accustomed to, glanced at Ed, then turned his head forward and kicked the horse's stomach.

A horse left the Demon King's Castle.

\*\*\*

Although it has decreased compared to before, there are still many monsters and less prey.

Rather than eating to survive, they are people whose only pleasure and goal in life is gluttony, and who were born 'scarce' and whose instinct to crave what they do not have manifests itself as 'starvation'.

Therefore, even though the demons had experienced through Ed and several other demons how strong a being

that moves alone is, they seemed to have forgotten everything and targeted Deon.

“There are a lot of people coming to eat me.”

Deon smiled leisurely.

“If it hadn’t been blocked, I would have just ignored it and passed by.”

At this point, if you threaten them once, those things that are faithful to their instincts will retreat. It will be enough to make fear overcome hunger, as it once did.

However, if there is anything different from then, it is the fighting method.

I stopped for a moment and got off my horse. The horse hesitated and tried to run away, but instead of letting go, he pulled on the reins and made eye contact.

“Stay here.”

“...”

The bright red eyes were filled with murder.

If you run away, you die. The horse, which instinctively felt threatened, froze as if it were nailed to the spot.

Deon stroked the back of his neck in satisfaction, walked away a few steps, and bounced in place.

“...also.”

The body is light.



The monsters come back like waves this time, but unlike before, there is no sense of danger. I looked down at my feet, then looked up and grinned.

No matter how much I think about it...

“I don’t think I’m going to die.”

Come to think of it, wasn’t there a last proper fight between former Emperor Edoard Desert and General Nemeseus? It seems that the battle in the former capital of the empire was his first and last proper battle as a warrior.

So, it wouldn’t be a bad idea to take this opportunity to warm up your body and see how far you can move.

“Keeeeeee!”

The crying sound got closer.

The first thing that arrived in front of me was a monster that was similar to a humanoid demon. Although it was a bit too big to be a humanoid.

The guy stretches out his hand as if trying to snatch Deon. Unlike in the past when he would have immediately dodged his body, Deon quietly looked up at him as if observing him instead of avoiding him. I made eye contact with the monster.

The moment when the confidence and joy of catching a catch and the sneer at the foolish prey that did not move clearly appeared in the guy’s eyes.

“Kieeh?!”

Deon's new model has disappeared. The confused monster tried to turn its head to find the evaporated prey... but its head did not move.

When I realized that fact, my upper body was leaning back.

Deon, who was hanging on the guy's back while pressing his chin and the top of his head, grinned and twisted the head he was still holding. With a crunching sound, the guy's head was bent 90 degrees.

It was literally a moment until he stepped on the opponent's thigh, jumped, placed his shoulder in the air, turned his body, moved behind the guy's back, grabbed his head, and hung on to him.

"...It's the worst."

This is what it means to be a hero. A soft exclamation came out.

"My body seems to have become more flexible."

Elasticity has also improved.

Finally, Deon, who almost fell from his back, leaned over and landed on the floor as if tumbling, then pushed off the ground and walked away. Another monster's foot struck where he was.

I threw the dagger I carried on my belt and pierced the guy between the eyes, then stopped for a moment and clenched and unclenched my fist.

'I never dreamed of pushing off the ground with my arms enough to get out of the spot before.'

If it had been before I became a warrior, my arms would have been strained. Whether it's a crack, a dislocation, or a break, you've probably suffered an injury that interferes with your next movement. It feels very refreshing to be able to fight freely like this after fighting a battle like a tightrope walk on a cliff of a thousand miles, struggling just to survive.

I raised my head. The corner of his mouth, which he thought had gone down, had gone up again before he knew it, but he didn't care and fiddled with the dagger at his waist before quickly taking his hand away.

"I'd like to take it easy, but unfortunately, my vacation is only for one day."

The exposed eyes were shining blood-red, filled with madness and joy.

"But I'll fight you with my bare hands, so come on, girls. Let's finish this as quickly as possible."

\*\*\*

'I understand you don't have any plans to visit today.'

What does that knocking sound mean?

Someone knocks on the gate outside. Feeling a familiar sense of déjà vu, the gatekeeper in charge of the first city's gates sweated coldly and picked up the communication box.

"Someone is knocking outside right now..."

- ....

"Hey."

- Uh...

this conversation is also familiar.

As they even said that the follow-up troops were not needed, my anxiety slowly rose. I'm sure the person on the other side isn't the same.

In any case, I guess the permission was granted. I quickly moved the device to stop the knocking sound that was getting stronger.

Just like last time, the gate opened slightly and someone came in. Fortunately, the other person did not have light yellow hair and blue eyes, but red hair, red eyes, and mottled red skin.

‘...?’

for a moment. It smells bloody.

It also blooms very thickly....

‘Could it be that it's all blooming...?’

How much is the original color and how much is blood? The gatekeeper narrowed his eyes to find the boundary between the two, but soon discovered another discomfort and flinched.

There is no ‘magical power...’

Even if I rub my eyes and look again, I can't find it.

Breaking through a swarm of monsters and coming all the way here would mean that he possesses enough force, but unlike the last lieutenant, I don't feel even a speck of magical power. If you are a demon, even the magic power

that makes up your body should be felt regardless of whether magic power is consumed or not.

That means...

‘human...?’

The gatekeeper blinked blankly at the reality that did not make sense to him.

...Now that I think about it, the Commander of the 0 Corps that I visited before was also human. His status has further increased by killing the former emperor of the empire and putting the human world in a corner, so his external characteristics are also widely known and known to some extent.

It was said that he had white hair and red eyes, so the person in front of him was...

“....”

His gaze met bright red eyes.

“Red eyes...”

“?”

...Oh no way.

No matter how much blood you have to endure, there’s no way your hair could be dyed that much...

“...Are you...the commander of the 0 Corps...?”

“That’s right.”

“Ah...”

“...?”

Deon tilts his head as if it's strange that he is still blank after asking. Only then did the gatekeeper, who had caught my spirit from leaving the house, calmly open his mouth.

“...Excuse me. It's an unexpected visit, so preparations aren't complete. Could you please wait for a moment? I'll handle it as quickly as possible.”

“There's no need for that...”

He quickly turned around and quietly picked up the communication box.

“Hey, this is an emergency, so quickly tell the manager that the 0 Corps Commander has arrived.”

– ...What?

“0 Corps Commander. “I feel like I'm going to die just because you're here, so please tell me quickly...!”

A hand was placed on my shoulder. The gatekeeper, who instinctively noticed the owner of the hand, stopped breathing for a moment. He forced his

creaking head to turn. The scent of blood was wafting in the air and the blood was flowing. I see a wet hand.

I was frozen and just looking at him, and as if he noticed this, my hand dropped. A red handprint was left on my shoulder, but now wasn't the time to worry about it. “What's going on...” “I don't know

that

. Close it?”

“Ah...!”

I was so shocked that I left the castle door open.

I quickly operated the device and closed the door. I thought I could see some red pieces of meat rolling around outside through the gap in the door, but I pretended not to notice. It must be an illusion. Please.

“And....”

“Yes! Say it!”

“...There’s no need to be so nervous.”

“No!”

Deonhard was silent for a moment.

“...Tell him not to worry about it since he’ll be gone for a while anyway. “It’s a personal vacation, not a mission.”

“Yes? But...”

“If you keep bothering me just because I want to serve you, I might feel bad...” ”

I’ll tell you right away! Have fun and go!”

“Okay, I’ll leave the rest to you.”

“Yep! I will take special care of it!”

Deon Hardt responded with a rough wave of his hand and went inside. The gatekeeper, who had been standing stiffly until he disappeared from sight, stumbled as if his legs had lost strength at some point and leaned his back against the wall.

“I thought I was going to die...”

It's stuck to my neck, right...? I raised my trembling hand and rubbed my neck. Fortunately, I felt a clean feeling on my fingertips, as if it was glued well without any scratches. .

After checking that my neck was safe, a feeling of resentment arose.

‘Isn’t vacation usually meant to go to the fourth city?’

I don’t know why people who seem to be far from entertainment, including the deputy from last time, come here.

I’m too scared to work at the door. The doorkeeper kept touching his neck for a while, thinking that he would have to write a resignation letter after work.

\*\*\*

Deon couldn’t walk around soaked in blood, so he bought some decent clothes at a nearby clothing store, went into an inn he could see and rented a bathroom. Since he was walking around leaving blood stains everywhere, he was prepared for a little friction, but let alone friction, the clothing store owner was also the inn owner

. Deon, who was a little confused because I was shaking and offering the best service, recognized me and moved on with a roughly understanding understanding. It had been a while since I had been

soaked in blood like this, so I felt awkward but with new emotions. After washing it off, he went outside again, took a few steps, then stopped and looked up. I turned.



Red eyes skimmed over a specific location.

‘I can feel the gaze, but it’s not hostile...’

Rather, it seems cautious...

Hmm, an unpleasant voice came out low.

‘I think I know who it is.’

There’s a warning, so they can’t come closer, so they’re probably trying to check from afar to see if they need anything. I know what I’m thinking, but it doesn’t feel good because I feel like I’m being watched. He gestured for me to aim at the exact location. He hesitated, as if it was in conflict with the order given from above

. They disappeared one by one, and finally only one person remained. Deon turned his eyes to the owner of the last remaining gaze.

The figure, who was fidgeting as if embarrassed, tried to retreat before he could even gesture when Deon Hardt’s gaze fell on me.

‘I left one on purpose, so it wouldn’t be difficult if he disappeared. .’

I quickly narrowed the distance and grabbed him.

As if he didn’t expect me to catch him, the startled demon looked at me and asked carefully.

“Do you need anything...?”

“I’m looking for the gambling house I went to last time.”

“Ah... .! I’m sorry, but could you tell me the characteristics of that gambling place? There were not just one or two gambling halls...” The

characteristic...

“I could see the moon and the road outside the window.”

“ ....”

“Ah, there were a lot of demons as well. “I saw it.”

“Uh...”

The demon swallowed dry saliva.

“It’s difficult to infer from that alone.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 247**

247. Because emotions have always killed someone (2)

Oh, I see.

Deon, who searched his memory a little more for a detailed explanation, touched the corner of his mouth and recited the features of the building.

"It's a two-story building... I remember the first floor was a gambling house and the second floor was a bar."

"Oh, I think I know where you're talking about. Please follow me."

Immediately the demons took the lead.

It didn't take long to arrive, as it seemed to be closer than expected.

"Is this right?"

In front of the building they arrived at, the demon looked back at Deon.

"That's right. Good job."

"Yes, then I will go too."

“Okay. Bye.”

It's the building I remember. After scanning the familiar building with his eyes, Deon gave a brief greeting to the demon who guided him and went inside.

Subtly glowing gazes gathered around, probably anticipating a visit from a new protector, and then froze.

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

As if I recognized him, silence came inside. There was an uneasy silence.

‘0 Corps Commander...’

‘...You’re Deon Hart, right?’

‘I heard he was the general commander, but why is someone so busy here...’

Why did he come here again? Perhaps he is thinking of punishing himself for what happened before?

At least among those present at that time, there was no demon who did not know him. Because the memories of that time were too shocking to forget.

How can we forget the man who brought fear to the entire building by killing only one person? The incident at that time remained so deeply in the minds of some demons that even now, even after a long time, they still experience it as a nightmare, so the demons were busy rolling their eyes and exchanging glances as to whether they should kneel even now.

And amidst the tense tension, Deon moved.

He scanned the interior with his red eyes and walked straight towards the place where he seemed to have found the person he was aiming for. Suddenly, everyone's eyes focused on what seemed to be his destination. There was Mile, who had unconsciously given him a drugged drink a long time ago.

'Why why?'

Miles cringed with a face that looked like he was going to cry.

'At that time, you just took the medicine and left. 'Wasn't that the end of it?'

Deon Hardt is getting closer. Depending on the angle of the lighting, a shadow is cast on the face and the eerie red eyes stand out even more. Mile, who was frozen and unable to even get up from his chair because there was no such thing as a devil in sight, just followed his instincts and leaned back before crawling over to the back of the crash.

I was startled by a louder-than-expected noise and tried to get up in a hurry, but my shoes stopped in front of me.

As if trying to make eye contact kindly, Deon slowly bends down on his knees and makes eye contact. His bright red eyes took on the shape of a half moon, as if he was smiling.

"Hello, weakling. It's been a while, huh?"

"...yes yes!"

"There's something I'd like to ask of you..."

As I face it like this, I remember a time in the past. Deon smiled softly and recited exactly what he said then.

“If you don’t want to die...”

“....”

“Give me all the medicine you have.”

\*\*\*

The medicine was quickly prepared after a light but heavy threat to make it and give it to me if I didn’t have it.

Deon looked down at the cigarette pack prepared separately from the medicine pouch, as if he was paying attention to the fact that he jokingly said that it would be better if the medicine was in the form of a cigarette. Then, he raised his head and smiled at Miles as if praising him. Actually, Mile was scared and avoided his gaze, but anyway.

I opened the medicine bag and lightly smelled it.

“....”

Deon’s eyebrows narrowed to the point of disappearing.

“Open the window.”

“...yes?”

“Open the window.”

You can’t check because of the bloody smell.

The demons who were watching nervously, pretending not to be, move quickly and open all the windows of the building. A cool breeze drove away the warmth inside.

Faced with the cool breeze blowing in front of him, Deon gently placed the medicine bag on his nose again.

“It’s a mix of paralytic drugs and sleeping pills. It looks like they haven’t given up on that trick yet.”

“...!”

“Well... I don’t think they mixed it up on purpose, and they were the ones who told me to hand over all the remaining medicine, so I don’t have any intention of saying anything.”

However, looking back at it, mixing and storing medicine is not a good idea. Even if it’s not for eating, that’s true.

“Anyway, good job.”

“So... are you leaving now...?”

“...well.”

Originally I was going to go, but seeing the eyes that desperately wanted me to go made me want to stay even more.

One corner of his mouth quirked up.

“I have some time left... I’d like to play a game or something.”

There was despair on the faces of the demons in the building.

....

Funnily enough, the game played to tease the demons became a measuring tool to check one’s luck.

Deon quietly looked at the card in his hand.

‘...I’m definitely less lucky than before.’

Could it be that the hero who was supposed to kill the Demon King and protect humanity raised his weapon against the human world and took away its blessings? My luck isn’t what it used to be.

The opponent, seeing Deon’s not-so-good expression, ups the ante. Deon chuckled and put down the card in response.

‘Even so, it looks like it wasn’t completely collected.’

full house.

The other person’s face rotted away.

Thinking back to the past when I used to grab four of a kind and straight flushes as if I were eating a meal, and often even pulled out royal straight flushes, I feel like I’ve definitely lost my luck, but that’s just a comparison from before, so it’s not that bad even now.

In any case, since the hero has the intention to kill the Demon King and has not yet done so, the world could not have allowed the hero to die before achieving his goal. That minimal blessing turned out to be luck.

‘Of course, I’m not sure that will be the case in the future...’

If more countries collapse and more people die, will the world then give up on warriors? Or should they choose me, a special case among countless warriors?

I smiled faintly and got up from my seat. Unlike before, it wasn’t piled up like a mountain, but my hands were filled



with gold coins, which were a little overflowing, so I put them in the pocket I brought just in case and turned my back.

“I’m leaving now.”

“Yes, yes! Come again...”

“ ....”

“Again... come again...”

The guy hesitates, as if he couldn’t get the words to come again even with empty words.

Deon giggled and waved his hand because the expression on his face as if I had dug his own grave was quite funny.

“I hope I never have to see you again.”

“...yes.”

\*\*\*

After safely returning to the Demon King’s Castle, time passed and the day of the expedition dawned.

Deon, who no longer needed to wear a robe to cover his skin, thoughtlessly tried to put on simple, comfortable combat uniforms like before, but stopped when he saw the clothes Ed held out, saying they were official combat uniforms. I laughed out loud at the familiar design.

Yes, I can understand the focus on clothing now that the symbolic robe has been thrown away...

“This design... who came up with it?”

“The Demon King has prepared.”

“under.”

The devil bastard really has a bad personality... At this point, it's not just vicious, but even if you call him a pervert, there's nothing left to say.

The design is the same as the Empire's official battle uniform, but the color is different. They are completely identical, even down to the slightly shorter top for the convenience of wearing the dagger sheath and wielding the dagger, which will be mounted across the back. It was like that the last time I opened the screen, so I'm using it to good effect. If I see it in the Empire, I'll start foaming at the mouth and having a fit.

“...damn black.”

“...you don't like the color black?”

“No, that's not it.”

I just don't like it because it was used as a tactic by the Demon King to reveal his membership in the Demon World and provoke the Human World.

Even though I answered, I took the clothes and immediately took them off to reassure Ed, who was looking at me nervously. Dan reaches out to help, but when he sees Ed, he takes a step back. It was probably out of consideration for Ed, who could not go on a campaign together. Whether he knew this or not, Ed faithfully focused on helping Hwanbok by his side.

Ben, who had been watching this in silence for a moment, suddenly raised his head and called out to Deon.

“Ah... Master Deon.”

“huh?”

“....”

I was listening and told him to speak, but the next words did not continue. A gaze filled with puzzlement turned to Ben.

Instead of speaking straight away, he hesitated, fiddling with his magic stone necklace. A necklace that immediately sends a signal if something goes wrong with Deonhardt's body.

Deon saw this and lifted one eyebrow.

Ben spoke slowly, looking as if he was contemplating how to speak.

“...I heard there was a ban.”

“....”

“In the case of Deon's favorite cigarette, it was set to be filtered out because the signal came too frequently, so we don't know how often he smoked it...”

Deon Hart is not the only one here now. .

Ben, who seemed to have chosen his words with Dan and Ed in mind, took a moment to catch his breath and said something that was quite short and rounded.

“...Still, I hope you restrain yourself.”

“....”

Deon looked at Ben without answering. Since I clearly understood what he was trying to say, I had no choice but to look further.

Drug ban issued. In the meantime, I went to the first city and used a different type of cigarette than my favorite one, so the necklace must have sent a signal.

Deonhardt broke the ban imposed by the Demon King, and even though Ben knew about it, he expressed his intention not to tell about it. The proof was that he stopped at the line of saying that he would like you to refrain from stopping him by immediately going to the devil and threatening to tell him that he would do so.

The silence was broken by Ed removing his hand from his freshly arranged clothes.

“It’s done.”

“...great job.”

When did they even equip weapons? Deon ran his hand over his equipped weapon and looked back at Ed. I could see his expression becoming darker than before, as if he was disappointed that I couldn’t go with him.

‘...’

I played with my mouth and called out to him.

“Ed, there is a mission I would like you to take on while I am out in the human world.”

“Yes? What...?”

“Any new information coming from the demon world, please report it to me. I don’t mind even trivial information like the corps commanders fighting each other.”

“...!”

“At least one reliable source of information should remain here.”

He broke the matter that had already been decided anyway and gave him a reason to remain in the demon world, citing it as a mission.

Consideration to make you feel less shabby. Ed’s eyes widened at the thoughtful order that seemed to say he wasn’t leaving you behind because you were useless, but then he burst into laughter.

“Thank you for telling us you can trust us. We will do our best to live up to your expectations.”

“...Okay. Then, let’s go now. But, take your Chase with you.”

...chess?

Ben and Ed tilted their heads. Deon, seeing the two’s questioning expressions, corrected the misunderstanding.

“Not chess, but chess-s-s.”

“...?”

I’ve heard that it’s a game you developed yourself, but... why would you take it with you to the battlefield? My doubts grew bigger.

However, Deon turned his head away as if he had no intention of explaining further.

At first glance, it may seem like a simple game derived from chess, but as long as you know that it is also useful as a tool for strategizing, you take Chess without saying anything.

I was about to leave, but something I had forgotten grabbed my ankle.

“Suck.”

“...?”

The green stems wrap around the body and hang from the flowerpot. Deon stopped and looked down at the monster plant.

“Sweet! Bitch! Bb! Bb!”

“...Let’s go together? Don’t you leave me behind? If you’re going to throw it away, you’d rather just step on it and go?”

“Sigh!”

“....”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 248**

248. Emotions have always killed someone (3), so an untimely snowball fight broke out.

Deon looks down at the monster plant as if he were silently putting pressure on it, and the monster plant faces him without averting its gaze. His obsession with plants was so strong that he felt like he would stay like this all day. Finally, after a strange confrontation, he raised his hand and poked the strange plant.

“Sweet!”

The monster plant that pierced the center of the most delicate flower bud glowed.

This time, the stem flies fiercely as if it is going to give it a blow. Deon, who was flicking away the stems that were attacking in various patterns, such as swinging or stabbing, simply rolled his eyes and glanced at the people standing on one side. The three people who were standing awkwardly watching this direction made eye contact.

“I’m out.”

A light order was given.

It is an order that there is no reason not to follow. Even if a plant were to attack me for 100 days, there's no way it could even scratch Deon. Ben turned around without saying anything.

Dan also goes outside with his luggage, and Ed casts a disapproving look at the monster plant. A low, disgruntled sound rang out.

'How can a plant be taught to dare to attack its owner?'

I can see that Deon is happy, so I'm just watching it for now, but if it were originally, it would have been an uproar right away. Just like that time a long time ago, even if the garden burned down and the Demon King strangled me, I wouldn't have had anything to say. Was that all it took? The person responsible must have been prepared to take responsibility by dying.

But...

'Did you say it was given to you by the incubus gardener?'

Even if there was an uproar, he wouldn't have died. Because he is someone that Deon secretly cares about.

'As expected, there's nothing I like about this guy.'

My eyebrows furrowed as if I could see them.

Ed politely bowed his head, going out and closing the door, determined to say the least about the plants.

Calmness came.

Deon quietly looked down at the monster plant, which had stopped attacking at some point. Even though I can't say for



sure whether it really has eyes, I can feel the monster looking up at me with its dead gaze. A thought suddenly occurred to me.

No matter how much I messed around here first and it's not even a threat, I wonder if the reason I keep this reckless and dangerous creature by my side that dares to attack me is because I know that its gaze is filled with goodwill... Such a foolish thought.

...I raised my finger again, feeling uncomfortable for an unknown reason.

"Sweet?!"

The green stem hastily grabbed my wrist.

"Yuuuuuuuuuuck!"

"...okay."

Now is not the time.

I took off the one that was still wrapped around my waist and placed it on the table. There was silence again.

'...'

Tuk. Tuk. Tuk. White fingers tap on the table next to the flower pot. Deon, who was looking down at the strange plant with an inexplicable gaze, suddenly opened his mouth as if attracted by something.

"Don't like me."

"Yuk?"

what is that.

“Don’t like me.”

“Suck.”

How do you do that?

“This bastard?”

“Sweet tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk!”

With words! Let’s say it in words!

The green stem that acts as an arm slaps the back of the hand holding my torso without causing pain.

...What am I doing now? Deon, who was quietly watching this, withdrew his hand with a deep sigh.

“It’s not that he didn’t notice. He must have known that I pretended not to notice at the time.”

[Do you like me?]

[Fuck!]

[Fuck.]

The words I mumbled after that conversation.

[You should be able to understand what is being said....]

I usually understand it well, but there is no way I couldn’t understand it that time. That was a clear rejection.

“Kyu...Kyu-ae?”

“Don’t pretend not to know.”

I'm tilting my head as if I don't know where I am.

Wow.... The plant quickly wilts at the stern voice. Deon stared blankly at the guy who was watching him and then slowly began to sing.

"If I take you to the battlefield like this, you will struggle to protect me."

"Suck."

"Even if it means throwing away your own life."

"...."

Tuk. Tuk. Tuk. Tuk.

The speed of the fingers tapping the table slows down. Deon lowered his gaze and blinked slowly. Red eyes sunken deep beneath long eyelashes.

Maybe it was because of my mood, but my voice came out a little dark. Hey, I am.

"Someone's pure affection and favor is too much."

Even if the opponent is a human, a demon, or at least an unidentifiable plant.

Just having someone care for me is a burden in itself. What did I say?

That's why I felt most comfortable with Dan, who had a somewhat calculated relationship. Crazy dog... No, the Lofty Knights have been with us since before they realized this burden, so they are just keeping them by their side, prepared for the repercussions that may come someday.

‘There are some that will stick even if you push them away, so I left them alone.’

anyway.

If someone were to sacrifice their life for me based on pure emotion rather than calculation, I would suffocate under the weight of that. Maybe he will suffocate to death. What you do for me will end up strangling me.

‘And...’

He smiled faintly at the guy who was tilting his flower bud as if he couldn’t understand. Another reason I had kept inside was revealed through my mouth.

“I don’t have the confidence to give back as much as I received.”

Deonhardt desperately learned ‘affection’ through the death of his older brother Cruel.

That’s the kind of affection I know, so I don’t even have the courage to imitate it.

“Yuck...!”

“It’s even more burdensome not to have to give it back.”

The plant drooped.

Deon smiled lowly and gently rubbed the bud with his finger.

“Anyway, it’s a simple story. If you want to follow me, I can take you. But you can’t come forward, especially if it’s for my own good.”

“Ugh....”

“If you still want me to take you.”

Before I could finish speaking, a stem stretched out. It wraps around its body and hangs on to a flower pot.

Deon chuckled at the clear expression of his will and slightly raised his arms to make it easier to hang on. After waiting for the guy to settle down, he pretended not to sweep away the flower pot hanging from his waist and walked towards the door for those who were waiting.

“...by the way.”

“Yuk?”

“What gender are you really? I really didn’t understand that at the time.”

“Yuk-aek (yuk-aek).”

“...That’s meaningless crying, right?”

“Kyu...Kyu?”

This bastard.

\*\*\*

I didn’t know where Dan and Ed had gone, but when I opened the door and came out, the only person waiting for me was Ben.

Deon glances at Ben in the empty hallway, then fixes his gaze on Ben. A question appeared on his face and before he could open his mouth, Ben spoke one step ahead.

“Ed and Dan left first to double-check that Deon had properly packed the supplies he needed. They asked me to

tell Deon they were sorry.”

To be exact, Ed dragged Dan away.

The way he was dragging his feet with a bit of jealousy and anger, saying that since he couldn't help Deon himself, you should take care of him instead.... [I've already checked everything!] [In case you don't know,

again

. It wouldn't be a bad idea to check it out.]

[....]

It's a little absurd and funny, but neither of them are really likeable, and this is a feeling they both need to resolve. Ben, who did not feel the need to bother interfering, chose to simply turn away.

Deon Hardt mutters, 'I owe you an apology...' Meanwhile, Ben glanced down and saw the plant hanging from Deon. A green stem is wrapped around him, hanging on him and shaking a flower pot.

The flower bud seems to have sensed my gaze and turns towards me. Our eyes met what was inferred from our eyes.

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

A strange snowball fight began.

Deon has great taste... Ben, who was mindlessly examining the plants, made a subtle expression.

‘What can you believe and be so confident about plants...?’

He seems like a guy who can handle small things on his own, but that's it.

Even if it were a plant from the demon world, it would be possible to understand the magical power of the demons, but even so, they could make direct eye contact like this.

As Ben is not a personal doctor, he possesses powerful magical power that exceeds the average of demons, so sometimes when he goes for a walk in the garden, the plants bend down on their own or avoid his body, so he couldn't help but find the current situation a little absurd.

'There's no way it's not a plant from the demon world...' An ambiguous observational look and a proud gaze collided in the air.

This one-sided energy fight between one plant ended with Deon taking a step forward.

"Then let's go."

He walks with a flower pot hanging from his head.

Ben, who was looking at the plant as if it were dumbfounded, didn't take his eyes off me even though it was moving away, quickly laughed silently and ran after Deon.

'It sure looks like a fun plant like that.'

The liver seems to be swollen and stinging.

I partially understood why Deon cared about that plant, and I made a laughable expression at the plant that was still looking at me.

‘Yuk!?’

The plant flinched at the unexpected provocation.

“Sweet!!”

“Why are you like this all of a sudden?”

\*\*\*

“That bastard might not be a plant....”

These were what Lirinel said when she saw the plant wrapped around Deon’s upper body.

The handkerchief he had brought with him to give to Deon, claiming to have studied the culture of the human world, is cruelly bitten into small pieces under his white teeth.

This guy isn’t normal either. Geisitel, commander of the 10th Corps, was watching with a bored look on his face.

5th Corps Commander O.L., who was out to see and see off, tilted his head when he heard those words.

“That’s not a plant? Then what is it?”

“...It’s not real, it’s just something I said.”

“Just what you said? Why?”

“...Dernivan!”

I’m already in a bad mood, but I don’t have time to answer the barrage of questions.

Dernivan, who had been watching nearby, heard a nervous cry and immediately took Oel away from Lirinel. He was



quite good at drawing people's attention and leading them to walk with other stories, as if he hadn't been here for a day or two.

Only then did Lirinel, who had removed the handkerchief she was biting, spot me and her eyes lit up as she saw Deon approaching. New combat uniform! Tied hair! It looks completely different from the previous expedition!

"Lirinel, why are you here? Are you sure you came to see me off?"

"Yes! I heard that Deon is going on a mission, so unless he is far away, I have to see him off! I recently studied the culture of the human world and prepared something for Deon... Ah."

I belatedly felt the damp handkerchief in my hand and closed my mouth. Lirinel secretly unfolds the handkerchief in her hand and crumples it up with a tearful look on her face. If it had simply been damp, I would have tried to show at least the embroidery part, but because I had bitten it so hard earlier, even the most of the embroidery was torn and it was all a mess.

A heart was embroidered with red thread on a black handkerchief especially for Deon. The atmosphere surrounding her suddenly became gloomy.

'...That handkerchief was prepared for me.'

Deon, who did not miss Lirinel's actions and the handkerchief that was unfurled for a moment, quickly grasped the situation. I don't know why it's a mess, but red embroidery on a black background... I think I know what was engraved on it.

'I wonder if someone is the leader of the Demon Cult...'

It's not a gift I really like, so I don't mind.

however.

"...."

"...?"

I looked at her blankly.

As if it was strange that he was silent, Lirinel slowly raised her head. After confirming that she was ready to listen, Deon finally said what he had been unable to say due to the atmosphere.

"...Someone is screaming in your arms right now."

"ah."

- Lirinel! Lyrinel! Can't you hear me?! Don't just talk to Deon and give me a chance! You fanatic!

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 249**

249. Because emotions have always killed someone (4),

Lirinel let out an exclamation as if she had completely forgotten about it and took out the communication stone.

Was the communication seat connected? The voice and the unique way of speaking are very familiar. Deon, who was watching with a subtle look, crossed his arms and touched the corner of his mouth.

Before I could even think about who it was, my mouth was already spitting out an answer.

“...Silua?”

– Yes, it's Silua!

A happy answer came back immediately.

...why? Deon's face darkened as he looked at the communication table.

“I understand you are currently at the border...”

Wasn't she, the leader of the 7th Corps, currently fighting with 'heroes' at the border? After listening to the shouting a while ago, it seemed like there was a purpose for me, but I wondered why they bothered to contact me in this way

when I could have contacted them directly if there was a problem.

- Oh, it's because there's nothing special going on. You can't be bothered by contacting Deon when there's nothing going on.

A quick denial followed, as if reading the meaning contained in the voice, which was as shaky as the expression. The voice sounded like he was waving his hand.

- It's been so long since I've seen you in person, so I wanted to see you in secret and have a conversation.

"...okay?"

- yes! Since you're going on a mission at the moment, I wanted to cheer you on! Of course, if Deon himself comes forward, it is natural that he will win, so there is no need for cheering...!

Then we had a conversation and I just cheered with those words, so it's okay.

From saying that he originally wanted to go with him and that he really wanted to see Deon's swordsmanship, and that the 10th Corps commander was a blessed bastard, to cursing at the 9th Corps commander who left the border in charge of me and returned to the Demon King's Castle alone. He continued to say something more incoherent, but since it didn't contain anything particularly important, I heard it with one ear and let it go with the other.

"Then..."

Deon, who was about to roughly conclude the conversation like this, stopped and looked down at the communication

table.

“ ....”

- ...?

Something feels uncomfortable.

There is something wrong with just ignoring it. Deon, who was looking back on the conversation from earlier while tapping his chin out of discomfort for an unknown reason, suddenly stopped his hand at a certain point and opened his mouth.

“...by the way.”

- yes?

“What does ‘to see your face secretly’ mean?”

- ah.

Beyond the communication table, Silua closed her mouth and Lirinél’s hands trembled.

There’s definitely something there. I like that the reaction is honest.

In addition to the comment about looking at the face, when he pinched it, the communication seat slowly fell back... Deon grinned as he seemed to know what it was after looking at it.

“They look at my face like that, thinking it’s such a big deal.”

It’s not like I leaked my face to people who aren’t part of the Demon King Castle.

Ah, it doesn't matter if it leaks now. Because everyone knows my face.

I took a step closer and bowed my head slightly. Deon brought his face close to the communication table as if observing closely and said with his bright red eyes shining with mischief.

"Are you unilaterally transmitting the other person's face? And that too using this communication stone as a medium."

The ability is also good. I never thought they would use the lifting of the ban on magic here.

Instead of a nervous answer, only silence came back.

Well, I understand. The Demon King's Army has been sensitive to leaks about the appearance of Commander 0 Corps for a long time. Deon didn't care and just shrugged his shoulders.

The opponent was Silua, the commander of the 7th Corps, but as long as she was on the borderline, this could be seen as leaking the appearance of the 0th Corps commander to the outside world, so it was only natural that she reacted that way.

'Even though it doesn't matter now.'

He turned his eyes toward the communication table and smiled. I felt the small hand holding the communication table tremble, but I got used to it because it was not the first time Ririnel reacted like this.

"Next time, don't do it secretly, but make a confident two-way connection. No one will say anything if you do that."

- ah...! Yes, I understand!

A shy smile followed, as if the tension had eased a little.

- It's been too long since I've seen Deon's face. I wanted to leave it to the commander of the 9th Corps, who was also in charge of the border, and go see him in person... but

the commander of the 9th Corps has now returned to the Demon King Castle on his own. As I thought about it again, I heard a grinding sound, as if my anger had risen again.

Unlike the fierce beginning, it is hardening into a standoff, but it is still the front line bordering the human world. No matter how relaxed he was, in a situation where he was still at war with the human world, it was impossible for two corps commanders to be absent at the same time, so he would have left his share of the area to the same corps commander for a while before leaving. However, the opponent hit the player.

It's understandable to be upset because they suddenly took over everything. Deon turned his head in silence to find the culprit and blinked for a moment.

'...Nothing?'

I looked around just in case, but it wasn't there.

Since he is not a corps commander who is always stationed at the Demon King's Castle and does not have a timid personality, I thought he must have come to make a mark on a face he doesn't see often. Did you find anything else interesting?

'Well... I'm glad if there isn't one. There's also OL here.'

Maybe he didn't come because of OL. Because we can't make a fuss until the day Deon Hardt goes out to battle.

There is no need to worry about things that are not very important. I erased the matter about 9th Corps Commander Trover from my mind and focused my attention on Lirinel, who was still holding the communication table.

It was clearly visible that the pupils were looking away as if something was stabbing them.

"Rather, Lyrinel."

"...Yes, yes! Deon."

"There's no way you'd make fun of something like this for no reason..." "

..."

"I don't think you did this for no reason..."

I can see your eyes trembling.

Deon grinned and tapped the communication table with his index finger.

"Is there a function to record video here?"

"omg...!"

In the end, the communication seat that was missed fell to the floor.

also. Deon, who caught it with a sleight of hand, looked at what was in his hand with new eyes. Aside from the fact that the communication was turned off, if multiple magics



were used at the same time, it would be normal to have one or two cracks, but no matter how you look at it, it looks fine.

‘This is just a waste of talent.’

It’s amazing that it wasn’t broken, but there aren’t even any cracks? Are you just using it to save my face?

Feeling a bit dumbfounded, I looked back and forth between Lirinel and the communication seat. As if he knew that he was embarrassed, his eyes lit up and he quietly averted his eyes, unlike usual when he was staring at me so persistently.

“Well... if you go on a mission this time, you won’t be able to see me for a while... so...”

something that sounded like an excuse came out muttered.

Even though I couldn’t finish my sentence and had to be silenced by someone else who suddenly popped his head in from the side.

“It’s a communication seat with a video storage function!”

Oel let out an admiring voice.

Lirinel’s eyes cooled. However, like a tactless demon, Oel simply looked at the communication table with eyes full of curiosity and interest and called his lieutenant out of habit.

“Have you ever seen anything like this?”

“Nothing. Rather, Oel-nim Deon is in the middle of a conversation with the 11th Corps Commander. It would be difficult if you interfered.”

“But it’s fascinating.”

Hmm, Ririnel's expression is getting more and more wrinkled.

OL, if you keep going like this, you'll only have more enemies. It is said that quite a few people can be defeated by the position of corps commander, but if the opponent is the same corps commander, the story is different. He's a kid who doesn't really have any malice... but really...

"I want it."

"There are a lot of miscellaneous items brought in like this and just piled up in the warehouse."

"And again! You mean miscellaneous things that might come in handy someday?"

"...."

Dernivan slightly averted his gaze. An attitude that makes it seem like no one agrees.

He also had a lot of trouble because he met the wrong boss. ... Or did I meet the wrong lover...?

'More than that... Lirinel's gaze is unusual.'

It seems like it's going up and up and about to explode. How should I fix this?

The priority is to kick OEL out first. Just as Deon was about to open his mouth, a familiar voice was heard from behind him.

"Oel, the Demon King is calling."

...Ed!

It's a voice that's so familiar you can't recognize it. Deon looked back with a happy heart and paused for a moment at the sight that caught his eye.

"...Ed...?"

I think he said he went there to make sure he didn't miss anything.

'What on earth have you been doing...?'

Can a person become like that just by checking the inventory? The guy who is about to go on a mission looks like he's about to collapse from exhaustion at any moment.

There was Ed with a relieved expression and Dan with a haggard face.

'I think I need an explanation...'

The gaze filled with absurdity turned to the person who seemed to be the cause. Ed quietly averts his gaze as if something is pricking him as well. I looked next to him again and saw Dan taking steps and coming towards me.

The speed was quite rapid, as if he was trying to escape from Ed's clutches.

Anyway, OL, who was not interested in anything other than his own interests and orders, simply paid attention to what Ed said.

"The Demon Lord...?"

"yes."

"Uhm... um..."

She just tilts her head, as if she can't bear to ask why this time.

Even if you think about it that much, there is no way you will come up with an answer. Oel, who soon gave up guessing, turned around.

"...You'll find out when you go! Let's go to Dernivan."

"yes."

I finally went.

Deon, who was watching the two demons moving away, looked down at the communication stone he was still holding in his hand and then looked back at Lirinel. The sullen expression was still visible.

... Due to time constraints, I think I should let him go now, but if I let him go like this, something will definitely happen later.

It doesn't matter if Lyrinel's emotions build up and explode in her relationship with Orel, but it becomes a problem if the repercussions extend to me.

"Lirinel."

"...Yes Deon...Nii-im?!"

I took Lirinel's hand and turned it over so that the palm was facing up. Lirinel suddenly grabbed my hand and jumped, but I paid him no mind and placed the communication seat on top of him.

"I have to go now."

"Yes...yes!"

“There are some things I need to check. I’ll be happy to see you off, so why don’t you just go in? It’s cold.”

“...!”

Deon folded his fingers one by one and made her hold the communication seat, looking into Lirinel’s eyes and smiling. Lirinel’s face exploded.

“I’m not going to wash my hands... no, not this... the communication stone, a lifetime treasure... oh, not this either... yes yes! I’ll go in right now!”

Shush! The commander of the 11th Corps disappeared on the spot, as if moved by magic. Dan, who was watching the whole scene from behind, sighed.

‘Where on earth do you learn things like that...’

I could see the signs even before I became a warrior, but after becoming one, I got really used to using my appearance. I think it was even more so because the commander of the 11th Corps responded well. I can’t tell the 11th Corps Commander not to react.

I just sighed and turned my head when a hand tapped my shoulder. Their eyes met with shaking eyes.

“It’s all sweet... that...”

A trembling finger points to Deon Hart.

ah. Dan sighed briefly inwardly.

“Is that... really our captain...?”

“...Unfortunately yes.”

“why...?”

“Even if you ask why...”

Come to think of it, this was the first time the crazy dogs saw their Master like that. Deon Hardt said he had been seeing him since he was young, so it is quite shocking.

...No, as if this wasn't 'quite shocking' enough, the members of the Lofty Knights each pulled out their hair and shouted.

“No matter how you look at it, he's a player...! Why? Where is our innocent captain who only knew how to kill and survive?!”

“Is that really a communication seat? It's not a bomb?”

“Could it be that we misheard? I originally just laughed and told you to die!”

“Or kill someone!”

Geisitel, commander of the 10th Corps, who heard this commotion nearby, muttered absentmindedly.

“It seems to be a different concept from the 'purity' I know... Is there a homonym for 'purity' in the human world...?”

“...First of all, it's probably not what you're thinking about.”

There may be homonyms, but it's definitely not meant to be used that way...

Dan quietly wiped his face.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 250**

250. Emotions have always killed someone (5), so the fuss died down quickly.

It was not just because Dan, unable to hear the absurd bumbling of the members of the Lofty Knights, stepped forward.

Of course, the reason for stepping forward is also included, but...

"We are also intelligent beings."

"Was that an intelligent being?"

"...."

Milan clutched his heart as if he was hurt.

Of course, no one cared.

"And the parties involved are excluded, of course. And honestly, as a fellow human being, I think Master was definitely not pure even in the time you are talking about. If anything, I wouldn't know if his personality was even more impure..." "Oh really?"

”

“...!”

...Somehow, from the middle, they seemed to avoid eye contact, making it seem out of place.

ruined. Dan turned his head to follow the voice, met the red eyes that were right in front of him, and made an awkward expression.

Deon grinned at him. It was a very dangerous-looking smile.

‘I came here looking haggard in such a short time, so I was going to ask Ed for an explanation.’

Thanks to you, those feelings have completely disappeared.

‘Okay, let’s just move on.’

I’m just letting it go without saying anything, but it’s okay to be this grumpy.

I quickly turned my head. Dan’s gaze followed him as if he was surprised by his behavior, which seemed to be overlooked without any visible grumpiness or reprimand, but Deon didn’t care and looked at Ed loitering nearby.

They look like they are paying close attention as if their purpose is not just to see them off.

‘...!’

At the signal to have something to say, he takes out a communication seat from his pocket and connects with someone. The light on the communication table came on as if the connection had been established, and Ed immediately held it out to Deon.



The questioning look in his eyes was followed by a cautious answer.

“There was an order from the Demon King.”

“....”

Instead of taking the communication seat right away, Deon glared at it for a moment.

‘I told you that I wasn’t going to see you off today for some reason...’

This is how he finally contacted me. What on earth are you trying to say?

As the silence gets longer, Ed slowly raises his eyes and looks at me. I slowly stretched out my hand because I knew I couldn’t keep doing this forever.

The devil’s voice came out as if he had been waiting for the communication stone to pass from hand to hand.

– Hi Deon.

“...What’s going on?”

– You had work to do today, so you couldn’t see them off in person, right? I have something to say.

“....”

– It’s not that heavy, so you don’t have to be nervous.

A light voice as usual.

However, if the Demon King were a simple enough person to believe that, I would never have come here in the first

place. After a short silence, Deon spoke firmly again.

“What do you have to say?”

– Well, it’s not that big of a deal... Ugh.

For a moment, an incongruous noise came from beyond the communication desk.

It was such a short period of time that one wondered if it was an illusion, but it was clear...

But before Deon could open his mouth, the Demon King spoke first.

– Use this opportunity to practice your spear skills there to your heart’s content. When it comes to things like maintaining distance, one real fight will be more beneficial than explaining it in words, and sparring is over, right?

“....”

– Oh and....

the first city.

Deon’s shoulders stiffened. A voice filled with laughter rang out quietly, as if it knew everything.

– I’m going to war, so I’m only looking after you this time.

Not twice.

“....”

– Well then, have a nice trip.

Don't die.

After a short greeting, communication was cut off. Silence fell.

'...I expected you to know, but hearing it like this is more than I expected...'

Are you annoyed?

Deon quietly glared at the communication table. It wasn't anger, it was just simple irritation, but it was so serious that the people around him, who had been watching him and waiting for someone to step forward, flinched when he sighed and hurriedly looked at his face.

Ed was the first to call him carefully.

"...Master Deon...?"

"...okay."

Deon threw the communication stone to Ed and turned around. Under the three bright moons, the troops lined up in rows and rows filled the field of view.

Just looking at this, I don't think I need to check, but I'll ask last just in case. I opened my mouth.

"Guysitel's preparations will be perfect, right?"

"Yes, Deon. You can go out at any time."

He goes and stands in front of his direct subordinates.

Even though he was the least worthy of a corps commander, I thought I could trust him because he had a

fairly trustworthy attitude as if he were a corps commander, so I turned my head without hesitation.

“step.”

“Yes, Master. There are no items missing. I’m sure. If there are, you can cut my head off.”

On one side, Ed nods happily. Haha Dan’s eyes were almost like Dongtae’s when he smiled, but Deon chose to look away.

“...Milan?”

“We’re ready, Captain! Besides, we’re the type of people who tear things apart with our hands if we don’t have any teeth! If we’re missing something, don’t worry!”

The fact that it was omitted is itself a problem.

No, rather than that... Dan, who was listening next to me, made a subtle expression.

“In the first place, if there are no teeth, it’s not gums....”

“Gums are weak.”

“....”

Then it looks like everyone is ready.

Crazy dogs are like that. Deon nodded and got on his horse. There was no extravagant departure ceremony.

...It’s a good thing because it would only make me feel bad.

“let’s go.”

A short order was given.

\*\*\*

The Demon King put down the turned off communication stone.

‘You must be getting annoyed by now.’

He imagined Deon glaring at the communication table and chuckled lowly. He later realized the feel of his fingers and lowered his gaze.

Some ‘human baby’ was sucking his finger.

“...Hmm.”

A meaningful voice rang out.

Someone standing in front of him was shocked and clasped his hands together, but the Demon King did not even pay attention to the other person and looked down at the baby who was sucking his index finger.

Because no emotions could be read, an even more eerie gaze was revealed through narrowed eyes.

“It’s surprising that a ‘human’ that I didn’t allow is in the Demon King’s castle, but ‘this’ almost dared to interfere with the Demon King’s communication...” “....”

Oel

lowered his head.

She couldn’t believe this situation. No, honestly, I didn’t want to believe it.

How surprised I was when I left Dernivan waiting outside and came inside. Having Trover inside was unpleasant, but bearable. Aside from being unpleasant, his presence was a bit unexpected, but not that surprising.

The problem is the creature sitting on the desk in the Demon King's office.

[Why...]

I think I stopped breathing for a moment.

My fingertips are shaking slightly. I felt my lips vibrating.

I felt dizzy and dizzy, as if the bottomless pit had opened its mouth beneath my feet and was about to swallow me up.

The words I couldn't finish came out again, filled with endless despair.

[...Why.]

If the first question contained a question about why my baby was there, this time it was a mixture of confusion resulting from not understanding my own reaction and emotional state.

[....]

Oel kept his mouth shut. The question that had become a habit disappeared after the previous question.

Being curious about everything and asking a lot of questions does not equate to being stupid. As she looked back and forth between Trover and the baby demon king, she quickly came up with an answer to the first question.

'...Damn Trover.'

It would have been better to have killed him, even if he had to be punished later. It was better to kill him even if it meant overdoing it.

If that were the case, at least the current situation wouldn't have come about.

[Looking at the reaction, it seems like there is definitely a connection.]

[...]

You have to answer. I knew it as soon as I heard it.

You need to deny it right now and pretend not to know anything.

If the corps commander himself abandoned that baby, the extremely biased Demon King would pretend not to notice and overlook it. There will be no special punishment. If you are the Demon Lord, you would know that 'Oel' did not bring in the 'human' baby with any special intention. You must have realized right away that it was out of curiosity. Given the Demon King's personality, you may think it is excessive to impose strict punishment on the 'corps leader' for a mere human 'baby' who is not even an adult.

So you have to give up the baby.

but.

'Then that baby.'

Mouth does not open easily.

Oel, who had opened his mouth to answer several times, was unable to speak and closed his mouth again. The

Demon King's eyes sank slightly.

[...You...]

Despite waiting patiently, the desired answer was not given, so the Demon King opened his mouth as if he wanted to say something. No, I opened it, but had to close it again before I could say anything.

The light was on in the communication box.

[...Hmm, okay. It wouldn't be a bad idea to give it a little more time.]

After thinking for a moment, he put his hand on the communication table and said.

[Make sure to think carefully about how to answer while communicating.]

Oel was unable to answer in the end.

And now again.

Despite all the opportunities she had been given, even now that the devil's communication was over, she was still unable to put her mind in order.

In fact, when the baby made a sound during the communication, I thought my heart was going to drop. When the Demon King put his index finger in the baby's mouth and closed it, he thought he was really going to kill the baby and it flinched as if he was going to run away.

'If it were Dernivan... he would have abandoned the baby without a second thought.'

I thought so too. Oel lowered his head.



If the Demon King had told me to throw away one of the collections piled up in the warehouse, I would have thrown it away even though I regretted it. Human babies were also thought of in the same context.

‘....’

My eyes met with the baby who was sucking the devil’s finger.

OL groaned inwardly as he immediately smiled brightly, as if he had been waiting.

ah.

‘Dernivan....’

I can’t do it.

Even if I remain silent, I cannot say with my mouth the words of abandoning that baby.

I don’t know why. I also don’t understand why I’m like this and it’s frustrating. However, I do know for sure that I desperately need a demon to speak on my behalf in my confusion.

Therefore, I habitually look for my lieutenant and lover, but he is now outside the door. As she was completely alone, she just glared at Trover, who was looking at her with a grin, and chose to avoid the devil’s gaze.

At the edge of silence, the Demon King sighed.

“...You kill me.”

“...yes?”

“I will not punish you for arbitrarily taking in humans, so kill them with your own hands.”

He takes his index finger out of the baby’s mouth and wipes it with a handkerchief. The baby, who had been robbed of the blanket he had been given for the first time in a long time, whined, but the Demon King just glanced at him and did not do anything.

On the contrary, the way he looked at the baby was extremely dull, as if he was looking at an inconvenient object being hit by a foot, and Oel, who felt creepy, hurried over and picked up the baby.

The Demon King, who was watching me skillfully sweep his back, spoke.

“I guess that action can be taken as positive, right? You took the baby.”

“ .... ”

“I don’t think ‘it’ is so precious that you have to risk your life for it.”

The voice gradually becomes colder.

“Oel.”

“ .... ”

“Now I “You probably don’t know how much I care for you.”

In a situation where a war was going on with humans, the Demon King secretly brought in a human.

It doesn’t matter if it’s a young person or an adult. If you look at the above premise, it’s an act that has nothing to

say even if they're already dead. Like this. The very act of trying to quietly let it go is a miracle in itself.

"So answer me."

The eyes originally did not contain any laughter at all, so even the eyes that were smiling a little perfunctorily lost their smile.

In this situation, both the baby and I are about to die. Oel reluctantly nodded his head. It felt like a creaking sound was coming from his throat.

Only then did the Demon King relax and grin.

"Good. I'm not going to tell you to kill him right now, since he'll be there for a while. "A week will be enough time to get rid of it, right?"

"...."

"You just have to show the body within a week. Of course, don't damage the face so it doesn't get confused with something else."

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 251**

251. Emotions have always killed someone (6), so

the demon king, who has blocked any possible escape, leans his upper body against the backrest as if taking a breather. I crossed my legs and looked at O.L.

“There is no need to bring the body to me.”

There will be a bloody smell, but I have no intention of bringing something like that into the office.

However, I have no intention of moving directly to check such a trivial thing.

“But I’ll have to check...”

I’ll have to get someone else to do it.

Who should I order it from? The eyes of the station were drowsily lowered as if lost in thought.

If he is a person with a lower rank than OL, he may give in to pressure, so it’s not okay. At least to those who will not be appeased of the same status.

My eyes slowly moved and I saw Trover standing on one side.

“I guess Trover, the informant, can identify the body.”

“Yes, I understand.”

Trover grins. In contrast, Oel’s face was horribly distorted.

‘...I’ll at least make sure to check.’

If the emotional gap that exists between the two is deeper than expected, there is a possibility that Trover may be framed beyond thorough verification. Of course, it looks like OL will start working before then.

‘Maybe what Deon wants will happen.’

I’m sure it will be fun no matter what the outcome is, but... The Demon King looked straight at Trover. He was startled by the gaze that seemed to be entrancing him and adjusted his posture.

“When reporting the confirmation, please bring a magic stone that shows various angles of the body.”

“...All right.”

Still, I ‘ordered’ them to ‘confirm’, but it’s not as good as reporting the truth by disguising it as a lie. Because that means looking down on the devil.

However, if interpreted differently, it means that ‘the report regarding the order to identify the body does not have to be false.’ I don’t know if Trover or Orl will notice this and use it... If you know what you know, if you don’t know what you don’t know, I think there will be interesting results, so it probably doesn’t matter.

The Demon King said as he threw the handkerchief he had used to wipe his fingers into the fireplace.

“Then everyone get out now.”

“....”

“Oh, before that, leave the window open.”

I was not pleased with the warm and delicate smell unique to human babies, which did not fit in at all with the demon world.

\*\*\*

Dernivan, who was waiting for his superior in front of the Demon King’s office, quickly turned his head at the sound of the door opening... but then stopped. The body that seemed to move closer at any moment has long since stopped.

“...Oel?”

A being who should not be here was held in her arms.

I wondered for a moment whether it was a hallucination, but a unique, unfamiliar yet familiar smell passed my nose.

Furthermore, thinking objectively, Dernivan quickly accepted reality because he did not care about the baby enough to create such an elaborate hallucination.

After that, I understood the situation.

Oel was suddenly summoned by the Demon King and came out holding a baby in her arms. Dernivan, who was looking at his lover with a blank expression as if he was somehow shocked, walked up to her and stretched out his hand to receive the baby.

O.L., who had obediently held out the baby, was startled and quickly pulled the baby back.

“What... what are you doing!”

Before I knew it, Dernivan’s hand had turned into that of a wolf.

Sharp fingernails sparkle in the moonlight coming through the window. Dernivan answered without expression.

“If you kill him, Oel won’t be harmed.”

“....”

“You know.”

The fact that she came out alive means that the Demon Lord gave her a chance.

If she had been allowed to raise the baby, there would have been an order to kill her, as the despair she couldn’t even recognize would have been visible on her face. Considering that the baby came out alive, a grace period was probably given.

Dernivan knows. This is the greatest consideration and mercy that the DemonKing can give, and at the same time, it is his last chance. If you kick even this, Orel will die.

“I can’t let the commander die for just one human baby.”

So, based on rational calculations, he chose to abandon the baby.

“....”

Oel looked down at the baby in silence.

The baby raised his head as if sensing my gaze and smiled brightly when our eyes met. The hand holding the baby trembled reflexively at the flawless smile.

Trover, who was watching the situation, suddenly intervened and laughed.

“You’ve got such a great lieutenant that you’ll have blood on your hands instead.”

“...you shut up.”

“From now on, I have to watch to see if you do anything foolish.”

“No. The Demon King’s order was not to monitor a foolish operation, but to ‘identify the body.’ So why don’t you quietly stay in your room and kill some time, then come check on the week after? If there is a body, if there isn’t, if there isn’t, you just shut up and look. All you have to do is do it.”

Why are you trying to spy on me?

The harsh words flew like arrows. He usually speaks in a childlike manner, but only at times like this does he become sharp and fluent. Trover’s expression hardened for a moment, then he shook his shoulders once and turned around.

“I hope you make interesting choices.”

Throwing a curse that was packed until the end.

O.L., who seemed to be getting angry, belatedly stopped as if he was aware of the baby in his arms. Taking advantage of



that opportunity, Trover disappeared and Dernivan came to his side.

“Please hand over the baby.”

“...no.”

“Please hand it over.”

“I’m going to kill you.”

Oel shook his head vigorously and backed away, holding the baby tightly. Despite his behavior, Dernivan didn’t even nod.

“You must kill him.”

“I was given a week’s time from the Demon King.”

“That’s giving you time to let off steam.”

This is not the time given to exchange affection to the fullest.

In that case, it would be better to kill him right here and take the given week to get his mind together.

“Anyway, you have a week.”

“but.”

“Are you going to do this too?”

“....”

He paused as he met eyes full of sorrow.

The outstretched hand slowly goes down. Seeing his superior for the first time, Dernivan was silent as if he was

contemplating how to respond.

Oel patted the back of the baby who was whining in frustration and said,

“Let’s go back to the room, Dernivan. I want to get some rest first.”

“...yes.”

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The way back was filled with silence.

Originally, Dernivan was silent, so the conversation was usually one-sided by Orel, but she was busy worrying and thinking about something now.

Dernivan kept looking at her as if he was suspicious of the quiet woman, but Oel thought whether he was looking at me or not.

‘What do we do.’

It seems like that feeling really stuck.

I don’t know why, but seeing as how my heart tightens every time I think about my baby’s body, it must have something to do with it. Will I be able to get rid of my feelings within a week?

“Umm—.”

“...?”

“mom.”

“....”

Mom.

I listened to the baby's voice without thinking, and then I received an unexpected attack. Oel's body stiffened.

It felt like I had been completely doused in cold water. I really didn't think anything this time, but my heart tightened for no reason.

His feet reached the door before he knew it, but Orel was frozen in place without even thinking about opening the door.

"...Oel."

"Ugh... let's go in."

The moment I heard the baby's words, I realized.

I can't abandon this baby. So, you can't pretend not to know and keep your mouth shut and ignore death.

I have to survive. I still don't know why, but I know for sure that if this baby dies, I will regret it for the rest of my life.

I opened the door. As if he sensed something, Dernivan's gaze was warm, but he pretended not to notice and went inside and put the baby down first.

The baby, who had been quiet the entire time, finally started waddling and moving around the large room. As I was looking at that precarious gait, I suddenly realized something.

"...The baby has just started walking."

"...."

The words came out reflexively.

You're too young. Dernivan was silent, even though he must have heard something added.

Since he didn't say anything expecting an answer, OL sat down without saying anything and thought about it. Since I have decided to save my life, I have to think about it.

—How can I steal the baby?

'The easiest thing is to get a helper, but there is no place to ask for help...'

...there is none.

All the humans of the Demon King's Castle, the last group of warriors, followed Deon into battle. Even if I had been able to get help by not going on a campaign, Deon would not have left me alone.

Because he is very sensitive to the danger to the people under his command. It would be fortunate if you did not try to calm the situation or get angry and try to harm the baby.

'Then I guess I'll have to solve it on my own...'

...No. Now that I think about it, I realize that I am not alone at all.

I raised my eyes. Our eyes met with Dernivan, who was standing silently and looking this way.

"Dernivan."

"Yes, Oel."

"...."

He is faithful to me. She is my lieutenant and my lover. Others say that he strictly follows me because I am his superior, but I know that is not the case as a corps commander.

I dare to be sure. If he were to choose between me and the Demon King, he would choose me.

‘But that’s why I won’t support my current choice.’

Even though there is a safer way, it’s like taking a dangerous path.

Your intuition speaks. You shouldn’t ask for help directly. Then that man will kill the baby without mercy even if he feels resentment towards me.

So we have to turn around a bit.

I laid the groundwork in advance so he couldn’t refuse. As if the siege was gradually narrowing.

“The baby. It looks like Trover found it, confirmed that it was related to me, and took it to the Demon Lord.”

“....”

“How on earth did you know?”

I say it again.

Oel was curious, not stupid.

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The adjutant says. I think it’s my fault. My tail is long and I feel like I got stepped on. When I came out to see the baby, I felt eyes on me.

He even confessed and apologized for passing it up due to his mood. He said he had nothing to say even if he died.

I speak as someone who was his lover. It's okay. I have no intention of killing you. I have no intention of getting angry at you, let alone punishing you, so raise your head quickly. instead.

"I have a favor to ask."

He cupped his lover's cheek with both hands, raised his head, made eye contact, and smiled.

"Are you going to listen?"

It will be difficult to refuse because you have committed sins.

Dernivan, realizing that the place I was in was a muddy swamp, closed his mouth. The eyes, which always seemed to be firm, seemed to waver a little.

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"No."

"please."

"But that doesn't work."

There is a sin committed, but this is not it.

Not for yourself. This was the worst choice for my superior, O.L., so an unusually long conversation continued.

"Are you aware of what you are saying? Asking me to hide the baby is a direct violation of the Demon King's orders."

“I’m not asking you to hide it. I’m asking you to abandon it to the human world.”

“It’s the same thing, isn’t it?”

As the atmosphere seemed unusual, the baby came to me, whimpering. Oel patted the baby’s back and said.

“I will take responsibility.”

“Do you think I’m worried about my safety right now?”

“So you’re worried about me?”

“....”

If it includes worrying about the inefficient situation of losing a corps commander because of a baby, then it can be said to be a worry.

Dernivan, who had been quietly looking at her with an unwavering attitude, opened his mouth again. He naturally skipped the previous statement as if he had not heard it and went back to the initial topic.

“No way.”

“but.”

“It’s not possible.”

“....”

Oel lowered his head at his iron-clad attitude.

A look of confusion flashes through Dernivan’s eyes at the completely different reaction from what he expected to be

stubborn. There was a brief moment of silence, and then as she was about to leave again, she raised her head.

There were tears welling up in both eyes.

“Are you sure you can’t?”

“ .... ”

“Even though this is the price you pay for your carelessness?”

If this was the price I had to pay for not getting angry and not punishing him, I was going to ask him to punish me instead. Normally, I would have said that without hesitation.

However, Dernivan froze at the tears of Oel, whom he had seen for the first time in his life.



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 252**

### 252. Significance of a warrior (1)

No matter how close the corps commander and his adjutant are, they usually do not show weaknesses to each other unless they are a special type such as the 12th corps commander or the former 8th corps commander who has already died. Even if you have become comfortable and trust has built up, it is natural to keep your final weakness hidden.

Oel also knew that tears were one of the dangerous weaknesses that could make an adjutant look down on his superiors, so like other corps commanders, he never showed tears in front of his adjutant, Dernivan.

Is that why?

“...I will look for a suitable person in the human world.”

Dernivan made an uncharacteristically irrational decision.

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Deon moved on a path that was not cleared but was free of traps.

Of course, there were no traps, and from time to time, the revolutionary army or the troops of the Mountain Kingdom

were ambushed and attacked, but before they could raise their weapons, the commander of the 10th Legion, who showed off, went on a rampage with his troops and wiped them all out, so there was no way for Deon to go out on his own. .

Although he was increasingly irritated due to the hot summer weather, Deon arrived at his destination safely anyway and joined the existing troops, checking the situation of the return battle before receiving the handover.

From the beginning, the situation was turning into a standoff, so we sent support, but they were annihilated before they could reach their destination, affecting the 'morale' of the troops on both sides. Since it was not just a support force, but support belonging to a corps commander, the aftermath must have been unusual.

As expected, this situation had an impact on the tense battle situation.

A very small difference that would not have been noticeable at first. This would have created a gap and soon had noticeable results in the war situation.

'That's probably why it's like this now.'

Look at this urgent situation. Anyone can see that they are being pushed behind.

How about the look on your face when you hear the news that support has arrived?

No matter how limited they are, they are still demons. Realizing once again the importance of 'morale', I quietly opened my mouth.

“Gaisitel.”

“Yes, I will go. I will do everything I can to ensure that Deon doesn’t bother to come forward...”

“No.”

I shook my head at the guy who was trying to sort it out.

“Do it in moderation.”

“yes...?”

A look of confusion and questioning returned, as if I didn’t understand.

Deon calmly checked his weapon under a gaze that seemed a bit stinging, clasped his hands together, stretched his body as if stretching, and spoke.

“Because I will also participate in the war.”

“Ah...! Yes! We will create a stage where Deon can stand out!”

As expected, this person is quick to notice.

With a silent affirmation, the guy on the horse leads the troops under his command and jumps into the chaos. Dan, who was watching the situation, spoke from the side.

“I think it’s enough for them, but are you really trying to get the Master to step forward? You’re not resting?”

“It wouldn’t be a bad idea to take a break, but... I don’t know.”

Currently, the troops of the State of Shan are encamped in front of the castle.

Judging from the fact that he pushed all the way to the edge of the magic suppression zone and settled down, it seems like he was preparing for the 8th Corps Commander...

“Because it’s not common for a stage like this to be set up in a siege.”

“Ah, Master and Me...The Lofty Knights had a great influence in this type of close combat.”

“Okay. Since you’re here, shouldn’t you say hello?”

If you want to let people know that you are here, it would be a good idea to leave a strong impression.

‘Is this something called hazing?’

Anyway, in that sense, the current situation is a very good stage.

It’s such a good thing that they can’t be sure about the existence of a demon that can use abilities similar to the 8th Legion Commander.

“You stay here.”

For those who fight well, demons are enough, and upsetting the atmosphere is something me and the crazy dogs specialize in. Even if Dan did come forward, it wouldn’t be of much help.

Dan, who was watching Deon lightly affirming and wrapping one arm around the other and stretching it, suddenly asked

a question when he saw that it looked like he was going to leave.

“So... you don’t wear armor?”

“It can’t be meaningful to a hero. It’s just inconvenient.”

Even though it wasn’t the case before, I did it because it was obvious that if I had poor stamina and wore heavy armor, I wouldn’t be able to dodge anything that was avoidable and I would probably die.

After turning his wrist one last time, he snatched the spear from the demon soldier standing nearby. The guy who had suddenly handed over his weapon broke into a cold sweat out of embarrassment, but Deon didn’t care and just lightly swiveled the spear.

“Let’s borrow it for a while.”

“Yep! It’s an honor!”

He held a spear in his right hand and raised his left hand and clucked it.

“...!”

Even though it was a hand signal that had been a long time coming, it read it quickly and moved naturally along with the steps of the Lofty Knights.

Jump and jump.

The leisurely pace, which was irregular yet unsuitable for the tense battlefield, slightly rang on the ground.

Those who feel a sense of strangeness turn their heads and look at the source of the sound. Soon, just as the Red Sea

parted, those in their path moved out of the way, and Deon, who stopped at an appropriate place, hit the ground with the back of his spear and grinned.

“Come on guys.”

Sreung.

As if they all knew what they were going to say, I heard the sound of everyone pulling out their weapons behind them.

“....”

“....”

The surroundings are quiet. Not only the Lofty Knights, who were silent as if they were not going to miss a word, but even those who were watching inadvertently kept their mouths shut and concentrated, unable to return their eyes to their original places.

A soft voice echoed in the windless space, as if even the air was suffocating.

“It’s time to take your medicine.”

Let’s run wild together for the first time in a long time.

Indeed, the killers laughed at a statement they had not heard in a long time. The answer here was obvious.

An extremely ugly word whose meaning has now faded.

“Everything for survival.”

...then.

Deonhardt nods his head in satisfaction and walks forward leisurely, giving additional orders.

Even so, those who were curious and opened their ears to see him holding a weapon in his hand that was completely different from usual, all heard him clearly without even needing to receive a command.

The content was simple.

“I’ll leave the morale-related part of the troops on both sides to you.”

In short, isn’t it a case of going wild? As cruelly as possible!

This is a command that is nothing new. Those who lightly take a sip of the medicine they have prepared disappear with their red, bloodshot whites flashing. The shout out not to worry is a bonus.

Since the allies were demons, Deon watched them for a moment, fearing that the medicinal energy might confuse the enemy and attack them incorrectly. He swung his spear in the air and soon jumped into the battlefield.

It was the appearance of a natural disaster.

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Look.

He uses the battlefield as a stage to run wild and shout with his whole body.

Proof that the world has abandoned humans is that a hero who turned his back on humans has returned with a group of murderous demons.

Deon Hardt is back.

As if to prove that he went to battle at a very young age, the man, who was relatively small for a general, ran wild against the generals who were basically large in physique.

When he hit the ground, he stayed in the air, almost flying. When I jumped up using the spear as support, it got even worse to the point where I started to wonder if I really had the talent to fly in the air.

In that state, every time it swings its legs, the number of people who die from broken necks increases. Sometimes, there were people who managed to block it, but when that happened, the guy just lifted his other leg and wrapped it around his neck, putting his weight on it and twisting it.

How good are you at using the window? The radius of the spear's reach was completely his domain. On the palm of his hand, where life and death depend on his will.

Since distance is important when it comes to windows, there were sometimes people who dug in... Didn't you see that a little while ago? He is also quite good at using his feet. According to those who dug in, they all died by breaking their necks.

It doesn't even stay in one place, but moves across the battlefield, so who would dare endure it?

"His fighting style is completely different from the Deonhardt I've known so far..."

The battle line, which had been pushed back endlessly, has now become close enough to be clearly visible from the castle walls.



King Yeonhwa of the Mountain Kingdom, who was watching the battlefield from the castle wall, shed tears.

Wasn't his original fighting style based on 'cruelty'?

He lowers the morale of his enemies by going beyond the minimum line that even humans immersed in battlefields instinctively protect and showing more brutality than anyone else.

But he is now showing a 'normal' fighting style. Only the Murderous Knights under his command are sticking to the 'that' style that everyone knows.

"He's a hero. It's only natural that he has developed new skills."

Saerin answered quietly. In contrast to his calm voice, his two murderous eyes were glaring at the white hair that stood out more than anyone else's.

"The problem is that even in an ordinary battle, it is ridiculously overwhelming and this side's morale is plummeting..." "

There is no fish in the water. The judgment I made while being wary of abilities such as 'contract demons' is that bastard's "It was a great stage."

The 'contract demon' immediately moved inside the castle wall and opened the door. His news was quite... no, quite shocking.

If it had fallen while fighting properly, it wouldn't have been such a shock. But doesn't this mean that you were attacked before you could even do anything about it? Even moving into the 'castle' means that even the magic suppression

force could not stop it. As a result, not only the people involved, San-guk, but the entire human world wandered around looking for a solution as if they were on fire.

What I found out was that it could only move alone and that there was a limit to the distance it could travel.

Now, the predominant assumption is that the support troops were wiped out by someone and that the demon died as well, and among the corpses of demons at the location where the signal flare was actually fired, there was also a corpse that appeared to be a 'contract demon', but none of the demons had the same abilities as him. We cannot be too sure that there will not be another one.

So, I went out and camped quite far away from the castle wall.

"I heard that the Murderous Knights deserted, but I never thought they were really in the demon world..."

I was hoping it was just a rumor.

Not only Deonhardt, but even the murderous knights run wild like fish out of water.

Instead, they should have entered the castle and engaged in a defensive battle. Looking at that situation gave Yeonhwa a headache, so she crossed her eyebrows. Saerin's voice was heard.

"Deon Hardt wasn't called 'Master of the Murderers' for nothing. There's nothing strange about it."

The hostility that was finally revealed was clear in his voice.

Yeonhwa lowered her hands and looked at the battlefield again. At that moment, I saw Deon Hart saving a member of the Murderous Knights who was about to die by throwing the dagger from his waist. It was a sight so natural that I almost passed it by.

...I can't believe he's so relaxed even in the middle of a battle.

'Well, it's worth it.'

The current situation of the war is being swayed helplessly by his movements like a typhoon.

He was a disaster. It was a typhoon and lightning falling from a dry sky. Humans were helplessly collapsing in the face of a disaster they could not resist.

As the battle line got closer and closer to the castle walls, the king of the Mountain Kingdom was troubled.

"Should we start a defensive battle right now?..."

Or should we just send out more troops and hold out in preparation for demons with unknown mobility abilities?

Actually, the answer has already been found.

All that remains is to confirm whether the inspector also made the same decision. Yeonhwa turned her head. When her eyes met, Saerin responded as if she had been waiting.

"We have to enter the defensive battle."

Confidence was given.

"If we consider the priorities of those we must keep in check, the 'hero' in front of us who has become our enemy

is higher than the possible demons whose existence we are not even sure of. Now, that hero and the troops under his command are maximizing their abilities. It's something you can demonstrate. You can't provide the optimal plan in a situation where even if you keep things in check, it's not enough, right? Of course we have to change the game."

"That's right. You're right."

Yeon-hwa smiled happily and reached for the communication device.

"Prepare for the battle. "Prepare to fall out naturally so that the enemy does not notice, and as soon as the signal is given, all of you must leave at once." The answer came

back saying that she would obey the command, and after ending the short communication, she looked back at Saerin with her unwavering gaze.

Anyone can see that there is more to say. "Is there still more to say?"

"Yes. In the current situation, just blocking and holding on is not the answer."

Saerin said as if she had been waiting.

"We have to kill Deon Hardt."

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 253**

253. The Significance of a Hero (2)

Yeonhwa closed her mouth for a moment.

An unknown look glances at Saerin. Saerin confidently made eye contact as if she would not be stabbed.

A strange war of nerves ensued.

“....”

“....” I wonder

how long it had been since they exchanged meaningless glances, but Yeonhwa was the first to look away, ending the short silence. There was a belated response to the previous statement.

“...Killing Deonhardt is natural.”

She glanced at Saerin's expression.

“I don't think that's what you meant.”

“That means killing Deon Hart is a 'high priority.'”

A stern expression appeared in his field of vision.

Saerin has a personal grudge against Deon Hardt. Because that's the only drawback she has as a tactician. The King of the Mountain Kingdom was on guard, wondering if the current argument might have been swayed by personal emotions.

There is no way Saerin doesn't know this. Even though no reason was asked, an explanation followed as if it were obvious.

"What difference does it make if we just block and hold on? As you know, time is not on our side. If it becomes a war of attrition, this is the side that is at a disadvantage. Humanity must drive the demons out of this land as quickly as possible."

"...."

"The current situation is frankly hopeless. The hero and the demon lord are on the same side."

This is not something we can simply say, 'It's shocking,' and move on.

"The hero is the devil's only opponent. Not only is this not something that can be solved by simply enduring, but enduring in itself is difficult. Just looking at that scene right now is enough to tell."

For a moment, I caught my eye on Deon Hart, who was stirring up the battlefield.

Wherever he passed, his body was left hanging like a trail. Even longevity was no exception. On the contrary, if the appearance of the armor were not different, it was so meaningless that you would not even think of him as a general.

“If things continue like this, there is no hope.”

No one found hope in that scene.

“Our only hope is to kill Deonhardt.”

In the midst of despair, the only hope is to suddenly ‘kill Deonhardt’, so it may seem a bit unexpected... but it

makes sense if you look at it as a ‘hero’ rather than ‘Deonhardt’.

Yeonhwa’s expression changed as she guessed what Saerin was thinking.

“Two heroes cannot exist at the same time.”

“...also.”

You guessed right. She nodded.

There is only one warrior per generation. The next great warrior is born only when the previous warrior dies.

Anyway, there are no ‘enemy’ warriors, so it’s just as bad as none.

“Rather, the only hope would be to kill the heroes who are on the Demon King’s side and reduce the power of the Demon World while also looking forward to the birth of the next great hero.”

“Yes, that’s right. I can’t say I don’t have any personal feelings at all, but... isn’t this enough grounds, Your Highness?”

“...okay.”

That's enough.

The problem is how to kill that monster...

Just as I was about to get lost in my thoughts, the communicator light came on. Their eyes were focused on one place.

"This is..."

A communication device connected to the current emperor of the empire.

Saerin, who realized the identity of the communicator, spoke softly.

"It seems like there is someone who had the same thoughts as me."

"...I guess it's a union offer after all."

They would have heard the news about Deon Hardt by now.

Yeonhwa didn't receive the message right away and thought for a moment.

"Even if that's not the case, we should unite. The warriors of the mountains cannot be dealt with alone. Isn't that right, dear?"

"That would be good. It would be good to make sure of it beforehand. Now that Deonhardt has been to the human world for the first time in a long time, this is an opportunity. As time goes by and he returns, there may be another opportunity."

"Be sure..."



Yeonhwa, who was staring at the light of the communication device, looked up and saw Saerin.

“Are you sure that if we unite with a foreign nation, we can kill Deonhardt?”

“...‘Confidence’ is such a dangerous word. I made a mistake. I’ve never tried to kill a hero like this before, but I’m not sure if it’s a demon lord, and I’m wondering how it could be possible for a hero who is now out in the human world like this. .”

“...well.”

Suddenly, the king of the Mountain Kingdom thought.

Has there ever been a time

in history when a warrior died at the hands of a human ?

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The hero who killed the Demon King was so loved by the people that his very existence became a religion and a god. Many powerful people have made every effort to kill warriors who threaten their positions.

From pushing with numbers to using the very human psychology of inducing people to fall in love and then being attacked by the person they love.

However, the only individual who can kill the Demon King is a warrior, and the only individual who can kill a warrior is the Demon King.

All of this was in vain before the warrior’s talent, survival instinct, and desire for survival.

Even if you push with a hundred blades with regular troops, it won't work, and those with warrior fragments are basically very small in number, so it's virtually impossible to push them down with force.

Therefore, they turned to psychology and further discovered one of the common characteristics of warriors: the desire for survival.

The conclusion that emerged after the investigation was that 'desire for survival' also falls within the realm of 'talent' that is fundamental to becoming a warrior.

When we look back on history, all warriors basically had a strong desire to survive.

A loyal knight who was willing to sacrifice his life for his lord became a warrior and when his lord tried to kill him, he took his head.

Another warrior who was so in love with an unresponsive love that he could give the world if he wanted to was hurt and frustrated when the person he loved tried to kill him, so instead of letting go of his desire for life, he showed extreme betrayal and killed the person he loved.

So some say.

Maybe the hero's weakness is the hero?

— From an old book —

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'...It contains only useless words.'

Elpidius closed the book.

I was trying to find a case where a hero was actually killed, but I ended up only coming up with absurd stories. Just in case, I feel like an idiot for reading until the end.

‘It’s the last book, but I’m just in a bad mood.’

I threw the book I had finished reading on the desk. Another book was placed on top of the pile of books.

After leaning back on my chair to take a break, I notice a desk without a single document. Even though it is in name and appearance the emperor’s desk, all kinds of old books are taking up the place instead of documents.

If the Prime Minister sees this, he will grab your back. He looked at the pile of books he had finished reading and then turned his gaze to his younger brother. She, too, seemed to have almost finished reading and was turning the last chapter of the book.

‘Then let’s wait a bit.’

Elpidius drowsily lowered his eyes.

In a calm and quiet space, you can occasionally hear the sound of paper fluttering and turning. A thought came flooding back to me.

‘This is the only book related to heroes, so I’ll have to hope that the books Alethea read contains what she wants.’

It was obvious why they suddenly started looking through old books.

Deonhardt, who had been confined to the demon world after killing the Emperor, finally came out to the human world.

They say they are having a spectacular comeback in the country.

This news meant that for the two royal families, the opportunity to kill Deonhardt had finally arrived. Aletea and Elpidius' eyes lit up at this opportunity that they never knew would come again.

Their flow of thought was similar to Sanguo's.

[A hero on the Demon King's side is useless anyway. Rather, it will only cause harm.]

[In order to expect the next great hero, you must kill him.]  
There

is only one hero in a generation and the current hero who is on the Demon King's side. Based on this, the plan that was developed to anticipate the next generation of warriors coincidentally coincided with personal desires.

[You must kill Deon Hart. That too as a 'top priority.']

But the problem is.

'The question is whether it is possible for humanity to kill a hero...'

Just then, the sound of Alethea closing a book was heard, as if she had finished reading.

Elpidius looked up and saw that there were no more books to read, and immediately opened his mouth.

"I found it?"

"No. I found a case where a country, a specific person in power, or a powerful group tried to kill a warrior..."

“There was not a single successful case.”

Obviously, if a hero kills the devil and gains fame, he will not be a thorn in the side of those in power, but there has never been a successful case of killing a hero in history.

Even one nation failed to kill its warrior and instead collapsed.

“In short, it would be difficult with the current ‘empire’ power alone.”

“....”

There was silence for a moment.

Despair was short-lived. The two royal families thought with their golden eyes shining, as if they had been frustrated for some time.

...then.

“We may need a force that is more than ‘one country.’”

“okay.”

Wouldn’t it be worth a try if several countries, rather than just one country, united?

It is not a goal that is as broad and long-term as ‘drive out the devil’s army from this land’, so it will not be impossible if we all focus closely in a short period of time.

“We need unity.”

And that too at a large-scale level.

Elpidius picked up the communicator.

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A week is a very short time to plan and execute something.

Dernivan has been busy since the day he decided to steal the baby. The process became more complicated because we had to avoid the eyes of Trover, the commander of the 9th Corps.

Nevertheless, he managed to select people who could hand over the baby within the given time, and laid out the profiles of the people he had compiled in front of OL on the night of the week ahead.

Among those who had little overlap because they were selected without paying attention to status, occupation, age, gender, country or power, the one he recommended the most was an old man.

“It is said that he was a former imperial palace doctor of the empire. Not long after the full-scale war broke out, he retired due to his age and lives peacefully in a quiet village. Since he is a doctor, he will be able to respond immediately even if the baby he entrusted to his care becomes sick, and the area where he stays is also close to the place where fierce battles are taking place. “There seems to be little chance of being directly involved in a war.”

It's not that the probability is 'none at all', it's just that it 'is likely to be small', but in today's era, that's a good thing.

“...By the way, Dernivan.”

OL, who was looking through the documents with an interested look, suddenly raised his head and asked.

“The most important thing is whether or not the person concerned wants to raise the baby themselves? Have you checked that?”

“All of the people in the documents I gave you are basically good-natured people. Not only would they not pass over a baby abandoned in front of their house, but they wouldn’t even dare to abuse the baby during the process of raising it.”

“In that case...”

Orel shook his head and flipped the document forward again to see the details of the person Dernivan had mentioned. She was reading the information for a moment, but when she checked the age written on the document, she stopped and tilted her head.

“Dernivan. The human you were talking about... he’s over 70 years old?”

Isn’t he too old by human standards? How long does an average human live?

I frowned slightly, remembering the average human lifespan I once heard about. He is a human being who is almost ready to die.

“Wouldn’t the baby die before it grows up?”

“When he was working as a palace doctor, he built up a strong network of people in the village where he is currently staying. So, even if he dies, I believe there will be people who will take care of the baby for him. Isn’t there a saying in the human world that says ‘we meet each other’? Those who are close to him are probably similar to him.”

“Is that so...?”

I’m not sure, but seeing Dernivan say that, I guess it’s because I know I don’t have time to ask questions, so I swallow the question and answer it roughly. Satisfied, Orel nodded and tapped the document.

“Then, let’s decide! Let’s make this human.”



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 254**

254. Is it me or you who killed the emotions? (1)

“...Dernivan.”

The operation to steal the baby was carried out early in the morning on the last day.

Originally, I wanted to process it faster, but... I guess things in the world work the way we want them to.

Satisfied that he had been able to protect the baby, even if it was just to the point, Oel looked at the baby in his lieutenant's arms with complicated eyes.

“You know, I... now that I think about it, I haven't even named the baby?”

“....”

“...So I feel really fortunate.”

I probably won't ever see my baby again.

I feel like I want to hold onto it. I want to cancel all plans, hide it somewhere in the Demon King's Castle, and raise it in secret.

...But if we get caught again, neither I nor the baby will be safe. Besides, babies are human, right? It is natural that the human world would be better than this place full of demons.

‘More than anything, I am the enemy who killed the baby’s parents.’

It seems as if my mind has also grown while raising a baby, and my increasingly mature thoughts are hurting me.

It was better when I lived without thinking and only with curiosity. Thoughts like that creep up on me, but I don’t regret picking up the baby. Because thanks to you, I was able to learn a lot.

I stretched out my hand. A faintly trembling fingertip touched the baby’s forehead as if blessing. Despite his trembling hands, his voice came out calm.

“Because humans who pick up and raise babies can now name them themselves.”

I’m so glad.

Things that you name yourself tend to become more attached to and precious to you. It would be truly fortunate if the person who would pick up the baby was attached to the baby and cherished it.

‘Baby, I am grateful to you.’

The baby giggles as if he is happy to be touched by his mother. Oel smiled bitterly and slipped his hand. A hand gently reached down and rubbed the baby’s cheek.

Thank you for letting me experience something new.

I am truly grateful that it helped me understand what a 'mother' is, taught me 'maturity', and allowed me to experience first-hand how painful 'separation between parents and children' is.

It was fun for once. Maybe I was happy.

'How did this happen?'

I shouldn't have picked it up in the first place.

'...No, if I hadn't picked it up that day, the baby would have died.'

Then shouldn't they have killed the baby's mother? But it was an order.

Where did it go wrong? The flow of thoughts moves further and further back in time, but I can't find the right point and end up circling around similar sections. There, Oel broke his thoughts and withdrew his hand.

When I raised my gaze a little, I made eye contact with Dernivan.

"Please take care of me, Dernivan."

"...."

...I feel like I've been seeing a lot of new faces of my boss since picking up the baby.

Dernivan looked at Orel with new eyes and bowed his head slightly. From a while ago, his senses as an animal were telling him that something was ominous, but in the current situation where he couldn't pinpoint the cause, there was only one thing he could say.

“I’ll be back.”

I need to come back as soon as possible.

He bows his head slightly and disappears in an instant.

It’s the last time, so go slowly so I can at least see the back. Although he knew that there was nothing he could do under the circumstances, Oel looked at the spot where Dernivan had disappeared with a sad, sad expression on his face. His expression immediately hardened as if he felt something.

“this.”

“ ....”

“Are we a step too late?”

I quickly turned around. A huge hand, completely different from a human one, was reaching out.

Oel, who quickly grabbed the bow, put away his hand and glared at his opponent. As if he had just tried it once, the demon that shouldn’t be there was standing still and looking this way.

“...Trover.”

“I came here because it was the last day, but I had no idea it would really get busy. If I had come a little sooner, I would have been able to catch the scene, but it’s a bit disappointing.”

It seems like he was just waiting for this day to come here early in the morning when he could have come in the afternoon or late morning at the most. Besides, the fact that

you came all the way here means you've already visited the room.

Tired eyes turned to Trover.

Trover just shrugged his shoulders and smiled, despite not knowing that he was being viewed as an incompatible demon.

"I guess now isn't the time to do that, right? Why don't we just go straight to report to the Demon King? Since we haven't left in a while, we'll be able to track him down right away. Won't both your lieutenant and the baby be dead by then? Oh, of course, you'll be dead."

"...!"

Orel's body stiffened, pretending not to be like that.

Ha, the commander of the army, who has only one demon lord above his head, is like this because of only a human child. A sneer appeared on Trover's lips.

"If you don't like that, there is another way."

"...other way?"

"Okay."

Maybe you'll like this too.

He snapped his fingers playfully. A soft voice fell with the cool morning dew.

"You're going to kill me."

"...."

“The Demon King is an old man, so he openly favors the strong. Especially if it has already happened and is not known to those around him, so he can easily cover it up, he will take the side of the winner, or the strong, without hesitation.”

For example, the life-and-death struggle of two corps commanders who moved from place to place.

Military strength the size of a corps commander is precious. What can we do since the opposing army commander is already dead? I need to take care of the remaining corps commanders.

He will ignore any and all serious matters, and if necessary, he will take care of the surviving corps commanders, even if it means putting the blame on the already dead and useless corps commanders.

“Don’t you want to kill me? Even if you don’t, I don’t like you either. How about risking your life to have a fight?”

“...gibberish.”

It looks like the brain is full of muscles, and the tongue is like a snake.

Orel, who had been listening quietly, frowned.

“That assumption is what it would be if the ‘Demon King’s order’ were not in the way.”

What if we take as an example a conflict between extremely personal corps commanders? The situation is completely different now.

Where are you selling drugs? Suddenly, a bitter taste lingered on my tongue.

“If you think about it, you are the one who was sent according to the Demon King’s orders. If I succeed in fighting and killing you like you said, that would be a direct violation of the Demon King’s orders. I will definitely die. On the other hand, you succeed in killing me. There won’t be any problem if you do it.”

Rather, wouldn’t it be a sufficient reason to say that I killed you because I tried to kill you, rebelling against the Demon King’s orders?

“....”

“But.”

I fiddled with the bow. It was a good idea to bring a quiver of arrows just in case. Oel said with a smile on his face.

“Anyway, the current situation is such that I have no choice but to die.”

“...then.”

“If you’re going to die, shouldn’t you at least kill yourself and die?”

Even if we leave without a collision like this, our lives will end as soon as Trover reports. In that case, I should at least slit the head of that damned culprit and die to feel relieved.

I picked up a bow. Trover’s face becomes brighter as he understands the meaning a little too late. Soon, a refreshing laugh broke out.

“Haha! Yes, that’s it! Very good!”

“ ....”

“Then should we change seats first? It’ll be difficult if we get interrupted in the middle!”

“...okay.”

Get out of the Demon King’s Castle so as not to be caught by anyone.

\*\*\*

I want to kill you.

This was the thought that came to mind as soon as I realized that Trover had brought the baby to the Demon King. I didn’t express it outwardly, but I was quite angry.

I wonder if he knows how grateful I am right now for so kindly providing a space for me in such a situation.

Let’s end this now.

As soon as the battle broke out, OL retreated, widened the distance, and protested.

‘ ....’

Compound eyes that replace the pupils and whites of the eyes shine between the squinted eyelids.

I calmly aimed my hand between the eyes of the guy who was charging at me like a hungry monster and let go. As if only one arrow was enough, the three arrows flew fiercely towards their target.



Although the speed was qualitatively different from that of regular arrows, Trover managed to duck and dodge it. The guy who rushed at me without slowing down swung a hand that looked more like a monster than a human. There were no funny magic spells that I usually chanted.

Kwaang!!

For a moment, Oel flew through the air.

Let alone a legitimate hit, the attack was not even permitted. I swung the bow in front of him and managed to block it...

“...Ignorantly using too much force...!”

“Are you jealous?”

This time, Trover kicked off the ground and jumped as if it was his turn, swinging his fist at Orel in the air. Boom! And an eerie sound split the air.

When his fist reached its intended destination, Orel was not there.

“...!”

Trover quickly twisted his body. Orel, who had moved behind his back as if using magic, was holding an arrow in his hand and striking it at the back of his neck. Even though she was in the air, she was able to avoid it, so her arrow failed to achieve its goal and ended up leaving a scratch on her neck.

“Cowardly using magic...!”

“I’m going to use up all my magic power because I’m going to die anyway.”

Although it is not at a level comparable to that of the Demon King or the 11th Legion Commander, it can still be seen as being overflowing compared to Trover, who has no magical power at all.

“And why is this so cowardly? All demons have it, so it’s strange that they don’t use it. You can use it too.”

“....”

“I used a lot of ‘magic’ on a regular basis.”

Grumbling.

Trover’s fist tightened. Starting with the hand, which originally belonged to a monster, the black energy travels up the arm and encroaches on the shoulder. The other side, which was a healthy human hand, also turned black and grew in size, and changes occurred all the way to the shoulder.

The arms of the white shirt he was wearing, which he said he wore neatly, were so tight that they all burst out.

Trover tilted his neck to the side making a crunching sound and then clenched and unclenched his fists.

“...annoying bastard.”

“Here’s what I have to say, you son of a bitch.”

Thinking that today was the last day of his life, Oel grabbed a handful of arrows from his quiver, prepared to use magic without hesitation.

Soon, a rain of arrows poured down, filling the sky with black.

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The fight lasted longer than expected.

It may have been more so because Orel was focused on long-distance combat and Trover was focused on close combat. Because both of them were good at creating distances that were advantageous to them.

Their battle, where one person widened the distance and the other narrowed it, aiming for each other's lives in a cycle of infinite repetition, became not only fierce but also cruel in the latter half of the battle.

When Oel ran out of arrows, he created an arrow with his magic power and shot it. It was an act that would immediately shock even the 11th Corps commander, who was said to have the most magical power among all corps commanders.

Trover, who had nothing but a strong body and stamina, was fighting against magic by changing the level of his body beyond his arms to all parts except his head. It was something I would never normally do because it was so hard on my body.

The fight was now taking the form of a game of chicken. The situation becomes dangerous for both of them unless one of them stops first. It was clear that even if he won this fight, the losses would be severe.

Still, neither of them had any intention of backing down. Because if you stop, you will lose. Defeat means death. Even if we had to die together, there was no way we could stop it.

As time passed, the once clear arrows became blurred and cracks appeared all over the black body.

There was a difference between victory and defeat.

“ah.”

The arrow heading towards Trover lost its power and scattered in the air before it reached its destination.

The moment Orel, embarrassed by the unexpected situation, let out a sigh, Trover, who mustered his last remaining strength and reached right in front of her, grabbed her small head and threw it to the floor.

Quaaaang!

“...!”

Oel lost consciousness for a moment due to the shock stronger than expected, wondering where the strength came from for a guy whose body was completely broken. There was no time for screams or moans to come out because the huge hand was crushing the face squarely.

bang! Quang!

As if to make sure, the hand that didn't let go of his head kept slamming the back of his head to the floor.

‘Oh, I’m going to die.’

Oel no longer had the strength to fight, so he let go of the bow he had been holding tightly until that moment. The bow fell from its owner's hand and rolled around helplessly on the floor.

Only then did the black hand move away from the face. I could see that there was also a crack in the palm as it moved away.

“ .... ”

“Any last words?”

# I'm Not That Kind of Talent

## Chapter 255

255. Is it me or you that killed my emotions? (2) I

have used up all my magic power and am at the bottom of my stamina.

Nevertheless, Oel slowly blinked his eyes in a strangely calm emotional state. The gaze that had been staring blankly into space returned to Trover.

“After I die, you will dramatize this situation to your advantage and report it to the Demon King.”

“ .... ”

“Then naturally, there is a high possibility that the baby sent to the human world will also be in danger.”

“...It's serious at this level.”

I couldn't hear any mutterings about it being boring.

Although he is not the Demon King who would care about something as trivial as the life of a baby sent to the human world, we cannot be sure that he will not be capricious. OL has already put too much at stake to leave everything to such uncertainty.

furthermore.

“Even without the Demon Lord’s order, you can find the baby and kill him.”

I could see the body of the guy that looked like it would break if I hit it. It’s not an exaggerated metaphor. It was clear that his body, which was like porcelain with lots of cracks, would need a considerable amount of time to recover.

Therefore, out of revenge on Oel for ruining his body like this, he could find the baby and kill him. Maybe they touch the baby simply out of interest.

“Well...”

Trover shrugged. There was no denial.

Oel gently clenched his fists while lying down.

This is the life I would have lived if I had given up my baby. In other words, the life sacrificed for the baby.

‘At least so that my sacrifice will not be in vain.’

A more reliable defense is needed.

Of course, magic is necessary to use something from a distance, and now her magic power is running low...

‘It’s okay.’

This is because demons have powerful magical power that can be used only once in their life, regardless of the amount of magical energy they possess.

It is the purest magical power received from the source of demons and the most basic power that forms the body.

“Trover... you should be thankful that you can’t directly touch the other person’s life with magic.”

If it were possible, I would probably use it to kill you.

It’s really strange. They say that human magic requires a lot of money, but anyway, it seems possible to directly touch a person’s life, so why can’t magic work?

‘Because magic is all about indirectly creating a situation where you can die.’

Unless you can kill it for sure, it is better to ensure the baby’s safety.

According to common sense, witchcraft is said to be backward compatible with magic, but is this true? Oel kept asking useless questions until the end and drew on the magical power that made up his body.

There was no need to pray for long.

‘[I hope the baby doesn’t get sick until he becomes an adult.]’ ‘[

I hope he doesn’t get hurt, doesn’t get sick, and stays healthy.]’

All you have to do is live a healthy life. As long as I become an Eucharist safely, I am satisfied with that.

Trover, who noticed that she used physical magic, looks at her with suspicion. He didn’t feel a sense of danger, so instead of extending his hand straight away, he seemed to be debating whether to block it or just leave it alone, but OL didn’t care and smiled faintly.



‘ah.’

Your intuition tells you.

‘It was successful.’

The last spell was successful. The baby, who exists somewhere right now, has been given a sturdy, invisible defense shield. The moment it becomes an adult, it will disappear without a trace, but until then, no matter what happens, it will never be broken. That’s enough.

My fingertips are crumbling. After reflecting on the previous conversation, Trover belatedly realized the situation and looked bored.

“Did you leave something for that human bastard until the very end? A demon, and even a corps commander, is like a weak human.”

“....”

“It’s not fun.”

He clicked his tongue lowly and turned his head.

He will disappear anyway without even leaving a body behind. Ah, since it is not a demon made purely from the demon king’s magic power, there will be some remnants left.

In any case, Trover had no intention of looking at the unsightly state of a guy who couldn’t leave behind a proper body, so he forced himself to move his legs, which were shaking as if they were about to collapse at any moment.

It was when I took three or four steps that I heard a familiar voice.

“...Oel?”

...ah. Damn it.

The timing sucks. Trover was startled by the familiar voice and turned around.

I don't know when he came, or how he knew about it before, but Dernivan was quietly watching the crumbling Oel.

“ .... ”

He had the same expressionless expression as usual, and his eyes didn't even move, let alone waver, but was it because of his mood that it seemed like a shadow had fallen only around the area where he was?

“...Oel.”

He walked slowly and knelt down on one knee in front of Oel. He grabbed his wrist as if he was trying to raise him up, but when he saw that it was falling apart, he immediately withdrew his hand.

OL burst out laughing.

“Have you been there?”

“...Yes. The order... has been fulfilled.”

“Yes, good job.”

“ .... ”

He pursed his lips as if he didn't know what to say, then quietly lowered his eyes. Even at moments like these, Oel, who was amused by the clumsy lover who rarely speaks, giggled and softly called out his name.

"Dernivan."

"Yes, Oel."

There was no time given to talk at length anyway. He lifted his broken arm and brought it close to his face. Then, as it was clear that even touching it would cause it to break faster, Dernivan immediately tried to put her face back, but she was quicker to open her mouth.

"You should be the next commander of the 5th Corps."

"...."

"And...."

Please take care of me.

A voice as faint as a whisper tickled my eardrums.

"...."

Are you asking me to take good care of the position of 5th Corps Commander or to take good care of the baby?

Dernivan, who had been inferring the omitted object instead of giving a hasty answer, lowered his gaze at the sudden feeling of discomfort. Oel closed his eyes as if he was tired of even keeping them open.

I reflexively raised my hand and put my finger under my nose. After a time when I felt like I was suffocating, I felt a faint exhalation.

'It's clear that he's still alive.'

...Why does it feel like I'm already dead?

He quietly withdrew his hand. A suffocating silence fell.

The speed at which it was breaking became faster and faster, and now it was starting to eat away at my upper body. I need to say something quickly before it's too late. Even though he knew this, Dernivan could not speak easily and kept his mouth shut, watching her body fall apart.

He was quietly looking down at the shattered remains, and suddenly his sharp eyes rolled to the side.

"Stop."

"...Tsk."

Trover, who had been quietly leaving, stopped.

He confidently turned around and spread his arms as if he had no problem.

"Why are you arguing?"

"...."

"It was O.L.'s fault? He stole the baby first and tried to kill me when I tried to report it. It's not my fault. The reason is so clear and it's already happened, so even the consequentialist Demon King said there was nothing he could do. You will pass over."

"...."

"Originally, you deserve to die for helping to steal the baby, but since we've been sparring with each other all this time,

I'll keep your mouth shut if you just stay still."

So what do you think? Are you planning on just leaving quietly?

he asks implicitly. Dernivan's eyes calmed as he read the rest of the story without difficulty.

"...Did you say that Oel tried to kill the 9th Corps commander who was trying to report to him?"

"Okay."

"...."

You lie shamelessly.

If that were the case, the incident would not have occurred in such a distant place, but rather within the Demon King's Castle. There was no way he would have brought Oel all the way from the Demon King's Castle to ask about the baby's body.

The voice came out even lower than usual.

"...As you said, the Demon King is a consequentialist."

"...? You can't believe it..."

"So even if I kill the 9th Corps Commander, you will just get away with it."

"...Damn it!"

Because the reaction was calm and emotional changes were rare, I thought it would be okay for Orel to die, but it seems that wasn't the case. Now I see that guy has calmly turned his eyes away.

If I fight in this state, I will definitely die. Trover hesitated and took a step back.

“If you kill me, it could be seen as directly rebelling against the Demon King’s orders? You’re joining forces with Orel!”

“It doesn’t matter. We can just say that the 9th Corps commander, who was always dissatisfied with Oel, stole the baby’s body and mutilated it beyond recognition in order to frame him. He escaped from the Demon King’s Castle and tried to erase the traces. He even killed Oel, who noticed it too late and chased after him.”

“Oel and I went out to the Demon King’s Castle together!”

Was he always the kind of guy who would talk for a long time like this?

Trover made a tired face as if he couldn’t manage his facial expressions even though he was in a hurry to get the words out in order to survive.

“There is a barrier that detects entry and exit, so that doesn’t work...!”

“In that case, you can say that I summoned Oel using the stolen body as a hostage and bait. After we move in together, I will destroy the body in front of you and provoke you. After that, you will just do as I said before... Thank you for letting me know.”

“....”

The 9th Corps commander gapes as if speechless. Dernivan cast an indifferent glance at the man who was just sighing.

He would know. It doesn’t matter if the content is vague.

What is important to the Demon Lord is the excuse given by the 'winner'. I don't care if it's authentic or not.

"And the baby..."

He turned his head and looked around.

The ground is turned upside down and trees are uprooted or broken and lying around as if hit by a typhoon. Trover followed Dernivan's gaze and belatedly realized the devastated surrounding landscape and fell into a deep sleep. A dry voice continued.

"Suffice it to say that during the collision between the two commanders, they were torn apart without a trace."

"...Damn, didn't you pretend to be your lover to suit Orel? Now that Orel is dead, you can become a corps commander! It must have been annoying, but shouldn't you like him instead?"

"...."

At first, it was right to match the rhythm. But...

'I don't know why.'

Dernivan lowered his gaze for a moment.

'...I don't feel well.'

Is it because I heard those words, or because I was trying to continue my thoughts? I slowly raised my hand and stroked my stuffy chest as if clawing.

Clothes become unsightly cracked and torn under sharp fingernails that I don't know when they came out. The nail

that was aimed at itself soon naturally turned towards Trover.

Trover was taken aback and quickly got into a fighting stance.

“Why why?!”

I know. Why?

I have an inexplicable urge to kill that person right now.

However, regardless of the impulse, Dernivan had to put back the nail that he had pulled out as if he was going to attack at any moment. Among the bullshit he spewed out, one word caught my eye.

‘Commander of the Corps.’

Oel asked me to become the next commander of the 5th Corps.

In order to do that, there must be no suspicion that he was trying to rebel against the devil’s orders. If Trover dies, no matter how perfect the excuse, it is inevitable that a speck of suspicion will stick to him.

There are more candidates for corps commander than me. In particular, Ed, the commander of Corps 0’s adjutant, is quite capable and is given higher priority than me for the candidate position. Moreover, just as the main weapons of the 8th Corps and the former commander of the 8th Corps, who have already died, do not overlap, it does not matter if the main weapons of the corps commander and the corps do not overlap.... ‘In order to



occupy the position of the commander of the 5th Corps, one must be as flawless as possible.'

Dernivan lowered his hand.

"...You said you would keep your mouth shut about me."

"Uh...huh?"

"Promise me with the magic that forms your body. No matter what happens until the moment you die, you will never say anything."

There was magic in the words. Dry eyes glow eerily with an unknown light.

'This is...'

Trover realized. Dernivan handed out an invisible contract.

Short, bold content flows into my mind. If you hastily agree to something to avoid a situation and then reveal it later, your body will truly fall apart. You will die without even trying your hand at it.

So you shouldn't answer carelessly, but...

'Damn it.'

What can I do? There is no way to live right now.

I gritted my teeth and nodded.

"Sure."

"...then."

A contract was reached.

This is also a type of magic, so the magical energy has been completely destroyed, but it's okay since magic-based combat is not the main focus in the first place. Dernivan, who seemed to have found the answer, took his eyes off Trover without any hesitation.

Even though the sight was slowly moving away, he paid no attention and only focused on the remains of OEL.

The mouth, which seemed like it would never open for the rest of its life, slowly opened only after Trover was far enough away that he could no longer feel it.

"I'm just saying this now."

A voice that was different from usual came out.

"You made a foolish choice."

Looking down at the wreckage that no longer asked 'Why?', Dernivan muttered under his breath.

"Just... you give up your life for something like that."

The words that came out in a whisper were too late.

It was a tiny human baby, not even a demon. A weak thing whose life comes and goes even in the cold wind.

The corps commander was not worth sacrificing his life at all.

"Why..."

It's not like he died instead of someone important to protect. At least he didn't die on behalf of the same demon.

The blood on the floor felt dirty again, as if it came from someone. A monster resembling a crow from the human world hovered overhead as if it was aiming for her remains.

It looks incredibly shabby.

He was such a brilliant being, but what kind of emotion was that?

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 256**

256. Is it me or you who killed the emotions? (3)

Of course, I know that's not what I'm saying. Even though I had a premonition of this situation, I was unable to stop her in the end. Dernivan did not dare to reprimand her.

But things don't always go as planned.

In my defense, I tried to stop him several times before carrying out his plan. Nevertheless, what can you do when you find yourself retreating at the touch of her sigh and falling to your knees in front of tears?

'...If I were to give this a name, it would be love.'

Dernivan was insensitive to emotions, but not so foolish that he did not even know theory.

'I can't believe a living corpse can feel emotions.'

Oel, what the hell...

Dernivan is a demon from wolves. To be exact, it comes from a wolf 'carcass'.

Like Ed, he is a demon born from the corpse of a living creature, but his path is completely different.

If Ed was created by mixing the corpse with other things as 'material' and completely reconstructed, Dernivan is closer to breathing life and strength into the corpse and moving around thinking and thinking, with only a slight change in appearance. It's the same tree, but it's the difference between being reborn into paper and cutting it into an appropriate shape and using it as a pillar.

"I still don't understand you."

Therefore, even though he was influenced by Orel's lively attitude, his feelings were limited to towards her. Although he loves Ohel, he cannot empathize with her feelings and has no feelings for anything other than her.

'....'

I pulled out the arrow stuck in the ground. I picked up the familiar bow that was rolling around on the floor, shot the monster above my head, and looked at Oel again.

Because it was a dishonorable death, look at this situation where even though he was a corps commander, he did not dare to officially clear up the traces. Who would think of her as a corps commander?

"But... you seemed satisfied, so I'll think it's done."

I laughed when told that I had fulfilled my command. He said thank you for your hard work. As if that wasn't enough, he even accepted death obediently.

So, even though it was an irrational behavior that I couldn't understand, I just want to accept it.

furthermore.

“...The report was late, but the human baby was safely delivered to the former imperial doctor I mentioned last time.”

Because the thing I cannot understand more than anything else is myself.

“I checked what I brought into the house, so you won’t have to worry too much from now on.”

Have I been influenced by her without even realizing it, or is love really such an irrational emotion? I don’t know how many times I’ve done something out of character recently.

He reached out and began to collect the wreckage.

The infinitely sunken eyes do not reveal any emotions and only contain the miserable remains. Even though he was cleaning up the remains of his one-time lover and boss, his eyes were calm and unmoving.

“As you said, I will become the commander of the 5th Corps.”

A voice came out as calm as the eyes.

“I won’t throw away the strange things I’ve collected.”

As I’ve always said, I might have something to use someday.

In the human world, they say they’ll send you on a ride, but you probably don’t want that. I would prefer to use it later when I actually have something to use it for.

“I can’t understand the feelings you had, but...”

I only know the name ‘motherly love,’ but I still don’t know what it is.

I know that she shined dazzlingly while feeling that emotion.

“I respect your feelings.”

So how can we criticize and belittle her choice? It's the result of those emotions.

This was also included in the reason for meekly accepting it even though I kept saying it was a foolish choice and that I couldn't understand it.

‘...and above all...’

Dernivan stood up holding the recovered wreckage in his arms.

As I walked back, I softly kissed my lips. A passing wind stole his words and scattered them in the air.

A faint voice, like a whisper or a crumble, lingered in the empty space.

“i love you.”

Because I Love You.

The truth, which I realized too late when the subject had already left, quietly came out.

It was a truth that would never be mentioned again in the future.

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Ohel died. I wasn't surprised because I had expected it to some extent.

Deon will like it. The Demon King smiled as he calmly processed the related documents.

...More than that.

“He suddenly wanted to meet me, so I let him in, but...”

He put down his pen. The Demon King took his eyes off the document and looked up, his face covered in a cool atmosphere as if he had never smiled before.

Even so, in a situation where another corps commander has died and mental fatigue has built up from doing paperwork and dealing with monsters at the same time, who would welcome a visit request from someone who had a close relationship with the dead guy? Even just looking at it, things seem to be getting more and more annoying.

A sharp voice suddenly came out.

“What’s going on?”

“I would like to ask whether the currently vacant position of Commander of the 5th Corps has been tentatively appointed.”

A dry, calm voice returned, as if not caring about the other person’s feelings.

Ah, I see what the purpose is. The Demon King made a sour expression.

“What if there isn’t one?”

“I want to be in that position.”

“You’re proud.”



“....”

Under the Demon King's intention, the air tightens as if under pressure. The cool eyes stared at the other person as if they could pierce through them.

Normally, he would have given up on his own at this point, but Dernivan stood firm and met the Demon King's gaze.

As the eyes exchanged in silence for a while, the sharp energy gradually disappeared and the Demon King, who was looking at him silently, opened his mouth first.

“The 5th Legion mainly uses bows.”

“....”

“It doesn't matter if the main weapons of the corps and the corps commander do not overlap, but it would be better for someone who can understand and utilize the corps well to become the corps commander.”

If the main weapon used is the same, it would be better because the basic understanding is laid at the foundation.

“Ed is an all-rounder, but compared to you, he is closer to a martial arts fighter...”

Dernivan, who read the positivity in the atmosphere, caught his eye.

“If you really have to choose the commander of the 5th Corps, then yes, it would be better for you to do it.”

Originally, I didn't plan on picking it up.

I'm asking you to come here in person, but if you don't want to be suspicious, I have to let you sit down. Isn't that right,

Deon?

It looks like the empty seats are being filled again. The Demon King smiled.

Regardless of the change in the Demon King's expression, Dernivan, who had achieved his goal, bowed his head regardless.

"thank you."

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San Guo entered the Battle of Suseong.

Everyone was shocked for a moment as the tide seemed to ebb and flow in an instant, as if there was some signal. Geisitel, the commander of the 10th Corps, gave an order to quickly chase after them, but by the time they caught up, they had already reached the castle wall and were unable to get any closer due to the rain of arrows.

"What shall we do, Deon?"

"...."

The man with a strange plant hanging from his waist narrowed his eyes and looked at the castle wall, as if assessing something.

'I think it would be possible to climb over the castle wall and open the castle gate on my own...'

The warrior's body gives me confidence. If you put your mind to it, it won't be difficult to overcome this war and conquer the human world.

...but.

Red eyes glanced at Geisitel.

‘...My goal now is not simply to destroy the Mountain Kingdom and conquer the human world.’

Deon Hartra secretly hid his hand behind his back and opened his mouth.

“First... build the siege tower and battering ram first. I heard they were all destroyed in the fight before I came.”

“All right!”

“Well, actually, I think they’ll crawl out on their own when they run out of food...”

I searched through my memories from some time ago and pulled out the information I received from 2nd Corps Commander D’Vellania.

“...I heard they were pumping groundwater and doing a little farming inside.”

Indeed, it was worth it for the king to stay even though the enemy was right around the corner. You couldn’t find a better environment than here.

From this point of view, the story is that once this point is breached, it will be over. You hit Bae Soo-jin, King.

He calmly played with the strange plant on his waist and opened his mouth.

“Gaisitel. It will take time to make siege weapons anyway, so I think I’ll give you another mission.”

“Just leave it to us! We’ll do our best!”

“...Yes. It’s nice to see you so motivated.”

Blood trickles at the edge of my vision. I pretended not to know and continued talking.

“Even if we are using groundwater water, Dan checked and found that the surrounding ground is moist. This means there is a high possibility that there is a waterway nearby. Take your troops and find it.”

“How can I find it?”

“Build a dam and redirect the waterway toward the castle.”

As soon as the dam bursts, the pouring water will wash away the castle.

I raised my head. The bright summer sunlight stung my eyes painfully against the backdrop of the high blue sky.

“It will soon be fall and harvest season will come.”

“If water enters the castle, the harvested crops will be damaged.”

Dan, who was quick-witted, received the message. Deon nodded.

“Meaning it doesn’t have to be powerful enough to wipe out houses or people.”

Harvested crops will spoil if they stay in moisture. It will be successful even if it only reaches the level of the knees.

Geisitel let out an exaggerated exclamation.

“I see! It’s you, Deon!”

“...Then let’s leave as soon as possible.”

“Yes, I understand!”

He turned around, looking full of motivation, and shouted to his subordinates.

“Did you hear? Master Deon is on the verge of death! Let’s go quickly, slave... no, subordinates!”

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

The group with rotten expressions disappears in a hurry, following Geisitel.

Dan, who had been quietly watching the scene, turned his head and looked at Deon, pretending not to have seen anything. He spoke calmly as he caught up with the steps heading towards the barracks.

“Even though they look like that, I know they are high-quality workers, but the only person who would use them for digging is the Master.”

“These guys have plenty of energy left, so they’ll finish it quickly.”

“Seriously?”

“ .... ”

Deon arrived inside the barracks, cleared away the cloth at the entrance, and looked back at Dan.

“Get ready Chess. We’re going to meet the king soon.”

“...!”

Dan's eyes widened.

If I'm not mistaken, the 'king' he was talking about was definitely...

'...crazy.'

All kinds of questions rose up in my throat, like what I was thinking and whether I was really crazy. However, Dan opened his mouth as if he was about to speak, but stopped when he faced red eyes. The words that had come out had gone back in.

'Ah, it was this human warrior.'

I am very impressed by the confident look in his eyes as if there is nothing stopping me.

Yes, I want to become a warrior, but who can stop me? Perhaps the reason I'm not going over the castle wall right now is because I have other thoughts. If you put your mind to it, you can overcome it.

The mouse was worried about the cat.

I nodded with a detached mind.

“I understand. Is there anything else you would like to order other than that?”

“Specifically...? If you have any useful information, please let me know.”

“Useful information...”

...I don't know if it's useful information, but when you say 'information', something comes to mind.

Dan, who was rolling his eyes as if calculating, recalling the heart-warming news that came in a little while ago, slowly sighed.

"I heard from Ed a little while ago that the commander of the 5th Corps has died."

"If you are the commander of the 5th Corps... Oel?"

"yes."

"Did he die from the commander of the 9th Corps?"

"yes. It seems like things went according to the Master's expectations."

It finally happened. Deon sneered. As

he stared at the blood welling up on his shins and near his knees, another piece of information was thrown as if this wasn't the end.

"And the next 5th Corps Commander . It is said that he became Dernivan, who was an adjutant." "

... Next commander of the 5th Corps?"

"I heard you said you would go directly to the Demon King and do it."

"Oh really?"

Dan, who was tidying up his bedding, heard a voice that seemed to have suddenly lost interest. He glanced back at him.

His blank eyes clearly showed that he had no interest in fiddling with his fingernails. There was nothing more to say anyway, so he gathered his words and looked at the monster still wrapped around Deon's waist. "More than that, that thing on his side

. ...Are you going to keep wearing it?"

"...Oh?"

Deon looked down at his waist in surprise, as if he had forgotten about it himself.

"...Music?"



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 257**

257. To kill (1)

Look at the strange plant as if asking what it is. Deon looked down at the guy for a moment and then lightly shrugged his shoulders.

“...What can I do? If I separate it, it'll cause a fuss.”

“Suck.”

“You shameless bastard.”

“Sweet tsk tsk tsk tsk.”

The green stems tightly tighten around my waist. It wasn't painful or suffocating, but Deon smiled and held the bud between his thumb and forefinger and shook it.

“Why are you grumpy when you achieved your goal?”

“Sweet!”

“Yes, yes, I will take you to the battlefield without fail.”

Was it when we were almost here? The monster was so calm that it must have fallen asleep, so I left it to someone else. When I arrived, I didn't have time to pay attention as I jumped right into battle.

Who knew it would be such a problem?

What awaited Deon, who returned after such a wild rampage, was a roaring sound that was by no means of a demon or a human, and a green stalk spreading out randomly.

[Sigh! Wow!!]

[What is it? Why are you like this?]

A demon soldier is seen holding a flower pot and struggling. Dan's voice mixed with irritation and embarrassment is a bonus.

Deon, who had stopped for a moment to observe the situation, perhaps having revealed his true nature like a monster, interpreted the strange noise and made a strange expression.

'He is now...'

Is he shouting that he will follow him even if it's belated?

[Sweet!! Tsk tsk tsk tsk! Damn!!]

[You're going to abandon me, I can't go even ten miles and you'll get sick and you'll abandon me...?]

Where on earth did you learn such words ?

As if hearing a soft murmur, the flower bud turns in this direction. 'Keuiaeuiaeeu!!' After a moment of twitching his fingertips at the stem that immediately stretched out with terrifying force, Deon slowly raised his arm and obediently surrendered himself.

Immediately, the monster hanging around his waist let out a piercing cry.

[I want you to never leave me and fight again...?]

[Scream!]

[...Why?]

[Sweet!!]

[Okay... I understand, so calm down for now.]

[Scream.]

[.... ]

This bastard waited for me to say yes...? As soon as you get affirmation, you become quiet.

I laughed at the absurdity.

However, if there was something he misunderstood, the question I asked 'why' at that time was not about 'why do I have to take you with me' but rather 'why do you want to follow me to the battlefield?'

'There is something good about being on the battlefield.'

Of course, I didn't think he would answer and I had no intention of asking twice, so I just passed on without correcting the question. I don't know when I'll get an answer.

Coming back to reality, I slowly swept the flower pot and pulled it off with both hands. I faced the dissatisfied monster's gaze directly and opened my mouth. It may have looked a little funny, but no one in this room cared.

“But don’t forget what you promised before you came because it won’t change.”

You can take them, but you cannot take them.

“Ugh...”

As if he felt a determination that made it impossible to back down from what he said, he reluctantly expressed his affirmation.

Meanwhile, Dan, who had made up the bedding, took the flower pot from Deon’s hand, put it down on the table, and looked back at him.

“Whether it’s making siege weapons or digging the ground to open a waterway, it’s obvious that it will take a lot of time, so let’s get some sleep first.”

“...You’re getting hit on the back of your hand right now.”

“Don’t change your mind.”

Dan removed the green stem that was lapping at the back of his hand as if it were annoying. As if it got angry, the stem seemed to fly a little more fiercely, but stopped in midair without achieving its purpose.

In the area where the flower bud was looking, Deon was gesturing to the monster plant to be quiet, as if he was annoyed.

“Soak...”

The plant drooped helplessly.

Of course, no one cared. Dan’s voice pierced through the cries of the monster and shot towards Deon.

“I’ve never seen you sleep at all. At first, I thought you might have had a little sleep, but when I got here, I realized that wasn’t the case. When was the last time you slept?”

“Uhm...”

When was it?

Ever since the flower that I put in my room, which I presumed to have been sent by my older brother, withered, I had been awake almost all the time without falling into a deep sleep... I wasn’t

afraid of nightmares, but I hated seeing myself panting when I woke up, so I started avoiding sleep even more.

“...No, it’s okay. You don’t have to answer.”

“...?”

“Looking at it now, I can roughly guess how big it is.”

Even though he hadn’t answered yet, Dan sighed as if that was enough.

He takes a long stride, puts his foot behind Deon’s heel, and nudges his shoulder. Deon, who had no hostility or murderous intent and did not seem to be dangerous, was obediently pushed away and lay down on the neatly prepared cot.

The red gaze turned to Dan with a question as to what he was doing.

“It’s only because he’s a warrior that he’s fine. If he didn’t sleep that much, he would have gone crazy or couldn’t stand it and would have collapsed right away.”

“....”

“How important is sleep? If you don’t sleep, even a sane person will have bad thoughts. Even if you don’t, the Master...” Dan

paused there for a moment.

Why are you trying to tell me I’m crazy? Deon, who was quietly looking up at him, smiled faintly.

“...Anyway, let’s get some sleep. We have plenty of time.”

“...I don’t want to...”

“If you keep refusing, I will call the Lofty Knights.”

“okay.”

Loud fuss and lullabies that are not appropriate for one’s age are not recommended. Deon, who had pulled the blanket up to his chin, turned around.

Dan laughed quietly at his actions that clearly revealed his discomfort.

“Then good night.”

“go away.”

“yes yes.”

Deon nervously closed his eyes as he felt the presence moving away. That guy left a light on and went out.

In some ways, it may seem like consideration, but it means that they will monitor what I do from the outside through the shadows. If I wake up right now, they will know me like a

ghost. I'll just kill some time like this and wake up when the time is right.

I thought...

"Fuck."

I guess I was tired. Seeing as he fell asleep as soon as he laid his head on it.

He burst into laughter in front of the nightmare facing the dark space.

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The nightmare was nothing special.

Because the ghosts were grabbing my ankles and pulling me down. Of course, perhaps because it had been a long time, quite a few people showed their faces, and whenever I saw a familiar face, I unconsciously stiffened, but that was all.

They shed bloody tears and ask why they killed me. You ask why are you alive? Some people asked me if I really had to die.

If you see unfamiliar faces, they are probably people who were caught up in the war and died. Deon laughed bitterly at the bitter question from those who had been wronged.

"no."

- Then why!!

A black hand strangled me.

Since it was a dream anyway, I had no chance of dying, so I gave up my head obediently. If this was all it took, I would have tried to sway him obediently until he woke up, but...

‘Why are you here...?’

Deon stiffened.

One of the owners of the hand that was strangling her, with tears of blood dripping down her neck, was especially stuck in her eyes. So, Sir Lien died, protecting chivalry until the very end.

‘...It’s funny. ‘She can’t be like this.’

After giggling, he raised his hand and grabbed the other person’s wrist. The panicked guy quickly tried to pull his arm away, but the more he tried, the more he tightened his grip so he wouldn’t let go.

“It’s all good.”

– what...!

“Let’s not tarnish the noble knight’s sacrifice, okay?”

I don’t even think that she won’t blame me. Honestly, that’s too shameless.

However, I am also confident that it is not so shabby and ugly that it comes to haunt me like a ghost.

I giggled as I remembered the former Emperor Edoardo, who had once appeared in my nightmare.

[Do not embody the burden in your delusions just for that reason. Jim clearly said he had no regrets in the end. It means that there are no regrets whatsoever. Nevertheless,



since you embodied Jim like this, in your eyes, he seemed like a small man who double-talked.]

Seeing him say 'Jim', it seems like another delusion I created, but it was really bitter to think that someone was not the emperor.

Did he say that he was not so ugly that he would come to visit him as a ghost? Rather, he said that if he were alive, he would be worthy of receiving ghosts as guests. I also have no intention of being shameless on such a topic.

He quietly looked up at the ghost, who still looked embarrassed, and then laughed.

"...It's rather a funny situation for me to say anything."

In the end, the person in front of you is probably something I created.

At that time, if I could have a conversation with such a normal appearance and attitude, I briefly wondered why the emperor and not Cruel appeared. The answer given by the emperor, who read it quickly, was a bit shocking.

[You should know better about that.]

[...?]

[Didn't you place your brother in a sacred and inviolable territory? So that no one can dare to imitate it unless it is 'real'.]

So that not even the ghost of unconsciousness can embody it.

[It must have been shortly after collecting my brother's body.]

It was only after hearing those words that I realized. That's what I was like. I did it without knowing, but I did it anyway.

So, all you have to do is elevate Sir Lien to a level that cannot be imitated. This is my first time consciously controlling it, but I hope it succeeds. Because I can't do this right now, even if it's for her honor.

"I never thought I would have more to feel sorry for Lord Lien."

I laughed and regained my concentration.

At that time, the person who was embarrassed suddenly changed his facial expression and glared at me. A moment of pause at the creepy expression.

- then...!

Something popped out from behind her.

Uh... I mean... this is...

"...tentacle?"

Oh shit.

A barely suppressed curse came out of my mouth.

Now that I see it, it seems that it was not a ghost but something mixed with a monster. I quickly let go of my hand and tried to back away, but a tentacle that I didn't know when reached out wrapped itself around my wrist. In a different way, an eerie feeling ran down my spine.

“Turn it off...turn it off....”

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“Turn it off!!”

“Yuck...!”

Deon, who still clearly felt the sensation of his wrist being wrapped around him, only changed the scene and decided that it was just a dream, suddenly cursed. A soft cry rang out as if telling him to calm down.

He detected the scent of a wisp of grass in the bloody smell and slowly brought his blurred eyes into focus.

“H...Huh... What was that, you?”

“Suck.”

“Why are you holding my wrist?”

“Tsk...”

“No, before that, let’s talk about this.”

You can tell just by looking at it. This guy must have grabbed me by the stem and suddenly sent me into a dream like that.

I shook my wrist, which still felt fresh to the touch, and made a promise.

‘Okay, if there’s no justifiable reason, we’ll fight.’

... Despite what I thought, the monster’s actions were reasonable.

Deon sat on the bed, crossed his legs, and touched the corner of his mouth. Mixed voices quietly spread throughout the barracks.

“So... you pulled it off because I was strangling it with my hands? Even if I pulled it off, you kept holding on to it because it kept trying to strangle you?”

“Suck.”

“...First of all, thank you.”

I have nothing to say. Deon wiped his face with a tired expression.

Then, a green stalk patted my back, which made me startle and dodge to the side.

The gaze of the green plant, which was clearly hurt, caught my eye with a stinging gaze.

“...however.”

I rolled my eyes, pretending it wasn't happening, but decided to change the topic.

“If you can move around freely like this, you don't need flower pots at all, right?”

Even now, the guy who was originally at the table is now on the bed.

At one point, I saw it walking around holding a flower pot and holding its stem on the ground. It had a rather... bizarre appearance.

Like a simple guy, he seemed to have been fooled by the change of topic, and a small negation came back with a

'pop'.

"Are you lacking nutrients?"

"Suck."

"Wasn't it okay not to eat? What do you eat?"

"Cuckoo, lick, lick."

"It doesn't matter if you don't eat it, but you eat all the normal food, like meat, monsters, demons, and humans... Demons and humans aren't common foods...?"

"Suck."

Okay...what does it matter?Let's just move on.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 258**

258. To kill (2)

Deon, who roughly took it to mean omnivore, looked the monster plant up and down.

"Then."

"...?"

A mischievous look appeared in his eyes.

"What is this bulge? A monster? A human?"

"...!"

A place where Hien put something he thought was a nutritional supplement.

When I touch the bulging soil of the flower pot, the animal gets startled and covers the soil with its stem. This is exactly what I got. Deon's eyes lit up.

"It doesn't look like it's a nutritional supplement after all."

"...!"

"I expected it wouldn't be the edible type, seeing as it wasn't digested yet."

“Kyu...Kyu...!”

“What on earth is this?”

It is revenge for giving me a nightmare of a different dimension. Deon giggled and grabbed the plant's trunk.

“Do you mind if I pull it out and check it?”

“Kyu...Kyuak!! Kyuak!!”

“Anyway, you won’t die even if you’re picked. I’ll just check and put it back the way it was.”

That's it!! The monster swung its stem as if struggling.

For a moment, Deon put so much force into it as if he was going to pull it out, so I had to hold on to the pot with all the stems and leaves.

I even woke you up from a nightmare! I even held him there so he wouldn't get hurt...!!

"Kkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk...!"

A mournful cry rang out, full of sorrow. Deon clicked his tongue lowly and relaxed his grip a little.

“If you insist...”

“Ugh...”

“The more it goes on, the more curious I become, but...”

Deon lifted his eyes from the dirt and raised his gaze slightly, following the piercing gaze. My head... no, a strange plant holding a flower bud and looking at me came into view.

How on earth do you send a gaze full of resentment when you clearly have no eyes? I couldn't help but laugh.

"Let's just move on for now."

"...!"

I don't want to start a fight right now. I have to fight again and again in the future, but I don't want to waste my energy on useless things.

I woke up, leaving the guy waving his stem and silently expressing his joy.

Immediately, questioning glances followed, as if asking where he was going, but Deon, who had roughly put on his coat, pointed outside with the tip of his chin.

"I'm going for a walk. I'm not going to war, so don't follow me."

"Suck."

A surprisingly obedient answer followed.

What's wrong with that guy? Deon, who was confused for a moment, realized the liquid flowing down his temple and let out a short exclamation.

'I was in a cold sweat.'

It's only natural since I had a nightmare.

'Now I see that my clothes are also very wet.'

I don't know, but I think he looks quite haggard. So that plant, which was usually soggy, must have retreated without notice.



I need to change my clothes before I go out.

I took off the outer clothes I was wearing. As I looked around to find my luggage with clothes, something came into my face. The only living things moving in this space other than me are strange plants, so I just leave it there and then something touches my cheek. Deon lowered his gaze at the soft touch that was completely different from what he expected.

“...handkerchief?”

“Suck.”

The monster holds a handkerchief and wipes away the cold sweat. I accepted it quietly, then pulled off the stem and examined the handkerchief.

Just in case, it still happened. A look of bewilderment escaped Deon’s expression.

“Is this... mine?”

“...Kyu-ae?”

“Don’t pretend not to know.”

Where did you get that from?

The guy who was avoiding eye contact by wiggling his flower buds as if he was being pricked himself turns around and approaches the luggage bag on one side. As I was watching with the intention of seeing what he was doing, the guy who rummaged through my luggage took out a black shirt.

“Suck!”

“...wear it?”

“Pfft.”

Whoever took care of it, even his shirt is black. Did Ed take it?

I pretend not to be a monster who held up my shirt to make it easier to put on, and carefully look around. It was obvious that the guy was trying to change the topic in his own way, so Deon laughed and put his arms under his shirt.

“Tsk tsk tsk.”

“...are you going to button it up?”

“Pfft.”

“I can do it...”

Why are you shaking your head when you say that?

As if not feeling the absurd gaze, the stem stretched out. Deon, who was looking at the clothes that were slowly buttoning up his clothes, let out a soft sigh.

“Okay... do whatever you want...”

As a result.

He did it perfectly, not only buttoning but also organizing his clothes.

‘...you’re good.’

Maybe even more than me.

...shit.

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When I came out, it was midnight.

As if the heat of the day has cooled off, a slightly cool breeze blows, and the blades of grass make the sound of rustling back and forth in the wind. How long has it been since I heard the sound of grasshoppers crying? Deon raised his head in an unfamiliar feeling.

Unlike the Demon World, there was only one moon floating brightly.

‘It’s a nice day.’

It’s a background that doesn’t fit the night I had a nightmare.

Well... when did the situation and background match?

This time, I put the cigarette-shaped medicine I had obtained out of curiosity in the human world into my mouth and looked back. I made eye contact with Dan, who was looking this way.

“Are you going for a walk?”

“Yes. I just came to my senses.”

I woke up brightly, not knowing if it was a dream or reality. There was no time to fall asleep.

Dan held out the chess he was holding.

“Take care of yourself.”

“ .... ”

“Are you sure you don’t mind if I don’t go with you?”

Maybe it’s because it’s from the human world, but it’s definitely a bit weaker than the one from the demon world. After taking a deep drag, I roughly smudged the cigarette against my thigh and took out the one I had gotten in the first city.

Deon chuckled as he lit the fire again, holding the Chess at his side.

“Of course. I’m coming.”

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The several conversations with San-guk ended somehow.

I didn’t get a definite answer, but I guess it’s a good thing that I didn’t reject it outright. Feeling a little comfort that he had not been rejected, Elpidius slumped down in his chair and let out a tired sigh.

Golden eyes shone sharply under the arm placed over his eyes.

“The key is Rweche....”

The king of the Mountain Kingdom made Rweche’s cooperation a condition for union.

[As you said, it means pouring everything into just one opportunity. The moment you fail, the fall of the Shan State will be confirmed.]

[...Do you mean that you will reject the offer?]

[That is not the case, but I just hope for a situation in which we can do it more reliably.]

Obtain Rweche's cooperation. Then I will be happy to join the plan.

In some ways, it was a suggestion that could be said to be arrogant, but Elpidius agreed. The Mountain Kingdom is the country that is most directly in conflict with the Demon World. Of course, I had no choice but to be cautious about my current plan, which was all or nothing.

More than anything, the disappointing position is that it is the side that proposed first, so it may be right to move on this side.

"In order to get Leweché's cooperation...."

"Shouldn't I apologize for what happened in the past?"

Alethea answered.

"The king there is a more emotional person than you might think."

Brazenly asking for cooperation while citing a cause will only backfire. It would also be the same to say that it was the choice of our predecessors and that they are not responsible.

'I have no intention of passing the blame to my uncle in the first place.'

anyway.

I have to apologize. In order to move Rweche more clearly, the emperor or someone equivalent would have to apologize...

but there is no need for your brother to apologize directly. It would be enough for the Emperor to write a letter apologizing on behalf of the empire. Alethea's eyes brightened firmly.

"It's an apple..."

Meanwhile, Elpidius was playing with his smooth chin.

'Now that I think about it, there was something my uncle said.'

Back when I was still the crown prince and my uncle was the emperor.

On the day he personally went to Deonhardt's mansion to apologize for Aletea's rudeness, Emperor Edoardo noticed that Elpidius had gone to apologize to Deonhardt.

Do you know what he said to the crown prince, who was only looking at the fact that he had been caught?

[It's okay.]

[Yes...?]

[No, it would be better to apologize while you're still the crown prince, so I guess I can say I did a good job.]

It was a completely different attitude than expected.

Since he is the crown prince, shouldn't he apologize? A puzzled expression naturally appeared on my face at the incomprehensible remark.

The emperor, who was staring at his nephew, stood up and took off his crown. And he approached the crown prince,

who still lacked many things, and placed a golden crown on him.

[Uncle... No, Your Majesty!]

How could you act like this...!

Since the emperor had put it on himself, he could not take it off, nor could he keep wearing it, so Elpidius' face turned pale.

To make matters worse, the emperor retreats, leaving the crown delicately balanced. Elpidius reflexively stiffened his neck at the precarious weight he felt above his head.

[This will slip the moment you lower your head even a little.]

[....]

[The yellow crown that falls to the floor will be dusty and scratched.]

The emperor smiled secretly as he looked into golden eyes that resembled mine, colored with enlightenment.

[The position of emperor was so tiring that he couldn't freely apologize. If you stay in this position for too long and get caught up in it, you might even forget how to apologize, so it would be good to fully learn how to apologize when you are the crown prince.] [...Not only the crown prince but also the princess has a free head.

]

Right now . Even Alethea doesn't wear a tiara in official settings.

The answer came back as if it was obvious.

[You have me, right?]

The golden eyes we met were colored with a friendly light.

[Have you ever thought about why the size of the thing on your head is relatively small compared to the thing on your luggage?]

[....]

[You can drop it as much as you like. A small and lightweight crown will also have fewer scratches. Even if they fall into the mud and the heads of the crown prince and princess become empty, there will be no problems as long as the emperor exists.] What exists

above your heads is for practice.

This means that it was given to you to get used to it a little bit so as not to be staggered by unfamiliar sensations when wearing a truly heavy and large crown in the future.

[So there's no need to hold your head up so hard that your neck hurts already. That's enough to do later, after sitting here and wearing the imperial crown.]

[....]

And now, the crown prince is sitting on the emperor's throne. but.

Elpidius lightly touched the top of his head and laughed.

'But I didn't wear a brass crown.'

If you can achieve your goal by bowing your head, you can bow as much as you want.



From what I've seen, it seems like my younger brother is trying to handle things on his own terms, but that's not right. I immediately opened my mouth.

"There's a saying in the South that we should end the relationship."

Alethea's expression changed to disapproval as she interpreted the meaning of the words.

"Your brother is not your uncle."

"It's not uncle, but it's 'empire.'"

There was a time when your uncle was the empire. Now I am the empire.

In order to change Rweche's mind, the empire must step forward directly.

"I have to write the letter myself."

Elpidius picked up a pen.

\*\*\*

"Contrary to what I thought, they're young kids who are too busy minding their own business, but they seem to be coping quite well..."

Dark night.

In the lonely office, Yeon-hwa cut off the communication device connected to the empire and muttered lowly.

"Still, compared to the previous emperor, the current emperor is not completely clumsy."

It seemed like he was putting his mind to it, but in the end, he stopped me on anything other than 'killing Deonhardt'.

In fact, it is the mountain country, not the empire, that is on fire. This side, not any other force, desperately wants to see the light of hope by killing Deonhardt, so if the current emperor had pointed this out, they could have easily gained the upper hand in the fight between the Empire and the Mountain Kingdom.

'Well... In order to increase the chances of killing the warrior, Rweche's cooperation is needed, and unless the Empire directly steps forward, Rweche's mind will not be relaxed, so it would have been the same in the end.'

Still, it is natural that it is more beneficial to be more condescending when doing something anyway.

As the king of the Shan State, I prefer the relatively easy-going current emperor over the difficult former emperor, so I can say that it is actually good.

'I wonder if I will be able to persuade Leweché if I am this clumsy...'

I looked down at the communication table and entered the temporary bedroom located inside the office.

Even so, I was tired because there were so many things to worry about, so I tried to get some sleep...

...and there was someone in my bed.

I was horrified by the premise that should never exist.

The black shadow that had been sitting on the bed with its legs crossed and its fingers twitching as if it had been

waiting for her to come suddenly turned its head and stood up as if it had spotted her.

It was only after the other person took a step towards me that Yeonhwa hurriedly opened her mouth, as if freed from the sense of unreality.

“Is there anyone there...!”

“Shhh-.”

When...!

The other person quickly reached her nose and covered her mouth. Yeonhwa’s eyes widened at the sight of the other person stepping out of the shadows and walking without hesitation to this place where the moonlight reached.

The pure white hair was especially reflected in the dilated pupils.

“I’ll just play the game quietly, so please don’t make a fuss, Your Highness.”

Red eyes flashed like a warning in the shadow that covered his face against the moonlight.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 259**

259. To kill (3)

"You know that even if someone comes, they can't do anything about me."

Your Majesty is not an idiot who cannot properly assess the difference in military power.

The devil whispered under the white moonlight.

"I'm sure you're not planning on wasting your troops in vain."

"...."

"Well, if you promise to stay calm and not call people for no reason and make a fuss, I will let you go. If you agree, please blink twice."

"...."

As if he was surprised at some point, his calm eyes disappeared twice and then reappeared. With a satisfied smile, Deon removed his hand covering his mouth and took a step back.

Yeonhwa rubbed her chin with the back of her hand as if she was displeased and glared at him fiercely. A low, muffled

voice rang out.

“...What are your intentions?”

“I told you, I’m just going to play games quietly.”

“There’s a lot I want to say... but before that.”

Blatant hostility and irritation were evident.

“It’s not fun, so get rid of awkward honorifics.”

What an honorific term for a king of a human nation who is on the side of the demons.

It is very unpleasant to hear that the honorifics that are used in a topic that clearly shows belittling the other person seem to be saying that I have not given up on being human yet.

“How dare you speak to the king of a country?”

Yeah, it looks like this.

“You speak well to a subject who has turned his back on humanity. He has no desire to hear honorifics from you.”

“....”

Deonhardt closed his mouth. Although he was still backlit and couldn’t see his expression, I could feel the atmosphere surrounding him calming down a little more.

I shouldn’t provoke you further here. Yeonhwa looked at something in his hand, satisfied that he had gotten a kick out of it.

Did you say you came here to play a game? I'm not sure, but it's probably a game-related tool.

"Are you playing the game with what you have in your hand?"

"...That's right."

"This room is not suitable for playing games, so we will proceed in the office."

Originally, this was a place to get some sleep while working in the office. It's a small space that only fits one bed, so there's no space to play games. The other person also nodded obediently, as if he knew that the location was not appropriate.

A game board was laid out on the desk in the office.

Deon didn't bother to remove the communicator even though it was nearby. It was a type of confidence that told you to call someone if you wanted to.

Yeonhwa also knew that calling in clumsy people would only result in scratches and crumbs, so the situation passed peacefully without unnecessary conflict.

"Then let's get started."

After giving a rough explanation of the rules, Deon grinned at her.

"...okay."

When I saw it from afar, I thought it had an unusual appearance, but when I saw it up close, it didn't look like anything special. Feeling like she would be possessed if she

continued to look at his face, Yeonhwa only stared at the long hair vaguely, then took her gaze away and looked at the game board.

Did you say that before the actual start, you take turns pushing the boards to determine the terrain? Two 20-sided dice were placed on one side and a cup covered them.

Deon shook the cup lightly first.

“For the sake of fairness, Your Majesty, please shake it once.”

“....”

Yeonhwa placed her hand on the cup and gave it a strong kick. The dice shook inside the cup.

The result is 24.

You just have to move the board alternately 24 times.

“Who will go first?”

“You go first.”

I don’t know why he suddenly came and wanted to play a game, but he probably had some ulterior motive. Won’t you find out as the game progresses? Yeonhwa opened her eyes sharply.

The plates began to move and the terrain began to change.

As she placed the food storage in an advantageous position, she glanced at Deon.

“It’s a unique sliding puzzle-type game board. Where did you get it?”

“I made it.”

“...and all the rules of the game?”

“It’s based on chess, but for now, yes.”

“Does it have a name?”

“It’s Chess.”

“chess...?”

“Ch-s-s-syo.”

“ .... ”

That was roughly written. The quality of the game itself is good, but...

It was my turn again and I pushed the board without saying a word. The terrain changes again, and Deon Hardt, looking at the changed plate, pushes another plate to change the terrain again.

Yeonhwa’s eyes narrowed at the strangely familiar feeling.

‘I guess this is...’

It seems like they are creating the terrain of this place where the Mountain Kingdom and the Demon World are currently clashing. I thought it seemed to strangely induce the movement of the board, but it seems that this was the purpose.

I stretched out my hand. I feel a persistent gaze glued to my fingertips. Conscious of the gaze, she picked up a plate and pushed it. The terrain was moved to a location that was not very advantageous.



And when I raised my head, I made eye contact with Deon Hardt.

“also.”

He was smiling with his eyes wide open as if he had guessed the answer.

“You’re quick-witted.”

“I guess you’re not going to tell me what your intentions are.”

“Then let’s continue the game.”

“...Tsk.”

I understand the intention, and things progressed quickly after that.

We calculated the remaining number of times and took turns pushing the boards. As soon as we pushed the last board, the intended terrain was completed.

Deon Hart pushed the white pieces he had gathered outside the game board in front of her.

“Then let’s really get started.”

“....”

I have to recreate this hopeless situation with the enemy commander through a game. Yeonhwa looked down at the game board with complicated eyes and then spoke.

The real game has begun.

And how long has it been?

“...It’s a really detailed game.”

Yeon-hwa, who had moved her horse and captured some of Deon Hardt’s troops, expressed a low expression of admiration.

“It will be useful in many ways.”

“Thank you for the compliment.”

“But are there no rules regarding deserters? The longer the war lasts, the more the number of deserters increases.”

“It’s not that I didn’t think about that, but there was no room to include it. In particular, the number of deserters increases the more you are on the defensive, so how can we add that to this game?”

“I guess that’s true... but.”

Sharp eyes scanned the board.

The situation is that Yeonhwa’s camp is being pushed out. But...

“They treat their troops too ruthlessly.”

“hmm?”

If this were a real situation and both sides were commanding humans, a large number of deserters would probably have appeared in Deonhart’s camp. Yeonhwa wouldn’t have been pushed this far either.

Maybe we won in reverse.

“I don’t think rebellion was considered because it’s a game, but in real life, if that were the case, there would definitely

be voices of dissatisfaction. Perhaps, in the worst case scenario, a rebellion could break out.”

“aha.”

Takkak.

Deon, who opened a new route to replace the blocked supply route, laughed.

“If even the commander himself does not spare his body and rolls on the battlefield, such a thing will not happen.”

“ .... ”

Yeonhwa did not answer.

The subsequent games were played in silence.

After the game was over, Deon stood up after organizing the game tools he had brought with him. Yeonhwa, who was watching as she seemed to be about to leave through the window, asked suspiciously.

“Are you really just leaving?”

“So do you want me to do anything more?”

“...No way.”

But he’s so obedient.

While I was thinking about replaying the game from earlier in case I missed something, Deon Hardt, with his feet on the window frame, looked back.

I heard a voice spitting out words.

“I’ll come again next time.”

“...also?”

When Yeon-hwa looked up and couldn’t believe her ears, he was already gone.

With only the wide open window showing its presence, a peaceful silence came over me, as if what had just happened was a dream.

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“Are you here?”

“Why weren’t you sleeping?”

“You didn’t come back, so how can I catch you?”

Grunting lightly, Dan took the game-related item from Deon’s hand and glanced at the other person’s expression.

“How was it?”

“He’s got a good head, but he’s not at a level where he can’t win.”

Due to time constraints, the game ended in a draw, but the situation on the board was in Deon’s favor.

Of course, the situation could have been changed depending on the capabilities of the person holding the horse, but Deon was confident after understanding the tendencies of the king of the mountain country while playing the game. She has a fatal weakness.

“What can I say, there is a limit. It’s so tough.”

“...?”

“I should say that I am extremely reluctant to have blood on my hands. I cannot easily abandon my troops.”

For that purpose, I would have to abandon some of my troops, but I couldn't.

The meticulousness of taking care of every single soldier and the determination not to do anything dirty or petty even to death.

“So it's easy to predict and easy to respond to.”

Even if Dan had come forward, he would have easily won.

Well, I didn't go there for this purpose in the first place, so there's no need to pay that much attention.

“Anyway, I'm not oblivious, so I think I'll figure it out if I just give it a few more.”

“I don't know what it is, but... is it good?”

“huh.”

“Then that's good.”

“yes.”

However, the evaluation of the King of the Mountains was in vain.

The day dawned and some time passed, and in the next battle, the Demon King's army suffered great damage from Sanguk, who threw away some of his troops as bait.

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Yeonhwa told the story about Deonhardt's invasion only to Saerin, the bookkeeper.

Of course, there was an uproar at first. Starting with why you didn't call someone, going through extremely personal feelings such as "I should have killed you when you came alone", to admiration, not just admiration, that it was amazing that you even played a game in the meantime.

And when she calmed down a little, she realized that she had no choice but to do that and began to act like a tactful person.

[You played a game with Deonhardt?]

[Yes.]

[In that case, you must have read His Majesty's tendencies.]

[I guess so.]

You must have read his commanding style when commanding troops.

Even if it isn't, it's an honest style that's easy to predict, so if you look at it, it's the same as revealing a weakness.

[It doesn't matter.]

Saerin also knows Yeonhwa's weakness. Of course, we are also prepared for this.

So I said.

[In the next battle, we will have to clearly show the king why he has a cunning man by his side.]

Even though the country of San is currently on the defensive, it does not mean that it cannot even land a blow.

So why not give it a try?

[Your Majesty, please come up with a clever plan. I will take charge of the petty and vicious plan.]

Afterwards, she used some of her troops as bait to attract Deonhardt's attention and toyed with the Demon King's army that was far away from him.

The attitude was terrible, as if the screams of the abandoned people could not be heard.

Image management that sacrificially abandons dedicated remarks.

What is there to gain by doing this? The remark that Yeonhwa made inadvertently elicited an explicit response from Saerin.

[Deonhardt's death.]

I will sacrifice everything, which means I only wish for his death.

'...Yes, the death of the person behind me right now.'

While looking at the map on the wall, I suddenly noticed a human-shaped shadow hanging next to my feet and turned around. A white-haired man was sitting on the window sill and waving his hand.

"The prank the other day was quite funny."

"Really... you're back again."

“Then maybe I was talking nonsense.”

His long, untied hair fluttered in the cool wind. When he turned his head, his beautiful face was exposed under the moonlight.

An uninvited guest who came as the white moon rose.

Even though the unusual face combined with the dreamlike background made it a scene that could have appeared in any popular novel, the reality is completely different from reality.

‘I can’t believe that after becoming king, I can’t fulfill even a single wish of the strategist and have to just watch helplessly like this.’

Rather than granting his subject’s wish, his own life is at risk right now.

Yeonhwa smiled bitterly.

“Were you looking at the map?”

“then?”

“I would say that was an excellent decision.”

I was thinking that the game board was not made with actual terrain for no reason, so I tried to recreate the game situation by overlaying it on a map, but it seems that this is correct.

“Are you here to play games again?”

“yes.”



You can get a clearer clue and confidence about what you want to say from this game.

“I’m going to the office, so follow me.”

She turned her back without hesitation.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 260**

260. To kill (4)

The game was played in the same form as last time.

A board with realistic topographical features is completed and horses are placed on it. Yeonhwa, who was scanning the terrain without thinking, noticed something that caught her eye and frowned.

‘Is it a coincidence?’

The supply route is the same as last time.

The terrain on the board only takes the characteristics of the map, and other unknown parts, such as food storage, are randomly placed in empty space. If the number of times the board was pushed was the same as last time, it might not have changed, but since the dice rolled this time came out with a completely different number than last time, those parts naturally had to be in different positions from last time.

And yet the supply route is the same?

‘I need to check.’

I reached for my horse, thinking I would have to move as soon as this game was over.

A small war has begun.

\*\*\*

After returning from the night's game, Deon laid out the chess board on the table and fiddled with the pieces. The deeply sunken eyes soon curved with a slight smile, as if reliving the game with the King of the Mountain Kingdom a moment ago.

When will you notice?

'I hope you find out as soon as possible.'

The speed of digging at Gaisitel is faster than expected. It is even said that he touched a water vein while digging. Looking at the amount of water gushing out, it seems that if it were combined with the flowing waterway, built a dam properly, and then burst, it would be quite powerful.... I just

thought the ground was a bit moist, but who would have guessed that there might have been a water vein?

This is an order given to buy time, but if we delay any longer, it will be useless.

Even though you can just issue another command to get the job done, it's still better to get it done all at once without any hassle.

'I think I noticed something, so I guess I can look forward to it.'

I didn't sleep. As time passed and the moon hid and the sun came out, even the strange plants were keeping quiet.

Fortunately, the King of the Mountain Kingdom did not disappoint his expectations.

Not long after dawn, the outside of the barracks began to become noisy.

It feels too chaotic to be the movement of people simply waking up from sleep. Deon, who felt something intuitively, walked out of the tent.

“What’s all the fuss about?”

“Ah, Master Deon! They say the supply route has been attacked!”

“...okay?”

Deon Hardt puts his fist to his mouth and lowers his eyes, as if surprised or lost in thought. However, Dan, who was watching the situation from the side, saw clearly.

The corner of the mouth that was hidden under the hand slowly rises.

Deon Hardt laughed.

at last.

\*\*\*

The moonlit night game continued thereafter.

In the game, a small number of Deon’s horses came out a short distance away from the camp to procure materials for siege weapons. The next day, San Guo attacked the material procurers.

The location where the prisoners were held was revealed on the game board. When day broke, the captive was rescued.

The strange game between the King of the Mountain Country, who had no idea what his intentions were, but took advantage of it, and the Commander of the 0th Corps, who kept giving away information, ended only after they met once more after Deon Hart was attacked.

There were people who noticed that Deon Hardt was secretly crossing the castle walls.

“What on earth?”

Paul, the leader of the revolutionary army, sounded confused.

“What are you planning...? Did you two even hold hands?”

No, it's too one-sided for something like that, and only the demons are suffering losses. The battle is still fierce enough to be seen as holding hands.

But...

I stared at the document containing the report as if I couldn't help but feel anxious.

“...I don't know the reason, but looking at this situation now, I can't guarantee that there won't be a situation where they join hands.”

If there is even the slightest possibility, you should not just ignore it.

I picked up a pen. Paul muttered softly as he scribbled a comment at the bottom of the report.

“Just in case, it would be better to separate them just in case.”

If you can do it at this point, kill Deonhardt too.

\*\*\*

The game was the same as before.

The only difference is...

exactly.

The number of players has risen to the plate. Yeonhwa's attention naturally shifted to the appearance of a particularly important piece among the game pieces that, despite being the strongest, had never been active on the board before.

The location is a place where water flows, a little away from the Sanctuary camp.

‘It’s a meaningless position within this ‘game’, but...’

Yeonhwa raised her eyes and looked at Deon Hart. He was smiling inexplicably.

“...At this point, I guess I can't help but ask again.”

“ .... ”

“What on earth are you planning?”

Instead of an answer, silence returned.

Without hastily putting down the game piece he had picked up, he fiddled with it and pointed at Deon Hardt. The tip of

the game piece was aimed at the opponent's head, and eyes full of suspicion shone through narrowed eyes.

"I've been thinking about it all this time, but I can't figure out what's inside you."

"I'm glad you thought that far."

"Don't act like a fool."

"...yes?"

Deon Hardt made an expression of bewilderment. Either way, Yeonhwa took her eyes off his face and spoke slowly.

The game pieces that were hovering in the air eventually failed to find an appropriate position and ended up falling outside the game board.

"You are a warrior. You are a warrior who can move in and out of the king's room like this right now. If you put your mind to it, not only will you open the castle gate, but you will be able to turn this entire castle upside down all by yourself."

I stretched out my finger and touched the horse that Deon Hardt had placed.

"I guess the games before were for now, right?"

"..."

"Oh, there is no need to answer this question. I'm just sharing my thoughts. In that sense..."

Calm eyes looked directly at the red eyes.

“In Gwaine’s eyes, the death of this ‘corps commander’ appears to be your goal.”

“ .... ”

The general’s horse sways back and forth with the fingers on its head and then falls down. The noise of falling was quite loud, perhaps because of the quiet space, but neither of them paid any attention.

Our gazes collide in the air. As if the blood-red eyes weren’t enough to bother her, she looked as if she could see into Deonhardt’s inner self, and spoke out the questions she had built up while playing the game.

“Are you really on the side of the demon world?”

“ .... ”

“This is a question, so answer it.”

“...In Your Majesty’s eyes.”

Deon grinned.

“Do I look like I’m on the side of humans?”

“... Don’t push it with black and white logic. There are many things in the world that cannot be divided. Do you think that reducing the options like this will lead to over-indulgence? ... And I would have said not to be a gimmick.”

“ .... ”

Laughter was hidden behind the absurd emotions.

The red eyes seemed to roll to the side for a moment, but then returned to their original position. After a long silence,



the answer that came out as a whisper was short.

“...I am not a traitor to humanity.”

“then?”

“Well, if I had to ask... wouldn't ‘Avenger’ be more suitable?”

“plural?”

Yeonhwa's face distorted.

“Is messing with Sanguo considered revenge?”

“To be exact, ‘destroying the human world’ is revenge.”

“What...”

There is some kind of grudge against the human world.

If there was anything he could take revenge on, wouldn't it all be related to the death of his family?

“Isn't it enough to have revenge for bringing down an empire?”

“Do you think so?”

“I think we have more than enough.”

“Well... if you only consider what your highness knows, then yes.”

The reason Deonhardt messes with the human world is to screw the world that controls its fate. Humans are presumed to be the world's most cherished species. Although this is only a guess, it is probably true, considering that all other

races were driven into the dark abyss and only humanity was left under the sun.

A bitter smile appeared, as if he was a little tired.

“The only object of revenge left for me is the Demon King.”

“...!”

“And the object I want to fuck is ‘the world.’”

The King of the Mountain Country’s eyes widened at the words that were spoken without any hesitation.

It looks like he was more shocked than expected, but was it so shocking that even the king of a country could not control the disturbance? Deon, who was quietly looking at her, added as if to reassure her.

“Still, the human world will never be eaten by demons.”

“...Why?”

Because I will die before then.

Why would people who were born from revenge get the human world for free just because it’s pretty?

Yeonhwa, who was looking at the face that was just smiling without answering, sighed deeply.

“I don’t know what the story is or what truth is hidden... but I do know this one thing.”

“....”

“You are crazy.”

This is crazy.

There was no answer this time too. Deonhardt just smiled. Unlike the pretty smile, I could see bright red eyes shining with madness between the smiling eyes.

...He's a lot more dangerous than I thought. Feeling an eerie sensation running down her spine, Yeonhwa gently grasped the hand she had placed on her knee under the table.

Deon Hardt laughed, reading the clear warning in his eyes.

"Thank you for your concern, but I'm not crazy yet."

"...Not yet."

"I don't think that's important right now."

The air became lighter.

Yeonhwa laughed at the shameless remark.

"...Okay, that's not important right now."

To tell this story confidently means that the fate of the mountain country will soon come to an end.

I rolled the fallen general's horse. It rolls around in a circle around the waterway.

It's a waterway, a waterway....

'Even if I wanted to, I wouldn't be able to do anything like a stream, so I'd rather be like a river.'

But if there was a river nearby, I would have known about it first. Did I touch a proper vein somewhere?

I moved my mouth, thinking separately from the words.

“Does this mean that the Mountain Kingdom will greatly shake or collapse due to this move you made?”

“....”

“Even if Gwain uses this in reverse and disposes of the ‘General’, the ‘Hero on the Demon World’s side’ will personally step forward and destroy the Mountain Kingdom in order to take responsibility for it.”

“As the ‘general commander’ of the four Demon King’s armies, I must fulfill my responsibility for the loss of such a great force as the ‘corps leader.’”

He confirmed that the piece in this game is ‘Legion Commander.’ The corps commander went over there and was plotting something.

Yeonhwa’s expression hardened at the relaxed affirmation.

“It’s an external channel.”

Whether you stay still or take action, the mountain country will collapse.

Deon Hart smiled and nodded as if it were the correct answer.

“That’s right. I wonder which one you will choose.”

“....”

“Well, it’s late, so I’ll just leave. I don’t know if I’ll ever see you again.”

We've been ending by saying we'll see each other again, but this time the greeting is different.

Leaving the silent king of the mountain country behind with no choice but to come and go, he gathers his game tools and climbs out the window with his hands on his side.

Yeon-hwa, who had been staring at the window where he had disappeared for a long time, waiting for only silence to remain in the quiet room again, reached out to the communication table. A low muttering followed as if through gritted teeth.

"No, I'm sure we'll see each other again."

The communication was connected and a familiar voice came out.

-What prompted you to contact me at this late hour?

"I apologize for my rudeness. "I knew it was rude, but the situation was urgent so I had no choice but to contact you."

Can I ask how Leweché's persuasion is going?

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 261**

261. To kill (5)

Before the king of the Mountain Kingdom made the communication, the current emperor of the empire, Elpidius, was fighting with the chancellor.

It was worth it.

“All nations unite to kill Deonhardt...!”

Because the Prime Minister heard this news too late.

Even this was announced early because he was the Prime Minister. Prime Minister Ardal, who was pressing his temples to calm himself down when he heard that no one knew except the emperor and the crown prince, had no choice but to raise his voice in the end.

“It’s a plan on an absurd scale! How can you make such an important decision without even saying a word!”

“It’s just that the scale is large, but it’s not a bad plan.”

“What do you think I am saying about that now? Your Majesty, I am talking about an important plan that could change the fate of the country being carried out without any word to your subjects.”

This is a decision that must be made after putting it on the agenda at a meeting and discussing it. Even if opinions were pushed, it should have been done at the meeting.

They should at least be able to prepare their minds. Didn't the nobles end up being struck by lightning without knowing anything?

furthermore.

"And can you confirm, Your Majesty, that no housemaster was involved in that decision?"

"...."

The plan is to prioritize killing Deonhardt. There's no way the housemaster wouldn't have gone in.

Their uncle, Emperor Edoardo, died at the hands of Deonhardt. It was just yesterday that I was fighting and shouting with my whole body that I would take revenge, but there is no way I have already sorted out my emotions.

It's good that the royal family has a close relationship, but it's because they can't distinguish between public and private affairs. Ardal let out a dull sigh.

"Still, the Emperor maintained the minimum standards that must be maintained as the 'Emperor' of the empire."

No, now that I see it, I see that he was more like an emperor than anyone else.

"He personally recognized him as the successor and handed over the position, but if His Majesty does this..."

"You."

I stopped speaking.

Alethea, who had been watching the situation while leaning on the window sill, straightens up and Elpidius, who was resting his chin crookedly as if he is tired of the nagging, lowers his hand. The golden eyes contained coolness and shone fiercely.

“Is Jim funny?”

“....”

“The Emperor is the Emperor and I am me. How dare you compare the Emperor and Jim?”

You probably don’t know that comparing people to others is itself a huge disrespect, but how on earth should we accept this since they pressured the emperor by doing such a thing?

Does this mean I’m that funny? Elpidius’ voice became even colder.

“I don’t condone belittling the former emperor, but that doesn’t mean I allow him to belittle me. Of course, you are from the emperor’s generation and have seen me since the time of the crown prince, so I can see the throne supporting my back like this now. I understand that it doesn’t come across well, but....”

“....”

“You shouldn’t show it outwardly, right?”

“...Excuse me.”

Once he realized his mistake, he was quick to apologize.



Elpidius, who was glaring at the Prime Minister who immediately lowered his head, sighed deeply. The hand he held out as if he was done showed signs of fatigue.

“If you weren’t so talented, your head would have been blown off long ago.”

Thanks to a capable prime minister, the empire, which was chaotic in many ways, is now operating in its own balance. The speed at which things change stably is also quite fast.

‘If he wasn’t competent to begin with, he, a commoner, wouldn’t be in this position.’

The Prime Minister bowed silently, apologized again, and silence came.

With this, we have passed a critical juncture. It was a little unpleasant, but thanks to that, we got over the awkward topic, so let’s put an end to the Prime Minister’s rudeness. In an atmosphere that had regained its warmth, Elpidius leaned his upper body against the backrest.

“...It’s something I often think about.”

At the end of the silence, a soft voice, almost like talking to oneself, rang softly.

“My family might have been happy if we hadn’t been born into the royal family.”

“ .... ”

“Prime Minister, you seem to think that your uncle was an emperor, but in reality, that was not the case at all.”

Is there a saying that a place makes a person?

These words are perfect for Edoardo Desert. A look of ridicule passed through my eyes as I looked up at the ceiling.

“Because, regardless of his nature, my uncle was just using his energy and cutting himself to fit his position.”

Even though he knew that the crown was pressing down on him so much that it was constricting his breathing, he held on, mocking himself that it was the leash and not the crown. So...

Elpidius, who had been watching the scene closely, quietly closed his eyes.

“It occurred to me that neither my father nor my uncle fit in with the royal family.”

“....”

“And even me.”

Even if my father had become king, he would have followed a similar path to my uncle.

By nature they were not suited to the position of monarch. That was the same for Elpidius. The only difference is...

‘I can’t be like them.’

I have no intention of cutting myself down just because I don’t fit into this position. I was not confident that I could bear the weight of the yellow crown.

So the yellow crown was not worn.

‘I am not the emperor.’

He behaves like this because he is not the 'real' emperor.

I swallowed the words I couldn't say out loud and opened my eyes. Elpidius smiled at the Prime Minister, who was looking at me with an indescribable expression.

"Please just overlook the union issue. It's not the wrong way to go, and it's something that needs to be done anyway, regardless of the housemaster, isn't it?"

"Haona."

"Jim will take care of everything."

I was going to be the one getting criticized anyway. Since I did it in the first place, there is no need to criticize me.

Not only Aletea but also the Prime Minister has no intention of letting people criticize him for not telling him why he knew, so they have nothing to worry about.

Ardal sighed after reading Elpidius's determined expression that there was no room for persuasion.

"...It already happened anyway."

I've already gone beyond what I can do.

Elpidius raised his eyebrows at the indirect permission mixed with resignation to do as he pleased.

"That's right."

"...."

"Then let's go out now."

A communicator blinks on one side. Knowing full well who he was connected to, he naturally extended his hand to congratulate the guests.

As soon as the Prime Minister left and the door closed, the communication was connected and a voice rang.

- May I ask how Rweche's persuasion is going?

The voice sounded a bit childish.

\*\*\*

The young emperor appeased the king of Shan State.

"Even if that wasn't the case, I was planning on sending someone."

- ....

"I've already written the entire letter. I'll send it to you as soon as I choose the right person."

The King of the Mountain Kingdom said.

- I will join the coalition. So please proceed as quickly as possible.

Now that I've heard this, I can't help but notice. Elpidius was sure. Something happened. And that too, time is running out.

The advantage has changed. Now the Empire has gained the upper hand over the Shan State. If you take your time and let go of your sorrow, you will be able to get what you want.

but.

“All right.”

It would be difficult to do such a thing from the perspective of hoping for the union of as many countries as possible, but if the country actually collapses. And that’s what a ‘monarch’ does for the benefit of the country, not what I do.

Instead of making a useless deal, Elpidius obediently agreed.

And I was worried.

Who should I send?

“If you send anyone, they will reject you...”

“You will be lucky if you don’t get your head cut off. I just happen to have someone suitable.”

How long has it been since I stopped communicating and became worried?

Alethea, who had been quietly listening to the low muttering, opened her mouth. A relaxed voice continued under Elpidius’ questioning eyes.

“He is intelligent enough to serve as an advisor to the Emperor, and is easy to win King Rweche’s favor.”

“...Was there someone like that here?”

“Her younger sister has already survived against the angry king in Rweche and has even received a promise. If he looks like her, wouldn’t the king of Rweche be able to get angry easily?”

“ah.”

I know who it is.

A soft exclamation was followed by the subject's name.

"Lindell Reiner."

Lien Reiner's older brother.

answer. Alethea finished her sentence with a smile.

"Yes, he's probably smarter than her, so it wouldn't be impossible to convince the king of Rweche."

\*\*\*

While playing Chess with the King of the Mountains – right before the last day – Deonhardt was attacked.

As usual, I finished the game and came out.

As I went to a remote place, taking turns to avoid unnecessary distractions, the ground beneath my feet sank and a small flame fell from above my head.

Although it was a dark night, I could clearly see the eyes of the warrior who was not limited by the environment. It was not just a flame, it was a fiery arrow. The sparks falling against the pitch-black night sky, filling the field of view, are quite beautiful, but...

'What can I do with just a few fire arrows?'

I don't know who is behind it, but it doesn't seem to be Sanguk. On the first day he came here, he went on such a rampage and showed such an overwhelming display, there is no way he could have thought that he could kill a hero with just this.

– While thinking about such things, he suddenly thought.

‘Underfoot...’

—Was this how it originally felt?

There are a lot of things rustling under your feet. It’s too big to be a pebble and has an unnatural feel.

I bowed my head. And what I saw was....

“...Ha damn.”

All of this is a bomb. I don’t know who it is, but it looks like they are very determined.

All the things that are as black as pebbles in the stream are bombs. A bomb here, a bomb there. bomb. bomb. Bomb....

‘I let my guard down.’

Now it is too late to catch or throw away the fiery arrows.

In order to get out of the pit belatedly, he tries to jump through the rain of arrows, covering only his head... but...

wow!

It was not enough to escape the explosion’s impact area.

‘Fuck.’

My vision turned red along with the intense heat.

\*\*\*

On an unseasonable moonlit night, a red light illuminated the world as if the sun had shone on its head, and as it

faded again as if it had never happened before, a group of people appeared around the pit.

The black ground, which is still full of the smell of burnt coal, emits steam and makes a 'chiik' sound every time you step on it. A man who was snooping around inside the pit opened his mouth as he saw a scene that looked like hell had come to life.

"As expected... he's dead, right?"

"Don't you know that's a taboo word?"

"But he's definitely dead. No matter how brave he is, there's no way he could survive an explosion of that magnitude. Finding the body would be a miracle...!"

Wow.

As if it were a lie, a hand came up from inside the hole. Gray hair appears after a black hand touches the ground.

"also."

A gloomy voice rang out.

"I thought if I waited here, someone would come."

Then, bright red eyes sparkle under the moonlight. Everyone was shocked and took a step back at the sight, which looked like something out of a ghost story.

Deon didn't care and raised the corner of his mouth.

As he came out of the pit, his appearance was clearly exposed. His clothes were tattered and his entire body was stained black and charred here and there, but there were no visible wounds.



“I let my guard down.”

As someone said, he became a hero and became arrogant. I paid the price well this time.

In the explosion, the body was torn and repaired countless times. The skin melted due to the heat and then recovered. The recovery progressed almost as soon as the injury occurred, so there was no permanent damage such as a body part falling off, but the pain was uncontrollable, so Deon was angry at himself for letting down his guard and at the person who did what he did, and he pondered the situation over and over again.

“And I thought, who could wake me up from my slack?”

Who did something like this?

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 262**

262. To kill (6)

“If they could get this much bombs, they wouldn't be a normal force. And there aren't that many bombs in the Mountain Kingdom. Even if they were, they would have been used to block the advancing Demon King's army before using them in places like this.”

In the first place, there was no way the king of the mountain country, who was profiting from the 'game', would try to kill me before I could drink all the sweet water.

“Then something came to mind. When you think of 'bomb', isn't it 'revolutionary army'?”

“...!”

“When I thought about it, the revolutionary army itself helped the country. It seemed like they had quite a bit of intelligence.”

That's correct.

Each person shook their shoulders or narrowed their eyes and smiled at the people who were widening their eyes. The red eyes glowed eerily with suppressed anger and madness.

“Did you think all you had to do was hide the revolutionary army’s distinctive pattern?”

The oppressive force becomes stronger.

With the tension threatening to explode at any moment, the leader of them spoke softly, clenching his trembling jaw.

“Note...”

“I thought it wasn’t worth worrying about, so I put it on the back burner, but I guess I’ll have to change the order.”

“Kill me!!”

“Okay, that’s a good thing you said. That’s right. First of all...”

Let’s start by killing you guys first.

\*\*\*

There was a signal on the necklace. It also came very cruelly.

A sign of injury that clearly would have killed him many times over if it weren’t for the hero. Ben, who had been lounging around doing nothing since he arrived, ran out of the barracks without a second thought as soon as he saw this. My graying head couldn’t even think of the question of why the signal was ringing far away and not in the barracks this late at night.

It was a very short period of time, about a few seconds, but the signal cut off briefly and rang repeatedly, as if he had been injured and recovered several times in that time. Ben gritted his teeth as he increased his running speed.

‘What on earth happened to Deon...’

The question that I thought would be resolved once I reached my destination actually grew bigger.

Black, scorched ground and human corpses strewn around. And Deon, who is holding a human man by the neck.

Even though the distance is quite far away, he turns his head towards me as if he senses a presence. The moment Ben encountered the red-hot eyes shining with murderous intent, he had a hunch.

Ah, I found out something I shouldn’t know.

Once I confirmed that Deon was safe and my mind cooled down, I belatedly began to see the situation.

Coming so far away at this late hour means that something was being done in secret. The fact that he didn’t tell me means that ‘Ben’ wasn’t supposed to know...

“...Deon.”

If you use your mouth carelessly, you will die. I swallowed my dry saliva and took the step I had stopped taking.

Highly contracted red eyes stare persistently at the person approaching me. Ben carefully closed the distance, roughly pushing away the body that was hit by his feet without averting his eyes, as if dealing with a wary wild animal.

Eventually, when he got close enough to reach if he stretched out his hand, he stopped walking and opened his mouth. The first thing that came out in the sharp silence was...

“Are you hurt anywhere?”

“....”

“First of all, everything I can see is fine...”

“...Ha.”

A laugh was heard as if the tension had been relieved.

Feeling the air surrounding him loosen, Ben gathered his courage and stretched out his hand. The behavior of lifting up the tattered hem of the clothes without even paying attention, as if there was no human being in sight, was met with absurd looks.

“...What are you doing?”

“We are checking to see if there are any hidden injuries.”

“Nothing. It all recovered right away.”

There are definitely no injuries.

Since he wasn't affected by the devil's power, it was natural for him to recover quickly. Ben, who was finally at ease, let out a sigh of relief and took off the outer clothes he was wearing.

“It's getting closer to fall and the nights can be quite chilly. Put on your clothes.”

“....”

It's unlikely that a warrior will catch a cold... Sensing Ben's consideration, Deon let go of the human's neck he was clutching without saying a word and put on his coat.

Before letting go, I felt as if I had put some pressure on my hand and there was a crunching sound of bones breaking, but no one paid any attention.

“...so.”

Deon, putting on his clothes, turns his head. The eyes looking at Ben narrowed.

“What do you want to say?”

“Would you like to go back and take another night walk?”

“....”

It means I won't ask why you came here or what happened.

It was like that last time, and it looks like they have decided to take this side. Deon, who was staring at him silently, played to his tune and pretended nothing had happened.

“I don't want to go for another night walk dressed like this. Let's go back.”

“yes.”

\*\*\*

Before arriving near the military camp and entering, Deon returned to avoid the eyes of the soldiers, as he did when he parted ways with Ben, and told Dan, who was waiting, the whole story.

I had no choice but to do that because I could see the worry in his eyes as he was shocked to see my face and asked me what on earth had happened.

“It's a revolutionary army...”

Dan frowned and muttered after hearing the story.

"If you look closely, it seems like there's nowhere they won't interfere."

"That's right."

"...master."

A voice called out to him softly, as if he was talking about someone else's business.

"Even though something like this has happened, I'm sure you don't plan on just letting it go."

"Of course not."

Deon shrugged.

I knew right away what to do with the revolutionary army. I also had the key to easily solve the problem.

Nevertheless, after putting it off and putting it off, it happened like this. Even though something bothersome happened a few times before, I just ignored it. It was natural to use one's hands unless one was a protector.

"The revolutionary army is a force united around only one leader, so if you take care of the leader, there will be no need to worry about the rest."

"I know."

"So what are you going to do?"

"...."

Silence returned.

Dan, who was staring at him as he opened his mouth and then closed it, added something.

“As it happens, we also have the leader’s weakness.”

“...I know that too. I have to use it. If I use it as a hostage...”

“Master.”

I looked carefully into Deon’s eyes.

The red eyes that met each other for a moment in silence slowly rolled to the side. Dan muttered softly as he persistently followed the fleeing pupil.

“Do you really think that’s enough?”

“ .... ”

The Master must already know a more efficient method than that.

Although he didn’t say it out loud, Deonhardt probably knew. As expected, Deon quietly lowered his eyes.

“...surely.”

“ .... ”

“There might be a better way. It would be better to take some more time and think about it. Rather, I think next will probably be the last game...” I’ve already put it

off enough. Dan quietly swallowed these words as well.

‘As expected, he’s kind...’

Is it just his nature?



Of course, if you think about it a little more, you might come up with a better way. But hasn't enough time already been given? Still, the fact that it didn't come to mind means that the method I have in mind right now is the most efficient.

All we have to do is cross the final line that we protect as humans. The method I know is not even included in the options.

'Well... it doesn't matter.'

Because I can do it.

Therefore, even though he knew that Deon was diverting his words, Dan did not say anything.

\*\*\*

When Dan agitated against the human world, he received recognition from the corps commanders.

The skill and courage to do whatever I wanted to do while under the pressure of the corps commanders watching and at the same time achieve good results. Trover, the commander of the 9th Corps, was given the title of honorary demon next to the members of the Lofty Knights.

...I don't know when the crazy dogs got that title, but that's not important right now, so let's move on.

This means that we established a connection with the corps commanders and registered communication seats with each other. therefore.

"There is something I would like to ask for Master Lirinel... Would you please listen? Although it may be a little feeble, I will repay you."

– huh? For Deon? What?

Dan contacted the commander of the 11th Corps, which manages Demonism.

“It won’t be difficult.”

A human who is more like a demon than a demon lays out a plan on behalf of his weak superior. The demon corps commander, who was far from ethical, nodded his invisible head intently and listened.

– Yeah, it’s really not that difficult! I’ll take care of it soon. It’s for Deon, so there’s no need to repay me.

“In that case, what I have prepared should not be a reward, but a bribe to ask for your continued support.”

I had it for this purpose in the first place, so I don’t think I would have any use for it if I missed it now. At this point, it would be a good idea to gain the favor of the 11th Corps Commander.

Lirinel expressed doubt as if she sensed the will to give it somehow.

– What is it?

“It’s a portrait of the Master.”

– ...what?!

“For your information, it’s exactly the same as the real thing. Even the Master said it was like looking in a mirror.”

Although I expressed my displeasure while saying that.

A trembling voice was heard over the communicator.

- It's the same... a portrait? Is there a portrait that can capture Deon's appearance?

"It was drawn by the Demon King."

- Just like that...!

The Demon King's drawing skills are known to all demons who have lived for a long time.

In the first place, the Demon King achieved the highest score in all fields. Painting was no exception.

A portrait of Deon drawn by the Demon King himself! Lirinel suppressed her trembling emotions and asked carefully.

- Are you giving me that precious thing?

"yes."

- really?

"It's your bribe. I'll tell you where I keep it."

Bribery is such a sweet thing...!

I heard that people often destroy themselves by accepting excessive bribes, and now I understand why that is.

"You're such a good kid!"

Lirinel cried out in emotion. My mind was already calculating where to hang Deon's portrait.

"If you need any help in the future, please feel free to let me know! I will help as much as I can!"

\*\*\*

Failed to kill Deonhardt.

What happened to the hero's body that even a bomb of that size couldn't kill him?

It is said that all the people who sent it are also dead. It wasn't even clear whether he died after being discovered or whether he died without being discovered, so Paul touched his forehead.

'...Anyway, the matter has already happened so let's move on...'

There is nothing to resolve either way. The revolutionary army has already been interfering with the devil's army, so what can they do if they find out about this incident?

'What's more important is this.'

Confirming the new revolutionary army that will arrive this time.

This is the schedule that goes out every time a new revolutionary army comes in. As the leader of a revolutionary army, it's impossible not to even know the faces of its members. Originally, I would go and see it secretly, but at some point, with an escort attached, it actually became an official part of my schedule.

'I'm overprotective, even though I know it's rare for spies to come out from there.'

The place he is going now is an external location to filter out spies. Because of that, people around him tried to stop him, saying it was dangerous, but they had to provide an escort.

In fact, when recruiting at that location, they had already done a thorough background check and filtered them out, so there were very few people caught there. It's just a formality. Therefore, Paul walked calmly as usual.

His steps stopped when the reserve members came into view.

'The age groups are diverse this time....'

There is no age group, from children to the elderly. Paul leaned against a nearby tree and glanced around at the people he could see.

My mouth feels bitter looking at these younger people. I don't even know if it's because the world is going so crazy that children have to be exposed to danger, or because it reminds me of Shiia...

'I heard they haven't found Shiia yet.'

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 263**

263. To kill him (7)

If he died, I told him to at least bring me his body, but since so much time has passed, even that seems far-fetched.

I guess it's time for me to bury my younger brother in my heart. I put aside my bitter feelings and looked up, which had been downcast for some time.

'Rather than that, after this is over, I have to go back and have another class with Mr. Lee Ram...' There

was nothing left to teach.

I remember that all the concepts were taught and only detailed adjustments remained. I taught almost everything. As long as I give an example and warn you not to use it in the wrong place... hmm?

Paul, who was concentrating on his thoughts as he changed direction, noticed a familiar face among the gradually decreasing number of people and stopped.

"That kid..."

"...Chief?"

"...."

“Paul?”

I heard the escorts calling for me nearby, but I couldn't answer.

As if I had become an idiot, my mind focuses on only one thing and pushes everything else out of the scope of awareness. Paul took a step forward with a dazed expression, as if he were possessed.

‘...Are you sure.’

Although time has passed and it has grown a little, I can't recognize it. My confidence was strong as I habitually recalled the face.

A little boy standing expressionless with an aura that doesn't suit a child. It feels like it's heavier than before, but that kid is definitely my younger brother.

“Shiia....”

One step. And one more step. He went towards the child.

I turned too far just to see one face. How long did it take?

People around him seem to be nervous about his sudden actions and urge him to step back for his own safety. I ignored it and went about four steps.

“Chief!”

Someone yanked his arm. And at the same time, Quaaaaa!!

There was a loud noise. A red flame flickers in one corner of my vision, followed by a rush of hot wind. It should have been cool because it was the end of summer, but the heat

was hotter than mid-summer, so the escort holding the pole quickly backed away.

“De-se.”

...There was a spy.

The guy who threw the bomb in the middle of the crowd grinned at those running to catch him. Without hesitation, he took off his coat and threw it away, leaving those who hesitated due to ominous feelings.

“...!”

“Crazy guy...!”

There were bombs hanging from his body.

Some of the revolutionary troops hold back the reserve members while others keep them in check. After seeing one person report the situation, Howie hurriedly urged Paul to carry out his duties.

“Let’s leave right now.”

“Oh no, wait a minute...!”

“You are the core of the revolutionary army. You must not die.”

“but...!”

There’s my younger brother...!

In order to keep the leader a top priority, the guards push him back. Paul, who was trying to hold on as much as possible despite being helplessly pushed around, impulsively shouted out his younger brother’s name, feeling



that he would never see him again if they were separated like this.

“Shiia!!”

“...!”

When quietly escaping isn't enough, what is this?...

The guards are startled and one child's head turns around in search of the source. Shiia's complexion brightened as she found a familiar face among the large men.

“pole!!”

That shout, that voice. That's my brother. But...

Paul's face was contorted with complex emotions, as if he was smiling or crying.

Shiia smiles brightly and runs toward me. The guards blocked the way, saying it was dangerous, but they pushed them aside and accepted the child with open arms.

“It's okay. He's my little brother.”

“....”

“Ah, but I think it would be better for you to step back.”

With one hand, I held on as if I was hugging a child, and with the other hand, I grabbed something attached to my back.

“This kid is wearing a bomb.”

“...yes?”

“I'm sorry. As the head, I have to judge, but I couldn't.”

But I don't regret it.

Paul strengthened the arm holding Sia. To minimize the scope of the explosion, hold the child in your arms as much as possible. and.

Pow!!

I heard the sound of life being extinguished.

....

'Actually.'

I knew it was dangerous. I also knew it was suspicious. Because the timing was so elaborate.

I don't know who was behind it, but they were probably planning to draw attention to someone else and then send Shiia here to deal with it. In a chaotic situation, a child will be pushed back in the list of people to watch out for.

I knew it, but... how could I shake it off?

I haven't seen you in a long time, and you come running towards me with a bright smile, as if I see you once a year or not.

'Yes, Siia.'

Paul smiled and whispered.

'You didn't want me to cry for you.'

\*\*\*

There are unspoken rules in the slums.

Rules created to somehow keep one's sanity and survive in a difficult life.

[Be friendly, but don't be affectionate.]

\*\*\*

I'm trash. Even if I die, I probably won't see anything good. Shiia mocked herself.

It's too late. When I came to my senses, I had gotten caught up in a daze and had signed a contract to summon a demon. Who would have guessed that what they did without knowing what to do was an attempt to summon a demon?

It was too late to turn back, so I let go of everything and was swayed wherever I could. I thought it would be better to die, but there was someone who bothered me about that.

Then, when she received orders for her final mission...

[To die with the leader of the revolutionary army?]

[Yes.]

[Who is the leader of the revolutionary army?]

[Paul.]

[...!]

She was surprised, but she did not refuse. .

'Because Paul is the only person who will cry when I die.'

I am trash. No one should cry when someone dies.

Paul is secretly weak-hearted, so he will definitely cry if I die. If he remains missing like he is now, he won't give up and will continue to search for him. Because I can't let you go through such wasted effort and heartache.

So I willingly kicked the bomb and rushed at Paul. Before running in, he secretly turned the bomb he was wearing on his stomach and put it on his back, but he did it anyway.

'Look, Paul. I'm such a naughty child.'

Since he's not worth crying over, let's just assume he died well and take it easy.

'Thank you for taking care of me so that I didn't die.'

When I think about it, he always extended a helping hand to me. Even though I didn't want it and it actually offended me.

I haven't seen your face properly since Salvation Church, but I thought you wouldn't know. At first glance, it seemed irregular, but in the end, food came in steadily so that I wouldn't starve to death. Strangely enough, there were no dangers such as robbery.

I ran towards him, swallowing the greeting I couldn't say. Paul smiles and hugs her willingly. I feel a hand touch my back under my outer clothing and my fist is clenched as if I were going to blow off a bomb. I felt my arms shaking as if I was trying hard.

Then, as if he sensed that it was impossible to tear it off, he spun it around and brought it to his stomach. He grabbed the small body that was startled and tried to retreat and held it in his arms.

The arms that hold me stably ask questions.

Did you think I didn't know?

"No sleep...!"

A confused voice came out.

No... no. This wasn't the plan. Although Paul's injury was factored into the plan, his death was not even thought about.

I just wanted it to end with me dying. This is what I wanted...

"It's okay."

Perhaps it was an illusion, but I heard a voice that seemed to be whispering.

The moment I stopped, I burst into laughter!!

There was an explosion.

....

Paul laughed as he hugged his younger brother who was trying to push him away before he died.

are you okay. My death is solely my fault. You don't have to feel guilty if I die.

This is a correction made by the head of the revolutionary army who made a momentary wrong decision, and it is a judgment made as a person who cares about his younger brother, Shiia.

If he only gave up this one life in return for his wrong judgment, it would have been cheap, and more than anything, it was an action he did because he had no confidence in living sanely if Shiia died in front of his eyes.

Although we are not related by blood, they are my only family.

Ever since I heard the news of her disappearance, I have been looking for her. Even when I tentatively thought he was dead, I couldn't even bury it in my heart and held onto it for a long time.

A child like that suddenly appears and dies before your eyes? It was naive of Shiia to think that she could live a sane life even after witnessing it herself.

The bomb was wrapped tightly around her back. It is impossible to tear it off.

If things continue like this, she will definitely die and the people around her will also suffer greatly. I will also suffer quite a few injuries. But you will survive.

In that case, it would be better to turn the bomb towards me so as not to cause any damage to those around me and make sure I die as well.

So I put it into action.

'It seems like you don't want me to cry for you. Wouldn't it be better if we died together?'

I smiled silently and patted the back of the embarrassed child who was trying to push me away as if he was okay.

So on this day.

Shiia died with the only person who would cry when she died.

\*\*\*

Well that ended well!

The 11th Corps commander, who had successfully completed the task asked by Dan, looked back at the 2nd Corps commander with a satisfied expression.

“Thank you for the information on Develania.”

“It’s your favor...”

De’Vellania, who had stopped sending information to Deon Hart at some point, nodded roughly.

“Killing the leader of the human world’s revolutionary army... I guess it was for the sake of Mana Deon, right?”

“yes!”

“Um... Lirinel. I’m just saying this because I’m worried about you...”

Lirinel especially follows Deon Hart. Should I say that I was captivated by that ridiculous face and strength?

After thinking for a moment about whether she should say this, she looked at Lirinel as if she were looking at a child thrown into the water and spoke.

“I think it’s best not to trust Deon too much.”

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It is said that the leader of the revolutionary army is dead.

I haven't even done anything yet, so what happened? Deon tilted his head at the slightly embarrassing news.

"Do you know anything?"

"...."

Silence returned to the thoughtless question.

The attitude of looking away without answering tells you that there is a hidden story. Deon immediately stood up with an ominous feeling running down his spine. The chair fell back with a loud noise, but I didn't care.

"step."

"...."

"I think we need to talk."

It didn't take long for Dan to open his mouth.

They say they have built up affection and are comfortable with each other in their own way, but before that, their relationship was clearly divided between the top and bottom. Dan soon opened his mouth in response to his superior's interrogation, and upon hearing the hidden truth, Deon became extremely angry.

Wow! Dan's head turned after being slapped.

"Are you crazy?! Why on earth did you do something like that?!"

A shout broke out.

Even when he was angry, he always expressed it as suppressed madness or cool anger. Dan, who had been



wiping the inside of his mouth with his tongue, looked up at the unfamiliar sight.

You can see red eyes burning with a mixture of anger and other emotions. The eyes were shaking slightly, like flames fluttering in the wind.

“Why are you angry?”

“...what?”

“You seemed hesitant, so I just did the work for you and got your hands dirty. If anything, you should praise me.”

It was an overly confident attitude. Deon, who was momentarily speechless, pursed his lips.

“...Who wants to replace me?”

“That’s right.”

“There was another way.”

“But you couldn’t think of a more efficient way than what I did. All you have to do is cross the final line as a human being. If you have abandoned your conscience, how can you not cross that line?”

no.

I admit that it is easy to confuse conscience with conscience in the age of war, but the difference clearly exists.

If you abandon your conscience, you become a ‘bad human being,’ but if you cross the final line that Dan mentioned, you become ‘not even human.’

“master.”

“....”

Dan looked into the eyes of Deon, who had completely closed his mouth. A creepy, quiet voice continued.

“I follow ‘Deon Hardt’, but I follow ‘Calamity’ more than that.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 264**

264. To kill (8)

“...whenever it is said that it is meaningless to distinguish between the two.”

“I think we need to differentiate now.”

Dan shrugged.

In fact, he had already taken some care. That was the thing I took care of.

If ‘Deon Hardt’ had not the slightest sense, he would have been induced and pushed to do it on his own. Rather than not paying attention to his soft side as a human being, he would have rather tried to remove it.

In the end, it means that it was an action that could have been taken because at some point, Dan began to be conscious of the existence of ‘Deonhardt’ rather than ‘disaster’, like clothes getting wet in a light rain.

“Come to your senses, Master. As a result, the leader of the revolutionary army is definitely dead. Isn’t that what’s done?”

“...Is that all you are saying about sending an innocent person, even a child, with a bomb?”

“yes.”

“You crazy bastard.”

“What’s the problem? Disasters don’t discriminate against such things. Moreover, many people have already been caught up in the current war and died. There are probably many children among them, and there are even more innocent people. Why are you being so hypocritical now?”

I’m out of breath. Deon looked like he was suffocating.

“...what is done with intention and what is done without intention are not the same.”

“What does intention matter if the result is the same? Whether intentional or unintentional, the person is already dead and there is no turning back.”

The sharp tongue that always points outwards targets Deon Hardt.

Deon slowly closed his eyes and opened them as the words became like a dagger and cut at him sharply. What came into my eyes, which I opened to capture the world of complex emotions, was blood streaming down my face. Blood rising from below with terrifying force.

The water level, which had otherwise been steadily rising, seemed to have gained momentum due to this incident, swallowing up to the knees and sloshing around as if aiming for the thighs.

“...Do you know what the most shitty thing is right now?”

A slow voice came out.

Deon, who had been looking at the silent Dan, raised his head as if he could no longer look at him. The tight ceiling filled my vision, as if I was feeling frustrated.

“I feel like I’ve become the same person as that bastard.”

“....”

“And you too.”

Even though they don’t look alike at all, Dan’s face looks like that of a peacock. Unable to overcome the fatigue that was weighing him down, Deon sat down on the bed and gently closed his eyes.

The suppressed voice fell with bitter emotions.

“get out.”

“....”

“Get out. Can’t you hear?”

Dan bowed silently and turned his back.

...Where should I go?

Dan, who left the barracks, raised his head instead of walking straight away. Eyes whose emotions cannot be read embrace the clear sky.

‘I don’t want to go back to the barracks assigned to me.’

When I’m alone in a quiet place, all kinds of thoughts come to mind. Should I just go for a walk?

...Let’s try walking first. I set out without a specific destination.

What seemed like a long walk stopped sooner than expected.

“step?”

Because a voice from behind caught my ankle. Dan looked back.

“What are you doing here?”

I saw a simple face that seemed to have no worries in the world.

“...Lord Milan.”

“Huh?! Why is your face like that!”

Was this the territory of mad dogs? As I was looking around with dry eyes, Milan made a fuss.

“Where did you get beaten up?! Who is it? Who hit you!”

“What? Dan got beaten up by those damn demons?!”

“Our student?”

“I think I need special training for this...!”

After hearing Milan’s fuss, members of the Knights Templar flock from all over.

Dan, who was quickly surrounded by a crowd of people, raised his hand as he became aware of the spot where he had been hit by the gaze focused on his cheek to the point where he thought he was going to break through. I touched the newly swollen cheek and felt a belated pain.

“ah.”

“It’s swollen so black!”

“Purple, blue, and red... what kind of paint did you put on your cheeks?”

Is it that bad?

Actually, I thought my head fell off when I got hit. My mouth burst too.

‘It’s weak compared to a warrior who hit him in anger.’

In the meantime, it seems he was controlling his strength in his own way. If I had failed to control my strength or applied just a little more strength, my head might have really fallen off.

‘Maybe the head itself exploded.’

Dan, who had been swiping his tongue over the area where he could taste blood, suddenly raised his eyes to a hand grabbing both of his shoulders. Serious eyes came into view.

“Who are you?”

“ .... ”

“What kind of bastard made it like this?”

A sight that is rarely seen except during battle. I looked at him and laughed sarcastically.

“If I tell you, will you take revenge?”

“of course!”

“ .... ”

The answer came back, paying no heed to the grating voice.

Dan closed his mouth for a moment, then raised the corners of his mouth.

“Master said so.”

“...Captain?”

“yes.”

“....”

The hand that was on his shoulder slowly fell.

Milan, who took a step back, broke out in a cold sweat and avoided eye contact. When I saw that, a mischievous smile came to my mind.

“Aren’t you going to scold me?”

“You’re the captain...”

It seemed like Milan wasn’t the only one who was embarrassed, and the surroundings were in turmoil. The knights each exchanged glances.

“Who?”

“He said he was the captain.”

“I don’t think I misheard... The captain said that? That can’t be possible...”

My child can’t do that...

Words that only an anxious parent would say come out here and there. Meanwhile, Cletor, who was thinking deeply



about something, raised his head and glanced at Dan.

“Did you get into some kind of accident?”

“....”

“You had an accident, right? Our captain may be a bit harsh, but he doesn’t really put a hand on his subordinates.”

Dan rolled his eyes slightly without answering. As if to replace his silence, other people’s voices continued one after another.

“That’s right. Even though it wasn’t a battle, did you hit me while I was doing medicine?”

“I couldn’t reach my face, so I hit my back. The force was scary, but it was still cute...” “It

didn’t even hurt...”

That distracts from the topic. Anyway, these are not helpful things.

Clutter clicked his tongue and looked at Dan again.

“So what kind of accident did you get into?”

“...”

“If the captain made your face look like this, it must mean he was quite angry...”

And when I came to, I found myself grabbed by the collar. Dan, unable to accept the situation, blinked his eyes blankly.

Regardless, Cleator, who was said to be the calmest of the Lofty Knights, paid no heed and waved the hand holding his

collar.

“How dare you make the captain angry?!”

“...This is the one who got hit one-sidedly...”

“You must have done something wrong!”

“....”

It's not wrong....

They have a lot of trust in their leader. Dan's expression became strange as he seemed to be shouting that there must be a reason for Deonhardt's murder.

\*\*\*

Deon, who had left the barracks and felt a presence moving away, finally put both feet on the bed and hugged his knees.

As I bury my face in my knees, the blood level lowers as if it is still trying to help me breathe. Still, he was out of breath and let out a laugh.

“Fuck.”

As the shitty situation continued, the cursing that had been reduced at best increased again.

...I have nothing to say because in the end, it's all because of me.

I need something or someone to help me breathe. In times like this, if I had crazy, noisy crazy dogs around, I would have no time to think about anything else... but not now.

Deon didn't want to go out.

So, I impulsively picked up the communication table.

And then I stop – I realize it again. I had no one to contact with peace of mind.

Although Lyrinel is easy to handle, that doesn't mean you can relax. Besides, this damn situation right now is also because of Lirinel's actions...

“Haha.”

The ridicule he spewed out because he thought his own appearance was so ridiculous was so weak that it felt like he was going to die at any moment.

In this situation, there was only one opponent that came to mind. Someone who will blow wind into the flame that is shaking precariously as if it will go out. Deon operated the communication table.

– Deon?

As if I received the signal almost as soon as it came, I heard the voice without waiting.

Yes, in times like this, it's better to stick to revenge. Deon's expression improved as he heard the familiar voice of the person who would fuel his desire for revenge.

– what's the matter? Has something big gone wrong?

“That's not true.”

– then?

“ .... ”

There was silence.

In fact, I contacted him impulsively. Deon, who hesitated about what to say, finally closed his mouth.

Even though there was no answer, the Demon King did not reprimand.

He was just leisurely waiting for the other person to get lucky and reading the atmosphere. He roughly grasped the situation and slowly opened his mouth.

- Come to think of it, the leader of the revolutionary army died....

“ .... ”

- They're nothing special other than the leader, so they won't go on a rampage for the time being. Now that one of the intrusive forces is gone, things will go more smoothly. congratulations.

The calm voice subtly gets on my nerves.

You probably did it knowingly. Be quick-witted. The corners of Deon's mouth turned up with a cool aura.

“You got the news quickly.”

- Because the 2nd Corps Commander is working hard.

“aha.”

At some point, Develania began sending information less frequently.

Deon fell silent again. In silence, as if they didn't care, a consistent voice discussed daily life.

- Are you practicing your spear skills well? Well, I'm sure you've learned it all by now.

"...."

- Next time I come back, I'll try teaching you how to use a bow.

"...."

The Demon King, who continued to say some nonsense after that, soon ended the communication due to time constraints.

Deon also obediently accepts because he has achieved his initial goal. The Demon King, who was about to end communication with a final greeting, let out an exclamation as if he had remembered it too late.

- Oh yeah. I forgot to tell you. The ban on you has been lifted. You can take medicine as much as you like while you are out on the battlefield.

"...."

- That's enough then.

The voice that filled the barracks disappeared after making a statement that opened a hole in the air.

Deon, who was quietly looking at the turned off communication table in the silence that had returned, roughly threw it on the table. Ever since Dan got slapped, the monster plant, which had been frozen and watching the situation like a normal plant in the human world, began to move slowly.

“Suck.”

“Oh, it’s okay now. I’m not angry.”

“Pfft.”

“Okay, okay.”

I wasn’t sure what it was about, but it seemed like he was giving me some sort of consolation, so I accepted it, but then a signal came through the communication box again.

The monster noticeably hands me a communication stone. Deon suddenly accepted it and made a puzzled expression.

It’s probably not the demon lord you just communicated with, so who is it?

“Who...”

– Deon!

“...Lirinel?”

The timing isn’t very good. No, I received the call after communicating with the Demon King, so I guess I should say it’s not a bad thing.

When he hears the voice, he remembers that Lirinel was at the core of what Dan did, and his expression hardens, but his emotions have been sorted out to some extent, so he won’t make any rash remarks or actions.

He calmly opened his mouth, reminding himself that Lirinel was a useful weapon.

“Why did you contact me?”

- The Demon Lord said that contacting me now would not be a hindrance!

"Ah... I guess you have something to say."

- Um... No, the Demon King told me not to run my mouth carelessly!

"Oh yeah..."

Then why did you contact me? I quickly swallowed down the words that rose up for a moment.

'...I think I know roughly.'

He must have wanted to receive praise since he successfully eliminated the leader of the revolutionary army.

The devil's advice is also understandable. Certainly, in the current situation, if Ririnel had even mentioned the incident of being the head of the revolutionary army out of excitement at the thought of being praised, it would have had the opposite effect. Even the devil is so quick to advise that already.

'Nevertheless, the reason I urged him to contact Lirinel...'

Is this guy specifically following me?

Having someone who follows me purely and without bad intentions will help to some extent with my precarious psychological state of having no one to rely on. Moreover, Lirinel is almost blind.

Deon looked down at the communication table for a moment, feeling like he knew the devil's intentions.

"Lirinel."

-Yes Deon!

“...Someday....”

I called the name without thinking, but in reality, it was more like talking to myself.

I paused for a moment, lost in thought, and then spoke slowly.

“...The day will come when you will hate me too.”

The day will come when you will hate someone so much that you will want to kill them. So, if we attach affection for no reason, it will be a loss to this side.

- yes? Is that possible?

In a voice that seemed to be telling the obvious truth, Ririnel's voice became stiff, a rare occurrence.

Deon, listen carefully. The resigned mutterings to myself were followed by a serious answer.

- Even if he tries to kill me, I will still like Deon.



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 265**

265. To Kill (9)

Lirinel likes Deon Hart. It is not the sexual meaning that people often talk about.

A more noble and blind kind than that. She smiled softly toward the communication table for someone who couldn't be seen.

The other person, who had been silent as if the example was quite shocking, asked.

– ...Why so much?

“well.”

When the position of Commander of the 0 Corps opened up and Deon Hart came in, she received an unfamiliar type of affection for the first time in her life.

Would you say that even in the human world, it is affection that comes from a form of care for immature individuals, that is, children? As a corps commander, it could be seen as an insult, but the subtle affection given by the object of reverence, who always pretended not to be and hit the wall with sharp edges, gave him an inexplicable sense of pleasure and joy.

“Mr. Deon... um, I mean... Ah! Sweet! You’re sweet!”

- ...I?

“yes.”

The response was that they couldn’t even understand, let alone agree, but Lirinel remained steadfast.

After all, doesn’t being an immature individual mean a weak person? In a world where it is natural for the weak to be left behind, the reason he takes care of them as if it were natural is because Deon Hart is good.

When she came to her senses, she was already immersed in the kindness of that goodness.

‘I’m sure Deon doesn’t know.’

You might just think it’s because of your appearance.

Of course, it’s not that looks don’t matter at all... or rather, it can be seen as a big deal...!

If it weren’t for the unfamiliar foundation of affection based on affection, I wouldn’t have been so blind.

‘Of course I have no intention of telling you.’

You’ll probably never know.

- Uh... okay... thank you.

There was a lot to say, but the answer came back hesitantly, as if he didn’t want to argue.

- Well... there’s nothing more to say, right? hang up

“Yes! Not... I don’t know if I can tell you this, but I’m telling you because I think it would be good to report it first...”

– ...What is it?

“Uhm...”

Can I say this?

For a moment, Ririnel wondered if it might fall within the scope of the Demon King’s warning not to use one’s mouth carelessly, but then she began to speak.

“The Demon Cult that has entered the human world is currently on the verge of extinction.”

This news was already delivered to the current emperor when he wiped out the Demon Cult base, so it would be safe to say.

At that time, only a small number survived, but this time they used it to eliminate the leader of the revolutionary army and almost all of them were used up.

I swallowed my last words and continued.

“Actually, it’s better to say it’s over...”

– Really?

“Of course, if you try hard, it won’t be impossible to get it back up again, so if you want...!”

– No, that’s okay. Even if it wasn’t, I was planning to sort it out soon.

The voice was calmer than expected.

The order was given while the confused Lirinel blinked for a moment.

- Let's withdraw from the human world at this point.

Regardless of her confusion, the answer she would give was obvious.

"yes...!"

\*\*\*

Demonism is on the verge of extinction? It's obvious.

Even when Elpidius wiped out the Daemonism, a small number of them survived. If it's an incident that could kill them, the only news we've heard recently is. Deon sneered and took out a cigarette and asked.

'You put a lot of effort into eliminating the leader of the revolutionary army.'

How many people must have been consumed, starting from behind-the-scenes work to pushing Shiia in and assisting her without being detected.

Nevertheless, contrary to expectations, my mood did not reach its worst. Maybe it was because of Lyrinel's attitude, which was more blind than I thought. After roughly summarizing the situation, Deon disconnected the communication and stood up.

I don't know if it's thanks to you, but anyway, my emotions have been sorted out, so I have to move now.

'Where are the crazy dogs?'

I wonder if he is quietly staying in the barracks.

I flicked the cigarette in my mouth out of a strange sense of foreboding, and eventually went outside without being able to shake off my worries.

And as expected.

There's no way these guys can stay quiet. ... No, since I was staying in the barracks, should I praise him?

'What's going on here?'

Deon arrived at the mad dogs' area and stopped at the sight he saw. Amid the constant commotion, Cletor was holding Dan by the collar and shaking him.

"Tell me, tell me!"

"Kek, let go of this..."

"Shut up!"

"...."

What on earth does it mean to tell someone to speak and to shut up? You have to let go of your hand in the first place to talk.

As soon as I arrived, the sight was so captivating that I didn't think anything of Dan even when I saw him. For a while, I thought I wouldn't be able to see their faces, but...

Milan, who was giggling at the two of them, suddenly hardened his expression and sniffed at the air.

"...But doesn't it smell like medicine somewhere?"

"Now that I think about it..."

“What kind of bastard took drugs when it wasn’t even a battle!?”

Oops. I quickly put out my cigarette.

And at the same time, I made eye contact with Milan. Deon, seeing the guy’s eyes widen and his mouth open, gave up, crumpled the butt and threw it on the floor.

...shit. It’s going to be noisy again.

“Oh my gosh! What if I stick a cigarette down my throat!! No, I’ll take some medicine before that!”

“what?!”

“Captain! What are you doing?”

The guys arrive in no time. Among them was Cleter, who had been shaking Dan’s collar just a moment ago.

Deon glanced at Dan stroking his neck, then turned his eyes back to look at the crazy dogs, as if he had stopped looking at them for some time. A flurry of movement came into view.

“Candy! No bandages! Herbs!”

“You often seem to forget that I am a hero, but I am already healed.”

“Then candy!”

“....”

I accepted it calmly before it got any louder.

After rolling the sweet lump of sugar in his mouth, Cleter seemed to come to his senses and asked.

“What are you doing here?”

“Oh, I have work to do.”

He doesn't ask if he has any sense or what happened with Dan. Judging from the fact that he was grabbing Dan by the collar and telling him to hurry up and tell him, it seemed like he was quite curious about the whole incident beyond knowing what had happened.

It's like crazy dogs suppressing their curiosity.

“....”

“...?”

As a question appeared in their eyes as the silence lasted longer than expected, they slowly moved their eyes.

Deon took a moment to look at Milan, who was standing at the front of the mad dogs, and opened his mouth.

“Milan and... Kletter.”

“Yes Captain!”

“Please speak.”

“You two should go to the commander of the 10th Corps.”

I'm slowly getting tired. No, I was tired from the beginning.

Anyway, I have to finish the work quickly. I feel like I'm going to suffocate to death if I keep doing this.

“Until he dies... don’t stay more than 2 meters away from him. Even if the distance increases a little, it shouldn’t be more than 3 meters.”

Sooner or later, San Guo will attack the 10th Corps Commander.

First of all, work is being carried out within the scope of the mountain country’s magic suppression camp, but if the commander of the 10th Corps, who specializes in horseback riding and is equipped with wings, has good mobility, there is a possibility of breaking through them and escaping outside the camp’s range.

The crazy dogs’ shoulder epaulettes contain amulets. One type on each shoulder. I remember that in the demon world, it was an amulet that imposed the same restrictions on opposing demons as in the human world, and that it was an amulet that suppressed the magic of opposing demons, albeit to a small extent.

‘I know it is effective up to a 3m radius, but just in case, it would be better to emphasize 2m.’

The guys who realized it was an order changed their eyes. Deon made eye contact with the two and spoke slowly. –But.

“But... if your life is in danger, you can always get out immediately.”

The reason why I chose Milan and Kletter out of all these guys is simple.

You have to pay attention and take action when the situation arises, but to do that, you need strong arms and a calm mind. Unfortunately, there is no normal person here



who can do both, so I guess I'll have to send two guys who have one of each.

In that sense, Milan, the strongest among the Knights, and Kletter, the calmest, were perfect.

'Calm... right...?'

What I saw as soon as I arrived was him shaking Dan's collar, but it's true that he was the calmest one out of all the guys here. He will stop Milan when the time is right.

'Originally, Sir Lien was good at controlling the crazy dogs, but...'

Blood flows. The bloody smell that had become a daily occurrence gave Deon a headache, and he frowned slightly, then returned his expression.

"...Anyway, the most important thing is your life. Do you remember the slogan of our knights?"

Everything for survival.

"Follow orders, but act with them in mind."

"...All right."

"?"

The answer is obedient, but the expressions on both of their faces are strange. The expressions of the guys around me were the same.

Deon frowned at the incomprehensible situation.

"What, why do you look so touched?"

“Daejaang....”

“...don't come.”

“No matter what, you still value us the most...!”

“...Who? I told you not to come?”

He hesitated.

But do the crazy dogs have the ability to retreat to that level? They jumped towards Deon without hesitation.

The sight of sturdy men rushing towards a relatively small-sized young man.

‘It's worth seeing.’

Dan, who was adjusting his clothes and observing the situation, muttered to himself.

From then on, the crazy outpouring of affection continued until Deon, who could no longer bear it, pulled out ‘calm’.

\*\*\*

Paul died. It was truly a waste of time.

Iram, who was waiting for that day's class, was momentarily stunned upon hearing the news. It was a typical example of those who could not accept the situation.

‘...I haven't even learned everything yet.’

His death was carried out by the person he loved the most.

Daniel taught this one thing wrong. Since Daniel loved only one person blindly, it seems that Paul also only looked at

one person.

In fact, the person who accepted and watched Paul as family was someone who, unlike Daniel, was not related by blood.

‘What should I do next?’

Paul left without imparting all the teachings.

Before starting, I was told that it is a dangerous idea to learn and use it clumsily, and to discard it if the teachings are discontinued without being completely learned.... ‘

As Paul said, in order to survive the current war and the aftermath, Paul’s way is better than Daniel’s way. ‘That’s right.’

Isn’t it too wasteful to discard it like this? I’ve almost learned it and only need to make some detailed adjustments.

...Wouldn’t it be okay to just use this?

Iram desperately hopes that a revolution will take place. This was especially severe because he was one of the early members who went against Daniel’s ideas.

So he made a decision to protect the revolutionary army.

‘Let’s use the ideas that Paul came up with.’

Without him, the future is quite bleak. I’m glad I learned what I had to learn.

As Paul said, we need to find the next suitable successor and pass on the knowledge... but I doubt we will ever be able to find one.

Daniel brought Paul in, taught him, grew up, and as he watched Paul lead the revolutionary army, his expectations for the 'leader' became too high... 'First... let's fix things

from the inside out.'

We protect the revolutionary army by reducing our presence as if it were not there. We need to minimize the waste of troops and start organizing our internal system. Even executives who value their lives and safety will obey obediently, so there is nothing to worry about.

smart.

"There is information that a person who appears to be an envoy from the Iram Empire has headed to Rweche..."

"Ignore it. Anyway, there is nothing we can do right now."

"Ah..."

"All activities are suspended for the time being. The priority is to take care of things ourselves."

After missing Paul, Daniel's greatest masterpiece, Iram returned to reality for a moment and took care of the documents as the acting head. It all started with

how Shiia got there by fooling everyone. It would be better to start from where they came from. Only by digging in from there will you be able to catch the dangerous elements inside.

As time passed,

the revolutionary army, which had thoroughly searched out the dangerous people inside, slowly and naturally hid in the

shadows, following Iram's judgment that sudden hiding was also strange. I heard

that the movement was so secretive and passive that it looked like it had naturally disbanded due to the death of its leader. The major figures of each faction, who otherwise had a lot to worry about, quickly took their eyes off it. The existence of the revolutionary army was quickly forgotten

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# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 266**

266. To kill (10)

An envoy came from the empire.

"Greetings to His Majesty the King. This is Lindel Reiner."

And that too alone.

He bows his head and says hello, not paying attention to the discomfort he shows. The King of Rweche, who was quietly looking down at him, slowly opened his mouth.

"That's surprising. I never thought you would come alone."

There must have been a check on the Demon King's army.

"We had to move in small numbers to avoid the eyes of the Demon King's army."

"Even so, there was no need to come alone."

"How dare you accompany people wearing swords when you have to apologize?"

I expected it, but still.

The King narrowed his eyes. The corners of his mouth went up with a hint of coldness.

“It looks like I have something to suggest. Or a request.”

“ .... ”

“Ah, there’s nothing to be nervous about. In nature, relationships between countries are about bowing down or showing off shamelessly as needed. If an empire that has been quiet for so long suddenly appears like this, the reason is obvious.”

Is this a request for re-alliance?

The actions of the envoy who came here alone must have been to minimize the waste of troops and not offend this side.

Certainly, if they had brought more than a certain level of troops, it would have been quite uncomfortable. Their narrow-mindedness toward the Empire must have expressed discomfort even with a small number of troops.

“Is that possible?”

A stern voice interrupted my thoughts.

“Your Majesty has wanted to contact you right after your accession to the throne. However, due to unfavorable circumstances, it was postponed until now.”

The communication machine was first destroyed by the enraged Rweche side, and at the time, the empire was in a state of chaos both internally and externally. Since there was no communication device, it was necessary to send someone, but there was no time to do so, so it was postponed.

... claimed Lindell Reiner.

“Of course, I know that I should say thank you and apologize as quickly as possible. I have nothing to say on that point, but I dared to add my words because I was worried that your misunderstanding would have a negative impact on the relationship between our two countries. I am sorry.”

“....”

It's bold.

The King closed his mouth for a moment and looked at Lindell Reiner's face.

It's my first time seeing this, but it's a familiar face. He easily spotted the image of a knight on the Shinigami's face and let out a low laugh.

“Your family looks exactly like each other.”

“...Do you remember my brother?”

“I remember. It was an article that left such a strong impression that it was difficult not to remember.”

I even remember the name.

It was Leen Reiner.

“If you were an envoy, it would have been more effective for her to come rather than you, but I wonder why you didn't do that. Are you busy as a knight after all?”

“He's dead.”

“....”

The King was silent for a moment.



Someone's upright younger brother has passed away again... As expected, in today's world, upright people seem to go first.

I slowly lowered my gaze. I tried to ignore the bitter taste in my mouth and said something a little too late.

"I express regret."

"...."

There was no answer.

Lindel Reiner bowed his head once and then immediately spoke.

"But do you really think our siblings look alike?"

"okay."

"Usually people who see my siblings say they don't look alike. I was surprised when they said that."

"It's very similar to risk your life and say everything you have to say."

"...."

The atmosphere relaxed. Building on this momentum, the King asked with a gentle smile.

"She got what she wanted in the end, but what do you think?"

This is a question that cannot be answered carelessly. Lindell Reiner was silent.

The King, who seemed to be thinking about things in the first place, expected that he would not open his mouth hastily, so he continued speaking without hesitation.

“First, tell me what you want. After listening, I’ll think about it.”

“...Thank you for your generosity. I have come to convey the empire’s apology. How can I shamelessly answer your question when I have not fulfilled my duty?”

The emperor’s letter of apology has not yet been delivered. It’s a tempting bait, but if you bite into it without even making a proper apology, what could have happened will be ruined.

Therefore, Lindel calmly took the letter out of his pocket and held it up politely.

“This is a letter from Your Majesty.”

“...The siblings really look alike.”

What kind of family is this that raised their children to be so strong? I’m so worried that it might break. ... Oh, one was already broken.

The king, who had received the letter through a retainer, skimmed over the contents and then turned his gaze to Lindell again.

“Have you read it? Now, tell me what you want.”

“...I propose an alliance to kill Deon Hardt.”

“Deon Hartra....”

I understand what they are aiming for.

“I’m sure if we kill him, something will work out.”

“...if.”

“I’ll think about it.”

The expectant eyes cooled. Lindel purses his lips as if in shock. The King, who was leaning loosely on the throne, smiled slightly at him.

I replied that I would think about it, but in fact, my heart had already decided to accept it. Nevertheless, if you ask why I answered this way.

‘Just a little grumpiness.’

Of course, his personal grudge against his brother ended with his death after hearing the full story of the death of former Emperor Edoardo. But that doesn’t mean the emotions disappear completely.

With a little grumpiness, he shook off the last remaining sediment and smiled brightly.

“What are you doing? I’m going to be busy so I can’t wait to go back.”

“...Excuse me.”

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The most awaited one has returned.

Elpidius, who had prepared a seat as soon as he heard the words, glanced at Lindel Reiner, who was standing in front of him with a normal appearance, and then opened his mouth.

“Okay, what was the answer?”

“I said I would think about it.”

“I see... I’m glad you didn’t refuse outright.”

This means that there is room for persuasion.

Even though he received an ambiguous answer, Elpidius’ expression was not that bad, as he was prepared for a strong reaction, such as shamelessness, or even a cold reaction.

Lindell added as if he had not finished speaking to him yet.

“It was just words, but it seemed like my mind had already been made up.”

“...okay?”

Is it still a rejection?

His golden eyes darkened with faint disappointment.

“Yes, I guess I’ll send support.”

“As expected... they’re going to send support for a while?”

“yes.”

...why?

I swallowed the stupid question I was about to ask. As if I wasn’t the only one who found it surprising, Alethea, who was listening quietly, also opened her eyes wide.

“There was no objection to the atmosphere and expression.”

so why?

“...Well... I’m glad if that’s the case.”

Good is good. I tried to calm my expression.

According to Lindel Reiner’s words, Rweche has virtually joined the alliance, so there is little to worry about now. Elpidius rested his chin and picked up the pen.

“First, we should call the heroes at the border and listen.”

In the human world, the only person who can deal with a warrior is a ‘hero’.

As the fragments gather and come together, one day, they will become one or more things. Therefore, we must collect as many heroes as possible who have fragments of warriors.

Indeed, virtually forgotten people who have been mentioned for the first time in a long time have surfaced. Alethea frowned for a moment, but then remembered it and let out an exclamation.

“Ah, they... they have been there since the time of the Emperor. Do they still remain?”

“We don’t fight every day, so it’s not like we’re annihilated. If we had been annihilated in the first place, reports would have come in, and now the situation has solidified into a state of standoff.”

“Still, the number would have been greatly reduced, so I wonder if just bringing them in would be enough...”

“So I’m going to include Esperanes.”

Just calling in heroes is not enough.

Because you actually only have one chance to kill Deonhardt. We must gather our forces to the greatest extent possible.

“We already have a contract in place, so we can just extend the period.”

Basically, it is difficult to break a contract with anything, but extending it is not that difficult.

Elpidius was confident that it had already been extended once, and that whether the plan succeeded or failed, once this was over, there would be no need for more troops, so the period to propose would not be long.

“I guess I can talk to the commander of the mercenaries stationed in the nearby annex.”

The commander who came here as a mercenary has the authority to extend and terminate the contract at will.

“Speaking of which, shall we proceed now?”

“Would you like to go find it yourself?”

“This is the one that’s disappointing. Ah, Lord Reiner is leaving now. Thank you for your hard work.”

I put down the pen and stood up.

As I walked out the door, Alethea followed next to me as if it was natural.

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“Uh... are you really going to just send in troops without any plan?”

Saerin asked with a shocked face. Yeonhwa chuckled at the expression that seemed very reluctant.

“You’re not sending them off without any preparation at all. They even gave you an anti-magic talisman.”

“But the effective distance is not long. If you increase the distance just a little, you will be able to use magic right away.”

“I don’t think it will be a big problem since we are planning a surprise attack.”

“but.”

“More than anything.”

A stern voice rang out. Saerin, who was speechless, closed her mouth.

Yeonhwa coldly sneered, recalling her conversation with Deon Hardt. A voice as cold as their expressions settled down between them.

“If they really wanted the 10th Corps commander to die, they would have taken some action.”

“....”

“I guess they didn’t take any action.”

With San Guk’s current capabilities, there is no way he wouldn’t know that it would be difficult to ‘definitely’ kill the 10th Corps commander.

The prepared power is not bad, but there is a high chance that you will not be able to kill it and will miss it. Moreover, since demons have ‘magic’, you cannot kill them right away,

so if you give them a chance, you must be prepared to suffer the reverse.

“There is a possibility that it is a trap prepared by Deon Hardt...”

“It is too much. No, we were put in a prisoner in the first place, so what more do I need to say?”

It’s a trap. He even revealed it openly.

I thought it would be better to just leave it at that and risk my life anyway, so I just clung to the hint he gave me.

“Are you still against it?”

“...No. I don’t have time to think any more anyway, and I don’t think I’ll come up with a huge number if I think about it.”

“good.”

Without any further preparation, the King of the Mountain Kingdom immediately gave an order.

Immediately the waiting troops moved.

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I don’t know how Sanguk found out about this place, but they made a surprise attack.

Geisitel, commander of the 10th Corps, was embarrassed and withdrew as soon as he felt himself being pushed. Cursing a body bound by all the restrictions of the human world was a bonus.

“Damn it, damn it. I should have signed a contract too...!”



Just because you want to do it doesn't mean you can do it.

"No, you should just not come at all!"

...No, if I had rejected Deon's offer, there would have been a higher probability that I would have died there.

"...shit!"

A swear word came out.

With Milan and Clator on both sides, he flaps his wings vigorously and repeatedly hits the ground. Because of the weight, I couldn't completely fly, and every time I stamped my foot, I would float for a moment and then sink, and my forehead felt like a tendon.

That alone is enough to piss me off.

"Oh, it flies. ... Oh no, it lands again. I'm disappointed."

"Shh. Then it gets thrown away."

"Shut up you two!"

The two humans further encourage my steadily rising blood pressure.

You can't just throw these away. Geisitel shouted as he continued to step outside the range of the magic suppression line.

"Why are you so heavy?!"

If it weren't for Deon's words, I would have abandoned him long ago, dead or not!

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 267**

### 267. Hunting the Hero (1)

That was the reason why the 10th Corps commander, who had run away while abandoning his immediate subordinates, was now doing something so unbecoming.

Because these were the words of a superior who sent two crazy guys to a site that was going well.

[Please take good care of these guys.]

Although they say it is an intermediate communication network, everyone knows that there is no need for such a thing as long as there is a communication seat. Therefore, Geisitel was confident.

'You mean you don't trust me.'

I thought I did my best to show my loyalty, but what was lacking is why you still don't believe me?

It's a little disappointing, but that's just how I feel, and nothing changes in the end.

As long as you don't kill these guys, protect them from death, and complete the assigned mission, it will be over without any problems. So after receiving them, he moved as usual and was planning to do the same today.

It could have happened if there had been no attack.

“Damn it, if only I could use magic, somehow...!”

In one attack, everything that had been built collapsed.

In the first place, they came here in as few numbers as possible. It was inevitable because most of the troops had to move quietly and attract attention in front of the castle wall so that Sanguo would not pay attention to this area and would not even think about leaving.

Since there were various restrictions involved, it was natural that it would be difficult to deal with the attackers who attacked with determination.

Because if you are not careful, even your life could be at risk.

‘Let’s live for now.’

If you go a little further, you’re out of Jin’s range. If I could just use magic, I could take care of those guys in an instant. Since he knew the shortest route to get out of Jin’s range in case of an unexpected situation, Geisitel kicked the ground with force without hesitation.

In the meantime, my nervous head was spinning in a rare way.

‘It wasn’t just a scout encounter, it was a planned attack. When did you get caught? Did reconnaissance come and go without your knowledge?’

According to the calculations, San Guk would not have had time to turn his attention to this place. Where did the information come from?

Even after taking out and substituting several assumptions, it was almost instantaneous to arrive at a single assumption.

‘...no way.’

Assumptions about the most dangerous situations that commonly occur during war. Geisitel’s expression hardened.

‘Is there a traitor inside...?’

The continuing thoughts stopped there.

You can see the mark that was engraved in advance. Geisitel, mustering his last strength, took one step over that place and let go of the two men he was holding on either side. Milan, who was thrown to the floor, cried out, but did not pay any attention.

“Oh my gosh... the corps commander is catching someone...!”

“The original goal of the corps commander is to catch humans. I need to focus, so just shut up.”

“I have to tell the captain. How can they stop us? They treated us like this.”

“Shut up... why not?”

...Something is strange.

Geisitel took a couple of steps further away from the mark. As if they were anxious about being abandoned, the two humans followed along like ducklings, but they ignored them and focused again.

As time passed, his expression hardened.

‘This... isn’t a problem of concentration.’

I thought it was because I didn’t use magic often to save my magic power, so I had trouble concentrating when trying to use magic in an urgent situation, but that wasn’t true.

After glancing at the distance between the approaching pursuers, he picked up the two humans that Deon had asked for and placed them at his side.

“Huh? What are you doing?”

“...Shut up and be quiet.”

Maybe it’s because it’s near Jin’s range. I played with my feet again.

“Why on earth doesn’t it work?!”

I tried magic several times while running.

Even though it may have been quite outside of Jin’s territory, it was a moment where he clicked his tongue because there was no success.

“Why? Can’t I use magic?”

A calm voice that did not fit the situation asked.

Even if I wasn’t, I was anxious and impatient, so I thought it was a playful question. Normally, I would have definitely been angry.

Still, the reason I couldn’t do that is...

“You know. I’ve been thinking about what the captain’s purpose is—.”

I felt a strange sense of discomfort.

I reflexively threw the two humans away. Even though he threw it without consideration, Milan took the fall as if he had expected it, reducing the impact, and instead of flying away, Cletter grabbed his arm and shoulder and flexibly turned his body to sit right next to him.

Geisitel felt his abdomen absent-mindedly at the unfamiliar sensation he felt immediately afterward.

“Cough-.”

I touched the handle of a dagger that had never been there before.

...why?

Milan, who read the doubt in his eyes, grinned and took out the amulet from his arms and shook it.

“It seemed like our captain wanted you dead.”

Not long after the Lofty Knights came to the Demon World, Deonhardt gave them amulets.

I don't know exactly what kind of amulet it is, but when I handed it out, I said, 'It's a talisman that makes the battle conditions between you and the demons somewhat similar.' It's probably the type that suppresses the abilities of demons.

They are people who don't usually take care of their own things, but because they read his concern for them in his words, they never forget to take care of their things.

So the two thought.

“There’s no way the captain forgot what he gave me, and besides, he told me not to go further than a certain distance away...” “

He even put a condition of ‘until death’.”

You gave me a hint like that, so there’s no way I wouldn’t know.

The captain wants this guy dead. It seemed like we didn’t want to get blood on our hands, but it was easier if we took a little risk. So the two drew their swords.

Gaisitel also reads the atmosphere and quickly takes a stance. His eyes were still shaking in confusion.

“Why on earth? Did I offend him?”

No, if I had offended him, I would have trampled or killed him on the spot. Because I am a human being whom the Demon King will protect even if I do anything as long as there is a justification for it. There is no reason to do things so secretly behind the scenes.

That means...

“...why.”

An unbelievable truth was revealed before my eyes. Geisitel’s face distorted.

“Why did you betray me?”

I’m sure I would have received the best treatment, but why?

Anger mixed with confusion. Two members of the Lofty Knights attack him as if they won’t even give him time to sort out his emotions. Geisitel, who was reflexively trying to

dodge, frowned at the sharp pain he felt in his abdomen and pulled it out to block the attack.

As if he were not a corps commander for nothing, he narrowly swatted away both swords with an unfamiliar dagger and growled at the two.

“I feel like I want to kill you all, but...”

The situation is not good.

Suddenly, the attackers came closer and watched with interest as they laid siege to the internal strife unfolding before their eyes. As if the body were still intact, the dagger stuck deep in the abdomen was restricting movement and continuously reducing physical strength.

“The best revenge would be to tell the truth.”

He returns alive and reports the news of Deonhardt’s betrayal. That’s the top priority.

He kicked off the ground, jumped up, and spread his wings. And at the same time, my ankle is caught.

Deep.

“...!”

A dagger was stuck in the wing.

Because he was not up high and was attacked while trying to climb up, Geisitel fell to the ground without any time to regain his balance, rolled over and quickly regained his stance.

The eyes, filled with pain and a hint of pain, soon turn to face the front. Where my eyes landed, Milan was grinning as



he threw and caught the dagger.

“I’m sorry, but we also know how to throw weapons.”

“It’s a good thing I was standing nearby just in case.”

It probably didn’t mean this.

Cleter, who faithfully maintained his distance as Deon instructed, handed the dagger to Milan. Milan, who received it, held it between his fingers, and the attackers who were watching the situation each took out their bows and daggers.

“...under.”

It is impossible to run away. For a moment, Geisitel stopped, unable to do what he was best at, and then laughed with burning anger.

“Yes, even if it’s a little late, I’ll feel better if I kill all of you.”

Let’s deal with this as quickly as possible.

Even so, I didn’t want to see someone who wasn’t that strong staying in the Demon King’s Castle, but it worked out well. All you need to do is kill the two that are clinging to you, gain some distance, and then use magic. Gaisitel, making a plan in his head, pulled out the dagger stuck in his wing.

This gave us two weapons.

When there seemed to be no sign of escape, the attackers lowered their weapons. This is probably because there is no reason to get involved in the internal strife of other factions.

‘No matter which side wins, I’m going to kill them once it’s over.’

They are probably hoping for easy prey, as their stamina has been reduced due to internal strife.

Unlucky things. Cleter glanced at the attackers, cursed under his breath, and adjusted his grip on his sword.

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Before starting, Kletter gave Milan a signal.

Our opponents are the majority. Not only should we care about the 10th Corps commander, but we should also care about the pursuers who are watching us now.

In short, it means that we must use ‘our way’.

‘I don’t know if it’s possible against the corps commander, but I’ll give it a try first.’

The good news is that this is the human world and the commander of the 10th Corps is one of the less good at fighting among corps commanders. The only thing it boasts is mobility using wings and horsemanship.

‘That’s also something the 7th Corps commander said sarcastically, so it’s not credible, but...’

For now, we’ll just have to believe it.

If you do something and it doesn’t work, you can just withdraw your body and encourage the pursuers to deal with you.

Milan nods his head visibly and runs forward. I blocked the dagger that was swinging at me and turned around to aim

for the neck like water.

Geisitel also did not lose and thrust a dagger at his eyes. Milan hastily withdraws his sword and steps back, but it is still within reach of his relatively long arms. When it seemed like it would be dangerous to continue like this, Geisitel hurriedly retrieved his arm. Immediately after that, Cleter's long sword passed between the two.

"This bastard...!"

Immediately, Geisitel's dagger stabs sharply between Cleter's eyes. From behind, Milan pressed the back of Cleter's head and struck out a dagger. It was a bonus to lower my hands a little and jump up using the connection point between his neck and back as support. Ignoring the profanity-laced cries coming from behind asking if he was planning to break my neck, I went behind Geisitel and swung my sword.

Of course, Geisitel did not just leave Milan in the air, but before he could do anything, Kletter threw dirt in his eyes and he had no choice but to stop.

That brief gap had consequences that could not be ignored.

Suddenly.

Tuk.

The wings fell off.

I clearly know that the opponent is the commander of the 10th Corps...! The eyes of those watching widened and a silent commotion took over the space.

Even Geisitel could not believe this situation and was unable to open his mouth. While Milan waved his sword in the air and muttered in a light tone.

“I guess I can’t run away now?”

For some reason, there was a madness in his eyes that was exactly like that of my superior.

Geisitel’s body stiffened as he faced this head on.

“...How dare you do that.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 268**

268. Hero Hunt (2)

The Lofty Knights are skilled at fighting and protecting each other.

We had no choice but to do so for the sake of our captain, who fought at the forefront to avoid losing us as much as possible during the 8-year war. If they do this, Deonhardt will pay less attention to them. They did not want to become a burden that held the young captain back.

As with anything, you get used to it over time. What was creaky at first because it didn't work well together gave rise to a synergy that more than doubled over time. This was also the moment when the hastily constructed vanguard, which was a simple meat shield, began to become famous as 'immortal'.

'Well, it's not important, so let's skip it.'

The point is that this also worked for the commander of the 10th Corps.

Killed the corps commander.

It seems like there was a lot of emotional turmoil. Several factors were added to it, and it seemed to have a greater

effect than expected, creating a situation that would normally have been unthinkable.

“Really... we killed them together.”

Nonsense. Someone muttered as if in a whisper.

Even though he is a corps commander with little presence among the corps commanders who are not well known in the human world, the intimidating feeling of his position cannot be ignored. Even though he suffered quite a few injuries in the process of dealing with him, he doesn't seem to have any problems with his immediate movements.

What on earth happened to these people? There was shock on the faces of those watching.

“Okay then.”

Milan and Cleter, who were standing in front of the mangled body of the 10th Corps commander, leisurely turn their heads.

The attackers gasped as they faced their faces covered in blood. An eerie eye light was shining clearly through the red liquid.

“Is it our turn now?”

“....”

Is there a saying that in the southern part of the country, a good harvest occurs every three years?

Against the background of no response, Cleter thought.

‘It means that we also know how to imitate the captain.’

Everything from dagger techniques to shaking the mood.

So I acted like a captain from the past. Because it is the most useful method when a minority deals with a majority.

Above all, they have already been properly burned by the captain once. If he found a similar feeling in his direct subordinate, he would recoil, even reflexively.

Sure enough, as intended, a faint fear appeared in the eyes of the enemies

. 'It is done.'

The two laughed inwardly.

Cleter broke the strange standoff where no one was able to make a move, took a step forward, and calmly opened his mouth.

"The commander is also dead. How about we all step aside at this point? If you do that, I will give you this body as a gift."

"That's right, I intentionally touched the face as little as possible, but wouldn't it be worth using?"

"...."

They say they are a knight corps under Deonhardt, but in the end, they are not demons but two humans. Since their original goal was to be the 10th Corps commander and they did not feel the need to take any damage to kill those two, the attackers accepted their offer.

That day,

the head of the commander of the 10th Army Corps was hung in front of the walls of Sanguk.

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As expected, the commander of the 10th Corps died. Although the process was a bit different from calculation.

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

Deon looked in bewilderment at the two standing proudly against the background of blood splashing everywhere. The look they gave to the two who came back after doing more than what was asked was not a compliment, but was closer to a look of troublemakers, but Milan and Cleter paid no attention.

Milan, with a bandage on his side and gauze on his cheek, asked shamelessly.

“Don’t you praise me?”

“...Why me? I did something I wasn’t asked to do.”

“But you wanted this result.”

“ .... ”

I had no intention of nagging in the first place.

Even if I say it, my mouth only hurts. After sighing lightly, he gestured towards the two. The two guys obediently approach, as intended by their hand gestures, even though they have question marks above their heads. Deon looked at the wound that was getting closer and stretched out his hand.



Cleter, who had a bandage wrapped around one eye, was startled by a hand touching the bandage and awkwardly looked away.

“...Fortunately, they say there is no problem with seeing. It only looks like this, it’s just a slight cut on the outside...” ”

Yes...”

“I also say that it will heal completely with time!”

“You shut up.”

“Why me?!”

I ignored the frustrated cries and pressed down on the bandage.

Deon looked back at Milan, leaving behind Cleter, who was trembling and screaming silently, covering the wound with both hands. The guy who sensed something ominous took a step back.

“Captain...Captain?”

“Come on.”

“Oh no, Captain. Just a moment...! Argh!”

Milan fell to the floor. Deon said in a cold voice, looking down at the man who was wrapped around his side and wriggling like a bug, as if pitiful.

“Next time, don’t do anything useless.”

“It wasn’t a useless thing....”

“If it’s something you didn’t ask to do, it’s a useless thing.”

“....”

“If you’re going to act however you want, don’t worry about getting hurt. What is this?”

“Ack! Captain! There’s a wound! It hurts!”

Milan, who wriggled around to avoid Deon’s foot tapping his side, eventually stood up and quickly retreated.

“That’s too much!”

“what.”

“....”

I definitely got hurt while moving around, so there’s nothing to say. Considering that every single bit of military power is important in war, this cannot be considered punishment.

I tried shouting, but there was nothing more to say, so Milan closed his mouth, rolled his eyes, and then slumped his shoulders.

“I’m sorry...” ”

...That’s enough. Now, go out. Don’t wander around and injure yourself again, just get some rest.”

“yes.”

“And...”

Sarak – I heard the sound of documents being picked up.

Since the conversation was barely audible and Deon Hardt was looking at documents, Milan and Kletter, who assumed

they had misheard and were about to leave, were startled by the continued voice and turned around.

“great job.”

“...!”

The voice was like a whisper.

Deon didn't even look at them, as if he couldn't sense the two's enlarged gazes, and only focused on the documents.

“....”

“....”

As if they understood the situation, the puzzled expressions of the two softened.

Then the corners of Milan's mouth rose wide.

“Captain Ha, really...!! Ugh!”

“Look at the documents. Let's go without making a fuss. Excuse me, Captain.”

Cleter, covering his mouth as if he was raising his voice excitedly, drags him outside.

Only after the two had retreated did Dan, who had been quietly watching nearby, secretly call out to Deon.

“Master, that document is blank.”

“...I know.”

Deon put down the blank paper.

Dan looked at him with a strange look and was about to tease him further, but when he saw his irritated hands tidying up the messy desk, he kept his mouth shut.

There was a short silence.

“...?”

Deon glances at him as if asking why he is here instead of going out. Dan began speaking as if he had been waiting for our gaze to meet.

A nutritious but somewhat heavy topic emerged.

“What are you going to do now?”

The hands that were busy moving stopped.

“If you think about it, the commander of the 10th Corps died while following the Master’s orders. It won’t have a good effect on the Master either.”

“...So now you have to take responsibility.”

There is a saying that when the hunt is over, the hunting dogs are eaten.

“Now that the 10th Corps commander is dead, shouldn’t we take revenge? It was our precious military force.”

Deon raised his eyes and made eye contact with Dan. Bright red eyes revealed confidence without filtering.

“Ready your weapons.”

We don’t need Sanguk anymore, so let’s push it away.

Deon grinned.

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Deon Hardt entered the battlefield in person.

...with a strange, strange plant hanging on its side.

“Suck.”

People who make eye contact with a strange plant avoid their gaze with an awkward expression. Either way, Deon calmly moved forward, pushing away the blood that had accumulated to his thighs.

I stopped in front of the siege tower and raised my head.

‘...If we get on top of this, a whole country will truly collapse.’

It’s a strange feeling that we’ve always talked about destroying something with words and documents, but now it’s actually coming to reality right in front of our noses.

As if it sensed that Deonhardt was thinking negatively, the monster let out a low cry and patted his back. As I raised my hand to caress the flower pot, a vendor who had been watching nearby approached me.

“Um... Master Deon.”

“...?”

It seems that being immersed in useless thoughts was taken as another meaning of silence. Apologies continued as if he had no shame.

“I’m sorry. I only completed two siege towers.”

“...That’s more than enough. Have you prepared for the most important chemical attack?”

“Yes. It will be enough to withstand a fire arrow.”

“That’s it.”

If you put your mind to it, you can climb over the wall and sweep it away by yourself, but if you do that, you will be looked at with suspicion and wonder why you didn’t do it before when you could have done it sooner.

That’s why I need a siege tower to send me beyond the walls.

‘What are the two? Just one is enough.’

Deon, carrying several spears, glanced at the demons who would move the siege tower and then looked back at the person in charge.

“Don’t think about anything else, just hit it on the wall.”

“yes?”

“Whether fire arrows or rocks come flying at you, ignore them and push on. I’ll take care of the rest.”

All you have to do is let me into the other side.

The plan itself was so simple that there was no need to conduct anything. When Deon Hart goes beyond and opens the gate, the waiting troops rush in.

“Ah... I understand.”

“Then when I go up, give the signal and set off.”

“yes.”

Climbed the siege tower. Deon frowned when he spotted the crazy dogs who had already climbed on board and were waiting.

I asked him to let me go with him, but he whined, so I agreed... but he still didn't want to. A blunt voice came out even though I knew that I had come this far and there was no turning back.

“Just wait outside and come in when the door opens.”

“If the captain is inside alone, it will be difficult to find him when he joins later!”

“We need at least some of them to move together and make some noise so that the rest can join us!”

“...Okay, that's not entirely absurd...”

The disapproving face was completely distorted when Milan's eyes met.

“Why is this guy here?”

“What's wrong with me!”

“Shut up the injured.”

“....”

Milan became sullen.

Naturally, Deon didn't care. Sharp words poured out without hesitation.

“Even if the others are like that, shouldn’t this guy be part of the waiting group outside? He said he would figure it out on his own, but what is this?”

“Captain A. Why are you doing this? Please look at me proudly!”

“I came here because I was worried about the captain, but you just looked after me...”

“I’m a hero.”

“....”

“Who is talking about whose safety?”

A clear sneer appeared on his white face.

Dan, who was checking the sword on his belt, shook his head as if he had a bad temper. No matter how much this conversation is meant to relieve tension, if things continue like this, morale will die before it even starts.

He quietly intervened and changed the topic.

“More than that, why did you bring that guy on Master’s belt?”

“Ah... I can’t help it. If I leave it behind, there will be another mess.”

“Suck.”

The monster nods its head.

Of course, it wasn’t a big deal when I failed last time... but it’s still like that. The moment Dan was about to say something.



Clang.

The siege tower began to move. At the same time, the air surrounding me changed.

‘...oh.’

I just need to take care of myself. I don't think there's any need to make a fuss.

Dan quietly kept his mouth shut when he noticed the knights' eyes taking on a serious glow, in contrast to their light expressions, and Deon turning his head to look at the castle wall with a completely stern face.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 269**

269. Hero Hunt (3)

The drum sounds and the siege tower moves.

Siege towers are made primarily of wood, so they are weak to fire. Saerin, who had ordered to prepare fire arrows as soon as she spotted them from afar, hastily changed her orders when she saw the flames dying out without being able to rekindle the fire.

“Fire arrows won’t do! Stones! Use catapults!”

I’ve prepared some water! Looking closer, it was also covered with fire-resistant leather. So needlessly thorough...!

Did you think we would just suck our fingers while the enemy prepared siege towers?

‘We prepared a catapult.’

Following the command, stones were immediately loaded into the catapult and a firing signal was given.

A large stone flew into the sky. The rocks pouring down, filling the blue sky, were quite spectacular. It was even more so when I saw the enemies coming in coming at me dying one by one.

The main target was, of course, the siege tower.

As the catapult is launched, boulders close to rocks fly towards the siege tower. and.

Kwaaaaa!!

There was a loud noise.

“...crazy.”

“What is that...!”

“I broke the rock with a javelin!”

Dust flies and you can hear the sound of small stone chips falling down.

In addition to someone’s shouting, Saerin found Deon holding a spear in front of the siege tower and inevitably gritted his teeth.

There was no need to understand the situation. He then threw his spear at a falling rock toward another siege tower.

Wedge! A sound as if tearing the air rang through the battlefield. A spear flying at a faster speed than an arrow precisely shatters the rock. Evenly broken stone debris without any large lumps poured down again.

Meanwhile, Deon took out another spear and spoke softly.

“Keep pushing.”

Even though the voice was not loud, no one could hear it.

“Woo wow!!”

“Daeon is with you!”

“Keep pushing!”

Immediately, the morale of the demons rose. They push in like crazy, not paying attention to the rain of arrows and rocks.

I felt my allies falter. Saerin looked at our soldiers who were visibly demoralized and uttered a curse.

“You monster...”

Are you really the same person?

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Breaking rocks with a javelin required more concentration than expected.

If you deviate from the ‘center point’ even just a little, the rock will not become crumbs but will be divided into large and small rocks. Even in the process of being hit by a spear and falling into pieces, the direction of the fall may change, causing damage to someone inadvertently, so it was impossible to do it roughly.

So I didn’t pay any attention to the communication seat in my arms.

Tuk.

“ah.”

In the process of throwing a javelin for an unknown number of times, the communication stone, which could not withstand the violent movement, flew out of the pocket. If

that were all it was, I would have just picked it up again, but the problem was that it fell where my foot stepped.

Wazizik. The communication stone beneath my feet was broken.

“...this.”

At first glance, it looks like it can never be used again. After all, during the war... A faint look of despair appeared in my eyes as I looked down at the pulverized communication stone.

Moreover, before it broke, something... was shining as if there was a communication...

‘It’ll be okay...?’

It’s uncomfortable, but the war is already in full swing and there’s no turning back now. For this reason alone, he could not turn back during the war, so Deon suppressed his nervousness and aimed his spear at the falling rock.

Kwaaaang!! thud!

Another rock shattered and fell, and the siege tower, which advanced at a frightening speed, crashed into the castle wall. As soon as the leg came down, Milan, who was in charge of temporary command, continued to shout.

“Come on, let’s go!”

“Waaaaa!!”

The murderous spirits inside poured out.

“blind!”

“What...!”

Naturally, there was no normal battle as people think.

While some people hesitated at the absurd action of suddenly poking their eyes with their fingers, Deon leisurely climbed down onto the castle wall.

“Let’s see... the device that opens the castle gate...”

“Whoa!”

“Where was it?”

He roughly grabbed the neck of someone nearby and bit him.

The soldier of the Mountain Country, facing bright red eyes right in front of him, trembles and struggles with all his might. Then, as if he realized that no matter what he did, he couldn’t escape this grip on his own, at some point his body relaxed and went limp.

Contrary to his actions, he looked at Deon Hardt with a rather stern look.

“Better kill me.”

“...okay?”

“...”

“Well... there are a lot of people and the devices related to the gates are in similar positions, so it doesn’t really matter...”

The gaze is a bit annoying.

It's not just a look of loyalty, it's this uncomfortable yet familiar feeling that bothers me.

As unpleasant emotions are revealed on his face, his voice is filled with evil, as if he senses death or is about to make a decision. The raised voice pierced my eardrums.

"Do you think there would be someone here who would tell you that? We are soldiers loyal to His Majesty the King!"

"...."

"We would rather die than bother your majesty!"

Ah, I know where I saw these eyes.

Fanatic. The fanatics' eyes looked exactly like this. I heard that the entire country called Sanguk is a group of fanatics who only follow one king. I never thought I would see this before my eyes.

I laughed out loud. Deon threw the guy in a fit of discomfort as if bugs were crawling all over his body for a moment. I heard a loud noise, but I walked away without turning around.

'After all, it would be better to move alone.'

Also, seeing those eyes makes me feel quite dirty.

As it happens, the crazy dogs are fighting well, controlling their distance on their own without being left behind.

"Suck."

...The monster plants are also working hard to help, so there shouldn't be a problem.

I swept away the monster plant that was blocking the blind attack coming towards me, as if I was proud, and kicked the ground.

In an attempt to stop the storm moving toward its destination, the soldiers of the Shan State desperately grabbed their weapons and blocked the way, but there was no one present who could slow down his steps.

The gate was opened.

The waiting demon king's army enters, and the murderous knights manage to find Deon Hart and his group in the midst of the chaos and join them.

At that point, there was no one who could stop them.

San-guk, who had been helplessly pushed back despite desperate resistance, finally struggles as if cornered. Even though it was almost like a final struggle and the progress was going slower than expected, Deon remained calm.

'After all, time is on our side.'

I turned to the side and watched the situation, but suddenly an ominous feeling went up my spine and stabbed my brain.

Deon frowned reflexively and grabbed his weapon. My eyes were busy rolling and looking around.

'what? what is the problem?'

Clearly things are going smoothly.

...I thought about it for a moment and it seemed like there was some commotion in the back...

'Oh, no way.'



As soon as I realized the commotion and turned around, a loud voice rang out.

“Proud Imperial Army!”

“...her.”

An outfit you can never recognize and a familiar shout.

As people who were not included in the calculations came into view, Deon reflexively sighed.

The imperial general, who had no way of understanding the question and absurdity in his eyes as to why you were here, stood proudly and shouted.

“Make the demons thoroughly realize the price of invading the human world!”

“Glory to the Empire!!”

The air roars and the earth shakes.

Even though it was a thing of the past, it seemed as if the glory of the past still remained, and the imperial army was advancing towards this direction, radiating a spirit that could not be ignored.

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Just before the Empire’s support arrived.

The soldiers of the Shan State, cornered, turned to their king.

What should I do now? Please reply, Your Majesty. Please come up with

a clever plan to overturn this situation... Your Highness, Your Highness...

“... just hold on a little longer.”

Fanaticism comes with side effects.

This time, the King of the Mountain Country, who was vividly feeling the side effects, spoke calmly without showing it, even though the eyes of those who only relied on him and blindly followed him were making his shoulders heavy.

“The situation will soon turn around.”

Even if Rweche doesn't know, the empire will definitely come. It will come before the mountain country collapses.

She clearly remembers the conversation she had with Elpidius, the current Emperor of the Empire, after the final game with Deonhardt.

I was concerned about what I heard from Deon Hardt, so even though I had finished all the important business, I asked carefully instead of cutting off communication right away. It was an extremely impulsive remark made from a mind that had withdrawn from the emotions of early morning.

[If Deonhardt had a hidden situation... what would you do?]

Elpidius' answer was decisive.

[There is no one in the world without a story.]

[....]

[Of course, he had a story too. But it's not just him.]

He seemed a little angry.

[I got into trouble due to his actions. No matter what happened to him, in the end, from my perspective, he is one of my few family members and the enemy who killed the world. But are you now urging me to be considerate by mentioning his situation? To the victims who lost their families?]

[That's not what I meant. I apologize if it came across that way.]

[...I apologize if I over-interpreted it, but before that, I really want to tell you this. A needle stuck in my hand hurts more than a sword stuck in someone else's stomach. Even more so, does what happened to me seem like nothing more than a needle?]

[....]

I don't know much, but I know that the imperial family at the time was in harmony.

Perhaps, to them, former Emperor Edoardo was more than just a family member or protector, but also a strong protector. As he said, it would have been one world. Then, overnight, I lost that 'world' and was thrown into an unfamiliar and dangerous world.

[That was a question I shouldn't have asked in the first place.]

I'm sorry.

Yeonhwa readily admitted her mistake.

The voice seemed to have calmed down a bit, as if the anger had been alleviated by the neat apology.

[...Our enemy is a warrior who goes on a rampage and seeks to destroy the human world. Don't even wonder about the story of this guy whose crimes are worse than simple criminals. Even if you sympathize with him, the only thing you will get is hurt.]

Because you have to kill him anyway.

Even though it was only a simple voice, the cool resentment hidden behind the firmness was clearly felt. It seems like he will do anything to kill Deon Hardt, regardless of whether it is in the national interest or not. There is no reason for someone like that not to send troops here.

And as expected.

“Proud Imperial Army!”

The troops have arrived.

At the same time, a group of troops appeared at some point, as if they had come through a pre-arranged passage, and quietly approached them and greeted them. Yeonhwa smiled softly.

\*\*\*

The imperial army has arrived.

Was it just the imperial army that came? Esperanes' mercenaries also came as if it were a given.

The man who appeared to be the commander drew his sword and raised it.

“You got paid, it’s time to work!”

“With money comes responsibility!”

“Let’s do as much as we get!”

It was absurd. Deon continued to laugh.

Their slogans may be absurd, but that aside. It’s absurd that there wasn’t even a single communication from this side with that many troops moving around.

“These bastards...”

A growling curse came out.

Do you think I sent my precious troops to the empire for no reason? It was not only a simple check, but also to serve as a watchdog, sending immediate notification in case the empire did something foolish.

I got angry and tried to take out the communication seat... but stopped.

‘Oh, the communication seat was broken.’

Deon looked dumbfounded as he remembered the communication table that seemed to have made contact just before he accidentally stepped on it and broke it.

‘Then that call....’

Was it a call that Jiwon had departed?

I see you have been contacted. I just didn’t get it.

“...Fuck. Yeah, it’s fun.”

I gave up my regrets about the already late contact and raised my head to look at the situation.

Although they offered at best a choice, the King of the Mountain Kingdom found another way and chose a third option. Yes, this is how a king is. It wasn't fun at all, but somehow it made me laugh.

"Support! Support has arrived!"

"Our King is not wrong!"

"For His Majesty the King!"

The morale of the Shan State had already boiled over, and the entrance and exit they had been pushing through were blocked by the imperial army.

In front of you is a mountain country, and behind you is an empire. If you're not careful, it's a perfect situation for you to end up stuck like a sandwich.

Deon, who glanced at the mad dogs who were still fighting well without any stragglers or major injuries, called a nearby demon general.

"there."

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 270**

270. Hero Hunt (4)

What was his name?

Ah, haven't you heard the names of the demon generals themselves?

...Well, that's not important right now.

"There. Yes, you."

"Oh yes! Please speak!"

"You don't fight."

"yes...?"

The demon general's expression became blank for a moment at the perplexing and unexpected command.

"Don't fight, but call out some of your troops... Okay, you can just take about 15 of the demons over there right now. And then go wander around this castle."

"What I'm telling you is to run

around..." "This means destroying everything that appears to be Jin's main axis. Your mission is to destroy the magic-

suppressing Jin. It's not difficult, and like I just said, you just have to touch and destroy everything you see."

Magic cannot be used in the castle. This is all because of the magic suppression factor. If you just find the main axis and break it, things will go smoothly.

'Finding it itself is a problem.'

Since it has been maintained for a long time, it would not have been made up of something as flimsy as a roadside stone.

Actually, I'm guessing it might be a 'wall'...

'If it's really a wall, there's nothing we can do about it, but you never know... It's better than not trying at all.'

That's why I told them to select only a few people. So as not to run out of power too much.

'It's good if you really find the main axis and destroy it. If not, it's unfortunate, but there's nothing you can do.'

As if he understood the command, an exclamation mark appeared above his head. The guy who immediately lowered his head selected some of the demon soldiers he could see and moved.

Deon looked back at the other general nearby.

"Except for the Lofty Knights, all remaining forces should take charge of the imperial army in the rear."

"All right."

"And..."



He cast his gaze at the crazy dogs who were quietly waiting for orders.

“You will penetrate the front lines with me.”

It would be a waste of time and troops to get here to leave like this. Anyway, it would be faster and more effective to force almost all of them in and break through this area.

I would like to rush all the demons in here and break through them quickly without bothering to go out directly, but that doesn't mean I can just leave the healthy enemy behind me defenseless. At first glance, it looks like the Empire's troops are larger and stronger than those of the Shan State, but you can't just fight them with a small number of people.

‘Above all, because it is an ‘empire’ and not any other country.’

I quenched my appetite with regret and looked at the troops on the Sanguo side again.

I don't know when I started running so excitedly, but I can see the crazy dogs fighting. Deon chuckled and raised his spear. I felt Dan looking at me from next to me, but I ignored it and pulled my arms back as far as I could.

Whoosh! The fiercely flying spear passed Milan, whose movements were stiff due to his wounds, and pierced a soldier on the Shanguo side. Milan, startled, looked back.

“Captain! Are you planning to kill me?!”

“No way.”

The bright red eyes were slightly bent.

It's a bit more comfortable now that my hands are lighter. Of course, I don't like windows because they are not very portable.

With this, Deon, who had thrown away the last remaining spear without any hesitation, looked around. It is felt that each of the soldiers of the Mountain Country who made eye contact are nervous, such as swallowing dry saliva or being frightened. He smiled proudly at him.

'Yes, the only reason I was able to hold out until help came was because I didn't step forward.'

It's natural to be nervous.

'The opponent was bad.'

I thought as I took a step forward, grabbed the weapon of the guy who was running at me like a moth to fire, and pulled him towards me.

The choice made by the King of the Mountain Kingdom was not bad, but the opponent was bad.

I lightly broke the neck of the guy who came with me. An eerie crackling sound rings out, and the enemies who hear the sound become greatly agitated and stiffen their bodies. Dan, who had tried to take care of it before it reached Deon, looked helpless.

Deon said, shaking his hands as if to get rid of the unpleasant feeling of his grip.

"Then let's finish it quickly."

Dan, who was standing nearby for protection, suddenly jumps into the battlefield.

Deon also took out his dagger and leisurely stepped into the confusion.

There was nothing to explain after that.

What more do I need to say when the soldiers on the Shanguo side are falling as helpless as autumn leaves? A detailed description of the situation would have been possible only if there was someone who could withstand at least one attack from Deonhardt, but since every move he made was killed, all I could say was 'overwhelming'.

Dan, who had stopped fighting before he knew it, let out a laugh.

'If it's going to be like this, why did you bring us here?...'

Oh, you weren't planning on bringing us here originally? It was worth it. The crazy dogs that followed did something useless.

The situation has reached a point where the king of the Mountain Kingdom is visible. His expression was strangely calm, considering that the wall of soldiers had disappeared and he was exposed to the enemy's view.

'...The look in his eyes is annoying...'

His eyes look like he's crouching down and looking for an opportunity. It is very suspicious that the king did not evacuate first and was left in such an exposed place. There must be something hidden. Dan's eyes narrowed.

Moreover, if you look closely, the woman next to you also has an unusual look in her eyes. From the looks of it, he looks like a staff member, but the eyes that look at Deon Hart are full of deep, dark murderous intent and low-level

joy. It's like the look in the eyes of someone who is about to win money by playing with his hands at a gambling table...

"...Master!"

When his thoughts reached that point, Dan urgently called his superior who was far away. I don't think this is a matter that even a hero can watch with ease. Even after seeing the power of the warrior, the look in his eyes shows that he is confident enough. In that situation, I went too far alone!

It was almost at the same time that Dan's cry reached Deonhardt, the 'heroes' came out from around the King of the Mountain Country and launched an attack, and a loud cry rang out from the walls surrounding the castle.

"Children of Leweche! There are sacrifices suitable for meritorious deeds over there! Go! Those who merit merit will be rewarded greatly!"

"To turn your life around!!"

Why is Rweche here again...! No, the attackers who showed unusual movements before that looked familiar. Aren't they the 'Nameless Knights'? Are there still any left?

There are so many big things happening at the same time that I don't know which one to prioritize. Dan, who was confused for a moment, quickly came to his senses and ran to his superior first.

Deon Hardt had already been surrounded by quick mad dogs.

"Mas..."

"Captain!! Are you okay?!"

“Oh, it’s okay.”

As soon as I heard Dan’s cry, I sensed something was wrong and pulled away, so all I got was a few scratches on my neck and cheek.

Deon spoke calmly, wiping his completely healed cheek with only a trace of blood with the back of his hand.

“Stay back from that. Those guys are ‘heroes’.”

Cruel Hart’s name was last listed as the official hero of the Empire, and since there are no more newly recognized heroes, he may be more accurately a ‘hero candidate’. The official heroes are all in shambles, so what does that distinction have to do with it now?

Rweche’s soldiers poured down from the castle walls and the ‘heroes’ who attacked while hiding. When Rweche appeared, Deon vaguely remembered the laughter in his voice muttering, ‘He acted like he wasn’t coming, but he just acted like he wasn’t coming,’ and laughed coldly.

“The King of the Mountain Country is so bold to offer himself up as bait.”

As if that wasn’t enough, I never thought I’d prepare a second hand like this.

The castle wall has already been swept once from this side. There is no reason for either the Demon World side or the Sanguo side to defend the walls any longer. So of course I left it alone.

If I had known that reinforcements from another mountain country would cross the walls, I would not have done so.

Leweche's soldiers pour down from the castle walls. That sight was enough to raise the morale of the humans and pour cold water on the spirits of the demons, who were already faltering. Deon glanced at the faltering demons and frowned as he recalled the name of the opposing kingdom.

'Rweche... In the end, this is how he hits me in the back...'

Ha. A laugh came out.

"These bastards."

The reason why the Demon World has not touched Rweche until now is because it did not resist the Demon King's army. To break that implicit promise at this perfect time.

'Yes, that's how I want to die.'

My head gets hot. The complicated situation was enough to make my eyes spin, but unlike the burning eyes, the voice that came out was too plain.

"However, I'm just asking just in case... Isn't there a spare communication seat or something?"

"Your master didn't already have one... Oh, it's broken."

"Doesn't the guy assisting me have a spare communication seat? I'll have to tell Ed later."

"Ah... that's a bit..."

I ignored the hesitant reaction and went back to the initial topic.

"Then, let's go to Ben. He's the doctor, so he'll definitely have an emergency communication seat. As for the location... Except for here, he'll be in the place where the

most noisy demons are, so it won't be difficult to find. Ah, what kind of berserker is there? "There may be one, but it's Ben, so don't pass it off as a mistake."

"...."

Dan, who kept opening and closing his mouth as if he wanted to argue, soon rolled his eyes as if he chose to just ignore it.

"...Can I just go and borrow a communication seat? If you calculate the time it takes to find and return time..." "

No, contact Ed right then and there. I will lead the 0 Corps right now and use the border of the Taehon Kingdom. So, attack Rweche."

Considering the number and quality of troops who came here, Rweche is probably close to an empty house right now. Perhaps the first country to collapse will be Rweche, not Sanguk.

The Taehon Kingdom, known as a vassal state of Rweche, has been carefully contacting me in the past saying that it will join this side, so I will obediently allow the use of the border, and the 0 Corps is under my direct control, so there will be no backlash even if I use it as I please without complicated procedures. It's a sudden order, but there's no problem.

"All right."

Dan lightly agrees to the neat command and walks away.

I'm a little worried that I might get hit by a blind weapon, but I'm not asking to fight against someone, I'm just asking

to find a demon, so I guess I can't even do that. Deon coolly looked away and twirled the dagger in his hand.

"let's go."

"Everything for survival."

Even though no command or explanation was added, a consistent response came back as if he had read my mind.

Although his subsequent actions were slightly different.

—Hot!

"!?"

The murderous knights who suddenly picked up Deon began to leave this place. Deon, embarrassed, struggled.

"What are you doing, you bastards!"

"It's for survival, right?"

"If you fight here, there's a high chance you'll die!"

"I understand that you're so upset right now that you can't see anything, but let's at least change seats!"

"Let the captain just take a look!"

"Let's take a look! Let's take a look!"

Fighting here, where enemies are swarming, is suicidal.

At first glance, it appears that he calmly judges the situation and gives orders, but the members of the Lofty Knights who have been with him for a long time knew. That's really pissed off.



As expected, he took the minimum action with the command he gave while pretending to be calm and cleared away the obstacles, and now his eyes are shining as if he is about to go on a rampage. At that moment, the knights exchanged glances with each other. Even though we were bickering tirelessly, at this moment, we all felt the same way.

‘Let’s pick it up and bounce!’

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 271**

### 271. Warrior Hunt (5)

The situation is such that the Mountain Kingdom is in front, the Empire is behind, and the Rweche is pushing in on the castle walls. This is the center where they gather.

Of course, even if the 'hero' fights here, there is a high chance that he will be fine. But not the Lofty Knights. Knowing full well that they were Deonhardt's weakness, they were not confident in protecting themselves from being disturbed by him here.

So I picked it up and carried it.

"I told you to put it down!"

"Let's go a little further!"

"Let the captain just take a look!"

"Let's be patient, good captain!"

Deon struggled, but those trained through their own training did not manage to drop him and ran away. Before running away, he showed a small amount of consideration and grabbed a random demon soldier and said, "Master Deon will tell you to get out of here on your own!" And I didn't forget to tell you that.

“...The demons tell us to lose weight while dealing with the Empire and the Mountain Country.”

As if things had calmed down a little, a more subdued voice could be heard from above.

“The previous emperor was collecting ‘heroes’ like crazy. There may still be more left. It seems that the Shan State borrowed ‘heroes’ from the empire.”

The Empire was once the country with the largest number of warrior fragment holders – commonly known as ‘heroes’.

It would be difficult for ordinary humans to deal with them, so it would be better for demons to deal with them. When demons deal with ‘heroes’, don’t the restrictions they receive from the human world disappear?

Of course, ‘heroes’ also become particularly strong when dealing with demons.

Clator, convinced, nodded and looked back at the demon.

“Did you hear that? You said yes.”

“Uh uh...”

The demon hesitated for a moment, not knowing whether this answer was being given to the human in front of them or to Deon, who was hovering over their heads, but then turned to Deon and answered ‘I understand’ and then delivered the command. run to do it

Deon, who had been looking at the back of the crazy dogs while they were hanging down on their heads, glanced down.

“I’ll take care of it without you telling me, but you should focus on dealing with Leweché and take your time.”

“Of course I will!”

\*\*\*

[... Deon Hardt will command.]

[... Deon Hardt will command.]

Yeonhwa, the king of the Mountain Kingdom, and her counselor Saerin said so. Lindel Reiner, who was listening to the two through the communicator as the commander of the Empire’s ‘heroes’, nodded slowly.

[I don’t know much about Deon Hardt, but... looking at his past actions, he doesn’t seem to be a thoughtless person at all, and seeing as the two of you say the same thing, I guess that’s the case.] But... I’m not saying anything that bothers me

. Before we could do anything, the King of the Mountain Kingdom spoke first.

[Yes, he must be mindful of the situation where there are heroes left in the empire. If they find out that the Shan State borrowed a hero from the Empire, they will definitely target Rweché.]

[Yes, I understand. However.]

Lindel frowned.

[Normally, they would definitely take their lives in the first raid, but are you planning to divide the heroes and deploy them separately?]

Her remarks were in keeping with the failure of the raid that used the king of the Mountain Kingdom as bait.

As long as the king himself became the bait, the plan could not fail. Concentrating all of their power on one raid would not be enough, so they would rather split it up. Isn't it like giving up half of the most important first plan in favor of a second plan to prepare for an unexpected situation?

As if reading his mind, a calm answer came back.

[Isn't there a limit to the number of people that can be mobilized for a single raid anyway? Rather, if there are too many, the weapon paths will become intertwined. Moreover, heroes have strong pride and individuality and do not cooperate well.]

[....]

[And we are a union. [Things will not go well if only one country does well.]

This means that it would be better to send the surplus troops that are more than necessary to Rweche for the second plan. If Leweché does not come to the end, he can be placed in an empty spot.

'It would be better to just secretly place them in an empty spot so as not to be detected and then have them join when Rweche comes.'

If he doesn't come, just keep moving.

There has still been no confirmation from Rweche. Although the atmosphere was one of permission, it would be better to focus on not coming for now.

‘But once the plan is complete, it’s best to convey it first and move on...’

While the King of the Mountain Kingdom was drawing a picture in his head, a serious voice came through the communicator.

[Are you not thinking about the conflict that will immediately follow the failure?]

[Of course, if you’re not careful, you’ll end up fighting Deon Hardt right then and there. It’s definitely a loss here too. No matter how many ordinary soldiers there are, they will not even be able to properly reduce the stamina of the warrior and will only end up in a needless death. There is no guarantee that Gwain won’t get caught up in it.]

[Knowing that...]

[But that won’t happen.]

He’s not stupid, so he’ll try to escape out of the castle first.

The castle they so desperately want to enter will become a pit from which it will be difficult to escape as soon as they enter. You will end up like a rat in a poison.

Of course, the warrior Deon Hardt can overturn the position of the ‘poisoned rat’ if he wants to, but...

[He is not alone.]

[....]

[He has his weaknesses too.]

A murderer. order.

These are the guys who have been with Deon Hardt since the Eight Years' War.

He smiled softly as he uttered the derogatory term for those who were born from a mixture of hatred, fear and disgust in the past.

As has been the case in the past, Deon Hart will move with the Murderous Knights this time. My guess is that he cares a lot about the Murderous Knights, but with such a topic, can he really endure and fight there?

'I could never do that.'

No matter how much of a murderer he is, he is no match for those who possess the fragments of a warrior. If many people attack one person, it will be difficult to even hold on, let alone win, since we have decided to gather 'heroes' this time.

For them, who have to deal with even ordinary soldiers seriously, the waves of enemies will also be a life-threatening factor, so Deonhardt will have no choice but to move on.

[So, it won't be that difficult to force them into a separate place and force them to fight only against the heroes.] [

...It would be better if the murderers were together.]

[Yes, they will become hostages that will hold you back.]

How can we induce that from here? It's not something we can do, but... wouldn't it come together if we put psychological pressure on it? In the first place, it doesn't seem like it will ever fall off.

Yeonhwa looked away from the topic she couldn't deal with right now and looked back on her planned plan.

[Rather than that, you will need a way to enter the castle quietly.]

[Ah...]

[I will tell you the secret passage.]

The passage that the group that will attack will use, the passage that the group that will join Rweche will use, and...

‘ ....’

Yeonhwa raised her eyes.

The guys with Deonhardt on their heads move away.

He's also quick on his feet. Yeonhwa, who had been following them, glanced behind them.

“Would you like to move too?”

“I came here as a commander, so it would be appropriate for me to move.”

“I understand that your military power is not that strong. Wouldn't it be enough to just send 'heroes'?”

“It's because I want to see the enemy's face at least once.”

There was a moment of silence at the unexpected remark.

“...You're foolish.”

Lindell simply responded with a smile.



“...Except for the city walls, the place where most Leweche are concentrated is the North Gate. Since it is close, they will most likely go there.”

“I know. That was the plan. You also told me about a shortcut and secret passage for that.”

“....”

“So now, leave the rest to me and evacuate to a safe place. Your Majesty is the king of a nation, right?”

The king of the Mountain Kingdom should not die when there is no proper successor.

At Lindel’s urging and Saerin’s gaze, Yeonhwa obediently turned around. I didn’t forget to add something.

“There is no third plan. Think of this as the last one and do your best. I searched and squeezed out this ‘hero’ who didn’t exist, and I’m sure he won’t fail.”

“Of course, I’m going to go with the feeling of risking everything at once.”

“Okay...”

She walks while being escorted by soldiers.

As if he sensed something strange about the atmosphere, the inspector next to him cautiously asked if he was okay. At first glance, I heard a voice that seemed to be whispering.

“There are so many people in the world who have lost loved ones.”

“Ah...”

“I hope you don’t risk your life for someone who has already left. What about that person?”

“....”

Lindel Reiner pretended not to hear.

\*\*\*

[What do you think you are lacking compared to the official heroes?]

These were his words as he stood in front of the empire’s heroes who were dissatisfied that someone who was not even a ‘hero’ was in charge.

[Fragment of a hero? no. You already have the fragments. Rather, the previous Deonhardt was recognized as an official hero even though he was an ordinary person without any fragments.]

Even though he had a younger brother who was healthier and better at swordsmanship than me, Lindel Reiner was forced to go to war for eight years by his parents who cared for him.

The reason he was able to survive there despite his weak body was because of his status as a nobleman and his intelligence.

Let’s ignore his noble status since he was born, and the one thing he possessed, the ability to influence people, was quite useful. In short, it means that their dissatisfied gaze can be changed with just a few words.

[There are currently no official heroes remaining in the Empire. The first and fourth heroes are dead, and the

second is officially missing. What about the third hero?]

Knowing that, His Majesty and the Emperor probably entrusted me with leadership.

[The generation of the empire has changed. The time for the official hero generation change has also arrived. Even though there are clearly people with fragments of warriors, His Majesty is not hasty in designating an official hero. Do you know why?]

[....]

The air is turbulent. At some point, those who were concentrating on what Lindel was saying changed their eyes as if they realized what Lindell wanted to say. Amid the burdensome gaze, Lindel calmly fixed his gaze straight ahead.

The answer to all of the things mentioned above ultimately leads to one.

['Achievement']

[....]

[Because there is a lack of merit. The only thing you lack compared to the former heroes of the Empire is 'achievements'. It is not for nothing that all those who possess the fragments of a hero are lumped together and called 'heroes.' You are already a hero whose achievements are only lacking, and that is why your official title is 'Hero Candidate.']

You need to make your name known.

[Deon Hardt was recognized as an official hero because his name was widely known even though he was an ordinary person.]

[....]

[Accumulate your achievements. Make your name known by killing the traitor to humanity and the worst warrior in history.]

Even though they had the fragments of a warrior, the light was dim in the eyes of those who had been discriminated against as 'official heroes'.

Lindell Reiner proudly spread his arms in front of them.

[I will be the conduit.]

...It is fortunate that the heroes on the mountain country side do not need to be persuaded.

Because they are loyal to the order to follow Lindel Reiner as much as they are loyal to the king of the Mountain Kingdom. Lindel thought as he obediently took the 'heroes' who followed him and crossed the passage that the King of the Mountain Country had told him about.

Soon enough, a light appears and, as expected, Deonhart and his knights are visible. Lindel hurriedly accompanied the 'heroes' and stood in front of them.

"...look down."

"Leader...?"

Deonhardt, who had been lifted up with a slight frown as if he had noticed that his opponents were heroes, twisted his

body and landed on the floor. Lindell, who had been pushing back the murderers and watching with deep emotion the red eyes that instinctively looked for the commander, took a step forward and met their gaze.

“nice to see you.”

Deon Hardt looked blank for a moment as he found a familiar face on the face of someone who was clearly his enemy.

“My name is Lindell Reiner.”

It was an instant before it was covered with despair.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 272**

272. Hero Hunting (6)

I thought it felt strange.

Yes, somehow the speed of breaking through was slow. You hid the heroes on the Rweche side. As is usually the case with retreating people, it took some time to notice as the unique chaotic atmosphere narrowed my vision.

In the meantime, it seemed as if there was a natural change in troops, and at some point the regular soldiers disappeared.

The heroes who were blocking the front move behind Lindell Reiner and join him. The faces of the Lofty Knights members who realized it was a trap hardened, but regardless, Deon opened his mouth with difficulty, keeping his eyes focused only on Lindel Reiner.

“Rainer...”

“Ah, you must be familiar with it. You and Lien Reiner, a knight who was once under your command, are brother and sister. I am your older brother.”

Blood flowed loudly.

The nightmare buried in my memory raises its head. Why did I have to die? Deon kept his mouth shut for a moment as it seemed like he was crying bloody tears and shouting that he was strangling and telling him to die.

In the short silence, a voice pretending to be calm slowly flowed out.

“...I heard you have a weak body.”

“I did.”

“Are you here for revenge?”

“That would also be included in the reason.”

“Another reason is?”

“Of course.”

Lindell Reiner smiled.

“Isn’t it to protect the human world?”

Only then did Deon relax and laugh as if it were absurd.

“So... you’re going to kill me to protect the human world?”

“yes.”

“That’s fun.”

It’s a very interesting idea to kill the hero rather than keep him in check.

The heroes surrounding me take a step closer, as if putting pressure on me. Sensing that the heroes who mainly focus on long-distance weapons were aiming their daggers or

bows from afar, Deon acted as if he was on guard and stopped the mad dogs who were trying to fight back.

“Everyone here is a hero, so stay still.”

“But...”

“Don’t even dream of running away with me. You’ll probably not even be able to take a few steps before your leg gets cut off or something flies and gets stuck in your back.”

“Still...”

Someone cried.

There are too many, boss.

The words he swallowed, unable to show that he was discouraged in front of his enemies, were clearly conveyed to Deon. He smiled bitterly and put his hands behind his back.

‘Yeah, I didn’t know there were so many heroes in the human world.’

It feels like most of the fragments of the warriors remaining on earth are gathered here. If you combine the fragments they have, it looks like there could be at least one hero and at most two...

I pulled out the weapon I was most familiar with mounted on my back.

“It looks like they have gathered a lot of heroes without any heroes.”

Considering that there are many unfamiliar faces, it seems that in addition to the ‘Nameless Knights’, they have also



attracted newly born heroes and heroes from other countries.

Well, if it weren't for that, there's no way we could have collected this many. It looks like each country has formed an alliance, and they probably gathered heroes for the reason 'to kill the hero.'

As expected, Lindell responded with light sarcasm.

"It would take something like this to kill a hero."

"Yes, it seems like you are very determined. By the way."

Deon grinned.

"If you interpret this in reverse, doesn't it mean that if I survive here intact, the fall of the human world will be confirmed?"

"...I won't deny it, but that's why things won't go as you think. They're that desperate."

"It's Bae Soo-jin."

There was no further conversation.

Lindel falls back, escorted by some heroes, while other heroes aim their weapons at Deon. Deon also took off the strange plant that was still clinging to me and gave it to Cletor...

"Sweet!!"

"Ugh-."

...I tried to hold on to it, but it wrapped around the stem even more and clung desperately, so I quickly released my

hand from holding the flower pot. Only then did the stem, which had been tightened to prevent it from falling, loosen back to its original state.

“...We have to fight properly from now on.”

“Suck.”

“Their weapons are not at a level you can defeat.”

“Sweet!”

“...okay.”

They tell me to think of it as something that doesn't exist and fight, but I have to do that.

I don't want to start an argument here, and I don't have time to do so. He hung a monster plant on his side, pushed the mad dogs back, and raised his dagger.

“Let's check if Sujin Bae is really effective.”

Come on.

\*\*\*

[Let's go to Ben. Since I'm the attending physician, I'm sure he'll have at least one emergency communication seat. As for the location... Except for this place, you'll find it in the place where the most noisy demons are, so it won't be difficult to find. Oh, there's probably a berserker there, but that guy is Ben, so don't pass it off as a mistake.]

Although not as good as Deon Hart, Dan also stayed in the Demon King's Castle for quite a long time and understood that the doctor's personality was not a joke.

However, even so, I had doubts that I would be able to surpass the generals and become the most noisy demon on the battlefield...

“Die!!!”

“oh.”

It was true.

Dan, who found a demon running wild in the middle of the battlefield, let out a short exclamation. If you had seen it without taking advice, you would have passed by without knowing it was your doctor.

Crushing an enemy’s head with a visiting bag. Who would think of the attending physician when they see that? The sight of enemies being killed with rolling eyes was quite refreshing, so Dan, who watched for a while, soon took a reluctant step forward.

‘I feel like I’m going to die on my own feet.’

As expected, the visit bag gets swung around as soon as I get a little closer. I quickly raised my sword to block it, but... what kind of ignorant power is this?

I frowned reflexively at my numb hand.

“It’s Ben.”

“....”

“That’s Dan.”

If I keep doing this, I think I’ll get a good hit. I added my name, surprised by Ben’s attitude as he silently prepared to swing the bag again.

Only then did the opponent's movements come to a halt.

"...step?"

"yes."

"Ah..."

Ben's eyes came back into focus, as if he had come to his senses belatedly. Our eyes meet and he quickly grasps the situation, quickly collects his visit bag and steps back. Dan, who had not relaxed even then, barely breathed a sigh of relief after about 10 seconds of silence passed and sheathed his sword.

"I came here at the Master's command."

"Daeon's...?"

"Yes. Master's communication seat is broken. Could you lend me the communication seat?"

"Oh here."

Ben takes out a communication box from his blood-stained visit bag and holds it out. Dan looked down at it with trembling eyes for a moment and then stretched out his hand to receive it.

After several manipulations, he skillfully contacted Ed and opened his mouth without hesitation.

"This is Dan. I've contacted you to convey the Master's orders."

\*\*\*

Take the 0th Corps and cross the border of the Taehon Kingdom to attack Rweche....

Ed pondered the order he received with a stern expression.

‘What’s wrong with Deon?’

The contact did not come through the communication box taken by Deon himself, but through the attending physician’s communication box. Since it was done on Dan’s behalf and not by Deon himself, something bad was probably happening to Deon.

‘It’s a sudden order, but there must be a reason.’

So Ed moved as soon as he heard the command.

After giving the order to the 0th corps to go and preparing myself, I busily go down the stairs. It was natural that the 4th Corps Commander Idelia, who had always shown interest in him due to his somewhat impatient attitude, showed interest and curiosity.

“Ed? Where are you going?”

“...Ah, Idelia. We are preparing to go on a mission under Deon’s orders. We are planning to go to Rweche.”

Although I am busy, I cannot ignore the words of the corps commander. I paused for a moment and answered sincerely.

“Hmm... suddenly?”

“yes.”

“It looks like Rweche hit him in the back. That’s probably why he gave such a sudden order.”

This is a country that the demon world has left untouched. The original plan was also lowest in conquest priority. The sudden overturning of it means that Rweche broke its implicit promise first.

Although the news had not yet arrived, Idelia guessed the situation based on a few clues as a corps commander in charge of processing and combining information, and smiled at Ed, who had an exclamation mark above his head.

“Do you want to go right now?”

“That’s right.”

“Then let me go with you.”

“yes...?”

Ed was startled by the unexpected words.

“Idelia... are you talking about this?”

“Yes. Wouldn’t it be good to clearly show how the demon world treats an opponent who has already tried to make a move?”

“That’s true, but...”

He hesitated, as if confused, and then asked the question carefully.

“So the 4th Corps is also moving together?”

“No. Then the procedure will become more complicated, so I’m going to go alone. Isn’t that enough?”

Because we have good compatibility.

Ed closed his mouth for a moment as he added this as if it were obvious.

...The 4th Corps Commander's words that we must set an example at this time are not wrong. He thought for a moment about whether it would be okay to do this, but then nodded.

"Do you need some preparation time?"

"No, you can just keep going like this."

"Okay. Then."

\*\*\*

Communication has ended.

"Well written."

"okay."

Ben, who had been keeping his ears wide open while fighting throughout the communication, took the communication seat back as if he had been waiting, put it in his bag, and looked at Dan again.

"I gave the order, but what do I do now?"

"I have to go back to my master."

"Can I go?"

"Hmm..."

Dan looked around at the chaotic battlefield and looked puzzled.

"If you look around, you might find Ben, just like you found him... wouldn't you...?"

"Why are you asking me that? It's okay. Come with me."

"yes?"

"If one of Master Deon's subordinates comes and goes and dies because of me, this is the one that will be in trouble."

Ben, who hit the charging enemy's head with his bag, turns around as if asking what he's doing when he's not coming. Dan, who looked at him for a moment, asked as if he were suspicious.

"Do you know where the Master is?"

"...."

"...?"

"It's been a while, but there was a signal... It was a light signal that made me think it was an illusion, and the situation here was urgent, so I couldn't go..." "I guess... I think it happened before I parted ways with the

Master... Scratches...."

"...."

There was an awkward silence.

The moment Dan, who had been keeping silent and only fighting off the enemies that came at him occasionally, opened his mouth after thinking that he needed to find another way.

"|—"



“...! Deon!!”

“!?”

Suddenly, Ben started running somewhere.

Dan, who looked confused for a moment, soon realized the situation and his face twisted.

“What if you leave me behind?”

He asked me to go with him!

It looked like it was suddenly thrown away. Feeling an approaching sense of crisis, I hurried after him before he disappeared from sight. Fortunately, he seemed to have slowed down after hearing the shout and was soon able to catch up.

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

I think I ran in silence for a while after that.

Dan, who was running half a step behind Ben with a grumpy expression, sighed.

‘...Yes, he is a doctor with a strong professional spirit, so I should understand.’

If things continue like this, we will arrive at our destination without saying a word.

He relaxed his expression and asked a question.

“Did you get a signal?”

“okay.”

“Are there any signs of serious injury?”

“It’s not that, but it’s not shallow either. Above all, the signal is coming continuously.”

In other words, wounds are formed and healed repeatedly.

Although it wasn’t serious to begin with, the fact that the warrior suffered shallow wounds is a problem in itself. Occasional scratches can be overlooked as they can be caused by one’s own mistakes, but this...

“...It looks like something has definitely gone wrong.”

“That’s right. So, we have to hurry and get to Deon...”

The guys blocking the way are very persistent.

Ben swung his bag, filled with frustration. Dan, who was following his movements and scanning Rweche’s soldiers, suddenly tilted his head.

‘Now that I think about it...’

I don’t think they are even ‘heroes’.

‘Was Rweche originally this strong?’

# I'm Not That Kind of Talent

## Chapter 273

273. Hero Hunt (7)

I know that Rweche is not unique in terms of military power, but what happened?

'This is almost at the level of the imperial army during its heyday...' The

formidable strength and confidence in the venomous eyes are almost like that of the imperial army during the reign of Edoardo Desert. Dan frowned as he felt the spirit of the army advancing, trampling on everything that he had seen at first glance during the Eight Year War, in the soldiers in front of him.

'I think it would be difficult with just the two of us...'

"I have to go to Deon! Don't block my path, you humans!!"

oh.

Now that I think about it, the demon next to me is not a doctor, but a berserker.

Ben, who was huffing and puffing, rushes in, swinging his travel bag at the guys blocking his path. Every time his bag was swung, someone's neck snapped or their head exploded. Some people even flew away.

Nevertheless, it seems like it will take quite a long time to break through as he only hesitates for a moment, hardens his eyes again, and raises his weapon...

‘I guess it’s possible.’

How long will it take?

Ben had already entered the battlefield anyway. Knowing that it was next to impossible to find another way now, Dan sighed, adjusted his sword, and jumped into the chaos after Ben.

\*\*\*

“How long has it been now?”

“It’s been about three hours.”

“...I wasn’t a hero for nothing.”

There are no monsters.

Lindel looked bored.

Deon Hardt, who only avoided a fatal wound with minimal movement, rushed forward, ignoring his own wounds. As the heroes hurriedly retreated to avoid his swinging dagger, their empty hands, whose weapons had magically disappeared, appeared before their eyes.

I was confused at first, but now I understand. I heard the sound of someone dying somewhere in the distance.

‘In the midst of hectic moments, he was steadily killing even long-distance heroes...’

Meanwhile, all of his wounds had recovered. Everyone in the human camp was appalled at the situation where even if they were injured, they would end up back at square one.

And at the same time confident. If it weren't for the weakness of the Lofty Knights, we would have struggled even harder than we are now.

'Probably Deonhardt's nerves are as sharp as they can be right now.'

There were so many things that bothered him that he must have been quite stressed.

'Then it would be nice if my emotions exploded and I got upset.'

It is not just a collection of heroes with short-range specialization, but a force that is clearly prepared for long distances as well. They never created an environment where Deon Hardt could run free.

When Deonhardt tried to kill heroes at close range, arrows and daggers flew from somewhere and stopped his actions. When he tried to throw a dagger to kill ranged heroes, the melee heroes blocked him by swinging their weapons.

At the very least, if they became distracted by the battle even a little and the distance between them and the Lofty Knights increased, the heroes pointed their weapons at them as if they were waiting.

"Captain, we'd rather die too..."

"Shut up."

One of the knights, unable to bear the helplessness, cautiously opened his mouth. Immediately a sharp voice interrupted the conversation.

Kaga River! Deon, who was able to block the rain of arrows with his dagger, pulls out an arrow stuck in his side. As soon as I applied force to my hand, the arrow shaft broke without any force.

“There are degrees of talking about having an open mouth.”

“....”

“Just avoid long-range attacks like you are now. I’ll take care of the rest.”

You too, stay still.

I pressed down on the flower pot that was wriggling on my side. As if reading my mind, the guy clings to me calmly.

Deon exhaled slowly, gathered his emotions, and took up his stance again with his weapon. The heroes let out a sigh of relief as they didn’t seem to show the slightest sign of exhaustion. Meanwhile, Lindel, who was looking at Deon and the murderers alternately while lost in thought, slowly raised his hand and waved it.

“...!”

All kinds of long-distance weapons poured out.

Not towards Deonhardt, but towards the Murderous Knights.

It felt like it was the most serious attack among the attacks against the Knights Templar so far, so Deon hurriedly turned his head. A long sword pierced the side of my neck from

behind, but I didn't care. The wide red eyes were shaking as if there had been an earthquake.

"you guys...!"

"Captain! We'll take care of this, so you can focus on your work!"

"We're fine!"

The guys who dodged it on their own, pulled the guy next to them to help them dodge it, or even swung their weapon at it, waved their hands. The red eyes finally regained their composure after confirming that no one was dead or seriously injured.

Lindell watched the entire situation with narrowed eyes and smoothed his chin.

'This is more effective than I thought...'

The effect of the weakness is stronger?

If you do it right, you can use this against them and kill them. I glanced back at the heroes who had fallen by my side to protect me.

A brief signal is exchanged, and those who understand the meaning nod their heads almost invisible. Only then did Lindell pick up the communicator.

"everyone."

For a moment, attention was focused and eyes met with Deon Hardt.

He frowns, as if his eyes are curved without any trace of warmth, as if he is anxious.

Either way, the merciless orders followed.

“Kill the Murderous Knights first.”

“...!”

He said ‘all power’.

This means that both long-range and close-range heroes should target the Murderous Knights first.

It’s a completely different approach than before. Until now, even if they were targeting knights, they had been making minimal attacks against Deonhardt. Deon’s eyes twitched greatly.

All kinds of daggers and arrows are raining down on the knights, and close-range heroes are swinging their weapons at them, who are barely avoiding them.

“no...!”

“Sweet!!”

Deon quickly turned around. The monster plant, which had been quiet the whole time, let out a scream-like cry as if warning something, but I couldn’t hear it because my attention was elsewhere. And phuuk-!

A blade protruded from behind his back, piercing his stomach.

“Leader!!”

“ah.”

Only then did he realize what he had been missing.



There were heroes left to protect Lindell Reiner. Since he was not participating in the battle the whole time, he was being pushed out of the expected range.

Without missing a moment, various blades pierce my body one after another. But instead of turning around and dealing with them, Deon chose to run forward. It was a fairly desperate move.

‘They can’t do that.’

They must not die. It’s not as good as them.

As they run forward, each weapon that pierces their body comes with it either drawn or stuck. I felt like the monster was trying to attack again from behind, waving its stem and trying to block the weapons aimed at its back, but it didn’t turn around and flew away.

The first thing I did was to push the mad dogs remaining within the range of the barrage of long-distance weapons out of the range with just enough force to help them regain their balance. The next thing was to throw the dagger and block the weapons of the close-range heroes targeting them.

In the process, a few more arrows and daggers were lodged in my body, but I didn’t care.

The problem is next.

“Leader!!”

“Yuck!!”

“Avoid!!”

Another arrow flew. Deon, who was reorganizing his disheveled posture due to having just thrown a dagger, heard the sound of the wind and quickly turned his head. I thought this would be enough, but as if I had already gotten used to it, the arrow calculated the direction in which I would open my body and was flying.

If I had stayed still, I would have ended up getting hit in the shoulder. The pupil facing the arrowhead from the front was greatly dilated.

It was aimed squarely at the eyes.

‘...You can’t avoid this.’

It was too late to raise my hand to stop it. On the contrary, in the process of trying to strike or catch it, not only will the damage to the eye be increased, but the forehead or cheekbone may also be torn.

Not even all the crazy dogs have been saved from danger yet. A dark resignation appeared in the red eyes.

It was then that something strange happened.

“Sweet!!”

The arrow stopped.

‘...’

The world falls into silence and I feel my back becoming empty. Deon found the green stem holding the arrow shaft and slowly shifted his gaze.

The sight of a huge green monster breaking out of a flower pot and safely rescuing the mad dogs was clearly visible.

“...you.”

\*\*\*

The monsters that follow Deon Hardt are omnivorous.

What the gardener had given in the past as a nutritional supplement was actually a seed that the world, now polluted by demonic energy, had given to the fairies.

Monster plants that are ‘omnivorous’ and ‘seeds given by the world’ given in the name of ‘nutritional supplements’.

What will happen next?

[Are you ready to sacrifice?]

The gardener who raised me once asked.

If only for Deon Hart. The monster nodded without hesitation.

And a seed was given. Hien, the gardener who watched it being hidden under the roots, quietly opened his mouth.

[It was in the face of sincere sacrifice that the seed that would not budge no matter what I did was slightly purified and showed vitality.] While

looking for flowers in the human world for Master Deon, I came across a bee hive by chance and found out about it.

A life-threatening attack by bees to drive away wasps. In the face of a sacrifice that seemed no different from suicide, the seed I always carried in my arms responded.

Of course, this was not something that was confirmed at first discovery, but experiments were carried out with bees

from the human world, people were killed by humans and other demons out of fear that someone's life might be sacrificed, and people were caught and threatened to kill anyone to see if suicide was a condition, and various experiments were conducted. That was the conclusion I reached in the end.

[So, unless you are truly willing to sacrifice, give it back to me right away. Rather than wasting time needlessly, it would be better to find another number.]

[Sigh.]

Even part of the root has already been placed in the seed. Since it is said that you only react to a sincere sacrificial spirit, you can carry it around without absorbing it and then absorb it with the readiness to sacrifice when necessary.

Even so, putting a seed the size of an adult man's fist in a small pot will press on the roots, making it uncomfortable and burdensome, but that is not a reason to give up protecting Deonhardt.

The monster let out a confident cry. Hien's expression became subtle.

[That's a good answer, but... I don't understand.]

[Which?]

[I don't think there's any reason for you to care for Deon that much.]

Just like that plant from last time, it was created based on plants from the human world. Perhaps because of this, it has a different texture from the guardian plants of the Demon World.

It seems like they're protecting the target... but I think it's more like they do it out of instinct rather than through training. While normal guard plants are trained to suppress their instincts and protect their targets, these guys are trained to use their instincts appropriately.

Other than that, I didn't teach anything in particular, but still, it's like this.

[Tsk...Tsk.]

[I don't want to pry, so it's okay. It's not simple communication, and it won't take a long time to hear and interpret the explanation. More than that, the soil is bulging there now... How can that not happen?]

[Ugh...]

This is the best...

The strange plant adjusted its rhythm as if it had been waiting for the topic to change obediently. After that, things went smoothly.

Deon Hart expressed his doubts about the bulging soil and attempted to dig up the roots of something that was not absorbed over time...

After somehow protecting the seeds without being seen, the monster plant that had absorbed the seeds now realized.

This is not about me absorbing the seed, but about being absorbed by the seed in return for borrowing power from the seed.

"Yuck...!"

Still, I don't regret it.

Rather, I praise myself for being good at sticking with him tenaciously even though I knew he hated me. Thanks to you, I was able to protect it.

A human being who is subject to both the world's expectations and hatred.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 274**

### 274. Hero Hunt (8)

The monster plant, which was born in the human world loved by the world and transformed into something strange after receiving the magic power of the demons hated by the world, was different from the ordinary plants of the demon world.

It was not transformed by the Demon King's magic power, nor did it become material for the birth of demons or monsters.

A mutant whose affiliation suddenly changed while he was still alive. Perhaps that is why monster plants were inevitably sensitive to the flow of the world.

So much so that the Fairy King would have been displeased if he had found out.

The world is paying attention to Deon Hard.

It's not just because he was a warrior candidate or a warrior.

A gaze with a deeper, darker, and more explicit purpose was always following Deon Hardt's movements. The monster plant was said to have been out of breath the moment it first encountered him at the vivid presence of the world that

enveloped him so openly, as if he had no intention of hiding it.

Hatred and contempt for the warrior who deviates slightly from the mission he was given. Nevertheless, I watch them without being able to abandon them because I know that things will go as I want in the end. Pressure to move quickly and get it done the way I want.

Apart from that world, the sadness and joy I feel towards him.

The first mutant felt infinite favor for the person who would prevent the creation of beings like me, and then the mutant hero cheered for the mutant warrior who went forward destroying everything in sight without any regard for the will of the world.

In short, it means that mutants between the demon world and the human world were inevitably drawn to Deonhardt.

So don't cry.

Because I did it because I wanted to.

\*\*\*

The green plant spreads its leaves wide to block the long-distance weapons coming at the mad dogs. The short-range heroes were blown away with their stems, and even the ones running towards Deon Hart were defeated.

The plant I was growing suddenly became stronger and protected me and the crazy dogs. It was right to look at it positively, but Deon couldn't bear to be happy.

"...no."



Sometimes intuition is more accurate than anything else and you end up realizing it.

If the power I've gained from somewhere runs out... I'll never be able to see that plant again.

"no...!"

A voice filled with suppressed despair came out.

The monster plant glances at Deon, shakes its stem once, and looks back at the mad dogs. Only then did the mad dogs come to their senses and began to leave the place, carrying Deon Hart in his arms.

Deon struggled. His gaze was fixed on the monster.

"What...! Put it down right now!"

"No, Captain!"

"I have to live first!"

Instinct spoke. The moment our eyes met, the strange plant smiled at me.

'....'

The struggling stopped.

Even as he was running away, he continued to mutter helplessly while his eyes glanced curiously.

"Please... please put it down..."

It was a voice filled with deep emotions, as if it was about to break.

The shocked knights exchanged glances and then quietly put Deon down. Deon took a few steps forward and raised his dagger.

All injuries sustained during the battle had already fully recovered.

“I told you clearly...”

The dagger flew at breakneck speed and stuck in the vital spot of the hero who was trying to cut down the monster plant. The hero who struck down the previous dagger had to give up his life without being able to deal with the dagger that came immediately after.

Whether the heroes were nervous or not, their red eyes stared at the monster.

“I warned you not to come forward.”

A suppressed voice rang out.

“Who wanted this? Why isn’t everyone listening to me?”

why.

I was confident that I would not die. I may have had to give up an eye just now, but I was confident that I would save my life. Considering that no matter how much of a warrior he was, he could not restore a severed body, I had a vague idea that a blown eye would also be impossible to repair, but since it was cheap compared to the price of his life, I had no regrets. It wasn’t supposed to be there.

“It was enough for me not to do anything like that.”

Even if I couldn't win and get out right away, I was able to drag on for days and days and eventually get out of this situation, regardless of whether their stamina was low or support came.

"...under."

Even so, his spirit, which has been greatly shaken by Dan's recent arbitrary actions, is having a hard time with this situation. Deon slowly closed his eyes and opened them as his eyes felt feverish and his forehead felt hot.

The knights who read the sunken red eyes and the atmosphere surrounding him urgently exchanged glances.

'It exploded.'

'Something exploded.'

Something big happened emotionally. If we fight like this, we will be defeated by the enemy. So, we need to hurry up and get him out....

"Keep him from getting out. Never let him go."

The Lofty Knights were not the only ones who noticed Deonhardt's agitation.

Lindell, who saw an opportunity that would never come again, immediately gave an order.

"Blocking the retreat route is the first priority, and dealing with that monster is the second priority. Block the retreat route and let the remaining troops deal with the monster."

I don't know what the relationship is between that monster and Deonhart, but judging by his attitude, he would

probably be very upset if he killed a monster in front of his eyes.

‘It would be better if it completely collapsed.’

Only after the command was given did the light return to the red eyes that had been half lost.

No, sparks flew right into my eyes.

“Oh, Captain!”

“It’s not possible!”

When I thought about it, it all happened because that guy, Lindel Reiner, brought the heroes with him. At least this wouldn’t have happened if they hadn’t given the order to focus on targeting the crazy dogs.

Deon ran out without the knights having time to stop him and rushed at Lindel Reiner.

Of course, the heroes didn’t just leave it alone...

“Where...!”

“Kyaaeeaaak!”

I had no choice but to stop as my ankles were tied to the green stems that wrapped around parts of my body or were violently swung around.

The warrior did not miss the opportunity.

“You must be the tallest person here.”

He reached Lindel in an instant, grabbed his face, slammed the back of his head into the floor, and pulled out a dagger.

“Most troops will retreat on their own if you just kill their commander.”

“....”

“This is unavoidable.”

The dagger is aimed at the neck and slashes down.

However, just before piercing the neck, my eyes met between the fingers that were holding the guy’s face.

Straight eyes without a hint of color resembling someone in my memory.

“...Damn it!”

The dagger suddenly changed direction.

Sigh! The blade left a small scratch on my neck and got stuck in my shoulder. A low groan rang out.

Deon removed the hand that was holding his face and looked down at him. Lindel, who was frowning at the sharp pain, also raised his eyes and looked at him.

After silence, Deon groaned.

“ah.”

“....”

“...Lord Lien.”

Why are you holding me back until this happens?

His face contorted as if he was crying and he placed his hand on his neck. I can clearly feel the pulse beating under

my hand. And Deon realized.

This composition now is the same as when I faced Lien in a nightmare one day.

The only difference is that Lien was in his place now, and he was in Lindel Reiner's place.

"...If you had said revenge was your main goal, I wouldn't have been able to touch you carelessly."

"...."

If Deon Hardt had pursued personal revenge rather than the greater good, he would not have been able to injure Lindel Reiner.

I looked down blankly at him who didn't respond and slowly lowered my upper body. I whisper softly into his ear.

"This is a warning."

"...."

"If you don't want to follow in your brother's footsteps, stop at this point."

He slowly bit his upper body and removed his hand from his neck. Lindel, who was watching Deon trying to get up, finally opened his mouth.

"...that day."

Deon paused.

"Why did my brother have to die?"

"...because it's so upright."

“...Is that so.”

A wry smile spread across Lindell’s face.

“It’s obvious. My younger brother was obsessed with chivalry, so he probably risked his life because he couldn’t stand by and watch his master go astray as a knight.”

A useless thing.

He muttered something close to sarcasm and then smiled self-mockingly.

“If you said revenge was your main goal, did you also tell me that you wouldn’t be able to harm me carelessly? How dare I say that?”

“....”

“I respect my younger brother’s choice.”

It is a position that must be respected even if it is not understood. I’m the reason she became obsessed with chivalry.

My older brother, who was healthy enough to take up swordsmanship as a hobby and was an expert in swordsmanship, went to war for 8 years instead of me. It must have been quite a shock to young Lien when the adults reassured him that swordsmanship was just a hobby and that he would not be able to survive on the battlefield with it.

[Then what about your brother? What about my brother who has never held a sword?]

And you must have noticed. The adults in the family have already decided that the eldest daughter will be the successor instead of the eldest son, who may die at any time.

In order to overcome the contradictions of adults, we must ensure that swordsmanship does not remain as a hobby. So he probably wanted to become a knight.

In the hope that her brother would come back alive and take the place of succession, she would have tried to become a true knight who even gave up her family name to avoid interfering with the succession plan or to atone for her brother's failure to return. As he thought about his attitude and chivalry as a knight and worked hard, he caught the eye of His Majesty the Emperor, and that must have led to him reaching out to Deonhardt.

'In the end, it's my fault.'

Therefore, Lindell Reiner, who must respect his younger brother's choice, cannot boast of personal revenge externally. Because doing so would not be respecting her choice.

"But I'm also human, so my emotions are different."

"..."

Lindell's eyes glanced over Deon's shoulder.

"I wouldn't dare say it's personal revenge, but..."

"Captain!!"

"...I really hope you die."



I wondered why the guy who had kept his mouth shut all of a sudden opened his mouth.

Red eyes glanced back at the hands holding my knees tightly. Heroes were coming from behind, brandishing their weapons.

The attacks were aimed precisely at vital points, but Deon, who already knew this, remained calm. I was just trying to avoid it by turning my upper body on the spot...

Kaga River!!

...A spear flew out of nowhere.

“what...!”

“Who are you!”

The throw was so strong that even after knocking away all the weapons aimed at Deonhardt, the remaining strength stuck deep into the ground.

The mad dogs, with their eyes wide open at the sight reminiscent of Deon’s javelin smashing the rock, but not as strong as when he smashed the rock with his javelin, look to the place where the spear came from. The heroes, who were perplexed by the unexpected situation, also tried to turn their eyes there.

“Master Deon!!”

“master!”

I had to shift my focus again to the intrusion of new characters.

The expressions of the heroes were strangely distorted as the demon with a part of his face covered in snake scales carrying a bloody bag and the Dan that had been seen on the screen appeared.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 275**

275. The result is only loss (1)

The monster plant caught the heroes off guard and pierced the chests of those who had targeted Deon with its stem.

While the startled heroes were on guard, Deon glanced at Ben and Dan, then calmly removed his hand from his knee and stood up. The heroes who quickly approached Lindel as if they had pushed him out of sight after the conversation a little while ago, took him back, but they only glanced at him and did not take any action.

“Why are you so late?”

The red eyes that had been watching the monster plant running wild as if it was burning its last flame for a moment turned towards Ben and Dan.

It's definitely a dry look and tone, but it seems like there's a vague sense of resentment for some reason, so Dan narrows his eyes and Ben immediately lowers his head. A loud voice rang out just as it did when he appeared.

“sorry!”

“Because you have Ben's necklace, you wouldn't have known my location. Why?”

Only then did Dan open his mouth.

“Rweche’s troops were more persistent than I thought.”

“...Not the Empire or Esperanes, but Rweche?”

“It might have taken longer if the commander over there hadn’t been contacted in between.”

“If it’s communication... that’s probably it.”

“yes.”

News that Rweche was attacked.

Looks like Ed did his job right. Deon nodded slightly.

“He seemed quite embarrassed.”

“Well... I guess I didn’t expect you to make a move right away.”

“It was definitely a quick response.”

Even though it may not be perfect punishment, it certainly seems to have succeeded in getting them screwed. Dan slightly raised the corners of his mouth.

[What on earth is this...!]

The guy’s face comes to mind, a mixture of confusion, betrayal, and anger. I don’t know, but it seems like it was clearly reported that the Demon King’s army attacked using the border of the Taehon Kingdom. Aside from his confused feelings, as if he was not a commander for no reason, he showed the judgment to immediately gather his troops and return.

Dan, who was reflecting on the situation at that time for a moment, suddenly felt the wind passing by and raised his eyes. Ben, who seemed to have been waiting for Deon's mood to calm down, rushed out in an instant and began examining Deon's physical condition.

A voice dripping with worry was heard.

"Deon, are you okay?! The signal is...!"

"are you okay."

"It looks like there are no injuries, but... his complexion is not good. I need to check... the intruder..."

Ben's eyes were focused on a certain place.

Lindel, who felt the eyes on me from behind the heroes, gritted his teeth.

'No wonder the demons are coming now.'

The basis of this plan is to refrain from clashes between heroes and demons.

'...That's just one thing.'

This side has gathered heroes to hunt down the hero.

They have already lost a large number in the process of clashing with the warrior, and the remaining number is decreasing as they deal with plant-type monsters, but it is not to the point where they cannot do anything with the addition of one demon.

'Other than this time, there is no chance.'

Too many troops were lost. If we go back to failure like this, resignation will sprout in the hearts of mankind. Everyone is probably too tired to make any promises for the next time.

He placed his hand on the dagger stuck in his shoulder. A cold smile appeared on his lips.

I know very well that this is the last mercy and warning, but we are in a position from which we cannot back down.

“Everyone ignores me and attacks....”

Quack!!

Two spears flew in succession and stuck in front of my feet. Lindel reflexively closed his mouth and then frowned.

‘Oh, right.’

There were more hidden helpers.

The gaze follows the place where the spear flew, wanders around, and is fixed on a certain place with the help of the heroes. The heroes said that he had his hood pressed down, but I don’t know that, but I knew that something that looked like a dot was the person who threw the spear, so I couldn’t help but sigh.

‘...It was thrown with this much force from that distance.’

This is impossible unless you are another demon or a hero.

It’s hard to deal with just the warriors, but there’s even long-distance support from plant-type monsters. As I was contemplating whether to retreat or push forward in a situation that was going against me, the hero standing next to me spoke up.

“We must retreat.”

“ .... ”

“The troops, which were already insufficient, are being further reduced by monsters. And more than anything, if things continue like this, it will become difficult to fight while protecting Lindel.”

“ .... ”

“His Imperial Highness said that Lindel should never be lost.”

Sure... it's better to walk away.

That's because that monster focuses on 'protection'. If it had focused on attacking, it would have lost more people than it does now. If a distant helper had taken an active role, the situation would have turned out more unfavorably.

For fear of wasting time and making the enemies more aggressive, Lindel suppressed his unwillingness and forced his mouth to open.

“...Let's get out of here.”

“All right.”

\*\*\*

The heroes retreat.

Deon didn't care who threw the spear, whether the enemies retreated or not, and simply approached the monster without hesitation. Ben looked at me with concern, but didn't care.

‘Again...’

It’s like this again. Why am I always like this?

The red eyes shake as if they will break. I realized that I was agitated, so I closed my eyes and opened them, but the shaking of my pupils was still there.

“...I shouldn’t have brought you.”

I stretched out my hand towards the guy who seemed to have run out of strength. The stem touched my fingertips.

If I had just died at the hands of an enemy or if this situation had come to me in a time when I knew nothing, I would not have been as shaken as I am now.

Another life was sacrificed for me like this. The proposition was so breathtaking that Deon could not move easily, and all he could see was a monstrous plant that did not even have a name.

“You’re just making my nightmares worse.”

It was a situation I didn’t want to go through after Cruel.

Now, if I strangle myself with my hands, who will stop me?

It gradually turns yellow and soon becomes smaller. The moment Deon, who sensed the end of the tree as it was turning brown, took a step back, a stem appeared.

Talk.

“Suck.”

The familiar crying sound was its last.



A small light bursts out, and the strange plant disappears everywhere, leaving a small sapling in its place. Deon wiped his cheek where the stem had touched, then bent his knees and quietly looked at the sapling, which was no longer moving or making a sound.

“...master.”

“why.”

“That...”

“...Okay, take care of this.”

Dan, who hesitated because he didn't know what to say, immediately nodded.

“I need a place to move the seedlings. Do you have a flower pot or something?”

“If it's a flower pot, the one he used here... ah.”

It's broken.

My slightly dazed eyes look at the piece of flower pot that the monster plant broke. Dan didn't like the look in his eyes, so he turned his head.

“Then what can replace it...”

“If it's a flower pot, here it is.”

“Oh, that's good...?”

“I think it would be difficult to borrow it.”

“....”

Wait... There's a crazy person carrying a flower pot in this battlefield other than the Master?

No, before that... the voice itself belongs to someone who shouldn't be here. Dan's eyes turned to where the voice came from. Deon also seemed to sense something strange and raised his head to look at the owner of the voice.

Even the members of the Knights of Lofty were only looking at the uninvited guest at the appearance of someone who did not fit into the battlefield. A woman holding an empty flower pot greeted me calmly, as if she was not burdened by the attention focused on me.

"It's been a while, sir."

"...powwow."

Deon frowned.

This is someone I met only once and worked with him during the sweep of Salvation Church. His name was 'Ran'.

The remarks that seemed to see through everything and the note he left for me were quite impressive, so I clearly remembered them.

"Why did you come here?"

"I came to pick up some saplings."

"...This?"

"yes."

"why?"

"Because it's what the world left behind."

After all, he was not an ordinary shaman.

An explanation is needed. Deon got up from his seat and stood crookedly with his arms crossed.

“If we leave it here while the war continues, it will most likely die. It would be better to move it before that happens.”

“Where are you going to move it? Is there a safe place in the human world...”

“Esperanes.”

“...I don’t think that’s something you should say in front of me.”

This is tantamount to saying that Esperanes will not be caught up in the whirlwind of war. This means that the Demon King’s army will not attack Esperanes, or that even if they attack, they will not be able to penetrate inside.

It was not an appropriate thing to say in front of Deon, who was clearly a member of the Demon King’s army.

“Then are you going to attack Esperanes?”

“That’s right. Now that I think about it, Esperanes is also among the human forces that came this time, so it seems a bit much to just leave it at that.”

“You’re good at saying things you don’t mean.”

“....”

Deon frowned silently.

“So you’re taking the saplings?”

“yes.”

“What if I say no?”

“....”

Shaman Lan quietly looked back at Deon.

With silence in the background, glances exchange briefly in the air. She opened her mouth slowly.

“Do you have any regrets left?”

“....”

“This is no longer the plant you used to know.”

“...know.”

I don't know what kind of drug he took, but the price was high.

...Now that I think about it, what did I do to be able to do this?

The answer came from the shaman.

“I didn't know that your plant contained the seeds of the world.”

“I've come to the right place on a topic I said I didn't know about... Wait a minute, it's the seed of the world?”

The seed that the Fairy King abandoned to Hien, saying it was contaminated?

“The birth of something that will have a huge impact on the world is bound to be a fortune. And... I guess you didn't

know.”

“So... that guy held the seeds left behind by the world... and absorbed them and used them at the right moment...?”

“Rather than absorbing it... it would be more appropriate to say that he gained temporary power in exchange for purifying the seed’s contamination by sacrificing himself.”

It reminds me of that guy’s bulging flower pot.

And Hien also said that he gave her some nutritional supplements.

...You two decided and planned it. The red eyes sank gloomily. I wasn’t angry because I was tired of getting more emotional about something.

“If you take the sapling to the demon world, it will only be contaminated with demonic energy again. I’m sure you don’t intend to ruin what your plant sacrificed and purified again.”

“...I have to say it right away. That guy didn’t sacrifice himself to purify the seed, he sacrificed himself for me.”

That’s why it’s even more devastating.

“...Anyway, I have no intention of contaminating what was purified again.” ”

....”

“Take it. Go.”

“Thank you for your concession.”

Deon stepped to the side, and Ran passed him and sat down in front of the sapling.

Crazy dogs were snooping around as if asking what to do now, and Ben was hanging around nearby as if he wanted to check on his condition, but Deon was all. Ignoring it, I stood still and watched the shaman digging the ground in a circle with the sapling at the center. The

first person to break the silence that had settled down with the awkward atmosphere was the shaman who was quietly digging.

“The world was outraged by the nobleman’s actions.”

“.. .Really?”

The corner of Deon’s mouth went up crookedly.

“So I guess he gained some kind of protection?”

That’s the luck that shows unbelievable power when it comes to life.

“That’s not true. The world definitely needs the noble people of today. What is at issue is the karma and the world’s anger that the noble has accumulated through his actions so far.” ”

...It feels very abstract and pseudo-like.”

“To put it simply... the noble in the next life will suffer to an unprecedented degree. I mean, I will receive it.”

“Ah... what else can I say?”

It’s hard to live in the present, so where can we have time to think about the next life, let alone the future?

The next life is such an unrealistic thing to say. Deon made a gloomy expression.

“Now . Even if you just quit...”

“Hmm... you

see.” Ran, who had moved the seedlings into a flower pot, raised her head. Her red gaze made direct eye contact. Her

curved eyes, as if imitating laughter, were saying.

“Now. Don’t you think it’s too late to come and say something like that?” It’s

too late.

“ ...”

“...Well...I have more questions than that.”

Deon looked at the devastation in the shaman’s eyes and lightly shouldered his shoulders. He shrugged and changed the subject.

“...Go on.”

“Is the advice to watch your eyes still valid?”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 276**

276. The only result is loss (2)

A look crossed the shaman's eyes, as if it was surprising that he still remembered it.

Deon grinned and lightly wiped the area around his eye where he had almost been pierced by an arrow a moment ago. His bright red eyes shined brightly, revealing his good health.

"It's nothing... I almost lost my eye before you came. I was wondering if this was it."

It had already been several winters before the 'snow' she spoke of was snow falling from the sky. Nevertheless, since nothing related to the eyes happened, it is probably referring to the body part 'eyes'.

Since it was a serious warning given by a shaman with an unusual aura, I always had it engraved in the back of my mind. It was too annoying to ignore, but I was tired because there were more important things to worry about.

'If this crisis has been overcome...'

It means that there is no need to worry anymore, so it must be a good thing.



But no answer came back from the shaman. The shaman who had been listening quietly was about to open her mouth when a shout from one side interrupted her.

“It’s nothing! You almost lost your eye!”

“It’s such a separate thing!”

“Even if it weren’t for that, I would be so heartbroken that you wouldn’t take care of me...! Oh my!”

“...Anyway, you’re fine. Shut up.”

As a result, it’s okay if there are no scars left on the body. Why is it reacting like that?

Crazy dogs pounded on his chest, asking if he could heal after being injured like that, but Deon didn’t answer and just looked away. As if he didn’t like being interrupted, his clumsy gaze turned to the shaman again, as if demanding an answer.

As if waiting for the red gaze that fell for a moment to return to me, Shaman Ran smiled and said something he couldn’t say.

“The warning I gave you is still valid.”

“...is it.”

That wasn’t what happened this time. It’s a shame.

While Deon clicked his tongue softly, Ran, who had finished filling the pot with soil, stood up. As if he had no more questions, he spoke with no sign of wanting to say anything more, just staring at his gaze.

“And...”

His voice trailed off as if he was wondering if it was okay to say this.

As she looked into the suspicious red eyes, she slowly spoke as if she had made up her mind. Perhaps to be careful not to reach the ears of those around him, he whispered in a quieter voice.

“You’d better stop cursing yourself.”

Deon’s face hardened.

He waves his hand toward those standing around him. Those who read the meaning carefully widened their distance from the two.

Only after everyone was far enough away to not hear the conversation did Deon look back at Ran.

“...keep going.”

“I have accumulated a lot of karma, so I am under curses big and small. What should I do if the soul that is supposed to protect me attacks me again?”

“....”

“If you want to slow down the rate at which the blood rises even a little, you have to stop doing that first.”

And she covered her mouth. Rather than saying I made a mistake, it was more like an action to soothe my upset stomach. It’s as if I’m under some kind of unbearable pressure...

‘Ah, it’s a revelation.’

Was that really a thing?

“Hmm... Thank you for the advice, and it made me curious...” Like

how did you know about blood? ... I’m thinking it might be because he’s a shaman.

But before that. Deon narrowed his eyes.

“Why do you have to give me that advice?”

“....”

“I don’t think we’re close enough for you to say it at such a cost.”

furthermore.

“More than anything, you know that no matter what I say, you won’t change.”

“...That’s why I said it. If something had changed because of my remarks, the price I would be receiving now would also have been greater.”

I’m just giving advice to the best of my ability.

The shaman smiled softly.

“You should at least know the consequences of your actions, right?”

“...It’s not wrong, though.”

“Then that’s it. I’ve accomplished the purpose of coming here, so I’ll just leave.”

She takes the pot with the seedlings in it and turns her back. Deon was moving his lips as if he were going to say

something more, but he was unable to say anything and just stared at his back as he walked away.

...Today, the blood seeping out near my pelvis was bothersome.

Finally, she disappears out of sight and those who retreated approach again.

Deon, who was standing still and watching the people approaching me, suddenly tilted his head.

‘Why am I so dizzy?’

It feels like the ground is shaking like waves.

And the moment you take a step, Beetle-

“Master Deon?!”

“Master? What...”

My body stumbled greatly.

Ben and Dan, who came nearby, were startled and immediately stretched out their hands to help him. They were once again surprised by the heat from their hands and quickly touched Deon’s forehead.

“Master, I’m running a fever.”

“There was no signal... why?”

“...I have a fever.”

I was told that I felt feverish ever since the monster accident occurred, and it seems that it wasn’t my fault. Deon shook off their hands and blinked at the blurry vision.

It hurts to be a hero. No matter how much I used my body, it was still like that.

‘I will become an unprecedented human being among the warriors of all time.’

It’s the most absurd situation I’ve ever been in.

There was ridicule. The reason was obvious. That damn stress is the root of all diseases. Because it is a mental problem, it is probably not affected by Ben’s magic stone necklace.

I heard that Deon Hardt has a fever, but there’s no way crazy dogs can stay calm. Immediately they surrounded the area. The voice rang incessantly, as if trying to fill the void of all sounds existing in the world.

“Does your colon hurt?!”

“So take care of yourself!”

“It was like that during the battle a little while ago! I didn’t take care of my wounds too much...”

My head started pounding. Deon frowned slightly and touched his forehead. The heat touched my cold fingertips.

“...Just shut up.”

“....”

“I’m just tired right now. So....”

“...!”

Once the tension was released, the body collapsed in an instant.

Fortunately, Dan caught him firmly before he fell to the ground, but Deon has not yet forgotten the Demonic incident. The behavior of the monster that reminded him of Cruel was the catalyst, but Dan's actions played a large part in the stress he had accumulated from before, so after trying to force himself to stand up several times, he eventually gave up and fell limp. Annoyance was clearly visible on his face.

'My body is heavy...'

Every movement feels burdensome, as if a rock is hanging all over my body.

This is the first feeling I've had since becoming a hero, and it's been a long time since I felt it.

With my eyes half closed, I muttered lazily while thinking of meaningless sentiments.

"I'm going to get some sleep."

"...Leader!!"

I said I was going to sleep for a while, but they made a fuss.

I'll feel better when I wake up.

...That was Deon's idea.

\*\*\*

The captain fainted.

It's hard to fall asleep. Anyone who sees this is a stunner. Cleter gently placed his hand on the captain's limp arm and gritted his teeth.

‘I also have a fever.’

I recognized him from the moment he was a warrior and didn't take care of his body and just started using it.

Even so, because we were in a dangerous situation today, I was shocked that they ran without caring about how many blades pierced my body.

Cleter sighed, putting off his decision to say something sharp for a moment.

“What are you doing Milan? Come on, carry me.”

“Uh...uhh!”

Milan suddenly picks up Deon and runs off without knowing the direction. The other guys followed his confident actions and ran out. Cleter, who was caught up in the atmosphere and almost ran after her without realizing it, stopped when Ben muttered that he was not heading in that direction and called out to his foolish colleagues.

“Not there!”

“ah...!”

Rumble.

The guys come back again. Cleter looked back at Ben and Dan as they asked where the direction was.

The answer came from Ben.

“There is no need to move. If you call Lirinel, it will be resolved. I contacted you while you were making a fuss, so if you just find the coordinates, he will be there in no time.”

“...Please tell me sooner.”

Cleter, who joined in the knights' actions of taking off their coats and laying them on the floor before putting down their captain, sat down on the bare floor. I clenched my chin as I watched them laying down the captain on a pile of clothes that were as thick as a winter blanket.

‘....’

As my body becomes more comfortable, thoughts that I had buried for a while begin to resurface. Cleter quietly gritted his teeth as he thought about the moment when the captain's stomach was pierced.

‘I almost died.’

The stomach was pierced by a spear. Even other blades targeted only the vital points and attacked.

The captain only moved with the sole intention of running towards us, so he managed to miss all the shots and hit them, but that doesn't change the fact that he only avoided a vital point and was injured. Instead of turning around and dealing with them, they even ran towards us with their backs defenseless.

I turned my head and saw the captain buried in a pile of clothes.

“...I can't go past this one, boss.”

Deon Hardt almost died 'because his ankles were caught by his men.'

The mere fact that the captain almost died made their hearts sink, but how did they feel the moment they realized



it?

Someone muttered that they should have killed themselves before being disturbed. Cleter agreed with that.

'If this continues, either the captain will die or we will die.'

So, I can't just get over it.

He quietly clenched his fists, thinking that he had to catch me and give me some advice so that something like that would never happen again.

\*\*\*

And there were eyes watching them.

Stigma, who felt that there was no need to help anymore after the heroes retreated, stuck the spear he was holding into the ground. There were numerous spears stuck on the floor on both sides and behind him, as if they had been pulled out and thrown at the moment of need.

Remember, who was standing a few steps away from him and quietly watching him, slowly opened his mouth.

"Why did you help me?"

"My junior, your condition looks very critical."

Of course, I know that my junior is not the person who will die here.

Stigma added lightly and turned around. The brown eyes met the old man's silver-blue eyes.

"I reflexively put my hand out first."

“You care a lot about Deonhardt.”

“I won’t deny it, but I think it would be more appropriate to say that I have a keen eye for attention.”

Look, I said it was close, but didn’t it explode in the end?

A young-looking demon appears and disappears, taking only the fallen Deonhardt and the demon who appears to be his doctor. Stigma glanced back at the bastards who were making so much noise that they could be heard, saying they were abandoned, and pulled out a spear.

“It looks like something mentally exploded.”

“....”

“I guess I should hope that the people around me take good care of me.”

Junior, you must not collapse here.

I have to keep going until the end of my road meets the middle of your road. I’m looking forward to the day we meet again, but it would be difficult if I collapsed in the middle.

After that, it will be up to you, junior.

“Before that, I guess I need to get rid of those annoying guys first.”

“Do you want to do it yourself this time too? “Don’t leave it to this old man.”

“Because I don’t want to be the trash that entrusts heroes to old men.” He held up

the spear, which he lightly turned a few times, aimed in one direction, and pulled his arm back.

Like a black panther tensing his muscles just before a hunt, his body was hidden under his clothes. The dense muscles are stretched to the limit, and then the object in the hand is flung with explosive force. The spear flew faster than an arrow and hit right at the feet of the heroes who were approaching. The heroes retreated in surprise at the explicit warning not to come any closer. "They

too

. So persistent. Why bother trying to confirm the identity of an unknown enemy when you can just back away from the presence of an unknown helper?" "Because an

unknown enemy is the scariest." "

That's true... I don't think they'll ignore the warning anyway, so let's move on. Let's do it."

Green hair that resembles a forest passes by Remember. Remember, who was watching Stigma going down the mountain without turning around, walked after him and asked. "Where are you going next?" "

Well

. "I think my junior will make a big deal out of me soon. Until then, I don't think it would be a bad idea to take my time." For now, let's just

go as far as we can.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 277**

277. Result of only losses (3)

In a battle in which the three kingdoms joined forces, or in a battle that can be seen as more than one kingdom joining forces, as the empire mobilized Esperanes mercenaries and the mountain kingdom borrowed heroes from vassal states. The monarchs of each country did not simply focus on the battles taking place in the 'Castle of the Mountain Kingdom', but also paid attention to other areas as well.

There is no way that demon lord will not retaliate. Any country will probably seek revenge. The possibility of targeting other countries that have emptied their troops by sending support is also abundant.

Sure enough, Rweche was attacked.

"It's okay here."

This would not have happened if we had not contributed to the battle. In addition to using his power to cause such damage to Rweche, he even failed to kill Deon Hart.

Even if there are ten mouths, there is nothing to say. The king of the Shan State and the emperor of the empire were rarely silent. Even though they were communicating without

even seeing their faces, there was a heavy atmosphere between them.

“Even if it’s okay.”

The King of Rweche calmly spoke to the two disingenuous monarchs who were unable to speak easily, as if feeling sorry for having taken up communication so quickly upon hearing the news.

“It was something I was determined to do from the moment I decided to help.”

- ....

“So don’t worry about it.”

Now this is a natural result. The reason why the Demon King’s army has not touched Leweche so far is because this side did not interfere with them. It was natural for them to target Rweche, which was the most scandalous of all the countries that participated in the plan. but.

There’s something they haven’t figured out.

‘Did you think Leweche was just quietly holding his breath?’

The King’s eyes shined coldly.

- Let me know if you need support. I will add it.

“There is no need for that. Our strength is sufficient.”

It is one of the few countries that is alone and peaceful while the world is in turmoil. As foolish as he may have been, there was no way the king, who had the duty to put his country first and protect his people, would just let this golden opportunity slip away.

‘One day, the day will come when the Demon King’s army will turn its weapons against us.’

As a result, their military power increased like crazy.

The Demon Lord’s army, too busy concentrating on the numerous forces that were interfering with other countries in the human world, did not pay attention to Rweche. In a blind spot beyond the reach of each power, Rweche was able to easily grow its power by harvesting more than a certain amount of grain despite a long drought based on the blessed area.

‘I showed some of my cards to the Demon King’s army, but...’ I

didn’t show all my cards, and thanks to that, I was able to hold out until the troops I sent returned, so this is okay. The King smiled leisurely.

“So, try to focus on the other side rather than this side. Even if you don’t, aren’t there a lot of things to worry about?”

– ...That’s right.

Yeonhwa, who had gathered the remaining troops and moved to another castle, gently clenched her fists.

The existing castle was ruined by battle, the few remaining troops, and the public was in anxiety. The contracts with the vassals that were recruited have virtually been canceled, and some of the vassals are even demanding compensation for the loss of the heroes they lent them.

As almost everything was risked, the reaction to failure was huge.

‘In fact, it’s close to ruin...’

It’s a difficult situation to even protect this person, let alone protect my people.

It’s miserable. A bitter smile came out.

– Since killing Deon Hardt failed... all that’s left is to hold out as long as possible until the troops gather again.

The longer the war goes on, the more troops will inevitably decrease, but will they ever be able to gather? Isn’t this almost like pouring water into a bottomless pot?

Although not as much as the King of Shan State, the emperor and emperor of the empire were also indescribably frustrated.

“I can’t believe I had a lover like that...”

Alethea muttered lowly after hearing the story of the monster plant, as if she had lost her mind at the fact that her chance to take the hero’s head had disappeared. Even so, Elpidius’ bewildered gaze turned to her, but he didn’t seem to notice.

In the end, Elpidius glanced at the communicator and lowered his voice to a low whisper.

“Alethea... I think that went too

far...” “But you risked your life to save him, right? That would be impossible without love.”

“...of course it is love, but...”

The meaning of love is not limited to the love between lovers...

Should we call this narrow-mindedness or tolerance? Elpidius, who just smiled with an ambiguous expression, looked at the communicator again with a much better expression. Alethea, who was looking at him in a relaxed mood, smiled.

At that moment, good news was coming from the communicator.

– There’s still one more chance.

It was the voice of King Rweche.

– How could Rweche, with its empty troops, hold out against the devil’s army, which even included a corps commander?

“...!”

Elpidius jumped up from his seat.

“That means...”

– Yes, Rweche still has a hero.

Whatever you might expect, it’s more than that.

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Surprisingly, the Demon King’s army could not even get close to the walls of Rweche. Because Rweche’s troops came just in the nick of time to Jin’s range and intercepted them.

Anyway, this is a military unit that includes the corps commander. Of course, it will be pushed back and gradually bring enemies inside. Then, if it doesn’t work out, we’ll go into the castle, lock the door, and enter the fortress.



...Idelia thought so.

However, the variable is that the troops blocking the Demon King's army were not regular troops.

"You bastards...!"

The black wind blown by Ed approaches. Idelia, who splits the gust of wind that tore up everything and sent it to her enemies as a fan, easily found those destroying it and was forced to do so. The hand movement of hitting the enemy's head that came close with the back of a folded fan was quite fierce.

The neat clothes suddenly became a mess. I expected that Rweche would increase its power while I was letting go of this, but I never thought it would go this far!

Angry shouts followed.

"I was hiding a hero!!"

And not just one or two, but a lot of them!

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There was a hidden card in Rweche. Since the King himself revealed it, there is no room for doubt.

No monarch asked why they had not sent assistance to them earlier. I know that Rweche, who originally did not want to help, sent almost all of his power except for the hidden hero. Rather, considering their extraordinary military power even though they were not heroes, it was natural for this side to feel sorry for blowing away the troops they had put so much effort into raising.

Therefore, the king of the Shan State and the emperor of the empire chose to focus and rejoice that another opportunity had arisen.

The strange thing happened then.

Clink!

Elpidius, who had cut off communication, looked up at the unusual noise. Empress Alethea was holding the handle of a teacup.

Yes, just the handle.

“...?”

“....”

After exchanging puzzled looks, Elpidius lowered his eyes for a moment. A teacup that had lost its handle was scattered on the floor in pieces, losing its original shape.

“...is the glass old?”

Then what if Alethea gets hurt?

Thinking that I should pay more attention to the maids, I clicked my tongue low and stretched out my hand.

“Alethea, put down the handle. You got hurt when you did it wrong...”

Bassss.

When Alethea obediently opens her hand as intended, the powdered handle falls like sand. Elpidius was speechless.

As if he wasn't the only one who was embarrassed, Alethea also placed her hand on the armrest of her chair as if trying to get up. And suddenly.

"...."

"...."

The armrest was broken.

...At this point, it's impossible not to know.

"no way."

Elpidius' hair turned white. He shakes the bell urgently. An attendant came in and orders were given to bring tools for identifying heroes.

There was nothing special about the hero identification tool.

A straight-cut stone the size of two human heads combined is held in the hands of the two. Elpidius, who had ordered it to be placed on the desk, saw Alethea only after the servants had left.

His eyes were shaking anxiously.

"Alethea."

"...I know, brother."

There are things heroes can do and ordinary people cannot, no matter how hard they try. Break the stone by slowly applying force without lifting your finger for even a moment.

Your fingers should not separate in the middle, and your palms should not touch. You should break it by gradually

increasing the pressure, rather than concentrating your force all at once.

She places her hand on the stone. I raised my palm and pressed it so that only the tips of my five fingers touched. Despair filled Elpidius's eyes when he saw the stone digging into the shape of a finger as if it had stabbed the head and finally breaking into pieces.

"No..."

It seems like the world is finally trying to take my last remaining family away from me.

"Why at this time..."

Alethea became a 'hero'.

\*\*\*

Deon Hart returned home after being picked up by Ririnel and Ben without even taking care of himself properly. Then, the Lofty Knights and Dan returned, and the demons who survived the battle returned with difficulty.

It was a crushing defeat.

From the mountainous empire of Rweche... to the mercenaries of Esperanes. They're all coming together to attack, so is there any way to withstand it? Before asking for responsibility, the Demon King knew and understood the reason for this result.

The person responsible has not woken up yet.

Fortunately, that side also suffered considerable damage, so there is time to spare. The Demon King, who delayed his

disposition until Deonhardt woke up, soon had to face those who came to see him.

“Why aren’t you filling the vacant position of corps commander?”

The 2nd and 3rd Corps commanders asked.

I wondered why he came here, but was it to ask this question? The Demon King, who had lost interest, leaned his upper body forward on the chair.

“Because there is no talent.”

A sour voice came out.

“If you don’t have talent, you have Ed.”

“Forcing someone who doesn’t like to take a seat is just as bad as leaving it vacant. Ed has decided to remain as the 0 Corps commander’s adjutant.”

“Then the other candidates...”

“The other guys... honestly, I feel like they are not good enough compared to the current corps commanders. Don’t you think so too?”

“....”

The unspoken affirmation returned.

2nd Corps Commander Develania, who had been observing the Demon King’s expression with his mouth shut the entire time, glanced at the 3rd Corps Commander, who had kept his mouth shut, and began speaking. Before I could even organize my thoughts, something insightful came out.

“But it is true that we need to replenish our troops now that Deon is down.”

“That’s true. But you can’t just put some idiot in the position of corps commander, right?”

“That’s... right.”

This will only bring about the opposite effect, such as the prestige of the position of corps commander itself falling to the ground.

The Demon King, who had nothing to say but was looking at Develania licking her lips as if something was bothering her, stood up and waved his hand. It would be difficult if you give yourself time to think and then find loopholes and point them out.

“If you have nothing to say, just leave.”

I also have places to go.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 278**

278. The only result was loss (4)

And the Demon King visited Deonhardt's room.

We see Ririnelle looking at Deon with an anxious face and Ben calmly wiping his body with a wet towel. As I shifted my gaze a little, Ed and Dan, who were looking at Deonhardt with mixed eyes, also came into view.

Their attitude was quite calm, perhaps because they had already experienced a more severe situation before.

"Demon King...?"

As if they sensed a presence, all four people's eyes turned in this direction. The Demon King, who had been standing expressionless, secretly met Dan's sharp eyes and belatedly took a step back.

Lirinel and Ed, who looked regretful at the hand gesture indicating to go away, bowed their heads and walked away. Ben, who had been hesitating as if he still had regrets, also retreated, and Dan looked at the devil with wary eyes and was about to leave for the last time.

Chin-

shoulder was grabbed. Embarrassed, he turned his head.

“Why are you like that...”

“It would be difficult to be so openly wary in a place where other demons are present.”

“!”

The Demon King whispered, his gaze still focused on Deonhardt, who was lying on the bed. Dan’s shoulders stiffened, but he pretended not to notice and gave a soft warning with an indifferent face.

“I understand that you are anxious because of your master, but stay within the boundaries. You don’t want your master to be in danger because of your attitude.”

“ .... ”

Dan, with a stern face, took a halting step as if he was about to leave. The Demon King obediently let go of his shoulder and walked to Deon’s bedside.

Sweet. I heard the door close behind me and silence came.

‘ .... ’

Only the faint sound of breathing can be heard, as if to indicate that there is life. The Demon King, who was looking down at him with emotionless eyes, reached out and placed the back of his hand on his feverish forehead.

It was hot.

“...I heard you said you would sleep for a bit before you passed out.”

He seems to be sleeping soundly and still hasn’t opened his eyes.



The Demon King knows why it has come to this situation and why it has not woken up yet. A cynicism appeared. A whispering voice lingered around the room with a sneer in it.

“Are you trying to escape into a dream because reality is too much for you?”

Because you promised yourself to stop distorting and denying reality, you will inevitably have to face reality when you open your eyes. That’s probably why I subconsciously chose to sleep instead.

“If it were your karma, dreams wouldn’t be very comfortable.”

Choosing the past between the reality like a midwinter blizzard and the blood-soaked past. Should I call this surprising?

But I understand. The past is limited, but reality brings with it a future that we don’t know how long will remain. Since the future contains the ‘unknown’, it must have been even more fearful to face it.

Because nothing can be guaranteed about what lies ahead on the road or how long it will last.

“But I can’t stay locked in a dream forever.”

I can feel my eyelids fluttering. The Demon King removed the heated back of his hand.

“Okay. Now you have to open your eyes, Deon.”

The hand drops and the eyelid lifts, revealing red eyes. The Demon King, who was looking at the unfocused, dull eyes,

narrowed his eyes.

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I had a nightmare.

A dream in which blood welled up from the floor and slowly engulfed me.

The ghosts were happy, circling around me as if they were having a festival as I was dying, soaked in blood. Even though all sounds were muffled by the liquid, the giggling voice clearly penetrated my eardrums.

And and...

[Watch your eyes.]

Deon opened his eyes.

\*\*\*

Originally, I was going to greet Deon Hardt as usual when he opened his eyes. But...

“....”

The Demon King lowered his head to take a closer look. The close-up face may seem burdensome, but let alone saying a word about it, the pupils can't even focus properly.

I quietly straightened my back and stretched out my index and middle fingers. The hand that was moving at breakneck speed aiming for the red eyes stopped in the middle as if something was blocking it.

“...you.”

A white hand was tightly gripping my wrist.

Even though the two fingers stopped just before poking his eyes, Deon's eyes showed no signs of agitation. There wasn't even a reflexive blink. The Demon King, who was watching as he was just glaring at the location where the opponent was likely to be, as if on guard, slowly opened his mouth.

"I can't see right now."

"...!"

Only then did my eyes tremble greatly.

Even though he blocks incoming attacks based on his physical ability and quiet background as a warrior, that doesn't mean he can see it.

How can you fool the quick-witted devil when you can't even see the other person's face?

"...That's right."

Deon obediently agreed.

The voice that flows out weakly is quite pitiful. The Demon King gently pulled the grabbed wrist. He also knew that the opponent was the Demon Lord. The warrior relaxed his grip on his wrist. The Demon King twirled his free wrist and waved his hand.

Grumble.

A chair on one side was pulled out.

"...!"

“I brought the chair.”

I comforted Deon, who was startled by the unexpected noise, and sat down on a chair.

He frowns, as if his pride is hurt or if he feels quite uncomfortable about not being able to see. The Demon King uttered a soft voice as if to calm the other person down.

“You don’t have to worry so much about your eyes. It’s only temporary.”

That’s how it should be.

“It’s probably because you have a fever.”

“...if.”

Deon, who had been listening quietly, opened his mouth.

“Unless it’s temporary.”

“Why are you asking such a thing?”

Knowing.

The answer came immediately. Despite his friendly voice, Deon closed his mouth after reading the blatant meaning in his answer without hesitation.

‘...Yeah, this one wasn’t the type to linger over something that was broken.’

I remember what happened one day with former Emperor Edoardo. At that time, my vision was temporarily blurred because I lost a lot of blood. His reaction at the time was similar to the current Demon King.

Are monarchs really like this?

Giggling. I laughed.

“Now that I think about it, it was a really useless question. It’s obvious.”

I rely on my intuition and look to the place where the voice is coming from, but the world is still pitch black.

But when was the world bright?

“Like you said, it’s probably a temporary phenomenon.”

The snow will return soon. After letting go of the meaningless weakness, I felt it clearly. If I get my mind together and the fever goes down, the future will clear up as well.

There was also an ominous message from the shaman... It would be better to think of it as a different type of training to prepare for an emergency until the eyes return.

Deon smiled calmly as he read the Demon King’s presence with the senses he had become accustomed to.

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Two days later, the fever that had been skyrocketing went away and my vision, which I had lost for a while, returned.

However, even though it was clearly a good thing, Ben’s expression did not calm down.

“A slight fever remains...”

The high fever has gone away, but the temperature does not go down any further. The doctor narrowed his brows as

the fever that was slightly boiling for 24 hours was bothersome.

“If you keep doing this and you catch a cold, the situation will get worse. You should at least close the window...”

“I don’t want that.”

Deon, who was looking down at his hands, suddenly raised his head.

“What kind of cold does the hero have in the first place?”

“Isn’t Yongsan running a fever right now?”

“It’s because it’s a mental part. Anyway, I don’t like confined spaces, so I’ll just leave it alone.”

Some may say it is an unusual situation, but recently, apart from the terrible bloody smell, there have been more reasons to dislike confined spaces. Deon resolutely turned his head away.

Even though I knew it wasn’t a big deal because it was a hallucination, after having nightmares, I often had the absurd thought that my room would bleed into the water and I might die. As a result, the feeling of rejection naturally increased.

“The problem is worse than that...”

“Yes?”

“It’s nothing. You’ve done everything, right?”

“Yes, it is.”

“Then you need to rest, so go out. Oh, Ed too.”

“....”

Ben, who was hesitant as if he was bothered by Deon's attitude, is dragged out by Ed's hand. There was a bit of a fight during the process, but Deon paid no attention and looked down at his hands again.

After rubbing my fingertips, I clenched and unclenched my fists. I felt an extremely familiar texture.

“...step.”

“I'm listening.”

“Do you see this?”

“What are you talking about?”

“...If it looked like that, there's no way it would have reacted like that.”

There is thick blood on my hands. Deon, who had been rubbing his hands several times against the unpleasant liquid that did not go away no matter what he did, finally admitted.

“Did you once call me crazy?”

“Well... I said something similar.”

“At that time, I said I was still fine.”

“I did.”

“I need to correct that.”

I'm definitely crazy.

“I was crazy from the beginning.”

Even before I heard that question. I was already crazy.

He probably went crazy from the moment he decided to separate his memories from the battlefield. No human being in their right mind would think of sharing their memories. So he must have already gone crazy and killed his family after coming back to life. Otherwise, no matter how angry he was, he wouldn't have killed his family directly.

“ha ha ha.”

Deon burst out laughing. I burst out in sadness and the madness that had been building up in anger and hatred towards me. It was almost like a mad laugh, like a laugh laughing at one's own falling into the abyss.

“But you know what?”

“What... do you mean?”

“The times when normal people fall into madness are when they are swept up in crowd psychology or when they are stained with extreme sadness.”

“...”

“Maybe I went crazy longer than I thought.”

Madness is born on the basis of extreme sadness.

So maybe he went crazy from the moment he thought he was abandoned by his family.

...I'd rather not dig into it because shit doesn't change at any point in time when I'm crazy.



\*\*\*

Deon put a cigarette in his mouth and immediately grabbed the documents. Every time you breathe in, the medicinal effect circulates and soothes the headache that was aching due to the mild fever. Ben and Ed tried to dissuade him, but he paid no attention and just focused on the documents.

A sad look appeared on the side of my face.

“Daeon... Then your body will really break down... No matter how much of a hero you are...”

“I don’t plan on living long anyway.”

“How could you say something like that...!”

“....”

Dan, who had been quietly observing the situation, quietly went out.

Deon glanced at Ben, who was gaping in shock, then winked at Ed. Ed, who read the meaning, pauses for a moment as if he doesn’t feel like it, and then grabs Ben by the back and drags him away. The petty argument that started again was completely blocked when the door closed.

In a quiet space again, Deon held a document in one hand and tapped the desk with the index finger of his other hand.

‘The troops there were almost completely wiped out and only a very small number of survivors returned...’

I guess it’s fortunate that the crazy dogs returned safely.

Of course, the enemies also suffered considerable damage, but it seemed insignificant compared to this side.

If there was a defeat of this magnitude, normally the person responsible would be held accountable...

[Let's just take responsibility for it yourself. You can do it, right?]

The Demon King's words were a bit surprising even to Deon.

In other words, doesn't it mean giving another chance? By adding that this was the last chance, even he himself admitted that he had been given one more chance.

'The loss of troops is great, but... Still, the number of heroes on the human world has decreased significantly due to this incident, so I guess it's okay.'

Of course, it was reported that Rweche was hiding quite a number of heroes. It's hard to estimate because there's no exact scale, but at any rate, it's probably less than when each country except Rweche gathered heroes.

Before planning ahead, there is something that needs to be pointed out.

Tuk.

The fingers stopped. The red eyes rolled towards a certain location.

"I was just about to call you, but it worked out."

Deon rolled his eyes as if to hide his true feelings and spoke the name of the uninvited guest who had sneaked in.

"Develania."

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 279**

279. The only result was loss (5)

Even if it wasn't, there were some questions.

'With Develania's intelligence, he would have sensed it long ago, so why didn't he tell me?'

The communication that came when reinforcements from each country departed was not received because the communication box was broken, but it was absurd to know about the situation in the first place. At least, I should have known in advance that there was something between each country and prepared for it.

"...Now that I think about it, at some point the number of times we meet started to decrease."

"Because Deon's construction is so ruined-."

The answer came straight back to my self-talk.

Deon raised his eyes at that. Their eyes met, their eyes curved as if to show off, and they smiled. D'Vellania noticed the red eyes sneer before hiding between the eyelids.

...I guess it's because you've been here for a long time. It seems like the more I go, the more I resemble the Demon King. The corners of her mouth twitched reflexively.

“Even the amount of written reports has decreased. If they were considerate of me, I should be grateful.”

“....”

“Well, I’m not going to argue about that right now.”

I got up and sat down on the sofa on one side.

Devellania, who had been standing the whole time with a clapping hand gesture, sits across from me. There was a short silence, and as she watched Deon dragging his cigarette on his thigh, she suddenly opened her mouth.

“Actually, before this incident happened, the empire sent an envoy to Rweche.”

“....”

“But yes, I didn’t tell Deon.”

I thought so. There’s no way she didn’t know.

Dry eyes turned to her as if asking for a reason. The answer came back willingly.

“Because the legion commanders linked to Master Deon are dying one by one.”

Although the content was very heavy.

“Not only are the 10th and 8th corps commanders who are seemingly related to Deon, but the 5th corps commander, who seems unrelated at first glance, has shown an indirect connection by frequently going to the Lofty Knights’ training hall at some point.”

“....”

“Of course, the 5th Corps Commander incident could have been a coincidence, but...”

The look in his eyes already seems certain that it is not a coincidence.

A silence of a different dimension descended.

Bright red eyes stare intently at Devellania as if trying to uncover her inner thoughts. Even though her eyes felt pressured, she did not give up and made eye contact. There was a tense atmosphere.

The continued voice, as if the words had not yet been finished, pushed away the silence.

“Even in this war, only the humans under Master Deon returned safely. So, Master Deon.”

“....”

“If the corps commander dies again, who do you think will be next?”

The air was frozen.

Deon sat motionlessly and glared at Develania. A low voice, like a growl, came out from the tension.

“gibberish.”

“...That’s right.”

Only then did Develania smile brightly.

“Of course it’s a joke. I wouldn’t dare doubt Deon, right? However, as a corps commander who deals with

information, I think I should point out the current suspicious situation.”

There’s no doubt about it. Although I am now openly doubting it.

“So what do you want to say?”

“I apologize for omitting information. I made a mistake by being overly cautious about suspicious ships.”

...Kill me? Deon flicked his fingertips as if to show them.

But too many corps commanders have already died. Now that Develania has begun to suspect, it will only be a matter of time before other corps commanders, including Idelia, become suspicious. There is a justification, so if I were the devil, he would definitely protect me even if an accident occurred here, but apart from that, it would be an action that would raise the suspicions of the corps commanders.

“...I hope something like this doesn’t happen again next time.”

“of course.”

Killing is unreasonable. In the end, Deon obediently took a step back.

Of course, that doesn’t mean you can’t touch it at all.

“You don’t want to end it with just an apology.”

“...yes?”

“It’s safe to say that the result of the war was like this because of your mistake.”

I feel like making this part public and punishing her... but then the reason why she did that comes out. The eyes of the demons will be focused on me again.

I can't kill you privately, and I can't make it public because of the bomb you're carrying, but I can at least screw you over. Deon grinned.

"Even the imperial mountain nation of Rweche Esperanes. You are responsible for gathering all information about their movements."

"I understand...."

"Oh, it happened because of your fault, so don't make other guys do it for no reason. If you accidentally omit it, it's a big problem, right? You made a mistake too, but what about the guys below you?"

"...."

"I don't think I want to make something like this happen."

Work, slave.

It was quite nice to see Develania's face at a loss for words, so she smiled mischievously. I wasn't worried that she would omit information again.

This time, I entrusted the work entirely to Develania herself. Since she said it clearly face to face and has no subordinates, she cannot avoid responsibility if information is omitted again.

You can't get away with just blowing off the guy's head.

"All right."

A slightly trembling voice returned.

Develania stands up with a slightly stiff expression. Deon, who was watching with a smile as he looked like he was about to leave, opened his mouth.

“I’m not finished talking yet.”

“...Please speak.”

“There was a report that a hero was being hidden in Rweche, but the scale was not accurate.”

“You will find out first, but... I would like to recommend that you talk to Ed first. Ed was the one who received the order to attack Rweche from Deon, and Ed was the one who attacked Rweche and faced the heroes, right? Since he is a lieutenant, it is not difficult to meet him. Yes.”

“....”

That’s right.

I guess I was thinking of leaving him out without realizing it because he was uncomfortable.

Because I collapsed... or rather fell asleep for a long time, I was unable to issue additional orders, and due to the unexpected appearance of heroes, the Demon King gave the order to return instead. Thanks to this, the adjutant who had been staying in one corner of my field of vision from the moment I opened my eyes, trying to help in any way, came to mind and my expression suddenly became strange.

‘Now that I think about it... did I tell Ed that he did a good job?’



Still, I faithfully did as I was told.

Meanwhile, Develania glanced at the door.

“...I have a visitor. I’ll go before I get disturbed.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the door burst open. And then a familiar cry follows.

“Daejaang!!”

“...okay.”

Deon, who had been looking at the door that opened almost immediately after knocking in bewilderment, glanced back at where Develania was. She quickly disappeared.

Only then did Deon look at the crazy dogs with a slightly relaxed face. Since Dan followed him in, it seemed like he knew he had brought these guys, but he didn’t bother to mention it.

“Why did you come?”

“Why did you come!”

“Are you asking because you really don’t know?”

“ .... ”

There are so many things to consider that I don’t know what to say.

Deon just kept his mouth shut.

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I knew that Deon cared for the wild dogs he raised, but seeing them behave so recklessly in person made me dizzy. What about Deon, who accepts it again?

Devellania felt like she would get a shock if she stayed there needlessly, so she quickly left. The door was jammed with people, but the window was open, so it didn't attract the attention of visitors.

Uddangtangtang.

The Devil's Castle has a high ceiling, so mistakes like this are bound to happen. Devellania, who had almost fallen through the window of the warehouse downstairs, got up, shook off his clothes, and went out the door.

You can see a straight hallway and two demons walking ahead. Her eyes narrowed at the familiar sight of the back.

'Myers and... Is that the deputy next to him?'

12th Corps Commander Myers and Adjutant Dahar. At first glance, he appears to be walking while having a work-related conversation like any other general corps commander, but the faint sound of the conversation is unusual. She ignored the presence and focused on their conversation.

"Spread your shoulders... and eat it. (Raise your head.)"

"Yes."

"When I say this! ...I shouldn't have answered."

There may be other demons in the hallway.

"huh."

“....”

“...I’m sorry.”

“Sugeuji msigyo. (Don’t apologize.)”

As expected, Myers is being steadily harassed today as well.

‘Their relationship is also really interesting.’

It’s as unique as Orel and Dernivan.

No matter how low his confidence may be, Myers is still a true corps commander. You can probably get rid of an arrogant lieutenant as soon as he gets offended. Even though he only lacks confidence, unlike Hel, the former 8th Corps commander, his self-esteem is not that low, so he will not let the adjutant who sincerely climbs up.

Still, the reason I leave the adjutant who nags me like this is probably because I know that the nagging comes from worry.

I wish I could be a little more confident, lest my superiors go somewhere and be ignored. In other words, it means that Dahar cares for his superiors that much.

‘...I guess it’ll be useful?’

Develania smiled.

As if they had just arrived in front of the room, the two demons parted ways. Dahar turned around with a worried nagging voice until the end, and was shocked to find the 2nd Corps commander standing in front of him.

The embarrassment was short-lived.

“Hello, Commander of the 2nd Corps. It’s been a while since I greeted you.”

“Yeah, it seems like it’s been a while.”

“Do you have something to say to me?”

My tongue, honed to replace my superior’s terrible speaking skills, moves smoothly. Develania was quite satisfied with that, so she lightly shrugged her shoulders in an attempt to ease the tension.

“What... right?”

“In that case, it would be better to move. I will take you there.”

You have good sense and sense.

Aside from the nagging, this is a guy I like every time I see him. I looked at the back of Dahar, who was leading, and then started walking.

The place he guided me to was his office.

Even though it is not the corps commander’s office, but the office of an individual adjutant, a considerable amount of documents can be seen piled up. Develania looked around and looked tired. He works in the corps commander’s office, and he works in his own office... When does he get off work?

A teacup was placed on a small table.

There’s no need to go this far. She looked down at the tea and raised her glass without saying a word.

“...You care a lot about your boss, don’t you?”

“I think it would be presumptuous for a lieutenant to express his feelings for his superior as ‘caring for him.’”

“Really? Then... I should correct it to ‘precious.’ Anyway, as long as the meaning is clear, it’s okay.”

“I don’t know if it’s precious, but I understand what you want to say. But why are you asking that...”

Instead of giving a positive or negative answer, Dahar changed his mind. However, Develania, who could not hide her agitation and got a sufficient answer from her eyes moving back and forth, smiled softly as if she knew.

“Because your loyalty is amazing. That’s why I wanted to tell you something special.”

“Huh? What...”

“A story that may have something to do with your boss’s life.”

“...!”

There is no way a corps commander, especially a 2nd corps commander who collects information, would talk nonsense. Dahar changed his posture as if he was surprised.

Develania, seeing the sharp eyes, smiles leisurely. Unlike the curved mouth, her eyes were shining as sharply as the other person’s eyes.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 280**

280. The only result was loss (6)

When I came to my senses, Deon was being scolded.

what? What kind of situation is this...? He is quickly surrounded by sturdy men and looks up with a slightly embarrassed face. Those who encountered the shiny red eyes shuddered and backed away.

“...Even if you look at it that way, I can't just ignore it!”

“That's right, you can't get over it! First, put down the documents in your hands, Captain!”

Soon, as if it had never happened before, it rushed at me again.

The knight who lifted up Deon, who was sitting in front of the desk, frowned at the smell of cigarette smoke. Someone noticed a hole in the thigh of his pants and pointed at him.

“Captain, did you burn yourself again?!”

“You said you took medicine... I still smell bad. How are you going to take responsibility for this?!”

“Why should I take responsibility for that... Why don't you put it down to that?”

“ah.”

The knight carrying him trudges to the bed. He sat Deon down on the bed as if putting down a doll and then gave him a stern look.

If only one person had done that, I wouldn't have cared at all... Deon rolled his eyes and glanced at the guys surrounding him, then sighed and lowered his eyes. A nagging voice fell over my head as if I had been waiting for it.

“Why are you using your body like that when you say you're not fully recovered yet?”

“....”

“As for the paperwork... I can give in and make you understand. But not the cigarettes.”

Cleter takes the lead and nags while those around him nod.

I don't really like the current situation, but I can't really refute it, and I know that I'm worried, so I can't scold them to shut up. Therefore, Deon just waited for the nagging to end with a sullen expression on his face.

‘Because I won't nag you twice about the same thing. ‘If only I could hold on to this moment...’

But did life turn out as expected?

“He said he didn't plan on living long anyway.”

“what?!”

Dan, who had been quietly listening, suddenly joined in and added a word. Immediately, the crazy dogs' eyes turned

harsh.

That damn bastard? Deon, who suddenly raised his head and glared at Dan, made eye contact with the mad dogs and quietly averted his gaze.

“Captain! Is that true?!”

“You really said that?!”

“Great ego!!”

“...Noisy.”

A clear attitude of listening with one ear and letting it out with the other.

It shouldn't be like this. Cleter's face twisted.

If things go on like this, their leader will act as he pleases without even thinking about his own body, just like he has done so far. I've been lucky so far, but there's no guarantee that will continue, so I can't wait and see.

“Leader.”

“....”

“I think we need to look at the past for a moment.”

The members of the Lofty Knights have already decided to commit suicide if something like that happens again. In order to prevent such a tragedy from actually happening, we must instill awareness in Deonhardt.

So Cleter gave up coldly.



“Why did you come running when the heroes from the Mountain Country were targeting us?”

“As a superior, it is natural to protect your subordinates....”

“No. It is normal to live on your own first and do it when you can afford it. At that time, the commander clearly had an enemy on his back. He was attacked. And yet!”

Perhaps because the situation at that time is vividly recalled in his mind, his voice rises rapidly as if he is overflowing with emotion. Clator, who was shocked, quickly shut his mouth.

...Can not be done. It's in front of the 'Captain'. No matter what, you have to keep the line.

'know. I know. 'I know, so stop stabbing me in the side.'

He irritatedly pushed away the hand poking his side and closed his eyes as if to suppress his emotions. And how long had passed? After a short silence, he slowly raised his eyelids and continued speaking.

A calm voice came out as if asking when I had gotten excited.

“...But the captain didn't take care of himself and ran towards us.”

Having already been attacked, I ran this way with the enemy behind me, who might attack a few more times. How my heart was pounding at that time.

I took out the sword on my waist. Shocked, I slashed my arm as if to show off the gaze that was looking at me.

“...!”

Deon jumped up from his seat.

At first, it seemed like a solid red line appeared, but half a beat later the wound widened and blood began to ooze out. Blood-red eyes shook uneasily as they saw the long stab wound with red blood flowing out.

“...Are you crazy?”

A bloody voice came out late.

“If we don’t do this, I don’t think the captain will be alert. In the future, if the captain gets hurt, we’ll have to get hurt too. It would be better to have injuries of the same magnitude in the same area if possible.”

“You...”

“Now that I think about it, I wonder where the captain was injured at that time...”

“...!”

“Oh yeah.”

My stomach was pierced.

An eerie murmur filled the room. Among the frozen people, Cleter raises his sword upside down and aims it at his stomach. Only then did a commotion arise, as if waking up from hypnosis.

“Hey hey! Stop it!”

“No! Are you crazy?!”

“Then you die! You die!”

“I have to do that when I’m in the way of the captain. What if I do it already?”

Ignoring his clinging comrades, Cleter pulls his sword towards his stomach. Others, scared, barely managed to stop by grabbing the handle from the other side. Suddenly, a life-threatening tug-of-war broke out between those who wanted to take the sword and those who did not want to take it.

The laughable comedy ended only when Deon, who was frozen even then, managed to open his mouth.

“...stop.”

“....”

“I know what you want to say, so... leave it at that.”

tired. I think I know what they were feeling at that time. ... But I’m a hero, right? Unlike them, it heals quickly...

...no, let’s stop. Even if you refute it here, it will only backfire. With mixed feelings, Deon raised his hand and wiped his face as if washing his face. And then stop.

‘...for a moment.’

Among the shouts of those who were trying to stop Cleter a little while ago... I think there was a shout of ‘You have to do that when you’re in the way of the captain’...?

Sure enough, as if it wasn’t over yet, Cleter’s voice continued before I could come to my senses.

“Captain, we have decided that if something like that happens again in the future, we will commit suicide without hesitation.”

“...!”

“It means that I would rather die than have the captain get seriously hurt by grabbing my ankle like I did then.”

Shock was evident in his wide-open red eyes.

His conscience suddenly ached as he looked like a young Deon Hardt during the Eight Years’ War, but Cletter didn’t stop. Because these next words are the most important. If you stop here, all your previous words and actions will be useless.

“Of course, if the captain takes care of himself more than us, there’s no need to do that, but...” “

...Okay.”

A slightly wet voice interrupted the conversation.

“I understand.”

In contrast to the trembling voice that came out through his teeth, his dry eyes glared harshly at Cleter. Cleter, who clearly read the ‘resentment’ there, smiled bitterly.

“So stop talking.”

“...Yeah, whatever.”

“...Fuck.”

Deon ended up burying his face in his hands. While no one could easily open their mouths, a voice that sounded like

someone was chewing on food rang out.

“Fucking bastard.”

“Don’t you know best that we are a bunch of bastards? It’s refreshing.”

“...Shut up and treat your arm first.”

At times like this, even if you want to deny it, you realize it. When they threaten to take my life hostage, I can’t move... I have taken them into my heart so deeply.

Actually, the time I met them was during the eight-year war, when there was no one to rely on. A time when I was mentally exhausted because I thought I had been abandoned by my family.

At first, he said that as a commander, he would be held responsible if he lost his subordinates, so he said he would protect them, but what child would push away those guys who steadily approach him and try to take advantage of him personally?

[Have you had a meal? If you want to survive, you have to eat something first.]

[Are you sleeping well? If you keep staying up all night during the growth period, you won’t grow taller.]

[What’s with the captain’s clothes? Come here. I will refine it.]

[Aaaah, boss! underwear! You have to wear underwear!]

I have no appetite. You guys keep coming to me, saying I’m having nightmares. What’s wrong with my clothes? If they

get wet with blood, I have to throw them away anyway, so I can't waste supplies every time. When they get wet and stick to each other, they feel uncomfortable...

Even though young Deon Hart was tickling, he ended up liking them.

'...are you okay.'

Now it's too late to push it away, but that's okay.

Because they are people who are looking for a way to live together rather than sacrificing themselves to save me like my brother or the monsters. So, as Cleter said, as long as I'm being selfish, I'll be fine.

The blood between my fingers trembles as if it will swallow me up at any moment. Deon closed his eyes tightly.

\*\*\*

Hien was watching all this commotion outside.

'Be sure to close the door when talking....'

If the door is not closed, soundproofing magic is useless.

It seems that those crazy... no, the human knights forgot to close the door tightly... I ended up witnessing a situation that was heavier than I expected.

'In the end, I stopped by because I heard that the plant used its seeds...'

I heard that Deon was actually psychologically shocked by the plant's sacrifice. So I tried to apologize.

Looking at this situation, it seems like today is not the right day. Hien smiled bitterly.

‘...Maybe it would have worked out better.’

Actually, I didn’t have the confidence to apologize face to face.

I couldn’t apologize empty-handed, so I thought about it for a while. However, it was clear that injecting magic power into human plants like before would have the opposite effect, so he ended up leaving without anything in his hand and bowed his head in front of the door.

I once again remembered the plant that proudly received the seeds and hid them under its roots.

‘Still... I guess I died with my wish achieved.’

At that time... I remember the ending of the bees trying to prevent the invasion of wasps when the seeds were purified in front of the bee hive.

Even though they lost their lives, they won.

‘...Let’s go back.’

When Deon looks at me, all he can think of is that plant and he must be having a hard time. I turned around.

And when Hien noticed the wall blocking his path, he raised his head in surprise. I reflexively swallowed a sigh of relief at the familiar yet difficult face and took a step back.

“Wow... Demon King.”

“Shh.”

Even the devil and ben ed.

How long have you been here? I didn't notice it at all until I turned around and faced it directly. Hien urgently covered his mouth with both hands and quickly nodded and stepped aside.

The Demon King naturally passed him and clapped his hands as he entered the room.

Clap clap clap.

\*\*\*

"You have good subordinates."

"...Ma...King?"

"okay."

Deon raised his head at the sudden sound of applause. He casually responds to the unfamiliar call and approaches Deon, placing the back of his hand on Deon's forehead. As if detecting a slight fever that had not gone down, Yeok-an looked down at his bewildered red eyes.

The Demon King took his hand away for a moment and shifted his gaze to the documents on the desk.

"I received a report that you were working while unwell... I guess it's true."

...I couldn't stop it on my own, so I brought in a higher person.

Dan brings in a mad dog, and they bring in a demon lord... It's so disgusting. Deon looked at Ben and Ed beyond him.



As if breaking eye contact for a moment, the Demon King crosses the middle of them and walks towards where the desk is. Naturally, Deon's gaze also shifted in that direction.

Long outstretched fingers picked up a document.

"Are you already thinking about attacking?"

"... 'Already'. Shouldn't we be responsible?"

After telling me to take responsibility for the defeat in the Mountain Country.

The Demon King's eyes narrowed.

"I don't remember saying 'as quickly as possible.'"

"...."

"Anyway, let's put this aside."

"what...?!"

He started putting away the papers. Deon suddenly stands up and approaches, asking what he is doing.

The Demon King, who was looking down at Deon's hand holding his wrist, looked up. His mouth opened as if he was about to say something, then paused for a moment, then turned his head and spat out another word.

"...Everyone get out."

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 281**

281. Result of only loss (7)

Despite the devil's order, the mad dogs who snooped around and watched Deon's thoughts rushed out when he nodded. Dan and Ben also take steps. Just as Ed was about to follow him out, Deon, who had been standing still, called out to him.

"Ed, you have to wait outside."

"...?"

Ed, unable to accept the situation after being called for the first time in a long time, stopped in place.

I wonder if it was right that He called me, or if I heard wrongly. Confusion seeps into a face full of question marks. Deon seemed to have seen this as well and added an explanation.

"I have something to say."

"...All right."

Ed went out and the door closed.

The Demon King, who had not taken his eyes off Deon ever since he ordered the frantic guys filling the room to leave,

casts a glance at the white hand that is still holding his wrist. The hand that was not being held went up.

“...!”

Conversely, Deon, who had grabbed his wrist, looked at him in surprise. Be that as it may, the Demon King gently removed Deon’s hand and opened his mouth leisurely.

An extremely friendly voice came out like a whisper.

“Why are you in such a hurry?”

“....”

“The second game is good, but we should also have time to do internal maintenance.”

Or is it because you care about the human world?

Unlike the voice that seems to soothe a child, Deon is seen with eyes that seem to be filled with cold moonlight. For a moment, the Demon King smiled brightly.

“Anyway, the human world won’t have time to worry about this side because they are busy taking care of themselves. Our hero killed almost half of the heroes there, right?”

“...They say there are hidden heroes in Rweche. The scale is not yet known, so we have to keep that in mind. And the human world tends to push in without giving them time to gather their power...” “If the damage is that much

, “It won’t be possible to get it all under control in a day or two. If we give it a few months, maybe it won’t be enough to just rest a little. Even if there are heroes hidden in Rweche, there won’t be as many as there were then.”

Even if you give in 100 times and give as much as you can, it would still be the same as before.

Even at that time, Deon was pushed back because there was a hostage holding his ankle. So, as long as you are careful about that, there will be no major problems.

“More than anything.”

He let go of Deon’s wrist, who narrowed his eyebrows in dissatisfaction, and sat down on a chair nearby. His eyes, which were looking at Deon while resting his chin, curved into an arc like a habit.

“There are too many monsters.”

“ .... ”

“I’m starting to feel like I’m running low on magic power, so I can’t do it alone.”

Is it a joke or is it the truth?

Deon frowned at the incomprehensible words. There was no way the Demon King could not read the scowling expression.

‘This is so true.’

There’s nothing you can do if you don’t believe it.

He lightly shrugged his shoulders and continued the topic he had left off for a while.

“So, I’m planning to mobilize all the corps commanders to subdue monsters. If possible, I’m planning to proceed in the form of a competition...” ”

...Huh.”

A competition during this time. Deon let out a laugh without realizing it.

Of course, for proud corps commanders, this would be more effective than just subjugation... But still, isn't that too carefree?

The Demon King spoke calmly, as if responding to the absurd laughter.

“Isn't this one of the few times when we can leave the border clear? It would be a shame to just miss this.”

In any case, even if the border is left empty, the human world will not dare to invade this territory.

You need to be fully prepared and have plenty of time to spare. What kind of idiot would abandon a stage that is advantageous for a subject in a corner and enter enemy territory?

So, it wouldn't be a bad idea to take some time and not be in a hurry. While you're doing a general cleaning, it might be a good idea to also take a look at the interior that you may not have paid attention to.

‘Actually, there's no need to worry about monsters anymore, but...’

How long are you really willing to sit in the devil's seat and sort out monsters from now on? Clearing out monsters is just an excuse.

An excuse to prepare to meet the teacher. An excuse to give Deon, who was in a critical state, some time to rest.

Why would he so obediently pour his magical power into something like a monster?

Is it because of lack of manpower? no. The manpower that is lacking in clearing away monsters can be fully supplemented if one wishes to recruit them. It would have been enough to select any of the legions currently residing in the Demon King's Castle and add more.

Because Deonhardt wants it? It's not entirely wrong, but to elaborate further...

The Demon King risked everything on this hero.

So Deonhardt must not fall.

By making it impossible for humans, who are persistently strong yet infinitely weak, to take their eyes off them for even a moment.

Before I knew it, the Demon King made eye contact with Deon, who was looking at me. Deon pursed his lips and his voice trembled, as if he didn't feel like it.

"...Should I participate too?"

"Why do you hate it?"

"If I say no, will you listen?"

"When have I ever defeated you?"

No. Deon kept his mouth shut.

Now that I think about it, the Demon King always loses to me. The drug case, which was the only one they had taken a hard stance on, was released under the pretext of ending it temporarily and was passed over in vain.

...why? As Deon's expression subtly changed, he muttered openly as if he wanted the Demon King to hear him.

"Even so, there is a shortage of manpower because the corps commander position is a bit vacant..." "

...."

"I'm kidding. It's a competition where all corps come together, so missing just one of you can't make that much of a difference."

No, since the 'warrior' is missing, there will definitely be a difference.

However, the loss of one Deon Hardt does not mean that we cannot use our strength. If the corps is that shabby, it's better not to have one. Recently, corps commanders are dying and their prestige is not what it used to be, but it is only 'prestige'. The Demon King's legions were not that weak.

"For the sake of fairness in the competition, it would have been better for the hero to be left out, so it would have been better. You can rest a bit. It would be boring to just wait, so it wouldn't be a bad idea to learn how to use a bow until the competition is over."

You said it last time, right? I will teach you.

Lightly smiling eyes say. Look at this. Is there still a lot left for me to learn? Don't be too hasty and take your time.

"After the competition... should we hold a banquet? It would be fun to hold it for three days and nights without stopping."

"...the workers are going to die."

“The people who pushed the human world to this point are more important than them. Shouldn’t we praise their contributions?”

So the banquet is for relaxation and encouragement?

Clearly, the morale of the soldiers was dead as they suffered a major defeat with just a few steps left to reach their goal. Then you’re in trouble.

Deon, roughly convinced, nodded. Of course, regardless of my understanding, my stubbornness still remains.

“I will rest after learning about the scale of the Rweche side’s heroes. I think that will make it easier to proceed with work after the banquet.”

The Demon King looks fed up that he did not give up despite being so comforted. Deon closed his mouth and avoided eye contact.

I know it myself. That this is useless stubbornness.

As the Demon King said, even if there is no special border guarded here, the human world will not be able to invade the Demon World. Because I can’t afford that. Since they are cornered, they will try to fight an advantageous battle in their own territory. Rather, they will try to invite Deon Hardt to the stage.

It would be enough to coordinate the situation with appropriate timing, but... Deon rubbed his palms on his pants.

‘I don’t want to rest.’



I just didn't want to rest. I didn't want to stop. I felt like if I stopped walking, a hand would come out of the blood and grab my ankle.

'Is this why the former emperor also went on a rampage?'

It's not that it didn't stop, but it looks like it couldn't be stopped.

As I was thinking about Edoardo Desserte, who was constantly fighting wars and advancing steadily, I suddenly heard a voice and focused my blurred eyes. The devil's face came into view.

"Well... okay. So you made Ed wait outside? I wanted to ask him about the situation at the time."

"...."

"If that makes you feel at ease, then do whatever you want."

This time too, he was smiling as if he knew everything.

\*\*\*

The Demon King left and Ed came in following Deon's call.

Deon rubs his fingertips and then his palms on his pants irritably, takes out a cigarette, takes a bite, and looks at Ed. After a long time, when I saw him looking awkward and hesitant, I looked at him with a guilty look, and for a moment, a somewhat cold voice came out.

"You know because you directly clashed with the heroes in Rweche."

"...."

“I missed the report on the specific size of the heroes who were there at the time. Do you know?”

The wandering sky blue eyes hardened.

“sorry.”

It means you don't know.

“At that time, Rweche did not come out with all their might. I am sure that they did not have the desperate tension typical of those who showed up with all their might. Nevertheless, the numbers were enough for our side to be defeated, so all I can say is that the number was not small...  
.”

Even though he was a candidate for corps commander and even went to the 4th corps commander, he almost got rejected.

I can't imagine the scale, and the power shown during that time is unusual...

“...Just go out first.”

We need a demon to get the information.

After sending Ed out, the hand stretched out towards the communication table stops and wanders over it. Deon, who had been trying to call Develania out of habit, clenched his fist in the air.

‘...I can't trust her now.’

Who should I contact?

After much deliberation, I decided on an opponent and picked up the communication stone. The other person's

voice rang out as if they had been waiting for an attempt to communicate.

-Yes Deon!

“...Lirinel.”

Deon, who reflexively stopped, slowly called out to the other person.

When I hear her voice, I am reminded of what she and Dan did as they please, and an uncomfortable feeling arises as well. However, in the current situation, there is no one that can be used more conveniently than Lirinel.

Deon hesitated out of discomfort, but finally opened his mouth.

“Can you come here now?”

- Of course! I'll go right away!

smart.

Almost as soon as he finished speaking, as if transported by magic, a knocking sound was heard. Before I could even finish telling her to come in, Ririnel opened the door and stepped in with a very excited look on her face.

Deon looked at the demon looking at me with bright eyes, asking what was going on, with a complicated expression, and slowly began to speak.

“...I want to catch someone from Rweche.”

“Just say yes! Who do you want? Shall we bring the king?”

“...That’s okay because it will take time. An ordinary soldier or higher is enough. The higher the status, the better, but...” ”

Ah, you want generals! I understand!”

“for a moment.”

Stop moving.

You’re so motivated. I haven’t even finished talking. What’s so urgent about him? Lirinel, who was about to rush out, was hurriedly called to him.

If I let my guard down like this, I really feel like I’ll be left alone. I need to get to the point before I disappear again. He pressed his eyebrows together and spoke straight away.

“You don’t have to move it yourself.”

“Huh? If I want to finish it quickly, I should move it myself...”

“This is a secret mission.”

“Secretly...?”

“Yes. A hunting competition will be held soon with all the corps commanders participating, and if you are absent from the event, suspicion will be raised. Make use of your subordinates.”

It’s just kidnapping soldiers and minor generals from above, so it’s not appropriate for the corps commander himself to step forward. I put my subordinates there to use them.

Lirinel, who had been contemplating something with her eyes downcast when she heard the word ‘secret’, looked up.

“If it’s a secret... Is it a secret even to the Demon Lord?”

“Yes.”

Actually, it doesn’t matter if everyone in the neighborhood finds out.

Isn’t this an action that is harmful to the Demon World? This is just an order I gave to check if Lirinel is truly following me.

She is. He’s always been extremely blind... but that makes me even more untrustworthy.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 282**

282. A lot of talk and a lot of trouble (1)

‘Oh, right. ‘To be honest, I don’t want to believe it.’

I know that it is a fleeting wish and avoidance.

Deon had already predicted how Lyrinel would act.

This is... the last chance I give to Lirinel and the time I give myself.

‘Because it’s not too late....’

Every time you truly care for me, I can’t breathe.

If I make full use of the time given to me now and put you in the frame of a demon and organize my thoughts, I will even try to use your life.

So I hope you turn your back on me. I hope the word gets out to the devil.

‘Run away.’

Let me push you away.

Deon laughed while hiding his true feelings, and Lyrinel, who saw this, immediately agreed.

“Just trust me!”

“....”

It looked like anyone who saw it had fallen for it.

\*\*\*

A competition was held that also involved the subjugation of monsters. They say they'll have a banquet right after it's over.

Unusually, upon hearing the news that all corps commanders except the heroic corps commander 0 were participating, the face of the official corps commander-only doctor setter, who was dragged out without even knowing why, turned pale.

“...Then what is the boundary line?”

“If you had heard about the current situation in the human world, you would know. They cannot afford to dare to set foot in our territory.”

“The defense of the four cities...?”

“I heard that Lirinel and his army have set up a temporary barrier.”

“...The magical power consumption must be enormous?”

“Yes, it's only going to be a few days, so...”

The setter, who had been changing his complexion at Ben's words, made a determined expression as if he had made up his mind. He started gathering weapons.

Ben, who was snooping around for something, placed a question mark above his head.

“Why are you taking a weapon...?”

Ben, who only has one patient in charge, Deonhardt, does not mind carrying a weapon and following him around, but it is standard for the setter, who is in charge of all corps commanders except Deonhardt, to stay in his seat and receive patients while standing. But why...

the question was resolved as soon as I heard the setter's muttering.

“If there are any injuries, they will come to me...”

“...?”

“They are corps commanders with dirty personalities, so if I don't treat them properly, they will threaten me with my life.”

“....”

“So, it would be better if we exterminate the main monster before that...”

“...You're crazy.”

Is this because, for the first time in a long time, a situation has arisen where all corps commanders may be injured? This guy is out of his mind.

Ben showed his sense of camaraderie and caught the setter who was trying to run away.

“Hey, calm down. We're your doctors.”



“Let go of this! Let go of it!! As the attending physician, I’m just trying to prevent patients from getting sick, so why!”

“That’s the doctor’s job...”

...right?

Just as preventing a patient from taking medicine that is harmful to the body, isn’t it also within the realm of the attending physician to remove the demons that cause the patient’s injuries in advance?

“Right...what the heck! That’s not the role of a doctor!”

I almost got fooled.

“Why don’t you just sit in the provided seat and wait for the patient to arrive?”

“The world needs proactive primary care physicians!”

“...I totally enjoyed it.”

How much they must have been tormented by the corps commanders...

Fortunately, their unanswered bickering soon died down as each corps began to gather.

Each corps stands in its own row and the corps commanders sit in front of them. Soon, the Demon King and the Commander of the 0 Corps came in.

The Demon King, sitting at the head of the table, glances at the people filling the vast front yard of the Demon Castle and then gestures with his hand. One magic stone was placed in front of each legion.

“Let each group put their hands there.”

“...?”

“Those recognized by one magic stone are treated as one. They are on the same team. Every time a monster is killed, their numbers will add up and go up.”

This means that there is no need to bring separate evidence.

‘It took some hard work to make this.’

The Demon King smiled faintly.

Even though it couldn’t be maintained for a long time and was only created with a time limit of 12 hours, it consumed a lot of magical power because it had to be tied to the monsters’ life reactions. I even had to borrow Ririnel’s help to make a total of 12 units for every corps except the 10th corps, which wasn’t just one.

If she hadn’t helped, it might not have been completed.

He spoke to those who lined up and took turns placing their hands on the given magic stone.

“I’ll give you 12 hours, so you can hunt freely. The results will be revealed when we return.”

At the announcement that the competition had actually begun, each corps commander turned to his corps.

The first to speak out was Belitan, commander of the 6th Corps.

“The 6th Legion! It is our corps’ original role to be in charge of eliminating monsters! Of course, we must be superior to

other corps in this field. So we cannot tolerate defeat!”

“...!”

“Put your pride on the line and hunt at the risk of death!”

“Waaaaa!!”

It’s a competition, but isn’t it a bit weird to be prepared to die?

But the 6th Corps members are reacting to that again. What are they? Deon, who was standing next to the Demon King, looked bored.

Perhaps the passionate response of the 6th Legion was a stimulus to the other Legions, and Lirinel stepped forward.

“11th Legion! What is the stigma we usually hear about?!”

“?”

“—Room demon!”

It’s a demon in the corner of the room... This is my first time hearing about it.

As if Lirinel’s words were not a lie, the eyes of the 11th Legion members changed when they heard the words “demons in the corner of the room.”

“The time has finally come to rid ourselves of this stigma! Let’s show that we are not just demons who stay in a safe place and block out barriers!!”

“Waaaaa!!”

“11th Legion! 11th Legion!”

At this point, other corps commanders couldn't help but say something.

As if taking advantage of the atmosphere, each of them opened their mouths to their corps.

"4th corps babies, let's just beat the 3rd corps guys."

"...3rd Corps. Don't lose to those guys from the 4th Corps who only deal with information."

"There's no need to tell the 1st Corps. Just take care of it yourself."

Meanwhile, there was also a corps commander who wanted to leave without speaking. I was stabbed in the side by a deputy and eventually had to open my mouth.

"...The 12th Legion...."

"Let's take just enough to not be embarrassed. With that feeling...."

"Let's take just enough to not be embarrassed."

"No, I told you to say it with that feeling. Someone told you to repeat it...!"

Dahar, the adjutant, barely moved his lips and spoke in a whisper... but the warrior's ears caught the comedy of the corps commander copying the adjutant's words exactly.

The adjutant is caught in the back as the catastrophe unfolds without any way to do anything. Deon coughed and laughed. The Demon King's eyes immediately turned to Deon.

"Are you sick?"

“no.”

The Demon King narrows his eyes, as if checking the authenticity. Deon immediately changed the topic.

“More than that, corps without a corps commander also participated in the competition.”

“They wanted it. It seems like the 10th Legion was in danger of being absorbed into another corps.”

The 10th Corps is in a virtually impossible state of recovery. Because we lost not only the corps commander, but also a significant number of corps members themselves. This is evident from the fact that they were unable to participate in this competition in which all corps are participating.

The Demon King, who had no intention of ruling for a long time to come, was inclined to the idea that it would be better to disperse and absorb so many people and talents into other legions rather than replenish them.

The 8th Corps will only lose its commander, so there will be no need to worry about that, but...

“There are no confirmed issues, so it’s worth worrying about.”

The Demon King rested his elbows on the armrests and rested his chin.

At that moment, the voices of the 8th Legion members rang out.

“Let’s show that we are still alive!”

“Wow!!”

“The 8th Legion is forever!”

You have a lot of motivation. I don't know how well the guys who mainly use shields can hunt monsters, but their momentum is good.

The cold station rolled over and contained Deon, who was still standing next to him.

“Aren't you going to sit down?”

“Did I have a seat?”

“This is your seat.”

“...I'll just keep standing there.”

The chairs placed side by side next to the Demon King are a specification here. It would be better if the chairs were placed one step below, like in a conference hall or other places... Oh, this is a high platform, so there can't be any difference in height.

You can either give up conversation by placing a chair under the podium, or put chairs next to each other so they are at the same eye level.

Personally, I think the former is better... but it seems he wasn't a demon lord.

“I paid some attention to him because he was a hero, but it's a shame.”

“ .... ”

Deon did not answer but looked towards his corps. Even though they recognized it by placing their hands on the

same magic stone, the group came into view, split into two groups that were noticeable even from a distance.

The 0th Corps commanded by Ed and the Lofty Knights led by Milan and Cletter. From the looks of it, it looks like they are planning to split off and move in completely different directions, but I wonder if it will be okay....

When a large number of monsters came, Deon's expression suddenly hardened as he thought of the monsters that had come at the level of a black wave. The Demon King, who was watching from the side, whispered.

"Are you worried?"

"...."

"A corps without a commander also participated, so why are you so worried? You also have Ed. The situation is much better."

"...They're demons, right? I'm not worried about the 0 Corps."

"Ah, then those crazy... Knights of Lofty?"

Honestly, I don't think those guys will die in a place like this...

They are the ones who didn't give up and ran wild even when Deonhardt was away in a place full of demons. The Demon King's expression turned gloomy.

"They are human."

"Well... right..."

He's a human who looks like a demon. Not a metaphor, really.

"...They'll take care of themselves. I'm not saying anything to them when they say I'm worried about you."

"...."

"It's not like you don't trust your subordinates."

Deon didn't bother to answer, but instead looked at them as they started off with great momentum, resting his forehead on his forehead. I made eye contact with Dahar, the adjutant of the 12th Corps commander, but he quickly turned his head and left, so I dismissed it as a coincidence.

'....'

The slight boiling heat is gnawing at my nerves. I searched inside my chest and took out a cigarette... but it was confiscated by the devil.

"No matter what, it's not right to smoke proudly in front of me."

"...."

"Then let's go learn the bow now."

The Demon King stood up. He took out a bow and a quiver of arrows from the weapon rack provided for the legion and muttered as he led the way somewhere.

"Actually, it looks like he knows how to draw a bow, but I don't think he knows how to fire multiple shots at the same time."

"...Exactly."



“Then you will quickly get the hang of it if you demonstrate it a few times. Of course, the best way is to practice it.”

let's go.

He started running. Deon, who started running quickly despite being embarrassed, hardened his expression at the unexpected speed. Even though I'm leisurely kicking the ground as if I'm taking a walk, the speed is faster than I thought.

'It seems like just removing magical power isn't everything.'

Actually, he defeated the former warrior with a 'sword'. Considering that, it is natural to have this level of physical ability.

The Demon King passed by several legions hunting monsters in the distance and stopped at an appropriate place.

A place with a reasonable number of monsters and no wind. Convinced that this was the best place, he raised his bow.

“It will be easy to understand because there is no wind. Look carefully.”

He took out three arrows, put them between his fingers, and pulled the string.

“You just need to calculate the angle at which each of the three arrows are pointing. However, if you raise the bow vertically and shoot like this, each arrow flies at different distances, making it inefficient. So, I usually prefer to lay the bow horizontally and shoot.

It would be best to mix and use them appropriately depending on the situation.” Three arrows flew through the wind and pierced each monster. As the nearby compatriot died, the monsters looking around saw the demon king and the hero together and slowly retreated. Strike.

Two top predators who cannot coexist are in one place. Confusion appeared in the eyes of the monsters as they felt as if day and night existed at the same time. The Demon King, who noticed them looking like they were about to

run away at any moment, grinned and bowed to Deon. “  
Here’s

your mission. Make sure you catch them all before they run away.”

“....”

“The condition is not to miss a single one, and of course, only use a bow.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 283**

283. A lot of talk and a lot of trouble (2)

It was my first attempt to fire multiple shots at the same time. After looking at the Demon King with bewildered eyes, Deon rubbed his palms on his pants and took the bow and quiver of arrows.

There were glances alternating between my hands and my pants, but I ignored them and protested.

....

The result was... of course it was a success.

Honestly, it was so easy. It's not like I didn't know how to shoot a bow at all. As soon as I shot it, I got the hang of it right away.

As he did exactly as he was told, the Demon King began to do the same training by moving to a place where the wind was getting stronger and stronger.

"...however."

While killing monsters, something came to mind.

Deon, who had taken out three arrows at the place he had just arrived, was assessing the wind and suddenly opened

his mouth.

“Don’t you feel anything?”

“what?”

“Monsters and demons.”

Red eyes glanced at the Demon King’s expression.

“If you think about it, they are your children. Even though they are monsters, quite a few capable commanders among the demons have died. I wonder if there is any anger or sadness.”

“...ah.”

Is it because the wind is strong? Untied hair flutters here and there and gets wrapped around the strings. Deon frowned.

And then another person’s hand touched my head.

“‘Child’...”

The Demon King swept his white hair, which had grown to a level that reached his wing bones, into one piece and pulled on the ribbon he was wearing instead of a tie.

A mocking voice continued.

“Sure, others might think that way.”

You can’t see his face because he’s behind his back, but he’s not oblivious enough to not know that this is a mockery. Deon frowned in confusion.

“Where should I begin to explain this...”

I feel a hand combing my hair. I could hear the sound of hair falling between my fingers.

“First of all, do you know that the ‘Demon King’ and the ‘Demon Race’ are not the same race?”

“...yes?”

What is that... Since demons were born from the demon king, isn't it natural that they are the same race? I understand that the scope of ‘demons’ also includes devils, but that's not true?

The Demon King, reading the confused expression, chuckled and said. Now, information that only the Demon King knows has poured over the hero's head.

“The Demon King is a ‘single race’ created after humans.”

In the past, the world created a demon king with the sole purpose of killing the hero. In other words, not much effort was put into the appearance. Since it was disposable to begin with, there was no need to worry about making it.

So, it was roughly modeled after the appearance of the target to be killed.

In this way, the first Demon King was modeled after ‘humanity’, a race of warriors, but became something that could not be called a human being.

“If you are ‘Humanity A’, then the Demon Lord will be like ‘Humanity B’. If you compare them to plants, red roses and black roses, if you compare them to animals, they are of the same species, but they are divided into whether they are for pets or for experiments.”

Therefore, even though they are bound to the same frame of 'humanity', there is a stark difference in the world's affection depending on whether they are 'A' or 'B'.

'It's truly miserable.'

The Demon King took his hand from his neatly tied hair, faced his red eyes, folded his eyes and smiled proudly. A handsome man with a strange aura, with the only part that was different from a human hidden between his eyelids, was reflected on Deon's retina.

There Deon realized something.

"...Really."

It's not a lie.

It means that they are indeed human, but they are not human.

"There's no reason to lie, right?"

The Demon King shrugged his shoulders. Deon didn't bother to answer because he knew he didn't expect an answer.

I stared at the familiar man in front of me, who had a different purpose for being created to be considered a member of the same race, and whose roots were too closely intertwined to be considered a different race. Then, suddenly, a meaningless thought occurred to me.

'If you compare humans and demon kings to genealogy, wouldn't they be cousins among relatives?'

Deon stretched out his hand. The fingertips point towards the symbol of the devil hidden between the curved eyes.

The Demon King smiled at the warmth that almost seemed to reach the corners of his eyes.

“Funny enough, this is proof that the ‘Demon King’ was created after humans, and it is the only line that separates ‘humans’ from the ‘Demon King’.”

“?”

“Well... I don’t think there’s any need to explain this.”

It is said that for humans, the eyes are the window that reflects the soul. In any case, the Demon King, who is ‘humanity’, was no exception, so the error – magical power – that occurred while focusing on the original purpose of ‘killing the hero’ was reflected in his eyes and became like this.

But this is not the topic of conversation now. The Demon King corrected the flow of conversation before the story leaked elsewhere.

“On the other hand, demons and monsters are ‘errors’ and ‘mutations’ born from such demon lords.”

“...?”

“It means that no one, not even me, the ‘Demon Lord,’ intended to create them, but they were created on their own.”

These guys were born on their own even though they didn’t intend to do anything and didn’t do anything special.

These are people who simply have overflowing power that is absorbed into various elements without consistency, or they come together and are born with different appearances.

They began to rule by gathering demons who could communicate rationally, but that was only for convenience.

“None of the previous Demon Lords.”

It was not because he regarded them as his children or compatriots.

“I didn’t think of the ‘demons’ as my compatriots. Of course. This is not an emotional issue, but an objective fact.”

Since they have something in common: magical power, it cannot be said that they are not related at all. However, that does not lead to ‘children’ or ‘compatriots’. Crucially, the roots of ‘demons’ do not belong to ‘humanity’.

There is no need to mention monsters, so we will skip over them. Demons are also instinctively born in a human form, albeit clumsily, in the hope of following the source of the owner of the magic power that makes up their body, but in the end, their eyes cannot reflect the source.

Since they do not have the greatest characteristics of mankind, ‘demons’, unlike ‘demons’, are not ‘humanity’.

“...?”

A question mark appeared above Deon’s head as if he didn’t understand.

I don’t want to go on and on about unnecessary things, but how can I explain it so that it’s easier to understand? The Demon King thought for a moment with his bent index finger placed on his chin, then opened his mouth.

“To put it more intuitively, you humans are cheap just because you came out of the stomach...”



“Ah.”

“ㄷ... ”

“That’s it. I understand.”

“Byun...”

“Changing the word doesn’t mean the meaning changes.”

Exhaustion flashed across Deon’s face.

A low, mischievous laugh burst out as if he was quite satisfied with the reaction.

“Why are you being so disgusting? If you were human too, wouldn’t there be physiological phenomena?”

“...At least that disappeared after I became a hero.”

“Oh, that’s right. You’re a hero.”

There is no way a warrior’s body can produce useless waste other than ‘fragments’.

“Anyway, humans don’t consider ‘that’ as their own kind, right? It’s not like they have a separate attachment to it. It can be seen as the same as that.”

“...yes.”

There is a big difference in the fact that the shit speaks with its own will and emotions, but Deon chooses to ignore it and move on. Because I roughly knew what he meant. All it had to do was make sense.

Honestly, I don’t want to talk about that dirty story anymore.

‘Anyway, that doesn’t mean that the demons don’t even bat an eyelid when their corps commanders die.’

You may feel displeasure or anger considering the profit or loss, but you do not attach meaning to death itself.

That’s why you were so calm. Deon nodded inwardly.

Now it’s time to practice bowing again. I raised my head and saw the target monsters. I put all three feet on the protest and pulled.

‘....’

I missed it.

Due to the strong wind, Deon saw the arrow stuck farther away than the intended target and snapped his fingers as if measuring the margin of error.

Then the outstretched hand took the bow.

“You have to aim a little more against the wind than that.”

The Demon King takes out three arrows from his quiver and aims them in a direction that is far away from his target. Deon looked at him without even thinking about it, but for a moment the cufflinks at the end of his sleeves caught his eye and he slightly tilted his head.

‘Was that originally there...?’

It is a design so beautiful that not only aristocrats but also artists rush to it in awe. Even I, who have no knowledge of art, know that its value cannot be placed arbitrarily.

However... I remember that the Demon King disliked cumbersome things, so he preferred simple, light designs

made only of fabric without unnecessary decorations rather than flashy ones...? As such, the cufflinks had a simple design that was not noticeable.

Why am I suddenly wearing something like that? The questioning gaze soon caught a subtle sense of discomfort.

‘Now that I think about it, the design of the cufflinks themselves is gorgeous... but the jewel in the middle is rough.’

Just like... a magic stone.

I noticed it a little late due to the eye-catching design, but after looking carefully, I was able to clearly see it. That’s a magic stone.

The arrows fired pierced the monsters, but Deon didn’t even glance at them. On the contrary, he immediately spoke to the demon king, who turned around to ask if he had seen it properly.

“That has a really pretty design.”

“Huh? Oh this.”

What kind of magic is there?

The Demon King, who looked back at his hands as if he was aware of his busy head, glanced at Deon and then asked with a smile.

“suited?”

Deon didn’t miss the moment the Demon King paused before saying those words.

“...It doesn't look good... Is it okay to wear it and go around places like this?”

“hmm?”

“It looks like it's precious. It would be troublesome if I lost it.”

I hate to admit it, but they match so well.

If it's that flashy, it would be normal for only the sleeves to be visible, but does that mean the face is complete? You look very noble. Unlucky bastard.

‘...What's more important than that...’

I don't know how long he's been wearing this and what kind of magic it has...

I don't know because I don't have the time to look at his sleeves carefully. Looking at the Demon King's mood and attitude, it doesn't seem like he will answer if you ask him.

Naturally responding to surprise questions is also unlucky. Tsk.

Meanwhile, the Demon King nodded.

“Even if I don't, I plan on using it a few times. And thank you for the compliment, it's precious.”

“...?”

“I made this.”

...Good ability.

“But is it okay for you to hang out with me like this now?”

“?”

The Demon King smiled sinisterly.

“The monsters are running away.”

“ah...!”

“This time, make sure to catch them all before they run away. Of course, there is a way out.”

“....”

Deon pulled the strings without saying a word.

Several sharply flying arrows accurately kill the target. Even though the wind was still blowing strongly, Deon’s hair was no longer bothersome, so he smoothed down his low-tied hair once, then took out a new arrow and spoke softly.

“You tie your hair well.”

“Well, really? I used to have long hair too.”

“?”

“Did it come down to your waist?”

I tied it because it was annoying when I was drawing or playing a musical instrument.

As if unexpectedly, a hand can be seen pulling the string and then stopping. The Demon King glanced at the sky and shrugged his shoulders.

“Time is running out, so let’s hurry up and get things done and go back.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 284**

Among the old books that record various stories and stories with

many hardships (3), there is also a book containing the testimony of a hero who witnessed the end of a warrior and returned alive.

This book was exactly that.

“... It was a big mistake to prepare by simply looking at records of a certain point in time when dealing with the Demon King and thinking that the Demon King only knew how to use a long sword. The Demon King knew how to use a variety of weapons.

All those carrying fragments of the warrior who went to provide long-distance support died. It was because he used a bow and dagger. He even used a large sword rather than a long sword when dealing with a warrior.

Who is in charge of the investigation and analysis of the Demon King? Because of his easygoing attitude, valuable military personnel were killed. There must be severe punishment.

...The reason I was able to return alive was because the Demon King let me go. After taking care of everyone, he

was clearly looking at me.

He stuck a great sword as tall as a woman into the ground and stood looking at me with his hands on the handle...”

“Even though he was still, it felt like he was

running

towards me...” His waist-length hair blowing in the wind. It gave the feeling as if it was running even though it was still.

After this, it will only contain useless information. Elpidius closed the book after finishing the sentence about having nightmares thanks to him. Alethea, who was sitting on the armrest and reading a book together, looked up.

“Still, the one thing that was saved is that the Demon King knows how to use a variety of weapons.”

“Yes. That’s a good thing.”

“And I also knew that the Demon King changes his style according to the changes of the times.”

“...It will vary depending on whether it follows the trend of the human world or not.”

The Demon King has never appeared in the human world. If he can follow the trends of the human world, it means that he has considerable information power. There is no way a person as high as a demon lord would imitate the style of commoners. Even if it couldn’t be done, it would have become a trend among nobles.

“Anyway, this isn’t important right now, so let’s move on.”

Elpidius was shuffling through documents on the desk and was about to say something to Alethea, but he stopped when he found a document.

A report containing the news that the troops guarding the border have disappeared. It looks like they already checked it but forgot to put it aside. Thanks to this, unpleasant feelings that I had forgotten for a while came to mind and I frowned reflexively.

‘...There is a degree to blatantly looking down on the human world.’

I was so uncomfortable the moment I received this news.

It was said that the border line was completely left defenseless. A move that seems to show off, knowing full well that this side will not dare to invade the demon world first. I felt sick to my stomach because I could clearly see the disregard for the human world in the empty appearance without even the slightest boundary.

I suppressed my unpleasant feelings and put the report aside. Because this is not the goal right now.

And Elpidius, who had easily found the document he was looking for, continued his speech after a brief pause.

There was something Alethea had been preparing from the moment she became a ‘hero’.

“Alethea.”

How should I suggest this? I hesitated for a while because I couldn’t find the right introduction.

“What do you think of what you do, Emperor?”



A blunt remark came out.

Although it was quite a shocking statement, there was no strong reaction. Alethea, who had already guessed this for a long time when Elpidius heard the documents for handing over the throne, looked calm instead of surprised.

Next, a slow, yet hesitating voice came out, as if a little apologetic.

“Even if I become emperor, I will go to the battlefield.”

“....”

Sadness mixed into the silence.

As if she knew this would happen, she smiled tentatively at her brother, who had a resigned look on his face.

“I know what your brother was thinking when he said that.”

He became a ‘hero’. Even if that’s not the case, we are in a situation where we need to recruit at least one more ‘hero’, so of course I will go to the battlefield as well. Above all, isn’t it impossible for the Emperor, who has to set an example while risking his life for everyone, to step away?

The older brother is still hiding the fact that his younger brother has become a hero. I guess it’s because they don’t want to send it out to the battlefield. but.

‘There’s no way he doesn’t know that I’m going to come forward and reveal it.’

So this is probably what it means to use measures to hold on to something.

A faint hope that if he becomes emperor, he might be able to keep him from going to war. I'm sorry to destroy this from the front, but...

"But even though your uncle was the emperor, he also went to battle."

It's no use. Alethea leisurely opened her eyes.

"Right now, this will only cause further confusion by moving the emperor for no reason."

"...."

"So don't do that, brother."

Elpidius, who was quietly looking at his younger brother's smiling face, lowered his eyes. After a short silence, a faint sigh escaped.

"Actually, I knew that would happen. Still, I thought you would at least pretend to think..."

"It would be worse to give you false hope."

"...I..."

The words that I was afraid of losing you too rose up in my throat, but he kept his mouth shut.

I'm afraid that if I say it out loud, it will become reality and come back to me. Elpidius, who became a coward in front of his family, swallowed his weakness and stood up.

"...It's meeting time soon, so let's go. The nobles will be waiting."

Even so, they were nobles who were dissatisfied with doing things as they pleased without saying a word. In the end, they will shout, “How are you going to take responsibility for the situation that has gone down without you only suffering losses?”

...I feel like my ears are already hurting. Even so, thanks to my uncle, their private army is in our hands, and even that is almost lost, so considering that it is nothing more than the cries of old men who do not even have the strength to cause a rebellion, there is nothing I can't listen to.

You must be a little tired today. He opened the door and walked out, narrowing his eyebrows slightly.

\*\*\*

As if we had arrived just in time, as soon as we finished archery practice and returned to our seats, each corps began to return one by one.

Deon, who was looking at them while holding the wine in one hand that the Demon King had specially brought from the human world, paused for a moment when he noticed a demon that particularly caught his eye. Red eyes wavered for a moment at the incomprehensible scene.

‘Why is the doctor covered in blood...?’

The corps commander's personal doctor, Setter, was standing covered in blood.

Looking at his tired expression, it looks like he went out and hunted monsters himself... Why the doctor?

‘No way, if the corps commander got hurt, I was tired and tried to hunt him first... no way... no way...

Ben didn't do anything either...

... Anyway, I don't know if it's because of that. The returning corps commanders were only slightly covered in blood, but overall they looked clean and without any scratches.

'Rather than that... it looks like there was some kind of fight over there again.'

The atmosphere is unusual. Deon unconsciously shifted his gaze in that direction due to the dark energy emanating from the corner of his field of vision. The 3rd Corps commander was glaring at the 4th Corps commander.

His mouth opened and a voice that vaguely sounded like he was chewing was heard.

"Cowardly guy."

"Are you cowardly?"

Idelia, the 4th corps commander, shamelessly waved her fan.

"When have we ever taken away your hunting results? We have never done that, and it is impossible to do such a thing in the first place. No matter how bad the results may seem, it would be difficult to say something that could easily be misunderstood like this in a public place. ."

"...Well, they didn't take away the 'result'. Instead, they took away our prey! They had a lot of space, but they only came next to us and hunted the ones we were targeting. If this isn't cowardice, what is it?!"

Hmm... I understand the general situation. Idelia was bad.

The atmosphere is scary. Well, that too will disappear if the Demon King opens his mouth. I looked away and calmly tilted my glass to quench my thirst. And for a moment, Deon turned his head when he suddenly felt eyes on him.

I made eye contact with Dahar, the adjutant of the 12th Corps commander.

“?”

“ .... ”

It was only for a moment and the other person looked away first, but... I think we made eye contact even before we left, but we're meeting again?

Is this really a coincidence? While looking at the back of Dahar's head with suspicious eyes, the Demon King stood up after checking the magic stones of all the legions.

“Did everyone enjoy it enough?”

Those who were growling at each other in their respective positions immediately corrected their posture.

Deon also slowly shifted his gaze and looked at the Demon King. He said, omitting back and forth, as he is a person who does not like unnecessary lengths and pretense.

“Then let's announce the results right away.”

Is it better to talk from the 1st place or the 3rd place?

A voice that was almost like talking to oneself continued, and then the sound of snapping fingers was heard.

Light seemed to come from the 1st Legion's magic stone, and a screen appeared in the air. The screen showed a

scene of the 1st Corps hunting with an unknown number floating in the upper left corner.

“Originally, I was going to show it starting from 3rd place, but the hunting scene in 3rd place was more impressive than I thought. I just wanted to show it in order, starting from 1st place.”

“What you’re saying is...”

“So, you already guessed it to some extent, right?”

Because the 1st Corps is not the 1st Corps for nothing.

The complexions of the 1st Corps members brightened at the remark confirming first place. Jaykar nodded as if accepting the natural result, and the other legions also looked satisfied.

That’s because the 1st Corps’ hunting scene was thorough and like a sharp sword. Deon also agreed.

‘It’s a must to systematically gather monsters in one place and hunt them...’

Oh, right. It reminds me of Senior Stigma’s Knights.

“And what are the numbers at the top left of the screen?”

“That? That’s the number of monsters the army hunted.”

“ .... ”

Deon looked at the screen again.

1269.

It is not a mistake.

‘...Are you crazy?’

Did they literally mobilize the entire 1st Corps, i.e. ‘all troops under my command’ or equivalent level, rather than the elite group of soldiers that corps commanders usually bring with them? It doesn’t look like that in the video...

No, there were that many monsters near the Demon King’s Castle before that? This means that not only the 1st corps was hunting, but there were much more than that.

Considering that the range in which demons can carry out hunting activities is limited due to time constraints...

‘...I understand that the demon king’s command to attack monsters is not a terrible death.’

A tired expression appeared.

They called it 1st corps, 1st corps, and it’s no joke.

‘But why don’t they look happy?’

The appearance of the 1st Corps is a little different than expected. Others seem to have overlooked it, but their expressions seem closer to relief than joy.

The reason was soon apparent.

“It would have been hellish training if I didn’t get first place, but I’m glad...!”

“We survived...!!”

“...”

Ah, it’s natural that the 1st Corps does well. If you make a mistake or fail to do so, the atmosphere will be enormous.

Poor things. While Deon was looking at them, clicking his tongue inwardly, the Demon King waved his hand. The screen disappeared and the attention of the demons was focused again.

“Second place is 0 Corps.”

I can feel many people looking this way, especially Ed. Deon turned his head, pretending not to notice, and focused his eyes on the newly emerged screen. It was clearly visible that they were divided into two teams, humans and demons, and were hunting.



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 285**

285. A lot of talk and a lot of trouble (4)

'I thought it couldn't be possible, but did we really hunt separately...?'

Crazy bastards. It looks like there were more monsters than I thought, but what if it got really dangerous?

Deon touched his forehead. The sight on the screen gave me a headache, so I couldn't help but feel it even more.

'We're on the same team, so why are we hunting so competitively...'

Anyone who sees them will think they're two different teams.

Our kids are especially bad. Why do you hunt so desperately when you know you are no match for it?

The 0 Corps members who do not pay attention to them and hunt them like medicine are also a problem. Of course, the crazy dogs tend to make enemies easily, but...

'Ed, who is in command, doesn't seem to care.'

I stared at Ed on the screen, who looked more like he was trying to show me results and be recognized rather than

dealing with crazy dogs, and then I shifted my gaze to Dan, who seemed to be playing a similar role on the human side.

It seems like it was just yesterday that I couldn't even handle a sword, but now I can see myself skillfully cutting down monsters.

‘....’

I reflexively glanced back at the platform of reality. I made eye contact with Dan, as if I had been looking this way the whole time.

...Still, I don't really want to talk about it unless it's absolutely necessary. Deon pretended not to see and turned his head back to the screen. An expression as if he knew that would happen was reflected in the edge of his vision.

‘The number of monsters hunted...’

845.

At this point, the hunting competitions in the human world seem ridiculous. Well, that's because ‘individuals’ participate, and the number of assistants each person can bring is limited.

‘Still, it's surprising.’

It was a hunt without the corps commander. Instead – it's hard to say, but anyway, in the name of ‘instead’ – the Lofty Knights participated with everyone's tacit consent... but, let alone filling Deonhardt's vacancy in the first place, whether they participate or not will not have much of an impact on the outcome. It was an agreement made because I knew that.

‘Because the opponent is the opponent.’

What those guys do without a leash can be either great or bad.

In that situation, we came in second place, so honestly, we have to accept this.

It seemed like Deon wasn’t the only one who thought that, as whispers were heard from all over the place.

“Even though Deon is missing...”

“...I guess they’re not part of the 0 Corps for nothing.”

“I thought it was just accidents, but humans

are pretty...” “I brought you Deon for no reason...”

I feel Ed’s gaze on me again. This time our eyes met, but Deon turned his head away, pretending not to be there. Somehow, I felt like I could sense someone’s bitter feelings.

More than that... the combined number of hunts in 1st and 2nd place already exceeds 2,000. Deon mumbled his admiration.

“...I caught a lot.”

How much did other legions capture?

I don’t know anything else, but I can be sure that starting from this hunting competition, the number of monsters will be reduced to almost nothing.

The Demon King whispered next to him, as if he took Deon’s muttering as an expression of admiration for the number of monsters that Legion 0 had hunted.

“For your information, the number of monsters hunted by the humans directly under your command is 107.”

“...I really caught a lot.”

I never thought it would exceed three digits.

“Fuha.”

The Demon King let out a low laugh as he muttered to himself with admiration.

“Yes, I caught a lot. They worked really hard.”

“What is there to gain by doing that...” The fact that these guys, who specialize in dealing with humans rather than hunting monsters, and specializing in driving them out by lowering their morale rather than killing them, caught this much means that they really did it with their teeth clenched. Deon made an absurd expression.

Instead of answering, the Demon King scanned the crowd. Interest in the eyes of those looking at the screen is slowly fading. I snapped my fingers and the screen disappeared.

“Then shall we move on?”

Now that I think about it, you said that the hunting scene in 3rd place was impressive. After erasing his distracting thoughts, Deon looked at the Demon King with curiosity. Interest and curiosity appeared on other people’s faces as well.

The Demon King grinned and opened his mouth, looking at me as if urging me to do so.

“Third place is the 8th Corps. They worked hard even though there was no corps commander.”

The 8th Legion’s hunting scene appeared in the air. 529 animals. Although the number was small compared to the previous rankings... everyone was speechless.

On the screen, there were members of the 8th Legion beating up monsters with huge shields. No, it wasn’t just ‘beating up’. If it had been that bad, there would be no way even the corps commanders would have remained silent.

“Blood clot...”

someone muttered.

“It’s being made with blood clots...”

“Like kneading some kind of monster...”

I feel sorry for the monster.

4th Corps Commander Idelia, who was staring at the screen at a loss for words, muttered blankly.

“I knew that the 8th Legion was gentle as it resembled its former commander...”

“...Are they?”

“...I know too, so shut up.”

It’s possible to hunt monsters even with a shield...

The 8th Legion members straightened their shoulders and raised their heads as they heard voices of shock and admiration coming from all over the place. The Demon King chuckled as he could feel his earnest heart in his eyes

looking at me, saying, 'We have proven the value of the 8th Legion, so please leave us behind.'

Initially, the 8th Corps only lost its commander and its troops were so intact that it was planned to be left alone.

'I guess I should keep my mouth shut about this.'

If I say that, I think a riot will break out.

He nodded lightly and stood up. I took my eyes off the delighted 8th Legion and looked around.

From the blood-covered 7th Legion, which is ranked first in appearance, to the quiet 5th Legion, as if they were not even there. After checking the other corps with a small presence one by one, I turned my head again and looked at the 1st corps.

"Then, shall we conclude today's hunting competition at this point?"

"...?"

"If there is anyone among the rest of the corps who is curious about their rank, they can each place their hand on the magic stone."

"No, that's not it..."

...'today'?

The expressions of the corps commanders became strange. There was no way he couldn't have heard someone muttering, but the Demon King didn't pay any attention and slightly tilted his head as if he was thinking.

“Since it’s a ‘competition’ in name, I think there should at least be some kind of prize for first place...”

Heh, you didn’t even think about a prize? Even if the main purpose was to hunt monsters... Deon, who was watching from the side, gave me an absurd look.

“Should we give an additional budget separately? It’s up to you where you spend it. You can use it to hold a simple banquet between the 1st Corps.”

The complexions of the 1st Corps members seemed to brighten... but then they glanced to one side and fell dead. The Demon King followed their gaze and saw 1st Corps Commander Jaycar, grinning knowingly.

“If possible, it would be better to use it to praise the corps members for their hard work. Ah, a separate budget will be provided to the corps commander, so he can use it for himself.”

“All right.”

“Okay then, let’s get the banquet started.”

The place where they originally gathered was an outdoor banquet hall. Without even moving their seats, demon servants came in following the demon king’s signal and began placing food on tables placed all over the place.

As the long war continued, the tense atmosphere prolonged and tensions built up. Excessive tension can ruin even a good job. Therefore, the Demon King, who held a banquet for the entire Demon Castle separately from the hunting competition participants, checked each banquet location again in his head.

‘The core forces of the corps commander and his adjutants are indoors, corps members are outdoors, and other general soldiers are outside... Among the routes to and from those three places, none overlaps with the route to the central garden...’ There is no one

.

Okay, at least there won’t be any of them near the path to the central garden.

That’s enough. The Demon King grinned.

“Ah, from tomorrow to the day after tomorrow, it is the second hunting competition period. Also, it is a bit difficult to use magic stones, but we will designate an area for each corps to hunt monsters, so you can leisurely hunt them until 8 PM the day after tomorrow. At that time, the user must personally go and count them one by one. So don’t overdo it like you are now.”

Anyway, I caught almost everything today so there wouldn’t be anything to catch.

The playful last words brought laughter here and there. The Demon King turned and left his seat, spilling his words.

“Eat, drink, and hunt as much as you want for three days. Be careful of injuries. That’s it.”

“Waaaa!!”

The place where he left was filled with cheers.

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The Lofty Knights enjoyed a banquet in an open outdoor banquet hall, and Ed left, saying that it had been a long time since he had held a banquet and that he needed to review the rules and etiquette.

And Dan...

“How much would you like to bet?”

“...I’ll bet one chip.”

“Oh, you bet the smallest amount. Are you in a hurry?”

“Running away? Me?”

A gambling table was being held against the corps commander in the indoor banquet hall.

Where did they get the chip from again?... If anything goes wrong, your neck will be blown off, not your wrist, and your liver is also big. Deon looked anxious as he saw the corps commanders crowded around him.

‘It’s not enough to be the commander of the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th corps, but even the 7th and 9th corps commanders... Only the most crazy people have gathered.’

To begin with, there are no normal corps commanders.

The 3rd and 4th corps commanders are fighting fiercely. 2nd Corps Commander Develania often appears to be observing Dan as if he is interested in something other than the game itself. At least the 7th and 9th corps commanders calmly showed interest in the game itself... but Deon, who knew that those two were the craziest, frowned.

Lirinel, who had been glancing at the gambling table nearby, suddenly looked away.

“I’m not interested in that kind of thing!”

“....”

Who said what?

Instead of saying anything in response, I gave him a look to follow me and headed towards the terrace.

He finally arrived at the terrace, carefully closed the curtains, and turned to look at Lirinel. I raised my index finger and placed it in front of my lips and called to her in a whisper.

“Lirinel.”

“Yes, Deon...!”

“Shh.”

As if he was aware of it, he answered smaller than usual, but his voice was still loud.

One step. Deon, who had narrowed what little space there was between them, placed his hands on both of Lirinel’s shoulders. Ignoring the blank expression looking up at me, I lowered my head slightly and whispered in her ear.

The question I had been curious about the whole time came out quietly.

“How much of the Demon King’s magic power is left now?”

“Ahhh...?”

“....”

“I... I don't know.”

“...what?”

His expression is still filled with emotion, like a believer who has come into contact with God, but it is not to the point where he doesn't know what questions he is being asked or what is being said. Deon, who realized that what she said was true, made a puzzled expression.

“why?”

“Well... at some point you started wearing a tool that conceals your magic power.”

“...her?”

\*\*\*

Now is the right time as all the corps commanders, including Deon, are gathered in one place.

The Demon King left immediately after announcing the start of the banquet and crossed the hallway with a high-quality magic stone in his arms. The destination is the central garden.

Deon and the corps commanders are needlessly clever people. If you stay away for a little while, you might notice something. That's why I walk quickly.

thud!

I bumped into a demonic user who was busily passing through the hallway.

“ah.”

“Ah! Wow! I’m sorry...!!”

The problem was next.

Fighting.

A cufflink caught on his cleaning tool fell off.

“Sorry...?!”

As soon as he saw the Demon King’s face, the demon turned white and was lying down on his back. He stopped and raised his head.

“Ma... King...?”

“...this.”

It is clear that he looks like the Demon King, but the amount of magic he feels is not that of the Demon King. The amount of horsepower is so small that I, a mere user, can estimate it.

While he was looking up at him with a puzzled expression, the Demon King, who had been looking down at his empty sleeves with an expressionless face, raised his head and smiled. A light voice flowed out calmly, like a hand gently stroking my waist.

“You saw it.”

“...!”

For some reason, it was a creepy atmosphere. Almost at the same time as the employee who sensed something ominous took a step back without realizing it—poof.

My throat was pierced.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 286**

286. A lot of talk and a lot of trouble (5)

“Kreuk-.”

The hand that instinctively goes up grabs the arm that pierced me. But that was all.

Before long, the spark of life goes out and the hand that was holding my arm falls down helplessly. As usual, the Demon King calmly withdrew his hand, noticed the large amount of blood on his hand, frowned, and took out a handkerchief from his pocket.

“...I thought it would fall off at some point since it was attached to a sleeve, but I never thought it would fall off so quickly.”

That too, of course, today.

...No, in some ways I should say that it is a good thing that I am away today.

He threw the handkerchief that had been cleaned of blood next to the body and took out the communication table.

– Yes, Demon King. What’s going on?

“There will be a body in area D on the first floor.”

- ...yes?!

“I did that, so don’t make a fuss and come clean it up. And bite all the demons on the shortest route from this area to the central garden. If you come across them on the way, I will kill them all.”

A perplexing voice was heard from beyond the communication table, but the Demon King hung up without listening any further.

If you don’t want to get rid of the body, you’ll take care of it yourself. Even if there are demons who cannot leave because work is delayed, it doesn’t matter because they can be killed. The main forces are in the banquet hall, and any demons they encounter will only be users.

It’s not an irreplaceable force, so it’s no problem to kill that much. Thinking nothing of his cruel but cold thoughts, he began to walk again, where he had stopped for a moment.

The cufflinks, which had broken from the impact of falling and were unable to perform their function properly, were hit by my steps and bounced awkwardly.

\*\*\*

And just as he had predicted, the Demon King went to the central garden, killing all the demons he encountered.

The smell of blood permeated the space filled with the flowers of the human world. The flowers that had been filled for Deonhardt’s mental health gave off a scent as gorgeous as their appearance, as if they would not wither, but it seemed not enough to drive out the smell of blood, and the greenhouse was instantly filled with the smell of blood.

As if he had a purpose, the Demon King walked with an expressionless face without even looking around and stood in front of a large decorative stone.

As soon as I placed my hand on it, my vision changed.

In the distance, you can see the leader of the dwarves rushing to a visitation signal out of nowhere.

The Demon King kindly stood still and waited for him to come closer, and when the distance got closer, he took out the magic stone he had in his arms and threw it at him.

Suddenly, a question appeared on the face of the dwarf leader who accepted it.

“I want you to use it to make a tool to hide magical power.”

“...what?”

“ASAP.”

He suddenly came to me and said something...

He even openly smelled of blood. No matter how strong they are and how good our technology is, it's still like that! The dwarf leader's face was distorted by the other person's shameless and rude behavior.

“I don't want to...”

“You said you didn't have enough money because you sold the weapons for less than the right price.”

The reason they are selling it for less than the full price is because of the last conference hall intrusion incident.



“I know that dwarves spend most of their money on buying magic stones...” “

...Is this a threat? They are definitely trying to stop the distribution...!”

“Huh? That can’t be possible.”

Why bother when there is a better way? The Demon King grinned.

Since you said you can’t find enough magic stones to satisfy your needs, you’re probably quite thirsty for magic stones.

“I’ll give you two boxes of high-quality magic stones. So, what do you think I’ll make for you...”

“Let’s start right now.”

...I have more than enough to spare.

Immediately the dwarf leader raised his hammer. He started asking questions actively, as if he couldn’t even see the Demon King’s puzzled expression.

“You said it’s a tool to hide your magical power, so it should be something you always carry on your person, right? Some kind of accessory would be good. What do you want? A ring? A necklace? A bracelet? Or... a brooch?”

“....”

“Why isn’t there an answer? Come on, tell me!”

The Demon King looked at him for a moment and burst into laughter.

"I'll make a sturdy necklace. How long will it take to complete?"

"Well... if you help, it can be done in one day..."

"1 hour."

"...what?"

"I will actively help you, so I want you to complete it within an hour."

"Are you crazy?"

Even if you do it, it's too much. The dwarven leader put down his hammer.

"I wonder if your conscience is okay! That's realistically impossible..."

"One more box of magic stones."

"...I won't! I asked because my conscience seemed so healthy! Isn't it normal for a demon lord to be a bit rotten!"

Let's get started right now!

The dwarf leader walks to a nearby work board and puts down the magic stone he received, then taps the board as if asking what he is doing. The Demon King burst out laughing again and took a step forward.

"But why do you need a tool to hide your magical power? You've never hidden it even once before."

"Well... I have something worth doing."

I wonder if the combination of my usual habit of wasting magical power, saving Deon Hart, and the recent monster hunting had resulted in the current result.

It's uncomfortable, but I don't regret it right now. The reason I poured all the magical power I needed to save into hunting monsters in the first place was because I felt that there was not much time left. If you end up having to wait for the next hero beyond this one, you will regret it then.

'I risked everything on this hero.'

The dwarf, who was busy preparing various things, looked in this direction as if he had something to do. The Demon King smiled and approached him.

"Would you mind pouring magic power into this? It will take a long time for me to process it and I will need to use a lot of magic stones."

"okay."

"Just in case you don't know, I'm telling you in advance that you are helping me with this. I will work very hard for you, so don't complain later."

"If only that would shorten the time."

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The dwarf leader really got the job done on time.

The Demon King took a necklace with a simple design and slowly examined it. It was noticeable that the magic stone embedded in the center showed off its presence with a strange light.

The dwarf leader, who had been lying down as if exhausted, raised his head.

“Do you like it?”

“Well... performance is important in the first place, not design. I like that it’s sturdy.”

“It’s unlikely that the string will break. But don’t pull that hard!”

The Demon King, who was pulling the necklace string to make it taut, laughed and hung it around his neck. He unbuttoned the top button of his shirt a little, put the magic stone inside, and fastened it again, creating his original outfit with no visible necklace at all.

At least it won’t get caught somewhere and break. He pressed the area where the necklace was on his clothes and looked back at the dwarf leader.

“Thank you for your hard work. I’ll make sure to send you three boxes of magic stones.”

“Okay. Are we going back now?”

“That’s right.”

An hour has already passed. The Demon King checked the time and straightened his disheveled clothes.

The Dwarf leader, who had been quietly watching him, suddenly opened his mouth.

“Now that I think about it, is that person well at that time?”

“....”

Suddenly, the Demon King's hand stopped.

In the sudden silence, he looks back at the dwarf leader. His eyes took on an unreadable light, and he stared as if he could pierce the other person.

"That question is a bit surprising."

"...."

"I don't think you were interested in 'humans'."

The Demon King, who had moved his stopped hand again and finished arranging his clothes, tilted his head crookedly. Contrary to the atmosphere, a gentle voice came out quietly.

"Has the Dwarven leader seen the past?"

"...."

"What did you see that makes you interested in mere humans?"

Oh, don't be nervous. This is purely out of curiosity.

Only then did the Dwarf leader, whose expression had hardened, slowly move his lips.

"I broke down several times, collapsed from exhaustion, and tried to die from exhaustion."

"...."

"I saw a wonderful soul who eventually got up and kept moving forward."

And then our eyes met with Yeok-an, whose mind could not be read. The dwarf leader, who had glimpsed the past of the Demon King through a human, raised the corners of his mouth and smiled proudly.

“You really are trash.”

“Fuha.”

The Demon King burst out laughing. He was giggling as if he had heard something funny and said while pretending to wipe away tears.

“That’s a new thing to say.”

When have I ever not been trash?

“....”

“Anyway, I’ll just leave. You don’t have to see me off.”

Somehow I feel like I have to go back quickly. I had a feeling that some kind of accident was going to happen.

The Demon King immediately turned around and returned to his own territory.

“...under.”

It wasn’t long before I was able to see with my own eyes that my intuition was excellent.

“What is happening now?”

After looking around the banquet hall, where the atmosphere was in disarray, my eyes immediately turned to Deon. There was blood on the corner of his mouth that could not be wiped away.

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It is said that the Demon King wore a tool to hide his magical power...

Even if that were not the case, there is one thing that comes to mind. Pushing away the image of fancy cufflinks that filled his mind, Deon tapped the terrace railing.

“...Since when?”

“Hmm... I don’t know the exact day, but it must have been shortly after Deon went to the human world.”

“okay?”

Slowly, the words of the Demon King, who said he lacks magical power, come to mind.

Does that mean it wasn’t a lie? Deon, who was lost in thought while playing with his mouth, slowly asked a question.

“Has the Demon King hidden his magic before?”

“No, at least not once in my memory.”

“...I guess it’s true.”

Looks like it wasn’t a lie.

“So I guess they hid it even at the risk of being suspected.”

Otherwise, there is no reason to hide your magical power. The damage is too great to do it just to cause confusion here.

Lirinel made a puzzled expression at the self-talk that came out inadvertently.

“?”

“It’s nothing. I just need some time to think. Can you leave me alone for a moment?”

“Oh yes! Get some rest!”

Lirinel, who was tilting her head, hurriedly left the terrace. Deon, who was left alone, leaned his arm on the railing and was lost in thought. Fingers tapping on the railing made crashing sounds at regular intervals.

Where should I start thinking?

‘...the basis for the belief that the Demon King has a small amount of magic power.’

Since he suddenly hid his magical powers, there was no way other demons wouldn’t have questions. Some cunning military commanders will start to get suspicious. It makes no sense that the Demon King does not know this.

If the amount of magic power was the same as before, I wouldn’t have hidden it in the first place rather than being suspected...

because it’s not the same as before.

So it must have been hidden. It was better to hide the small amount of magic power even if it raised suspicion than to be discovered, so it was probably done to prevent the demons from reaching out.



The Demon King does not exercise absolute control over the Demons. Deon had already gained some confidence in this through several demons nearby.

‘The Demon King is overwhelmingly strong and is the source of the ‘Demons’, so they praise, respect and follow him. The Demons can turn their backs on the Demon King if they want to.’

So, if it becomes known that the demon king’s magical power is low in the demon world where the ideology of the law of the jungle is strong, something quite interesting will happen. It would be quite annoying for the Demon King.

Although the amount of magical power is not an absolute measure that determines everything about military power, the Demon King was famous for his overwhelming magical power more than anyone else. If that person’s magical power decreases, anyone will subconsciously think, ‘Wouldn’t it be worth a try?’

‘...If the amount of magical power is discovered, things will be quite interesting.’

Should I just rip off my cufflinks when the time comes?

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 287**

287. A lot of talk and a lot of trouble (6)

Of course, we can't just say that cufflinks are a tool for hiding magical power, but doesn't that mean that they are using a tool for hiding anyway? If you observe a little, you will know.

Deon roughly gathered his thoughts to the point that the Demon King's magical power had decreased and left the terrace. Ririnel, who had been watching Dan and the corps commanders' gambling from afar, quickly noticed his presence and tried to approach him, but it wasn't long before he had to stop.

There was a passenger.

"Hello, Deon."

It's been so long since it came out that there are already people coming up to me with comments like this. Deon looked silently at the 12th Corps commander Myers and his lieutenants standing in front of him.

Myers shrinks as if his gaze is burdensome. In contrast, Adjutant Dahar slightly bowed his head and spoke calmly.

"It's been a while since I said hello."

“....”

“...Mr. Meius?”

Dahar pokes Myers in the side. Myers immediately bowed his waist.

“It has been a while since we last met!”

“...okay.”

what. I think I’ve been in this situation before...

Deon nodded hesitantly. After hearing the answer, Myers glanced at the lieutenant’s gaze. Dahar swallowed a sigh that was about to burst out at the look in his eyes that seemed to indicate that he had said hello and received an answer, so now was the time.

“...Mr. Deon, actually, there is something I would like to ask separately from Mr. Myers. I would like you to spare some time for me... Do you dare to ask?”

“okay?”

As Deon’s consciousness focused on me, Dahar immediately motioned to Myers to let him go. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Myers, who was bright-colored, quickly disappearing.

For a moment, I thought about nagging him if he went back to his usual routine, but... You went through quite a bit of trouble today regarding the hunting competition, so I think it would be better to let this go. If you push too hard, it can backfire and...

‘...I just happened to get caught by a boss like that.’

I suppressed the sigh that was about to come out again and raised my head. I immediately made eye contact with Deon Hardt, as if he had been watching me the whole time. He was smiling and rolling his eyes as if he was having fun.

There, Dahar suddenly felt a sense of discomfort.

‘...Now that I think about it... did I hear a positive answer...?’

I didn’t hear it. There was just a question, ‘Really?’

Cold sweat runs down my back as I face the relaxed smile that seems to know both Myers’s rudeness and the adjutant’s shallow blindness.

Did I come here for no reason?

‘At least I should have left Myers behind and come alone.’

...But today, Myers couldn’t sneak out of the banquet hall like usual.

Because I had to clearly show when and what situation I went through and how I got out of it. Dahar, conscious of the glances that were secretly glancing in his direction, quickly lowered his head, putting aside the unnecessary assumptions that crossed his mind.

“I have been rude in many ways. I am sorry.”

“Okay, that’s it. You said there was something else you wanted to ask, right?”

“...yes.”

Red eyes shone between narrow smiling eyes.

"I heard you often make eye contact with only one person today, so it seems it wasn't because of your mood."

"...."

"You saw me before the competition started, right?"

It was like that even after I came back.

This wasn't a question, it was more like a self-talk reflecting on facts.

With Dahar's silence in the background, Deon nodded after looking at him for a moment.

"Okay, follow me."

It hasn't been long since I left the terrace, but I feel like I have to go there again. Because it's the only place close to here and disconnected from space.

I took the lead without looking back once. Dan's voice sounded a little excited from one side.

"I won. The right to wish was at stake in this bet, right?"

"...Damn it."

"I understand that it was a promise made with magical power. I understand that the only magical energy remaining, Trover, is the magical energy that forms the body, but if you break it..." "Damn it! I understand! What is your wish!?"

"

"That's..."

Tsk -

my concentration was interrupted by the sound of the curtain being drawn. Deon, who had just arrived at the terrace and was briefly scanning the outside scenery, looked back. Dahar was standing there holding two glasses and a plate filled with food.

As if responding to the puzzled look in his eyes, he put the plate down on the railing and said.

“I prepared it in case you were in the market.”

“...okay.”

Without hesitation, I reached out and picked up the cookie.

Crispy, well-baked cookies crumble in your mouth. Deon, who ate a few more pieces because they tasted better than expected, as if he had squeezed the Demon King’s chefs, glanced at Dahar.

He turns his head and sips from his glass, but when our eyes meet, he straightens his posture. I must have read the look in his eyes that told me to quickly say what I wanted to say, and soon my mouth opened.

“Currently, the Demon World is experiencing an unprecedented heyday under the leadership of Deon.”

It was a fairly unexpected introduction.

But you have to listen to the end to know. Deon didn’t bother to answer and took a bite of the cookie. A pleasant sweetness spread throughout my mouth.

“No one can deny that it’s all thanks to Deon.”

What are you trying to say by flattering me like this?

But heyday... heyday...

‘Well.’

He lowered his gaze to hide the mockery in his eyes.

Can we really call this the ‘heyday’? To me, it just looks like a full moon. A precarious full moon with only one thing left to do: tilt forward.

To begin with, the position of corps commander was so vacant that it is difficult to say that it was in its prime. If I had to compare it, it would be somewhere between the full moon and the half moon.

“Of course, I regret the inevitable sacrifices and unavoidable defeat that occurred in the process, but...” “

....”

“But it is also true that the conquest of the human world is just around the corner.”

The introduction is too long.

I picked up a new cookie with a sour face. As if reading Deon’s expression, Dahar finally got to the point.

“But Mr. Deon, the 12th Legion has never played a significant role in this war. Not even my superior, the corps commander.”

“...ah.”

He asked, looking at Deon, who let out a low exclamation as if he had figured out what he was going to say.

"I would like to ask whether my superior will play an active role in Deon's future plans."

"...It's not like it doesn't exist."

No, it definitely will be there. There's no way it doesn't exist.

Especially considering the remaining battles ahead...

"I'll correct you. I'm sure there will be."

"Is that so."

Deon was so busy picturing one of the few future moments that would exist that he didn't notice the slight tremor in Dahar's voice.

"That's really... fortunate."

Dahar paused for a moment and gently raised the corner of his mouth as if he had never done that before.

"My boss is not the type to step forward and do something. The conquest of the human world almost ended without even a single achievement."

Myers has a timid personality. But...

Deon quietly lowered his gaze and looked at the glass held out to me. A friendly explanation followed as to how the incomprehensible gaze was interpreted.

"You only ate snacks a little while ago. You might choke, so please drink this too."

...Doing things that only mad dogs or old Dan would do.



I accepted the glass. Deon, who stopped his hand before the liquid reached his lips, raised his eyes and looked at Dahar. And blood.

I took a sip of the liquid in the glass with a laugh that seemed comical.

“...I know that?”

A calm voice came out.

I habitually rub my fingertips, clench my fists, then rub them on my pants. Deon went through all of this slowly and spoke with hostility towards the demon in front of him.

“The scope of a hero’s physical abilities also includes ‘sense of smell.’”

“....”

“No matter how unfamiliar the ingredients are, you can immediately tell that something else has been added to the alcohol. So—”

Why did you do that?

The quiet voice fell with an uncharacteristically light weight.

“If I think about our conversation a little while ago, I think I can roughly understand the reason, but I think I need to hear it from your own mouth first.”

“....”

“Why is that?”

There was poison in the cup.

Even though he is a hero, he already feels sick, so it doesn't seem like it's some kind of poison... Come to think of it, this demon's ability was 'poison'.

Red gaze landed on Dahar's pitch-black fingernails.

Just as 'heroes', which are fragments of heroes, can injure the 'demon king', it would also be quite possible for 'demons' born from the power of the devil king to injure the 'hero'.

"...."

Silence fell. Deon looked at Dahar, who did not respond. An unfazed face came into view, as if he had prepared for everything.

"If you don't want to say anything..."

"Legion commanders related to Deon."

"...."

"You're dying, right?"

It was the answer I had guessed exactly. That's probably why I asked about my superior's participation in the war.

'And the fact that you held out the glass when you heard the answer in the affirmative... does that mean that if the answer was negative, you were planning to just let it go?'

Deon twirled the poisoned goblet.

If interpreted differently, it means that whether other corps commanders die or not, as long as their superiors are safe. This is truly a demon-like way of thinking.

I wasn't surprised that I got caught. Because it's time for someone to notice. One person already knows. But now, if this seems like someone's intervention rather than something the demon in front of me figured out by guessing alone, is it because of my feelings?

'Develania.'

He came up with the name of a demon without difficulty.

And Dahar stretched out his hand. As if he was about to leave after being caught, his long black nails stopped on top of the glass Deon was holding and dripped ominous liquid.

Deon, who had been quietly watching this, raised his gaze. Our eyes met and had not separated for even a moment since we dropped the poison into the glass.

"I was prepared to get caught from the beginning."

Anger, betrayal, sadness, hatred... and determination.

The eyes, which contained all kinds of emotions to their limits, never seemed weak, even though they were shaking because they could not bear the weight.

"...okay?"

After silence, Deon raised the corner of his mouth.

It's not that I don't know that this action means that either you die or I die. Maybe it means that the poison of suspicion has already been dispelled, so it doesn't end with killing just one person.

I shook the glass slowly. So that the poison mixes well with the alcohol. and.

“First of all, I understand that you think I had something to do with the deaths of the corps commanders.”

“....”

“To give you the answer to that....”

Deon drank all the liquid left in the glass. I made direct eye contact with the person whose eyes widened in surprise, put the empty glass down on the counter, and smiled.

The hand that was fiddling with the empty glass soon pushed it out.

“You got it right.”

“...!”

“But it will be you who dies, not me.”

Clink-!

A sharp sound rang out eerily.

Did you think I was stupid enough to kill you right here? A blatant sneer escaped.

No matter how much you are the general commander or the commander of Corps 0, you cannot justly kill the adjutant of another corps commander. Even more so in the current situation where many talented people have died.

So, you have to come up with a reason. Even if you kill this guy, no one will dare question it and everyone will nod their heads.

‘It’s been a while since I felt this way.’

Perhaps because it is a demon poison, it takes some time to detoxify it, but my insides suddenly become hot and I feel queasy.

“Cough-”

For the first time in a long time, blood came out of my mouth.

“Master Deon!!”

Ben, lost in thought, came running in.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 288**

288. A lot of talk and a lot of trouble (7)

Ed, who happened to be back at the banquet hall, hurriedly follows Ben in. His complexion turned pale when he saw the tragedy that occurred on the terrace.

The surprise was short-lived.

He takes out a handkerchief from his pocket and calmly wipes away Deon's spilled blood. Ignoring the corps commanders who were snooping around due to the untimely commotion, he held out a handkerchief covered in black dead blood to Ben and urged him to quickly analyze the composition.

The result was obvious.

"It's poison. It's also a poison slightly mixed with magical power."

"...As expected... That means..."

In the first place, there is no poison that can cause this much damage to a hero unless it is from the demon race. If it were a normal poison, it would have been detoxified as soon as it entered the body, but since it is still having an effect, it was as if the answer had been found.

The gazes of those gathered were focused on one place. Dahar, a demon with poisonous abilities, who was alone with Deon Hart amid the barrage of gazes, remained silent.

“why?”

Someone expressed a question as if they couldn't understand.

“There's no reason for that.”

“It's funny to ask for a reason for a crime that has already been committed, but for now, that's it.”

“...Maybe it wasn't Dahar's doing.”

Someone else said: Deon knew the owner of this voice well.

Develania. I don't know when she came, but she pretended to be serious and muttered while covering her mouth.

“It could have been someone else's work to frame you.”

Why are you already concluding Dahar as the culprit?

As she said that, her eyes were secretly looking at Deon Hart.

‘I'm going to accuse you of making a play on your own.’

Yes, that would be beneficial because it would keep me in check and also save Dahar, who did what he wanted.

Coughing – Deon spat out blood again and let out a faint laugh. Every time he spit out blood, Ed, who was by his side wiping away the blood, had his complexion turning dark and dying, but no one cared.

‘But I know Dahar’s personality.’

I didn’t push the glass off the terrace for no reason. Deon sneered faintly.

As expected, Ben, who seems to be thinking about something while giving Deon a temporary antidote, with his eyes fixed on Dahar, climbs over the terrace railing, saying that he thought he heard the sound of a glass breaking. And soon a call came back saying that a broken glass had been found.

“It’s a glass full of poison!”

“What are the ingredients?”

“Do I really need to ask? If it was different from what Deon ate, I wouldn’t have said anything in the first place...

”

A small moan rang out.

As if there was nothing more to hear, or as if her patience had reached its limit, Lirinel grabbed Dahar’s neck with her fluttering tentacles. An uncharacteristically ferocious voice cut through the space.

“Why are you dragging it out so much? The circumstances show that he is the culprit, right?”

There is no way a meticulous person like Dahar would have left tools at the scene of the crime. If someone had tried to frame me, they would have left the glass in this area instead of throwing it out on the terrace.



So now, upon discovering traces of an attempt to erase the evidence, Lirinel could no longer hold back her anger. What reason is there to endure any longer when what Dahar is likely to do has been revealed?

The anger that broke out did not subside even when the same corps commander grabbed his arm.

“I understand how you feel, Lirinel, but just calm down a little...”

“If you understand, don’t disturb me and stay still!”

The color of that precious face has died. For the ‘Hero’ to have that complexion, it must mean that he was very determined. How can you stay calm in this situation? At least I can’t.

Eyes as sharp as the voice glared at Idelia. Idelia, who paused for a moment because her eyes were so fierce that everyone who saw them was speechless at the topic that brought tears to her eyes, soon continued to speak calmly.

“First, we need to check if it’s Dahar’s poison.”

“ .... ”

The tentacle, which was gradually gaining strength, twitches and becomes slightly loose. As a result, Dahar’s complexion, which had been getting pale, was also getting a little better.

“Confirmation complete.”

I heard Ben’s voice.

Ed lets go of Dahar’s wrist that he was holding. Suddenly, the liquid on the tip of his fingernail fell to the floor.

Everyone's attention was focused on a small reaction that was nothing special, and in the middle of it all, Ben calmly announced the results.

"It's Dahar's poison."

"also."

The gaze towards Dahar became more heavy and pointed. Develania rolled her eyes and looked around.

Evidence and public opinion have already confirmed Dahar as the culprit. Even if there is something unclear, in this atmosphere, everyone will just move on without being able to say anything.

'There's nothing more to see.'

Dahar will definitely die. The ending is more trivial than expected.

Develania seems to have lost interest and walks away. Lirinel's tentacles wrapped around the guy's neck gained strength again, and Ed glared at him as if he were going to kill him.

Although he wanted to kick the opponent right away, his suppressed voice called out to Ben calmly, as if he had not forgotten his responsibility as an adjutant.

"Is Deon's condition okay? No further action is being taken."

"The hero's body will push it away or detoxify it on its own. I gave him a medicine that detoxifies the magic power of other demons that entered his body, so there is nothing more to do."

“...is it.”

While I was relieved to see Deon’s complexion already improving, Ed’s own complexion was still dark and dead.

That’s because something happened while he was away. This is clearly my mistake. Even the reason I was away was to make up for my inexperience.

Even so, Ed’s eyes died, as if the psychological pressure he was under in the situation where Deon was pushing me had exploded.

‘...’

Deon, who was examining this, looked up. Because Lirinel is so rampant, the other corps commanders can be seen glaring at Dahar with disapproving eyes. Ah, Idelia seems uncomfortable and wants to hear the reason, but she stays silent as if she’s not curious enough to go against the mood and ask questions.

As Dahar was dying in silence, against the backdrop of subtle anger in the air.

“What is happening now?”

The Demon King has appeared.

The crowd gathered on one side, the atmosphere was unusual, and the eyes of the station, which were alternately looking at the dying Dahar and Deon wiping blood from the corner of his mouth, turned with a knowing smile. A calm voice, as usual, called out to a worker nearby.

“Where is the commander of the 12th Corps?”

“Well...”

“Well, I think I know it without having to listen. I guess they went in first.”

Call me. Don't give any explanation.

Dahar, who had been motionless the entire time, flinched at the soft command. The Demon King, who had been examining him closely, shifted his gaze and saw the owner of the tentacle strangling him.

Lirinel, facing the cool inside of the station, shivered.

“Lirinel, put that guy down.”

“...yes.”

Dahar, who was in the air, fell down.

And then silence came. With only Dahar's occasional coughing sound echoing in the space, the Demon King crossed his eyebrows as if he was in pain.

...Deon's eyes narrowed as he noticed the empty sleeve, wondering where the colorful cufflinks had gone.

“First of all...”

A calm voice cut the silence.

“I'm going to tell you what I roughly understand what the situation is, but please listen first and point out any mistakes.”

There is nothing to elaborate on. The Demon King spoke straight away without even seeing the people around him nodding their heads.

“It looks like Dahar tried to poison Deon. That’s why I came in just as Lyrinel was about to kill Dahar.”

“...you’re right.”

“Haa...”

He released his hand that was pressing his forehead and lifted his eyelids. The cold, sunken interior of the station looked down upon Dahar.

“Why did you do that?”

“ .... ”

Instead of answering right away, the guy glances around.

Rather than saying you can’t talk because there are too many people, it feels like checking how many people are around you. The Demon King frowned.

“If you don’t answer, I’ll assume you have something to do with Myers...”

“Because the corps commanders involved with Deon have died!”

An urgent voice rang loudly throughout the banquet hall.

Ed’s hand, which had been wiping Deon’s blood-soaked clothes, suddenly stopped. Is that all? The other demons in the banquet hall who were paying close attention to this area, pretending that they were not snooping around here, also stopped their actions as if they heard the voice.

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

A cold silence fell.

As even the air seemed to be frozen and no noise could be heard, Deon turned his eyes and found one of the demons among the many gazes pouring upon him. I could clearly see Develania sitting near the platform smiling leisurely.

Thanks to you, I gained confidence.

‘It’s you, after all.’

You brought wind to Dahar.

The gaze of the corps commanders on me stings. Deon glanced at the Demon Lord. For some reason, his expression was frozen.

He opens his mouth as if to say something, but then glances at the door and closes it. And the banquet hall door burst open.

“I heard you called me.”

Everyone’s heads turned to one side.

Myers, Dahar’s immediate supervisor, pauses and secretly rolls his eyes, as if feeling burdened by the attention suddenly focused on me. On top of his anxious expression, there was a clear look of confusion as he could not understand the situation.

The Demon King smiled brightly at him.

“You’re here at the right time. Things turned out really well.”

“What...”

“Your lieutenant, Dahar, tried to poison Deon Hart, and I think I need to check whether you ordered this.”

“...yes?!”

Startled, he quickly looks at the Demon Lord and Deon Dahar. In the meantime, Dahar, who made eye contact with me, gave me a look that told me to answer straight and not stutter because there were people there, but... It's a matter of fact, so is there anyone who can see that?

“That's... that can't be...”

A sloppy answer that no one could see coming out of the brain came out.

It seems as if thinking is not functioning properly in a sudden situation. It was clearly revealed that there was no direct connection to this incident to the extent that even the others who were watching could understand, but the Demon King, who was in an uncomfortable state, did not pay attention and asked as if he was pushing him.

“Can I take that as a remark to protect your lieutenant who attempted to poison you?”

“...!”

In the end, he seems to be speechless, unable to speak and just opens his mouth.

Since you have already made a statement, no matter what you say, it will arouse suspicion. The wandering gaze is directed towards Dahar as if asking, “Is this really true? Why is that like that?” and how should I respond?

Dahar, unable to bear that pitiful sight, gritted his teeth and shouted.

“I have a duty to protect my superiors!”

“....”

“In a conversation with Deon, I heard that Myers would be active in the near future. What he said to me was that he could be like the former 8th or 10th Corps commanders.”

“....”

“I couldn’t lose Master Myers. I didn’t want to lose him! In such a situation, with my superior’s death in sight, how could I not try to remove that shadow...!”

It was a desperate cry.

“And so it was.”

“....”

“I admit that it was an impulsive action. I also know that it was a foolish action. I am sorry for the inconvenience caused to Myers.”

Now that I have heard those words, I cannot help but wonder what his intention is.

By claiming that he did it ‘impulsively’, he is trying to avoid any possible disadvantage to Myers.

‘Very much.’ ‘They’re trying to take everything they want.’

He’s also very greedy. Annoyance appeared in Deon’s eyes.



'That's why I should have killed him quickly before the demon lord Lirinel came.'

The situation was like this after dragging on.

I was the victim, but the atmosphere had become unfavorable for this side. Deon frowned as he saw Develania smiling interestingly again from the corner of his eye.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 289**

289. He talks a lot and gets into trouble (8)

‘You have to shut that mouth.’

Deon thought.

There is power in your voice. The perpetrator’s desperate cries made the onlookers suspicious of the victim, pretending not to be. Dahar must have intended this from the beginning.

Even though it may seem like a cry without any basis or logic, it is true that the corps commanders who were involved with Deon eventually died. There was doubt in the eyes of the demons who were watching. In particular, the suspicions of the corps commanders who were present when the former vampire leader broke in and made fun of his tongue were even more intense.

[I hope you can cooperate for a while to prevent the extinction of the demons.]

[Because all of this happened because of ‘one human’.]

Did you try to kill Deon Hart by mentioning the ‘extinction of the demons’?

It may have been a coincidence once, but since something happened that reminded me of what I said at the time, it is difficult to call it a coincidence. Is this situation, calling for suspicion of Deon Hardt, just a coincidence?

‘...’

They exchanged glances with each other and glanced at Deon Hart. At a moment when the atmosphere seemed to be getting out of hand, the Demon King roughly grabbed Dahar’s neck.

“Oops!”

“You have to go to great lengths to frame them before they even listen.”

A calm voice crossed the space as if discussing daily life.

“Why do you do something like this just based on suspicion and appeal to emotions?”

The smooth voice, which was out of place, contained blatant irritation and anger that could be easily seen by anyone who heard it.

It’s like treating someone who talks bullshit. Perhaps it was because of this that the strange atmosphere that had been tense suddenly relaxed, as if the group had awakened from hypnosis.

Deon, who was watching the situation, tilted his head crookedly.

‘...Should I call him the Demon King?’

His wit and ability to control the atmosphere are top-notch.

He silenced Dahar's fluttering mouth and at the same time eased the sharp atmosphere created by aiming at 'Deon Hardt'.

Although the Demon King, who knows more than anyone else and is closer to the truth, is the culprit behind everything, Deon was not surprised. I'm used to having the devil surround me now, and more than anything, it was a situation.

'It was a situation where I had no choice but to step forward.'

That's probably why he's so blatantly displeased right now.

As expected, I could hear the Demon King clearly pointing out the cause of his discomfort.

"And even if it was a suspicion that was close to certainty, you should have reported it to me first instead of acting like this."

Dahar's actions were an act of ignoring the Demon King. It's similar, but if interpreted a little differently, it would mean that you don't trust the devil.

Dahar paused as if that remark had touched something and looked at the Demon King. An indescribable look, filled with a mixture of negative emotions, such as resentment or anger, met the cool eyes of the station.

He opened his mouth.

"...-."

"huh?"

“—Bff.”

But all that comes out is the sound of the wind.

The Demon King, who had been quietly watching with his mouth open and his voice unable to come out, widened his eyes and smiled.

“If you’re going to say something, you have to say it straight.”

Even though he is the one who pretends not to be and is blocking his speech by tightening his hand around his throat, he urges him to speak in an eerily kind voice.

Instead of formed words, the sound of wind escaping with difficulty came out, and even though the 12th Corps commander was looking in this direction with restlessness, he did not relax his hands.

Because I sensed that not very advantageous words would come out of Dahar’s mouth.

“Really...”

“....”

“It’s unpleasant.”

The Demon King knew what this situation meant.

There is no way Dahar, who is good at managing things, could not have thought of the option of ‘reporting to the devil.’ Nevertheless, acting so arbitrarily means that the Demon King is also an object of suspicion.

Seeing that he keeps protecting the suspicious Deon Hart, he has his own reasons for suspecting that the Demon King

may be in on the same thing with him.

‘And with this guy’s actions now, other quick-witted corps commanders will also start to be suspicious.’

Although the statement was blocked, Dahar’s behavior itself was already a sufficient clue.

Sure enough, I glanced around and saw cracks in the expressions of Idelia and Develania. Through that gap, I caught a glimpse of a feeling of wonder and a hope that it wouldn’t happen, and I couldn’t help but laugh.

‘I didn’t expect this situation.’

There is a difference between a demon’s suspicion of a human hero and its suspicion of a demon lord.

If I were to compare it from the demons’ point of view, wouldn’t it be like doubting God? From the Demon King’s perspective, it feels like witnessing the insects that were eating the falling cookie crumbs becoming curious about the source of the cookies.

‘The time has come to accept shallow mercy and favor.’

Is this snack really safe to eat, and what is the other person’s intention in giving it to them?

It’s still only a small doubt, but if you look at it more broadly, it means that the thing you praised as God is really God, and even if it is God, you’re starting to doubt whether it’s on our side, so the Demon King made a subtle expression.

‘They say all progress comes from questions and doubts... but it’s too late.’

plaguy.

Of course, the demons had been stuck in place for too long. Since this repeatedly accelerated the Demon King's boredom and ultimately led to extreme results, something that would cause doubt and overthrow would have to happen at least once... but that's only

when the timing is right.

'If it had been when Deon wasn't around, I would have accepted it with interest.'

If it weren't for Deon, this wouldn't have happened at all.

It's a shame.

'If we do well, there will be a three-way match.'

The Demon King had an interesting yet regretful look in his eyes as he pictured the chaotic battle that would take place in the Demon World in the near future, but for a moment, the Demon King turned his head to organize the situation.

In order to finish quickly, I make eye contact with those gathered around me and then look at Deon. In keeping with the eyes that seemed to be forcing an answer, words came out that took the form of a question, but were not questions.

"Anyway, I'm pretty sure Myers didn't know. Right?"

"...yes."

The surrounding demons nodded and Deon also slowly affirmed. It was a question with no choice.

There were too many people who saw Dahar's remarks a little while ago being cautious and flustered as if he really

didn't know anything to even drag Myers into it. Plus, I'm a bit... tired now.

'Only if Dahar is handled properly.'

Since there was no need to overdo it here, I was just going to quietly watch to see how the Demon Lord would come out, but he turned around, still holding Dahar's neck.

"The victim should decide what to do about this guy."

"...."

"What should we do?"

The eyes of the station were slightly bent.

"Shall I kill you?"

Deon paused in a situation that reminded him of a time in the past quite a long time ago.

But that only lasted for a moment. He looked back at Myers, who was looking at me earnestly with trembling eyes. He looked at Dahar again and gave a completely different answer than before.

"yes."

"...."

"I think it would be better to kill him."

It was an eerily calm voice.

As if it was a slightly unexpected answer, the Demon King paused and quietly looked at Deon. He immediately smiled as he faced his unwavering red eyes.



“okay.”

Crump-.

An immediate response followed. The demons flinch and shake their shoulders at what happened so quickly. Deon, who had opened his eyes with them for a moment as if he had not expected to act like this, soon closed them.

Against the background of a world covered in black, blood was clearly visible.

....

The situation was roughly resolved and the banquet resumed in a slightly stiff atmosphere.

As if he was worried that something would happen again, the demon king sat at the head of the table without leaving his seat. Deon rested his chin and saw that his sleeves were clearly empty, so he glanced around at the corps commanders around him.

No one seems to react.

Even considering that the atmosphere is somewhat stiff as the aftermath of the previous incident has not yet subsided, it can be seen that the gaze and attitude toward the Demon King have not deviated significantly from usual.

‘Does that mean... that the tool that hides magical power has been changed or that it wasn’t a cufflink in the first place?’

Anyway... By the way...

‘I wish you would stop looking at me.’

If this continues, it will break through.

Deon used his fully recovered body as an excuse to remain in the banquet hall and continue his thoughts for a while, unable to ignore the intense gazes on me, and turned his head.

Ed, who was hovering nearby without being able to get close, Lirinel, who was openly approaching, and Dan, who was looking at us from afar while holding a card, came into view. Oh, Ben is watching right next to you as if watching.

"I heard it's really okay."

"...Is that so?"

"really."

"There was no reaction to the magic stone, and it looks like you're really fine, but..."

Ben gave a look of disbelief, but Deon pretended not to notice and motioned to those who showed signs of approaching that he was fine and that they should not come. Ed freezes in place, and Lyrinel, who was approaching him, stops and turns around, drooping. Dan... I don't know. Because I didn't see it at all.

'Since we are keeping a reasonable distance from each other, they won't come even if we don't signal.'

Dan is good at taking care of himself.

Without even looking at Dan, I glanced at Ed's eyes full of anxiety and self-reproach, then turned my eyes away and walked away, pretending not to see him. The destination is

Corps Commander Myers, who lost his adjutant right before his eyes.

I called out the name of the demon who was in a daze, as if he was in great shock or had no sense of reality.

“Myers.”

He reflexively looks back. Soon, his eyes widened as he recognized that the other person was Deon.

Deon looked at him quietly, as if gauging the emotions in his eyes, and then suddenly asked.

“Do you resent it?”

It was a short statement, but there was no way I didn’t know its meaning.

“...no.”

Myers immediately shook his head.

“Dahar is the one who committed the crime. Deon suffered harm because of it, so how dare I...” “...

Reason and emotions are different. It’s okay to be honest.”

“I really... I don’t blame you. I don’t deserve it.”

What qualifications do you need to feel emotions?

But Deon didn’t bother to pinch or delve further. just.

“...It’s a little surprising.”

I was deeply impressed. It seems that true nature is revealed only in extreme situations.

The reactions of those who have lost a place to lean on are usually divided into two. Either it collapses completely or becomes strong enough to stand on its own.

Myers seems to be the latter. The corps commander's voice came out even more calmly, perhaps because he was the corps commander or because there was no adjutant.

"Of course."

"...."

The emotions revealed in his eyes are too clear to hear those words literally.

Once again, something I said before comes to mind. Did you say that madness is born on the basis of extreme sadness? Of course, this isn't 'madness', but...

'...was this what my eyes felt like back then?'

Deon had never known that eyes filled with sadness could be so sinister.

No one was walking except the two of them, so silence came to the isolated space in the corner of the particularly quiet banquet hall.

It is not the uncomfortable or suffocating kind of silence. Therefore, the silence that continued without breaking was broken when Myers glanced at Deon and opened his mouth.

"I don't know why Dahar did that."

"...."

"But... I think there must have been a big misunderstanding."

Because the other person was dead, the words I could say came out late.

‘...I would never say it was purely the lieutenant’s sin.’

Deon tilted his head crookedly.

I understand that you have great trust in your adjutant, but it is not something you can say in front of me. If you interpret it again, it means that there must have been a reason, but did you say this knowingly or without thinking?

“misunderstanding?”

“...yes.”

If it wasn’t a misunderstanding, it was probably the truth. Myers’ eyes sank deeply.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 290**

290. Myers, who talks a lot and has a lot of trouble (9),

knows that Dahar has learned the art of dealing with something that he lacks. There must be a good reason why Dahar did not report to the Demon King.

"...I'm not defending Dahar's sins. Of course he is a sinner..."

"I know."

Deon looked at Myers, who quickly held out his hand, and then smiled faintly.

"You can rest assured that there will be no misunderstanding."

"...yes."

The shaking eyes trace Deon's smile and then fall down. Just before he lowered his head, Deon noticed a strong suspicion in his gaze and let out a laugh.

"It seems like you had a lot of trust with your adjutant."

"...."

Just like his adjutant did.

His suspicions were directed towards both the Demon King and Deon.

\*\*\*

Deon, who returned to his seat after parting ways with Myers, stopped walking for a moment when he noticed eyes focused on me as if he had been waiting. Of course, everyone immediately looked away, pretending not to be like that, but how could the warrior's eyes miss this?

'...If gaze had any physical influence, I would have been crushed to death already.'

The gaze that follows every movement is truly persistent and heavy.

Still, I pretended not to care and took a glass of alcohol from a passing employee...

"Daeon! What are you holding now!"

...I was about to take it and move to the terrace.

Deon looked bitterly at Ben, who was blocking his path, then glanced down at the glass in his hand.

"...I'm all better."

"It doesn't matter whether you're completely cured or not! Not even a day has passed, but the poisoned drink caused the incident just a little while ago. Do you want to drink again?"

"Well..."

It doesn't matter, but... I didn't want to argue, so I put down my glass.

As the minister, Ben hands me a non-alcoholic drink that has been tested for poison. Deon shook it once, shrugged his shoulders and went out to the terrace.

The open night sky filled my field of vision.

“....”

I leaned my upper body against the railing and sipped my glass, feeling unusually peaceful in the scenery that was so beautiful that I couldn't believe it was a demon world.

That too for a while.

“I had no intention of killing Myers in the first place.”

A deep, subdued voice came out like a sigh. Deon lowered his gaze. I could see the blood covering the world swaying in accordance with the direction of the wind.

Myers was supposed to be alive, at least until the 'final battle'.

“If the people involved with me keep dying, it will arouse suspicion.”

It doesn't matter since the Demon King already knows, but it would be difficult for other Demons to notice.

So, if you want to arouse suspicion, it is better to pick a suitable day and sweep it away all at once. Why are they killing metallurgy one by one?

“But it's already too late.”

“....”

“Dahar's words and actions aroused suspicion.”



widely. I put down my glass and looked back.

Deon smiled brightly as he faced the person who had come here at some point and had been listening quietly.

“I guess that’s why you came here now. Isn’t that Dernivan?”

\*\*\*

“You don’t have to go to Deon?”

Dan, who was shuffling cards, looked up at the question filled with pure doubt. I made eye contact with 9th Corps Commander Trover.

Besides that, I can feel the other corps commanders returning to their seats looking at me curiously. Dan looked down again, shuffled the cards and answered.

“it’s okay.”

“Still, you’re the one serving me?”

He calmly distributed the cards and nodded.

Like the question just now, this question has already been asked once. The 2nd Corps commander sitting right next to me did it a little while ago.

Of course the answer was the same.

“If you needed to, you would have called.”

More than anything, he is avoiding me.

He arbitrarily eliminated the leader of the revolutionary army, and when Deon Hardt found out about this, he said

that I looked like a duke. As if that were true, they are still keeping their distance. I tried to treat him as usual, but the reflexive looking away and the stiff atmosphere in the air were proof of this.

So there is no need to approach them and make their mental stress worse.

“Rather, it is the price of the bet I won.”

Dan smiled softly and changed the topic.

Fortunately, the corps commanders seemed to be more interested in this area and seemed to be concentrating on it. It seemed like he had already forgotten the topic from before.

I paused for a bit, and when my curiosity reached its peak, I smiled and put my index finger in front of my mouth.

“I’ll tell you later when we’re alone.”

“...plaguy.”

As if he was sweating, Trover relaxed his slightly tense shoulders and leaned back. Grumbling words came out based on contradictory feelings of relief and anxiety.

It was even more so because even if I pretended to be cheerful and not care, I couldn’t help but be nervous about what my wish would be. In a bet with Dan and the right to wish, he agreed to the outcome before the start and used his magic to confirm that he would faithfully keep his promise if he lost.

Of course, if you don’t want to die, you can make your wish in an appropriate way. still.

[If I say I won't keep my promise, the corps commanders can personally kill me or make me keep it, but they're not corps commanders, right? For me, there is nothing I can do if the corps commanders change their words. So, wouldn't it be best to make a magical promise to give me some peace of mind?] [

I have a lot of doubts.]

[I'm just a little scared. Even just now when I'm talking cards with the corps commanders, I'm so nervous that I can't breathe.]

[Well... okay! I will especially do that!]

I shouldn't have done that.

Honestly, I thought I would win. It was only after losing that I realized that his defeat was intended to please the 'corps commanders'.

But then he smiles and says, 'I was lucky.'

'I will tell you my wish when we are alone...'

What kind of wish are you making?

I feel like I want to beat up the person I was in the past, whom I had willingly pledged my magic to.

Silua, the commander of the 7th Corps, looked at the card, seemingly aware of Trover's anxious feelings, and then stretched out on the desk. I tossed and turned and fiddled with my card so that it could not be seen, regardless of whether or not the other items on it were in disarray.

"I was curious, but it's a shame."

“With so many corps commanders watching, I’m so nervous that I need to be able to say something. I don’t really want anything right now.”

indeed...?

Develania, who had been listening quietly, narrowed his eyes and looked at Dan, but Dan, who did not notice his gaze, looked at the 3rd and 4th corps commanders who were snarling at each other on one side as they cleaned up the messy desk.

“...Those two people don’t seem to get along well. They seem to fight every time I see them...” ”

Huh? Well, that’s right. They show their teeth reflexively when they encounter each other.”

“Is there some special reason...?”

“That’s...”

Silua puts on a serious expression. The others seemed to be curious about what would come out of her mouth, and not only Dan but also Trover and Develania focused their attention.

Then, an extremely light word came out.

“I don’t know either.”

“....”

“Still, I can assure you that it has been so long that the bad relationship between those two has been taken for granted.”

“...Is that so.”

Dan looked back at the 3rd and 4th corps commanders in silence. Devellania, who was watching him with her chin resting on her face, noticed something in his eyes and hummed.

Suddenly, Dan's wrist was grabbed.

Dan, who stopped, looks up and sees Develania. There was a momentary silence and our gazes met in the air, and for a moment she rolled her eyes and let out a cheerful voice.

"Now that I think about it, I have something to give to Deon."

"...?"

"Would you like to deliver it for me?"

"...Ah yes."

"Okay then, follow me."

I didn't bring it here.

She stands up without hesitation and leaves the banquet hall with wide strides. Dan, who was dazed for a moment due to the somewhat sudden situation, quickly came to his senses, apologized to the other corps commanders, and followed them.

It might have been unpleasant since the host was away, but fortunately, I could hear the corps commanders playing behind the scenes as if they didn't care, continuing to gamble... or rather, build small friendships.

"What is it, Silua! You cheated?!"

"What am I saying? Just do your best to catch a live person."

“I’m sure I saw a heart on your card a little while ago!  
Where are you playing with your hands?!”

“Would you use someone else’s card if you looked into it  
carelessly?”

...I guess that was what you said earlier when you said you  
were fiddling with a card.

Dan pretended not to notice and hurried on.

Develania didn’t go very far.

She stops in a deserted hallway and looks back at Dan, as if  
she knows the route and time the employees move. A  
mysterious smile appeared on my face.

“I thought he had a lot of courage, but... he was playing  
with his hands in front of the corps commanders.”

“...!”

“That’s really bold.”

Dan froze in place as if he had been struck by lightning.

“...did you know?”

“I only found out after a few more rounds. The other guys  
probably didn’t know. Trover was just being ignorant, so  
they were targeting him outright, right?”

“....”

“Can you just let me know what you’re aiming for?”

The embarrassment was short-lived.

A gentle smile appeared on Dan's lips.

"It was just pride that I didn't want to lose."

"...Well, that's right. Please pass this on to Deon. Also say it's a gift."

What she held out was a hair tie. A hair tie as blood-red as Deonhardt's eyes.

Dan, who thought she was going to threaten her by using the pretext of being caught playing with her hands, but she went off easier than expected, was surprised once by what he thought was an important item but then by something that was nothing, looks at her with a puzzled face. Develania snorted proudly.

"Why should I bother putting pressure on you?"

"...."

"And...."

Even if I don't step forward, it seems like I will die sooner or later.

The way you look at Ashild and Idelia seems like something is going to happen. If you look at those two in a relationship similar to that of OL and Trover who have a falling out, it's a big deal.

But I have no need to tell you. She just closed her mouth and waved her hand.

"...Please give the gift properly."

I guess I'll just go see Myers, who's probably heartbroken.

\*\*\*

There was a tense silence.

Sharp red eyes stare intently at Derniban as if digging into them, and Dernivan silently accepts the gaze.

Then, just as Deon opened his mouth, Dernivan spoke one step ahead.

“...are you feeling okay?”

Deon’s brow flinched at the first word, which was completely different from what he expected.

“It got better right away.”

“I’m glad. And I apologize for coming to see you so arbitrarily. I had something to tell you, so I stopped being rude.”

Perhaps because he is a demon who once supported Oel, he is usually quiet on topics but speaks well when necessary.

Deon looked at him quietly and then picked up the glass he had put down. A quiet voice rang out in a much more relaxed atmosphere than before.

“It’s okay to apologize, just tell me.”

“I will follow you, Deon.”

...I like it because it’s direct. There is no need to waste your attention trying to estimate the enemy.

In fact, I was almost assuming that they were enemies. To hide my confused expression, I took a sip of the liquid in the glass. When something cold entered my body, my shaken



emotions came to a head and my head, which had been struggling, started to turn again.

‘Words are good... but you can’t just believe them.’

Even if you say it sincerely, there’s probably a reason for it. I have no intention of accepting it until I know the reason.

After cutting out the back and forth, he said the same short words as if responding to the words thrown out of nowhere.

“why?”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 291**

291. Because I do not ask about my happiness (1)

Dernivan, who holds a useful position as the current commander of the 5th Corps, was not embarrassed or anxious by Deon's question. He simply lowered his head as if in submission and spoke.

"There is something I wish for."

Well then. The doubt in Deon's eyes faded. What came to mind instead was a border.

"What?"

"9th Corps Commander... Please allow me to kill Trover with my own hands."

"ah."

Dernivan still couldn't let go of his regrets about killing the 9th Corps commander. Is it because they are demons born based on wolves? The anger and hatred that arose based on a single-minded mind only grew stronger as time passed and showed no signs of abating. It was the same even if he became the commander of the 5th Corps and became busier than before.

How can I remain calm when I still clearly remember her last appearance when I close my eyes?

‘...Did you say that the late wind is scary?’

Once I started to realize it, the emotions were now so strong that I couldn’t control them.

So, he bowed his head towards the person who would be the owner, who exclaimed as if he had sensed the reason.

“It doesn’t matter who or how much Daeon kills.”

“ .... ”

“I will just follow, so please give me the 9th Corps commander.”

From Deon Hardt’s perspective, it is a small request that is not difficult. There is no reason not to accept it, so I will definitely accept it.

‘Of course, I’m not sure that he had anything to do with Orel’s death, but...’

I know that the 8th and 10th corps commanders were also cleverly killed in different ways, and the 5th corps commander was no exception.

‘But unlike those two corps commanders, there is a clear cause for Oel’s death.’

Trover.

This means that there is no reason to target the person who ‘directly’ killed Oel and who is not even sure whether he is the culprit or for whom revenge is almost impossible. Even if the situation arose due to Deon Hardt’s instigation, wasn’t

Trover ultimately the one who made the choice and action? He clearly had other options.

Above all, Dernivan is the type of person who only sees one thing. His field of vision was extremely narrow to see and evaluate a person he was not sure was the target of revenge.

‘And... I owe a debt to the Lofty Knights....’

When I rushed to find them for Orel to save a human baby who seemed to be dying, I said that I would definitely repay them if they saved it. And Dernivan has not yet forgotten the answer he received.

‘I asked you to take care of your boss.’

It was an extremely light tone, but that doesn’t mean I’m foolish enough to take it lightly. Their concern for Deonhardt was clearly sincere.

Therefore, Dernivan, who had been keeping an eye on Deonhardt since the 8th and 10th Corps commanders died one after another, gained confidence through this incident and sought him out.

If you grant me just one favor, I will do my best to serve you.

“...First of all...”

Deon, who was silently listening to Dernivan’s words and thinking about something, nodded.

“I understand.”

“Then...”

“Then.”

Understanding and accepting are two different things.

He holds a glass and approaches the other person as if putting pressure on them. He looked into the eyes of the demon, who was silently looking down, and spoke as if testing him.

“How far can you go as long as I grant your wishes?”

“Whatever Master Daeon commands.”

“Even death?”

There was a pause for a moment, as if that wasn't within the scope of assumption.

“I said, ‘Anything.’”

An unwavering answer came back.

“...good.”

There is no lie in the eyes. Deon took a step back as if to give himself some breathing room.

The loyal dog raises its head and looks at me, as if it wants a definite answer. I narrowed my eyes at him and nodded.

“Please take care of me in the future.”

“...!”

“I'll call you if I need you, so go out now.”

I came here to rest in the first place. Sometimes I need time to organize my thoughts.

Before Dernivan could reply, he issued an order to congratulate the guests. Dernivan, who was licking his lips, apologizes and leaves the terrace. As I was walking out of the curtain, I felt someone stop as if I had seen something, but Deon didn't pay any attention to him because he calmly walked away as if he had never seen anything like that before.

It was when Dernivan left the terrace after taking a short break to gather his thoughts that he realized what he had encountered.

"...."

"...Oh."

Ed and Jaykar were right near the entrance to the terrace.

Maybe it was because he left shortly after Dernivan left, but as if he didn't expect him to come out so quickly, he didn't immediately leave the place even after Dernivan came out. He made eye contact with Edgar Deon, who was mesmerized, and turned his head in surprise. Jaykar looked calm.

There was no need to worry about where I heard it from.

'I guess you heard everything important.'

You can tell just by Ed's attitude. I can't tell from Jaykar's attitude alone, but judging by the way Ed was watching him, he must have heard the same thing.

"...Ed why are you here?"

"Uh..."

He couldn't bring himself to answer, just pursed his lips, but then his eyes rolled to the side. Deon found faint worry and guilt in the eyes covered with embarrassment and fear, so instead of asking further questions, he turned his gaze to Jaykar, who had taken a step forward.

He was coming towards me with a face that I couldn't tell what he was thinking about.

As the distance narrows, the tension in the air becomes more tense. Ten steps, five steps, three steps, two steps... A moment when the tension is so high that it wouldn't be surprising if something happened right away.

"...!"

Jaykar passed Deon.

Pretend you didn't see or hear anything and just calmly passed the other person and walked without stopping.

A small voice, like a whisper, remained in the place where he passed by like a reverberation.

"I'll see you again soon."

"...."

And then silence came.

Deon lowers his gaze as if thinking about something, and Ed, who is left alone with Deon, blinks. He also opened his mouth for a moment as if he wanted to say something, but...

"Master Deon."

As Dan approached, he closed his mouth again and took a step back.

A resigned attitude, as if being pushed out is now a given. The red eyes that glanced at him immediately filled with sweetness.

Dan didn't waste time talking about small talk, but presented him with the gift Develania had given him.

"Dvelania asked me to tell you this."

"...Develania?"

Deon laughed when he saw the red hair tie. Unlike laughter that has no meaning, the hand catches it and holds it tightly. When I turned my head and saw Ed, the fidgeting demon felt his eyes on me and straightened his posture.

"It won't be a problem if I go to rest, right?"

"Ah... Yes! This banquet will be held for three days, day and night, so you can go and rest freely and come back."

Actually, it's an unspoken rule to stay up late on the first day... but there was a lot of trouble and the book related to the most recent banquet was quite old.

Ed swallowed the useless information and nodded.

"Really? Then."

Even if it didn't work out, I was planning on going to rest, but it turned out well. Since I vomited blood in the first place, there would have been no one who could have tied me up here today.



Even so, I was tired because so much had happened in one day. After passing Dan, Deon walked past Ed and stopped in the same spot.

I felt curious eyes on my back, but I opened my mouth without turning around. A low voice fell out with a brief message.

“It wasn’t your fault today.”

“...!”

For a moment, Ed’s expression fell.

After Deon Hardt left and his superior went back to his room, Ed, who had nothing more to do, moved to a place where no one was around. Dan’s eyes followed me to the back of my head, but I didn’t even have time to pay attention.

And as soon as he was alone, he collapsed into his seat.

“...I’d rather...”

A despairing voice rang out.

“If you were a really bad person...”

If you were a heartless and vicious person from beginning to end. If that were the case, there would have been no reason to worry so much.

The lowered eyes wandered aimlessly.

“...That’s too much.”

The warmth and consideration thrown at me moment by moment makes me unable to choose either side.

So it was more difficult.

Ed doesn't want to lose Deonhardt and can't imagine the Demon World without the Demon King.

"What do we do."

That's why, even though I heard a really serious story today, I'm left wondering whether I can make a choice or not.

Deon probably noticed that he overheard the conversation. Nevertheless, he passed on without saying a word.

"...."

So Ed couldn't move even more.

\*\*\*

"Hello, Odeon."

Deon's face crumpled mercilessly when he heard an unpleasant voice on the way back to his room.

Develania appeared out of nowhere, blocking the path ahead.

"I thought you went in right away, but it looks like you're going to rest now."

"...."

"For your information, I'm on my way after meeting Myers."

"...why."

Even though I was tired, I didn't want to deal with it right now, so I stayed silent.

Even when I am alone, I can carry on a conversation without any awkwardness. Deon, realizing that it would be difficult to ignore, raised one corner of his mouth.

“Are you trying to lure Myers away?”

“You’re trying to trick me.”

Develania smiled softly.

“I was just comforting a heartbroken Myers.”

“Yeah, if you have a conscience, you shouldn’t mess with Myers.”

Deon didn’t give up either, rolling his eyes and smiling.

“You have to lure a poor lieutenant to his death, and then touch the heartbroken superior.”

Do you think I don’t know that you tricked Dahar?

It was a smile with that kind of meaning.

Develania’s eyes narrowed for a moment at the perfect transfer of responsibility, but soon returned to their original state, pretending like nothing had happened.

“Well, I guess I should say I tricked him into doing this. All I did was list the facts.”

The adjutant moved because there was a good reason. If there wasn’t a good reason, he wouldn’t have moved no matter what I said. In the end, you are the culprit.

That was roughly the meaning of the statement.

Deon's brows narrowed. He opened his mouth as if to retort something.

"Well, than that—"

Develania was quicker to change her stance.

"Did you receive the gift? I asked you to deliver it to Dan."

"...Yes. The color was just like blood."

"I'm glad you like it."

I didn't say I liked it.

But it's too childish to say this out loud. Deon, leaving his inner thoughts to himself, lightly waved his hand to end this irritating conversation.

"Then I'm just tired."

"I was rude. Please come in."

Deonhardt walks away.

Devellania, who was looking at the back, let out a snort and tilted her head to one side. A seemingly sincere murmur followed.

"It's such a waste to look just like that..."

I had a taste for decorating. I can't do it anymore.

That was a bit disappointing.

\*\*\*

Back in the room and alone, Myers thought quietly.

‘Is what Develania said true?’

A conversation with D’Vellania, who came shortly after Deon Hardt disappeared, comes to mind. It was safe to say that it was more of a one-sided transmission of information than a conversation, and that it was an act that added fuel to the fire of suspicion.

[If you think about it, wouldn’t it be possible to say that your lieutenant died ‘because he suspected Deon Hardt’?]

The content itself was nothing new. These are all things Dahar already said at the banquet hall. It’s not like I believe everything De’Vellania says.

but.

‘I have been loyal to the Demon King until now.’

Now dead and absent corps commanders come to mind. The current situation where the position of corps commander is left empty except for the 5th corps commander also comes to mind.

Deon Hardt, who gave orders to the 8th and 10th Corps commanders before their deaths, is now a clear suspect.

Then what about the Demon King?

[The Demon King strangled Dahar when he tried to say something. In the end, he was unable to speak until the end.]

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 292**

292. Because he did not ask about my happiness (2)

Develania said that Dahar was smarter than he thought. Thanks to this, I was able to point out the part I had missed. He praised him for having a capable lieutenant.

He then discussed his suspicions about the Demon King.

[Honestly, which demon would dare to doubt the demon king? That guy is unique. I think the Demon King was probably embarrassed at that time too. Isn't that why he expressed his anger?]

The praise for the adjutant did not fall on deaf ears. Dahar has already left, so what does praising him have to do with it now?

Rather, Myers paid attention to a statement that confirmed my suspicions about the Demon King that I had made through my deputy.

'If Dahar's cries and actions are true, then what Develania said...'

Even if he didn't do anything, the corps commander, whose loyalty to the Demon King was second to none, darkened his eyes.

\*\*\*

Deon Hardt rarely sleeps.

This is a fact known to everyone. And of course, the members of the Lofty Order who are among those 'people who should know'...

"Get out."

"No, Captain! Is that all you say as soon as you see your face?!"

"It's been a while since I saw you!"

"That's too much!"

Deon's room was taken over.

Mad dogs lie down on the floor, saying they are hurt by the harsh words. I opened the door with the intention of taking a break, but Deon's face immediately distorted upon seeing the chaotic situation.

"Why did you come?"

"I heard you took colon poison?"

"I should have kicked that bastard myself!"

Oh, has the news reached there already?

The wild dogs did not miss the moment when Deon, who seemed as if he would chase them away at any moment, paused. Concerned hands poured towards him as if they had been waiting.

"Are you feeling okay?"

“First of all, your complexion doesn’t seem to be bad....”

I fiddled with it.

Why are you fumbling like this when you don’t have the slightest medical knowledge about internal injuries? There’s no way an answer will come out if you open your mouth.

Deon, who had been calm for now because he knew it was an awkward worry, frowned when a hand stretched out his cheek and pulled out his dagger.

“do you want to die?”

“Aaaah! Captain, calm down!”

“You shouldn’t get into the habit of always holding the dagger like that!”

“The name of this dagger is Zheng Shui, you bastards.”

“The name of that damn dagger!”

A hawk is the answer to a mad dog.

There was a commotion for a moment.

“Captain, isn’t this really too much? You’re kicking me out like this!”

“Shut up and get out quickly.”

“Make sure you sleep well....”

Boom! The door was closed. The loud voices stopped and silence came.

‘...It’s finally quieter.’



I can't honestly say that I'm worried.

Despite his playful words, Deon's eyes were full of worry, and he pursed his lips before sighing.

"...So why did you come to see me?"

I turned around.

A small figure floating outside the window comes into view. Deon raised the corners of his mouth, which were difficult to raise due to fatigue.

"Lirinel."

Considering that they came through an unofficial route called the window, it seems that it was not simply because they were worried about the incident at the banquet hall.

Lirinel smiled brightly, as if she was happy that her name was called, whether she was aware of the judging gaze or not. A bright greeting came out.

"Hello, Deon! May I come in?"

"...come in."

As if she had been waiting, she jumps inside. Deon's eyes narrowed as he closed the window that was always open, perhaps out of concern for soundproofing.

If it had been a normal Lyrinel, she would have noticed something in Deon's uncomfortable expression... Unfortunately, she was so distracted by the news I brought her that she didn't pay attention to Deon raising his hand to cover his nose and mouth.

She turned around and smiled brightly, as if she wanted to quickly tell me the good news.

“As you said, we caught the human from Rweche!”

...I finally did it.

That’s why I came through the window. Because this was a ‘secret’ mission.

Since it came so quickly, it must have moved as soon as it heard the command. Between the Demon King and Deon Hart, he chose Deon Hart without hesitation.

I’m really glad I’m covering my lower abdomen with my hand. Thanks to that, I was able to avoid being noticed for the momentary expression on my face.

I’ve recovered my broken expression, but I can’t breathe. Deon, conscious of Lirinel’s puzzled gaze, took a breath, lowered his hands, and smiled.

“...It’s fast.”

“Yes! It seemed like he was a general. I heard he was a white general?”

It’s an awkward name. Rweche’s troop system is definitely different from the Empire.

Still, I’ve seen it in books. A white man... was in charge of handling a hundred soldiers. The position names were explicit, so there was nothing to understand or memorize.

He’s a general who handles a hundred soldiers....

‘How on earth did you catch him?’

It's not like the war is in full swing, so those guys probably don't go out much.

An absurd gaze turned to Lirinel. Lirinel straightened her shoulders, seemingly unable to understand the meaning of the gaze.

...Okay, I can definitely feel confident about this.

"great job."

Although it is breathtaking, it cannot be denied that it is a useful card that surpasses Dernivan.

I would have felt at ease if there had been something he wanted from me like Dernivan. I looked at her with an indescribable expression of joy at just a greeting, then looked down and covered my nose and mouth again.

"...And there's something more I'd like to ask you."

"Just say the word!"

"Use that guy to find out the size of the heroes on the Rweche side."

Tuk. Tuk. Tuk.

The other hand, not covering the lower part, taps the thigh. Deon, who remembered the magic tool created out of personal desire, raised his head and looked at the developer.

"Last time I went on a mission to the human world, you had the one-way screen transmission box you brought with you under the pretext of seeing me off, right?"

A useful magic tool that I made to satisfy my own personal desires as well as to fulfill the request of the 7th Legion Commander who was whining about not being able to see Deon Hardt's face.

It was a useful tool that contained two magics that allowed only the opponent's face to appear towards me, while also having the ability to record video. I clearly remember that it was the greatest waste of talent ever since they only used it to save it by looking at my face.

Lirinel shrugged her shoulders as if she hadn't forgotten.

"Yes...yes! Why is that...?"

"If you use that, you will be able to find out more about the details of the situation inside Rweche. You can't just trust what the white leader says, right?"

Regardless of whether they torture or do anything else, they are ultimately enemies and unless it is difficult to confirm the facts, there is a high possibility that they will lie. In that case, it would be better to attach a magic tool to his body, send him in, and check it out in person.

Lirinel exclaims as if she has roughly figured out the plan. It's nice that I don't have to explain every detail. Deon grinned.

"You will take care of blocking the possibility of him calling for help from inside, removing the magic tool from his body, and escaping, right?"

"Of course! Right now...!"

"for a moment."

Stop moving.

What's so urgent? I'm not even done talking yet... I think I've been in this situation before.

Lirinel also avoids gaze and rolls her eyes as if she is being stabbed. Deon pressed his eyebrows and spoke quickly before the impatient demon tried to disappear again.

"If you can afford it, try finding out who Jin is in the castle."

Last time, when there was a battle in the castle of the State of Shan, there were a small number of troops wandering around the castle, but the camp did not break until the end. It seems that it is hidden in a fairly strong place, and the main axis of the camp, which is obviously one of the kingdom's most secrets, is known to the Baekunjang. It would be close to impossible to pay.

There's no harm in trying it when you can afford it.

"...If you find one, destroy it or disturb it."

"Do we have to do it in secret this time too?"

"okay."

"I understand! ...but."

Lirinel, who seemed to be about to run away at any moment, stops and looks back at Deon. Concerned eyes scanned Deon, and then a cautious voice filled the room.

"Is your body okay?"

"...okay."

Everyone keeps asking about my physical condition, but I wonder if it makes sense to be worried about the warrior in the first place. Most things heal on the spot.

In response to the hesitant response, Lirinel quickly walked away, saying she was sorry. But before she could step through the window, Deon's voice caught her.

"Now that I think about it, for a while."

"...yes?"

"Before you go, I just want you to check what kind of magical treatment has been done here."

Although it seems unlikely.

He took out the hair tie that Develania had given him from his pocket and held it out. Lirinel, who accepted it, looked at Deon's hair and string in turn, and then examined it with shining eyes.

The answer came quickly.

"There's nothing! I think you can use it."

"okay?"

Then it seems that this is just Develania's last gift, a greeting of the end, and a provocation.

"Shall I tie you up?"

"It's okay. Go out."

"Yes..."

A limp Lyrinel climbed over the window.

\*\*\*

It seems that Deon Hart has lost his affection for me. Dan, who was ignored by Deon Hardt again today, thought.

‘Then... wouldn’t it be okay to make a bold move?’

Even without that, I could tell from the atmosphere I felt from Deon that it wasn’t long before he reached his goal. ‘Dan’ will no longer be needed in future plans.

Therefore, I would like to take this opportunity to think about it.

‘I’ve already achieved my goal.’

Dan saw how Deonhardt had become a disaster and wreaked havoc on the human world. So, we should be of help to him so that the calculations can be made clearer.

I remembered the two corps commanders growling even in the banquet hall.

‘...Even so, if the relationship between the 3rd and 4th corps commanders, who are not on good terms, reaches its peak and something happens.’

Deon Hardt will help you achieve your goal.

I know that it is a dangerous adventure that no one has taken on. If it were my usual self, I wouldn’t have done it.

But now.

\*\*\*

From the second day onwards, it is the second hunting competition period that also serves as a banquet, so you

can hunt freely until the result count date, and there is no set hunting time.

What has been determined is the monster hunting area for each corps?

Perhaps because of the severe waste of magical power, the Demon King gave each legion a map with a specific location roughly circled, rather than using the magic stone used on the first day to recognize it. The problem is that because it was literally marked 'roughly', the boundary was not clear, so there were frequent cases of corps encountering and clashing with each other.

So, fearing that credit would go to the wrong corps when counting later, the corps commanders negotiated and made an additional rule to engrave the number of each corps on the monster they hunted. The members of the 1st Corps cried out that they had to not only go crazy hunting but also have to do the labor of carving out numbers one by one, but no one listened.

And now.

"...The number 3 was engraved on a monster hunted in our area?"

"Yes. It wasn't a location with ambiguous boundaries."

"I don't understand..."

Idelia frowned.

It's not because I'm angry at the 3rd Corps. She knew Ashild's personality well enough to be blindly angry.



“On the first day, we tried to take away their prey, but that was done right in front of their eyes. To get revenge, they would have hunted monsters right in front of our eyes.”

Before that, Ashild is not the type of person to invade other people's territory and steal their prey.

As I fought with Ashild often, I know his personality well, so I can be confident. Idelia tapped her chin with a folded fan.

“This... needs to be investigated.”

“Investigation?”

“Yes. This was not what Ashild intended or ordered. Some unscrupulous member of the 3rd Corps did it on his own...”

...It must have been the work of someone who wanted to cause a rift between us.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 293**

293. Because they did not ask about my happiness (3),  
it was easy to catch the culprit.

\*\*\*

On the second day, Deon didn't come out of his room. He probably wants to rest because he had a lot of work the day before.

'Or maybe he expected uncomfortable stares and avoided them.'

The Demon King quietly looked at the Demons who were conscious of Deonhardt's empty seat. If Deon entered this place, he would probably have to receive a lot of attention.

'Of course, I always received attention from demons... but this is different now.'

Seeing this makes me feel glad I got some rest.

Even if that wasn't the case, if I came out here with the aftermath of yesterday clearly still remaining, I would have been subject to uncomfortable stares. Even just now, isn't there a subtle sense of tension throughout the banquet hall?

‘I can’t believe I ended up becoming more nervous at a banquet that was meant to be relaxing.’

What is this when we are almost there? The Demon King let out a laugh.

‘What should I do about this, Deon? ‘Is it going to be difficult to be active in the future?’

In order to proceed smoothly in the future, we must erase some of the doubts about Deon Hardt. I wonder how Deon will get through this, but...

‘Well... I’m slowly running out of patience too. ‘It’s also frustrating to live without magical power.’

If possible, the Demon King was thinking of adding a little help this time as well.

Of course, even the ‘Devil King’ is under suspicion. If you go out and cover it carelessly, you will face backlash.

So, I think about ways to help him from a passive position.

The premise underlying the idea was realistic and not greedy.

‘It’s honestly impossible to completely eliminate suspicion about Deon.’

Because demons are not stupid. However, it may be possible to make it stop at only a slight suspicion.

So now I have to find a way...

“...What?”

The Demon King asked back as if he was taken aback by the situation he suddenly encountered at the place where the 3rd Corps Commander Ashild had called him and moved to his place.

“This guy dared to try to cause trouble.”

“I tried to cause discord between the corps. I hunted monsters at will in the territory of the 3rd corps and carved the number 4 in the territory of the 4th corps.”

“...under.”

As if assessing the situation, the gaze that had been going back and forth between Ashild and Idelia lowered slightly to focus on the messed up human.

The human brought in by Deon Hardt himself – Dan – was quietly lowering his head, as if he had left his master wandering around alone.

“You did something funny.”

The disaster occurred due to a slight misunderstanding between the two corps commanders.

The relationship between the 3rd and 4th corps commanders is not necessarily the worst. If I were to put it in easy-to-understand terms, it would be closer to a ‘slightly heated bickering’. It wasn’t that there was any major incident that caused us to fall out, it just happened naturally because our personalities didn’t match.

I don’t know what made him move so hastily, but this time he was uncharacteristically impatient.

‘Usually he had a calm demeanor and got along well with the corps commanders.’

While keeping the lead just barely.

Well, anyway, thanks to that, I came up with a way to lessen suspicion towards Deonhardt. The inside of the station glowed secretly with an ominous energy.

“This guy is Deon’s subordinate. Shouldn’t we call Deon?”

“...okay.”

The suspicion in the eyes of the two corps commanders can be seen growing. The Demon King nodded without hesitation. His hand went up and touched his temple, as if he was tired.

“I’m going to interrogate this guy in the basement, and you two go and get Deon.”

“All right.”

Ashild, who was tilting his head as to why they were ordering it from us and not the employees, soon lowered his head as if he understood.

I guess they were convinced by giving reasons such as ‘because he was a hero’ or ‘because he was the general commander’. I turned my head and looked at Idelia. She hesitated as if reluctantly, but when our eyes met, she rolled her eyes and lowered her head as well.

“then.”

The two corps commanders disappeared and the Demon King called a servant.

The demons who came inside are shocked when they see Dan's condition. Either way, the Demon King pointed at Dan with his chin and gave an order.

"Take it and follow me."

"yes yes."

The servant trembles pitifully and carries the platform. His trembling grew even stronger when he realized that the direction the Demon King was going was underground, but he did not manage to drop the platform.

'If you drop, you die... If you drop, you die...'

The servant, who had been carefully walking up the stairs step by step while reciting a spell that no one knew, raised his head when he realized that he had already arrived in the basement. The Demon King, who had gone about ten steps ahead, was looking back at him.

"Just put it somewhere."

"yes."

The worker did as instructed and faithfully placed the human in an empty spot. When I looked at the demon king with the meaning of what should I do now, the long-awaited command came back.

"Go back now."

"yes!"

Lived!

The user quickly disappears upwards. The Demon King, who had been looking at the back as if he was taken aback by

his honest attitude from beginning to end, looked down at Dan again. A complicated gaze met Dan.

‘...How should I get rid of this?’

The timing of what he did was good.

Because something happened the day before and this happened the very next day. With this one person, a way to allay doubts has been opened. In the first place, suspicions and rumors should be caught at the beginning, and this turned out to be very successful.

However, I wonder if this guy will be able to understand being told to die... I looked at him quietly and slowly opened my mouth.

“You...”

“I’ll carry everything with you.”

“....”

As if he knew what the Demon King was going to say, Dan struck first. For a moment, the Demon King’s expression became disturbed.

Dan grinned proudly.

“From the beginning, if something happened like this, I was planning to take it all on my own.”

From the beginning, it was a plan that had a high chance of being discovered. There’s no way they didn’t even take into account the number of cases in which they were caught.

“‘Deon Hardt’ will become a person who arouses suspicion simply because he has the wrong subordinates.”

“....”

From the Demon King's silent attitude, Dan became convinced that what I intercepted was what the Demon King was trying to say. If it wasn't for this, I would have said something else.

‘I wonder who is the devil.’

As the situation becomes like this, I immediately start thinking about taking advantage of my life. It's a shame that I thought the same thing in advance and made a move, otherwise I would have felt quite a bit of resistance.

He continued speaking with a confident smile.

“Of course, there will be doubts about Deon Hardt's insight in having me by his side...” “

...that can be alleviated to some extent by his recent attitude of distancing himself from you.”

“you're right.”

“Ha...”

This guy was quite insane. ...Well, there's no way a person could be sane enough to live well in the demon world. The Demon King let out a sigh-like laugh.

‘But I guess it's okay because I can take a breather with this.’

That's good.

However, it seems that Dan was mistaken about one thing... but the Demon King chose to keep his mouth shut. Because it is more profitable this way.



I just thought to myself.

Although Dan knows how to use a few tricks, he is immature when it comes to 'relationships between people'.

'This guy probably acted because he thought Deonhardt didn't care about him.'

That's probably not it.

The Demon King made a mistake in calculating the relationship between the 3rd and 4th corps commanders and gained confidence from Dan's current attitude.

'Well, thanks to you, things are going smoothly, so it's okay.'

I feel sorry for Deon and this human, but there is nothing we can do.

The Demon King's face was relaxed, without any sign of guilt or regret. Dan, who saw this with an expression that seemed to have taken a breather, opened his mouth. 'but'.

"Could you please call the 9th Corps commander? I have something I must say before I die."

"...That's shameless."

A criminal who dared to cause discord between legions.

"But you will listen, right?"

"That's right."

The Demon King grinned, as if asking when he had lowered his voice.

It's not a difficult request, and it's better to grant it than to refuse it for no reason and have it turn into a bomb that doesn't know where to go.

Dan also seemed to have expected this and had a calm demeanor.

'I wonder if the Demon King abandons Deonhardt.'

Unless that's the case, I have no choice but to listen.

The Demon King opens his mouth as if to give a definitive answer, then glances at the stairs and nods instead of speaking. Next, Deon appeared.

He seemed to have heard the explanation as he arrived, accompanied by Ashild and Idelia, and looked quite angry.

'ah.'

And Dan had a hunch.

'I guess I'll get hit.'

\*\*\*

I tried to relax in my room today, but the corps commanders came to visit.

With his eyes growing more suspicious than the day before, he takes the lead, saying that the Demon King is calling him... What on earth is going on? At first glance, I was puzzled by the wariness in their eyes, but then Idelia started explaining the situation as if she was thinking about it. It was just an explanation to raise suspicions and check reactions, but it was enough to understand the context.

And Deon was furious.

“You move on your own...”

You’re good at doing things you’re not told to do.

A growling voice came out through my teeth. Idelia, who had been quietly observing the reaction, was startled, and Ashild, who had been leading the way, glanced back. Either way, Deon noticed the direction they were going and increased his walking speed and headed underground.

The two corps commanders, who had stopped at the sinister energy that could be felt even from behind, looked at each other and hurried after them.

So now.

The Demon King, who had checked Deon’s condition, who seemed to be completely emotional and unable to see anything, stopped after checking the corps commanders who were following him.

‘Looking at it, it looks like it’s going to be an accident... Should I buy it all now?’

If you make a mistake like this, you will be in big trouble.

When he quickly motioned for the corps commanders to leave, Deon moved first.

Wow!

“...!”

Dan’s head turned.

The corps commanders’ eyes widen as if they had not expected him to act like this, and the Demon King, having

confirmed that his worries were useless, lets out an exasperated laugh.

Either way, Deon, who suddenly slapped Dan on the cheek, didn't care about the reactions of those around him and just glared at Dan, spitting out words.

"You crazy bastard."

"...."

Dan wordlessly spat out the blood that had accumulated in his mouth.

There was a bloody atmosphere.

Ashild, who was frozen and just rolling his eyes, glanced at Idelia. She had a different look in her eyes as if she felt the same thing as me.

'...This is definitely sincere.'

The two corps commanders were confident. The voice that came out softly, filled with chills, clearly contained sincerity.

The boundaries disappeared from both of their eyes.

Without missing the opportunity, the Demon King sends a signal to leave. They had confirmed everything, but they had no hesitation and immediately turned their backs.

The last thing Idelia saw as she glanced back while going up the stairs was Deon Hart raising his hand again.

"..."

Dan looked at Deon, who had raised his hand again.

This happened because I was moving for him, but even though my mouth was burst and my cheek was swollen after being hit by the person in question, I couldn't bear to blame him.

Because I saw his eyes. Deonhardt was truly angry.

...I was so sad and angry.

'I'm afraid of losing myself.'

Despair at reading about a situation where sadness could not be saved sublimated into anger.

It was a miscalculation. I wouldn't have guessed that Deonhardt was still attached to Dan, who was no longer of much use to him.

As I just look at it, my raised hand begins to tremble, and then I clench my fist and drop it. A broken voice was heard.

"...Why did you do that?"

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 294**

294. Because you do not ask about my happiness (4), my red eyes shake as if they will break. Dan, who had opened his mouth unconsciously at the seemingly dangerous appearance, stopped when he glanced at the demon king. For a moment, a voice that was no different from usual came out calmly.

"I guess I got impatient without realizing it."

...Or maybe I just gave up.

A sigh-like self-talk followed. It was almost a half-joke directed at Dan himself, but Deon, who heard it with his excellent hearing, froze as if he had been stabbed by a knife. The face of the young man, who knew very well that he was the cause, was turning white.

"You..."

My needlessly astute brain digs into the cause and infers it. The answers that were gathered in a hurry were all terrible.

Because Deonhardt rejected Dan, Dan reflected on his usefulness. So he must have gone to extreme lengths to show his usefulness.

Maybe he really gave up 'everything' and assumed this situation from the beginning.

"...."

I want to say something, but no words come out. The mouth, which opened and closed several times without sound, soon let out a strangled moan.

"...I can't save you."

"I know."

"You're going to die."

"i know."

Due to the situation, we can't get him out.

What happened the day before raised suspicions, so what would happen if we protect the guy who caused discord among the corps? Dan must die.

So Deon couldn't suppress his overflowing emotions and buried his face in his hands. A dangerously trembling voice scattered throughout the space.

"Why on earth did you do that?..."

Why did you act on your own without even telling me?...

I hate you. I hate you so much that I'm going crazy. I said I didn't like it from start to finish, but I really hate it until the very end.

Under the hand covering his eyes, his red eyes sank with a light of self-loathing.

“....”

The Demon King, who had been observing Deon's sinking mood, quietly walked away. He made eye contact with Dan, but instead of stopping, he tapped his head with his index finger, pointed at Deon with his thumb, and narrowed his eyes. Dan realized what he meant and nodded slightly.

‘Take care of Deonhardt's mind.’

I was planning on doing that anyway.

If he breaks down here, wouldn't my efforts to embrace him all become meaningless?

The black shadow left the underground without a sound, and Dan turned his eyes to see Deon again from where the Demon King had left. He still stood motionless with his face buried in his hands.

In order not to provoke the other person, I called him in a whisper as slowly as possible. master.

“Are you calm now?”

“...okay.”

Deon looked up. His dry face was facing the platform directly, and a venomous voice fell through clenched teeth, as if telling him not to clumsily reach out as he had no intention of leaning on it, or as if he had sensed something.

“You're such a fucking bastard.”

“oh.”

After I calmed down to some extent, my head started to turn. And Deon was sure.



“You were expecting this situation from the beginning, right?”

“....”

“There’s no way you didn’t think of the possibility of failure. It makes even less sense that you didn’t know it was a reckless plan.”

He probably acted simply because he had nothing to lose if he failed.

“You’re trying to take everything with you now.”

Because my situation is not good right now. If he dies, taking my sins with him, the doubts against me will fade to some extent.

From Dan’s point of view, if the plan succeeds, it will be beneficial as it will cause a rift between the two corps commanders, and if it fails, it will be beneficial as he will be able to pull Deonhardt out of the swamp of suspicion.

“Fuck you bastard.”

In the end, as expected, he even considered his own life as a means to an end. And that too for me.

Blood is flowing. A black shadow came up from beneath his feet, coiled around his body like a snake and strangled him, but Deon steadfastly glared at Dan. I didn’t want to break down here.

Even though Dan’s eyes were so ferocious that it made him cringe, he didn’t care and just smiled. A playful voice came out slyly, as if breaking up the unpleasant atmosphere.

“There’s no way I’m betting on a game I lose.”

“pup.”

“You have a foul mouth.”

It was a plan with no ‘failure’ from the beginning. Dan was satisfied.

Deon growled softly, as if he was extremely dissatisfied with that.

“Show me what a real foul mouth is?”

“...Well, one thing was a miscalculation.”

It’s even more annoying to see the way they talk. However, Deon could not be irritated by Dan’s next words and froze.

“I thought that the Master had lost 50,000 won to me. I thought that even if I died, it would not cause much damage to the Master. But...”

Dan looked at Deon, who had not completely recovered from his agitation yet. It’s as if he wants you to see this.

“Looking at this now, I don’t think so.”

“ .... ”

“Master. I’m telling you this in case you’re mistaken.”

Unwavering eyes look straight into the red pupils. Likewise, a firm, unwavering voice continued clearly.

“I was driven by extremely personal greed. The Master’s feelings became a victim of that.”

I am not Cruel Hart.

I'm too selfish to paint a picture of myself sacrificing purely for you. I was simply driven by a very personal desire to complete you as a disaster.

It was something I wouldn't have done if I had placed the person like you above all else.

"It is difficult to compare my selfishness with the noble sacrifice of someone who truly served you."

Even though it soaked into a man named Deon Hart like clothes getting wet in a light rain. Even though at some point he began to perceive Deonhardt as a 'person' rather than a 'disaster', in the end Dan still put his own desires above all else.

Isn't he truly a disgusting human being?

'In the beginning, I cried out that I didn't like you and only saw it as a 'disaster', but it's funny to even think about it now.'

If this was going to happen, I shouldn't have said that.

My mind, which went astray, recalls a conversation I had in the past. Was it time to use a secret passage to open the gate belonging to Hart?

[I hate Master.]

[I feel quite resentful and a little bit hateful.]

In fact, contrary to what I said back then, I already saw you as a person.

'The word 'disaster' had already become chewing gum that had lost its sweetness.'

Nevertheless, the reason why he said such a thing must have been a remark made out of inertia, as if he was habitually moving his jaw even though the gum had lost its sweetness.

If his remarks at the time had been sincere, he wouldn't have been able to prank Deon Hardt so casually afterwards. Rather, I would have thought back on my feelings, pondered them, and distanced myself appropriately. However, shortly after that conversation, she played a prank on him as he tried to go out of the secret passage. The conversation, which could never be called light, was easily forgotten.

'Well, it's just hypocrisy and disgusting rationalization now.'

I lightly shrugged my shoulders and looked at Deonhardt.

"So breathe."

"...gibberish."

Only then did Deon seem to be able to breathe a little and let out a brusque voice.

"If you don't want to die twice, don't come to me and ask why I didn't cry."

Dan laughs as if he heard something nonsense. But Deon was sincere.

I may be angry, but I won't cry. You won't feel guilty. No one like you can hurt me. The bright red eyes sparkled with blood.

“No matter.”

“...Damn you bastard.”

“You swear in a variety of ways.”

Deon, who was in tears, was about to speak when he heard footsteps.

The sound of shoe heels intentionally making loud sounds as if to announce that one is going down. Deon and Dan immediately fell silent.

Next, the Demon King appeared. He was accompanied by the commander of the 9th Corps behind him.

“Did the conversation end well?”

“....”

Is there any way it could have ended well in this situation?

Deon opens his mouth in annoyance, but stops when he sees Trover next to him. After a brief silence that wasn't awkward, he glared at the Demon King once and then turned around.

“I'm going to rest. You can kill that bastard or let him live, whatever you want.”

“Does this mean you won't get involved?”

“Yes. It left my hand.”

It was a firm answer, as if he had completely cut off ties.

Dan laughs silently at that. The Demon King looked back and forth with narrowed eyes at Deon, who was leaving

without any hesitation, and Dan, who was just starting to giggle, and then he smiled. Small words to myself were scattered in the air like a whisper.

“Deon, you are truly loved.”

If this is luck, is it luck? I feel envious of everyone who sees me.

“Yes? What did you say? I didn’t hear you clearly.”

“It’s nothing. Dan here said he wanted to see you.”

“?”

The questioning eyes turn to Dan as if telling him to speak quickly. Instead of answering right away, Dan glanced at the Demon King. The Demon King, realizing the meaning of that gaze, burst into laughter.

“How shameless.”

“....”

“I’ll just leave, so you two can have a good conversation. Dan is a criminal, so after the conversation, Trover, leave him locked up somewhere.”

“All right.”

The Demon King waves his hand and goes up. Trover looked at Dan as soon as he disappeared, but Dan did not open his mouth right away.

Trover, who couldn’t wait, dismissed Trover’s urgings as noise and silently calculated the distance to come down and the walking speed of the Demon King, and only opened his

mouth when he thought he was completely far away to the point where no sound could be heard.

“Oh, I’m sorry. It took me a while to gather my thoughts. It was because I wanted to claim compensation for the bet I made, so I called Trover at the risk of being rude. I wanted to come see you in person, but the situation was difficult.”

“Well, I understand why you called me here...”

Sowon-gwon promised to listen using magic.

...Damn it. If you hadn’t come here, you wouldn’t have needed to listen. Trover, who knew about Dan’s news through rumors that had already spread throughout the Demon Castle, immediately frowned.

“What do you want? If you ask me to take it out...”

“Please be on Deonhardt’s side.”

“ .... ”

It was an unexpected answer.

Trover froze for a moment as if trying to understand the situation, then asked back with a confused look.

“What, is that really okay? It’s not like I’m asking you to save me or take me out?”

“Why would I ask for such a favor unless I was planning to make a friend of mine who would be caught again and die even if I ran away through Trover? To me, the meaningless life of a fugitive is worse than death.”

“...good!”

It was a less important request than I thought!

It seems that Deon was worried about me dying and being left alone. I always act like I don't think I'm going to do that, but I'm naive. A pleasant laugh leaked out.

'If it were me, I would have asked for more.'

Anyway, this is beneficial.

In case he changed his mind, Trover quickly accepted it as a 'right to wish' and nailed it.

"I will make sure to be on Deon's side!"

The contract in my head responded. Dan grinned, feeling that this was not just an empty remark but that he had really put his stamp on the contract.

"I feel reassured. Thank you for accepting me willingly."

It was a laugh like seeing an opponent who drew a joker card in a game of catching a thief.



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 295**

295. Because they did not ask about my happiness (5),

the news about Dan spread quickly. Even Trover, who was called down not long after the incident occurred, knew about it, so what must Ririnel have been like?

“Why did he do that?”

She widened her eyes in bewilderment at the unexpected news that came to her while she was busy doing her work. It is true that he has feelings for Dan, but his feelings for Deonhardt are not the same, so doubt, displeasure, and a slight anger flash through his eyes.

Even if you do something, you have to watch the timing. Does that mean he didn't even think about Deon's feelings?

“Because of the situation, we probably won't be able to get it out.”

Dan will definitely die.

Lirinel wasn't worried about Dan. She was rather worried about Deon.

However, even if he dies, he will die alone. Why are you trying to kill Deon's image and heart?

“...Deon must be very heartbroken.”

The shock will be even greater because you were relying on that guy a lot, pretending not to be the case. I have to go quickly and comfort her.

...Just finish what you were doing before.

I focused my gaze again on the human in front of me. Without paying the slightest attention to the pale face of the guy, who looked like he was about to collapse at any moment, I poked his stomach with a tentacle as if warning him.

“This thing mounted on your ship is a bomb. It also has the function of conveying your situation to me.”

“...!”

“If you uselessly try to remove it or ask for help from those around you, it will explode. Not only will you die, but probably everyone around you will be swept away as well. So it’s better not to think nonsense.”

The human general of Rweche who was captured by Deon’s command quickly nods his head with a pale face. If you let him into Rweche in this condition, he would be caught because of his expression even if he didn’t intend to, so Lirinel threw him a carrot and added, ‘If you do as I’m told, I’ll let you go.’

Hope appeared on the guy’s face.

“Now, let’s check again. What do we need to do when we go in?”

“... Ask someone who knows about the size of the heroes. If you can, go to the place where the heroes are gathered. And walk around the castle as a whole.”

“That’s right. When you’re talking to someone, it’s best not to roll your eyes carelessly or make any movements with your hands that could be misunderstood. If I feel suspicious, I’ll blow it up right away.”

There was no answer, but I could see his hands shaking slightly, as if the warning had worked. She snapped her fingers in satisfaction.

“Now, I’ll send you right near the castle. I’d like to send you in front of or inside the castle gate, but as you know, that’s impossible.”

“....”

“Then please take care of me!”

Pot!

The guy disappeared, and a screen from his point of view appeared in the air. Lirinél waved her hand once more and displayed a screen next to it showing the guy from a third party’s perspective. It was quite a tricky magic, but I didn’t make any mistakes because I studied and practiced it in advance.

Thanks to this, the magic power was lost in vain, but for Deon, this is enough.

‘I used magic to send it as close as possible, but it will take some time to walk to the castle and enter the interior.’

Now then... Now

that Ririnel had some free time, she looked back at the other human she had captured. No, in this case, should I say 'brought'?

The human shaman who was looking in this direction made eye contact as if he had been waiting. He didn't seem to be bothered by the narrowed eyes that seemed suspicious.

"Uh... I brought her here because she cooperated..."

Lirinel scratched her head.

"Are you serious about that?"

"yes."

"It's nice here because it's comfortable, but..."

Why?

This is collaborating with the demons. If interpreted differently, it can be seen as going beyond destroying Rweche and contributing to the attack on the human world.

A doubt that could not be hidden was clearly visible on his face. The shaman Ran, who appeared in front of her while she was looking for a shaman to find the main axis of 'Jin', smiled.

"A shaman is a being who monitors the world."

Witchcraft itself involves offering sacrifices and bending certain rules with permission from the world, and fortune-telling and reading heavenly records can be said to be another way of observing the flow and intentions of the world.

As an excellent shaman, she knew that the world's attention was focused on Deon Hardt and that achieving Deon Hardt's goal would also achieve the world's goal.

"It may be difficult to help 'the demons', but it is possible to help 'Deonhardt'."

That is why, paying attention to Deon Hardt, he continued to tell fortunes and considered the right time, and now he has come forward.

If I hadn't stepped forward, another shaman would have gotten caught and died.

"What do you want?"

"It is enough for you not to kill me, directly or indirectly. Didn't you originally plan to kill me when you were done with your usefulness?"

Lirinel closed her mouth as if she had hit the nail on the head. Despite his tense and somewhat menacing eyes, Ran continued speaking calmly.

"Someday, we may need another shaman. Even if we search the human world again, it will be difficult to find a shaman better than me."

"...If I call you again later, you will cooperate?"

"Yes. This time, I volunteered to go out, so is there any reason to avoid it the second time? So, all you have to do is send me off safely as soon as I achieve my goal."

"Hmm."

Lirinel was lost in thought for a moment.

Even if you pass over the issue of skill as it has not been confirmed, the fact that they will cooperate again when called upon later when needed is a significant advantage. Finding the shaman itself is a task, and even if you find one, there is no guarantee that he will do what you want. It would be nice if they didn't show any hostility.

The determined shaman's attacks were quite different from the hero's and were quite difficult, so she quickly nodded.

"Good. Please take care of me."

Then he pointed his finger at the screen. As if they had finally arrived at the castle, Lirinel spoke as she watched the human general stepping into the castle.

"What you have to do this time is find Jin's main force in that castle."

"It will take quite some time."

"I told you to wander around the castle as much as possible, so even if it takes some time, you will have a high chance of finding it."

"Yes, I will pay close attention."

Lirinel added the word 'this time', but Ran, who knew that Deonhardt would never find a shaman after this incident, brushed aside the meaningless word and focused on the task at hand.

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And as time passed, the Demon King called the corps commanders to dispose of Dan.

It's fortunate that he didn't do something like Dahar in front of everyone. Lirinel, who immediately returned to the Demon King's Castle after placing a spell that would send a signal when she leaves the area designated by the shaman to prepare for any unexpected situation, thought as she crossed the hallway.

'It is fortunate that the 3rd and 4th corps commanders did not expose the captured Dan's crimes in front of everyone.'

If either of those two assumptions had happened, Dan's disposition would have been decided in front of everyone like Dahar.

If the two corps commanders had bad intentions or didn't care about the back and forth, they could have dragged the guy into the banquet hall and stood in front of the Demon King. However, they chose to quietly summon the devil.

It was indeed fortunate for Ririnel, who was worried about Deonhardt.

'It's better to cover your eyes and say goodbye, but it's better to face as few negative gazes as possible.'

Compared to the banquet hall that is open and seen by many people, this place where only the demon king and army commanders gather is much better. Lirinel opened the door and went inside.

He was out of the Demon King's Castle, so even though he said he would come as soon as possible, it seems he was a little late. The other corps commanders were already seated.

Idelia expressed her doubts, as if it was somewhat surprising that she, who usually went early, was late.

“Lirinel? I’m a bit surprised you’re late.”

“I was doing some personal business. I was a bit far away.”

“Personal business?”

“Yes. I heard that Dan’s disposition will be decided today...”  
He

slowly changed his voice and looked around the inside of the conference room.

“...Can’t you see Dan?”

“I guess I’ll bring him when we start.”

Idelia’s mood seemed to calm down when she thought of Dan, and she frowned and turned her head.

I’m a little sorry, but I’m glad I got out of this awkward topic.  
Lirinel also sat down with her mouth shut.

And then the Demon King and Deonhart came in.

As if cumbersome procedures were skipped, the Demon King and the Hero immediately opened the door and entered. A demon soldier followed right behind, dragging a platform.

The guy who threw the bundle in the center bows his head and leaves. The door closed and the Demon King sat down and looked around.

“It looks like no one is missing.”

Only then did the gaze that had been going back and forth between Deonhardt and Dan turn to the Demon King.



“First of all, I would like to express my regret for having to waste your important rest time like this. Resting is also work, so everyone must have abandoned what they were doing and came here. I will finish it as quickly as possible.”

Next, a sentence with the unnecessary introduction omitted suddenly appeared.

“Dan’s disposition has been decided.”

He smiled and looked at Dan.

Maybe he was hit very well by Deon at that time, but his chapped lips that haven’t healed and his swollen, purple cheeks are still visible. It looked like it was painful, but the Demon King couldn’t pay attention to it. As if he didn’t care, his rather firm eyes were attracting attention, showing off a stronger presence.

The Demon King spoke clearly without averting his eyes.

“Do you remember what Dahar shouted?”

This is quite a sensitive topic.

The corps commanders glanced at Deon. I feel anxious because I can’t read his intentions because of his completely hidden expression, but that doesn’t mean I have no choice but to answer the devil’s words. After a close silence, someone hesitantly opened his mouth.

“...Are you referring to the statement that the corps commanders involved with Master Deon have died?”

“Yes. To be honest, it’s a little bit difficult not to be suspicious, right? The most important thing for a general commander is trust, but we can’t just ignore it. So, I

interrogated this guy who has been helping Deon right by his side. As a result, the person whom Deon was suspected of “It turned out that this guy did it all.”

“...!”

“All this time, you have been cleverly taking advantage of the situation by Deon’s side.”

After confusion and shock, anger appeared on the faces of the corps commanders.

“How could you do such a shameless thing!”

“In other words, it means you were framed by Deon!?”

“It doesn’t make sense that you deceived us.”

“That’s a killer!”

Develania narrows her eyes and Idelia looks at Deon and Dan with an uncomfortable look, but in this situation, you can’t make remarks that will casually upset the mood. Because public opinion has already tilted.

A few people raise their voices, but the majority agrees, saying sharp words one by one. Belitan, the loud-voiced demon 6th corps commander, stood up and slammed the desk.

“You must kill him!”

“This is an incident where a mere human played a trick on the corps commander! A light punishment cannot be accepted!”

7th Corps Commander Silua also shouted. He had abandoned the strange tone of voice that did not even seem

angry.

“Kill him as painfully as possible...!”

“stop.”

Pop.

Silence has come. Those who became aware of Deon belatedly sat down with blood-chilled faces.

The Demon King, who was quietly watching them, gently raised the corners of his mouth.

“Killing is natural.”

“ .... ”

“I think the method of killing should be decided by the victims, the 3rd and 4th corps commanders.”

The gaze of the corps commanders, whose heads had cooled, turned to Deon again.

I know it's a knee-jerk reaction, but it's quite unpleasant. Deon, who frowned slightly, pretended not to care and turned the cube with one hand, resting his chin without even looking at Dan. Contrary to his indifferent attitude, a nervous noise rang out as if it reflected his discomfort.

Seeing this, 3rd Corps Commander Ashild cautiously opened his mouth.

“...It would be easier to just kill him with a single knife...”

“How about cutting off his tongue and killing him?”

Even though Idelia interrupted the conversation for a moment.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 296**

296. Because you don't ask about my happiness (6)

"Idelia!"

Ashild was horrified and called out to her. Idelia shrugged her shoulders calmly, as if she didn't care.

"Why? Even so, I didn't like the way you strutted around here with your tongue swinging three inches, but it was good, right? For a human being with no ability."

"I guess it's because I lost the last time I gambled. I lost everything."

"shut up."

Could that be the only reason? You seem like a clueless Ashild.

Although the apparent boundaries have been relaxed to some extent, that does not mean that suspicions have disappeared. Idelia was still suspicious of Deonhardt. Is it just suspicion? This was almost a certainty.

This is a conclusion I came to by investigating the situation and combining the information I obtained.

‘In the process, I learned that it was also likely true that the Demon King knowingly stood by and protected Deonhardt...’

Because the Demon King was that kind of person to begin with.

Even if a fight breaks out between corps commanders and one corps commander dies as a result, the Demon King stands by and protects the winner, unless it is a special case. So, we can say that there is no difference from before, except that the target is a human ‘hero’.

We cannot now say that someone who acted consistently is betrayal. At least that was what Idelia thought.

So she excluded the Demon King from the list of hostile targets to be wary of and suspicious of.

‘Then the remaining character is Deon Hart.’

We need something to change the word ‘doubt close to certainty’ to the word ‘certainty’. Idelia decided to touch Dan here.

Because I have doubts about whether Dan really did it on his own.

I knew that the conflict that occurred this time was not what Deon Hardt intended due to his attitude in the basement, but it was not like the previous ones. Rather....

“Think of that guy who shamelessly used his mouth even though he was caught in the middle of committing an Ashild crime. Wouldn’t it make you feel better if you cut off your tongue?”

“....”

“Or it wouldn’t be a bad idea to cut off the hand that committed the crime.”

Provocations continued based on the suspicions being true.

This is a declaration of war that they are convinced that Deon Hardt is the culprit and that they will fight him at all.

The corps commanders, reading her intentions, hold their breath. Idelia smiled proudly at Deon, who was frowning slightly.

‘React even if it’s just a little bit.’

Even if it’s just for a moment, it’s okay. The discomfort he showed would soon be seen as an intention to protect Dan.

Because there was no evidence, she couldn’t dare to be certain ‘outrightly’, but she decided that there was no harm in being wary and staying away from Deonhardt, so her actions were unrestrained.

It would be useless to keep a distance on your own, and it would only be effective if at least other corps commanders were alert. It seems like she decided to do it with great determination.

‘....’

Snap. The hand that was turning the cube stopped.

Deon lowers the hand that was resting on his chin and raises his head. Bright red eyes looked directly at Idelia, and an extremely low voice slowly flowed out as if oppressing her.

“It’s strange...”

“....”

“Idelia. Why do I think your actions are provoking me?”

Idelia covered her nose and mouth with an open fan. The only exposed eye drew a pretty line.

“Isn’t it because you got stabbed?”

“I don’t think so. You’re watching my expression the whole time I’m talking.”

unpleasantly.

Deon was irritated by the almost overt provocation, but he tried to straighten his face.

Whatever emotion I show here, it will be interpreted in relation to Dan. We can’t give an excuse to those who are looking for an opportunity to bite us.

“I’m not going to touch this matter anyway, so I don’t know why you’re trying to waste unnecessary emotions. There’s no way you wouldn’t know, Idelia.”

From the beginning, you must have read from the way he kept his mouth shut and was turning the cube around aimlessly that he wasn’t going to touch this issue. It makes no sense for a corps commander, whose specialty is combining given information to discover new information, to not know.

But does provoking me like this mean that you have decided on your attitude toward me? It doesn’t seem like a very good decision to me, but it’s comfortable because it’s certain.



Anyway, that's it and this is this. He spoke in a lower voice as if warning.

"Don't waste time trying to figure things out, but make a decision quickly."

"...If you say so."

Idelia smiled brightly.

"I will cut your tongue out. Right here and now."

"...."

Deon pretended not to care and fixed his eyes on the cube again. Rather, it was other corps commanders who noticed him.

Ashild, the 3rd Corps commander, looked anxiously at Idelia, who was borrowing a dagger from the 7th Corps commander.

"...Are you sure you want to?"

"Then are you going to fake it?"

I'm glad I wore gloves. There are only corps commanders here.

An eerie murmur followed. Dan made eye contact with Idelia, who lifted his chin. The dagger in his hand shined sharply under the light, but the eyes looking at it were calm and without a trace of agitation.

A mocking voice spread through a space filled with tension and uncomfortable silence.

"Blame me for your foolish choices."

Do you mean to blame me for daring to bring about discord between the legions or for following Deon Hardt?

Dan lowered his gaze without answering and Idelia raised her dagger.

...Deon didn't even glance at them until the end.

The cube was never completed.

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Faced with Dan's death before his eyes, Deon left the scene as soon as the situation was over. He had a very calm face until the end.

He tried to shake his cold head and think.

'Following Develania, even Idelia is an enemy...'

The two corps commanders who handle information are enemies. It's going to be annoying. Well, as you deal with information, you have no choice but to be quick-witted.

'Then what measures should we take now...'

Stand tall. The brisk steps stopped.

'We need to take measures...'

I don't want to think about it.

Should I really think about it now? Deon turned his head and looked out the hallway window.

The open sky and three moons are still the same, but why do I feel so sick? The thick bloody smell made me sick, so I

covered my mouth with the back of my hand, but then lowered it again, conscious of the gaze following behind me.

At least for now I should be okay until I'm completely alone.

‘...’

I closed my mouth and resumed my stopped steps.

I don't want to go back to my room, but I don't know where to go. Not wanting to stop, Deon just started moving as far as he could.

Ashild, who was looking at the back, turned to Idelia.

“Did it really have to go that far? You ended up having to fight with Deon.”

Idelia timidly smoothed her fingernails.

“Then would I have done this without thinking? Honestly, it's true that Deon is suspicious.”

“....”

“It is true that I respect and follow Deon-nim, but my life and the Demon King are above that. How can I heartlessly follow Deon-nim when things at a higher level are threatened?”

Not even a nerd.

“In the first place, didn't you follow Deon, who has ‘outstanding skills’, ‘because he was a member of the Demon King's army’?”

It's not just because they have ‘excellent skills’. Because he improved the power of the Demon King's army by being

under the Demon King's command, they respected him and followed him.

Idelia, who pointed out that point mercilessly, turned away, leaving Ashilde silent as if she had nothing more to say. We weren't on good terms and the conversation was over, so there was no reason to stay together any longer.

'It's a bit awkward to go to the banquet hall in this mood... I should go back to my room and rest.'

It was only when I went up one floor that I noticed a familiar demon.

"Ed?"

"Ah, Lady Idelia."

Likewise, Ed, who stops walking at the familiar call, spots her and immediately lowers his head. It was a truly consistent attitude of being polite yet distant.

A mischievous look flashed through Idelia's eyes as she looked at his smooth face.

"Now that I think about it, I guess I should congratulate you."

"Huh? What are you talking about..."

"Now that Dan is dead, I can go back to my job. I was upset because I kept losing the opportunity to serve Deon by my side."

"...yes?"

For a moment, Ed's expression became blank.

“I’m sorry... I guess I misheard. Could you say that again?”

“Congratulations on being able to go back to your day job?”

“That’s not it...”

“Dan’s dead?”

“....”

You mean you didn’t hear it wrong?

But that guy is dead.... Ed pondered Idelia’s words with a puzzled expression.

‘...Did I touch it too much?’

If you look closely, he is quite delicate.

Idelia shook her head, looking almost lost, and muttered with a regretful expression to end the conversation with what she always said.

“I would have been really nice to you if you had come to me.”

“....”

“Well, that’s your choice too.”

Again. I resumed my stopped steps and passed Ed.

As if to leave room for an unexpected situation, an unacceptable offer that had always been rejected fell in front of him.

“If you change your mind, come see me. Any time is fine, but I hope it’s not too late.”

“....”

Even after Idelia left, Ed could not move easily. It was quite overwhelming for him just to accept and sort out the shocking news he had received a moment ago.

I heard about Dan's accident a long time ago. I thought he had in mind that he would die because the situation was not good, but it seems that was not the case.

I know that the 4th Corps Commander couldn't lie, but I can't believe it.

Ed, who was left alone, muttered absently.

“Really... that guy is dead?”

So vain?

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Deon slowly walked out, pushing away the blood that had reached his waist. In a situation where there was no one around, he had a surprisingly expressionless expression.

All the expressions that had been put on his face were shattered and broken several times, revealing an expressionless expression.

Just as the expression and atmosphere give a risky feeling, it also gives the feeling of stumbling with each precarious step. There was no way the Knights of Lofty would ignore this because it was Deon, not anyone else, who was walking with a gait that made the viewer unable to take their eyes off of anxiety.

“Leader?”

“ah.”

It seems I came here without knowing. Deon looked up from the blood.

The members of the Lofty Knights, who sensed an unusual atmosphere from his gait and the facial expressions and atmosphere he faced, flock to him and stand in front of him. Familiar worries poured out.

“Why do you look like that, Captain?”

“Are you feeling unwell?”

“Isn’t it because you haven’t slept?”

“...”

Only then did an expression appear on Deon’s face.

In addition to all the emotions that come to mind, the confusion of not being able to express what one is feeling and not even knowing what expression to make is all displayed on the face in a raw, mixed form.

“...why.”

Deonhardt collapsed without a sound.

“why.”

“Leader...?”

“....”

“Captain!”

The pupils were empty. What is this...!

Milan, who quickly grabs Deon's shoulder, realizes that the situation is more serious than he thought and looks at Cleter. Cleter seemed to have noticed this as well, frowning slightly, straightening it again, and approaching, taking off his outerwear.

This is a place where demon users often come and go. I can't show the captain in his current state. The robe covered Deon's head.

The other guys, who read the meaning, also surrounded Deon and covered him with their coats one by one, as if blocking outside gaze. Cleter's expression became subtle when he saw the result.

'...If someone passes by and sees them, they'll think they're holding a pile of clothes and performing some kind of ritual.'

Putting aside his foolish thoughts, he quietly reached out his hand and patted the back of the captain, whose mental strength was at the level of an ice craft.

Our captain may seem cold and heartless on the outside, but he is such a delicate person that he could break if he was hit, so I wonder what kind of bastard messed with him.



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 297**

297. Because I don't ask about my happiness (7)

'To be able to mess with the captain... means that even if you can't do it, you can be at the level of a corps commander...' Even though

I know that appeasing the captain comes first, I keep using my brain to choose candidates without realizing it. do. Cleter quietly frowned at the list of candidates that came to mind.

How could a mere human being, not even a hero, touch the commander of the corps? Unless you are confident that you can completely kill it without leaving a trace, you should not touch it carelessly.

'I can't cause trouble to the captain.'

The priority is to know the reason.

It's outdoors right now, but there's no problem. Milan, who had fallen back as if he wanted to leave the rest to him, was threatening and biting the employees who were passing by from a distance, so it would be more efficient to be conscious of the gaze of others and comfort the captain at a time when he is anxious.

I carefully placed it on the pile of clothes and called to him.

“Leader.”

“....”

Deonhardt did not answer.

Why why? Meaningless words linger in my mouth. This was a question about Dan, who remained steadfast until the end, and at the same time a question about himself, who was more agitated than expected.

And the answer to the latter question was not difficult to find.

‘...I guess I depended on him... more than I thought.’

Because his purpose was clear, he was more trustworthy than a clumsy trust relationship.

Even though I know he doesn’t have any good feelings towards me, he’s one of the few people I can relate to in a funny way... and my spiritual support.

I think I just thought it was convenient because I could use it without worrying about anything, but I don’t know when it got to this point. Deon burst out laughing.

“...Leader...?”

As the pile of clothes shakes, Cleter calls him again. As soon as the movement stopped, two hands suddenly shot out from the pile of clothes and grabbed Cleter by the collar.

It was a collar grab, almost as if he was holding on to the last remaining string.

“Big...”

“You guys.”

“....”

“Don’t abandon me.”

A desperate voice rang between them.

Cleter, who was blinking quietly as if a little surprised, felt the hand holding his collar gain strength and smiled and covered Deon’s hand. He held the hand that was about to fall off with a little force and answered in an infinitely kind voice.

“You’re worrying so much.”

At this moment, the other guys probably feel the same way.

“How do you abandon your family?”

“...I didn’t mean that.”

“I know.”

I realized it from the gesture of desperately clinging to you as if you were the only one left and the words telling you not to throw it away. Since I had already heard about Dan’s accident, I was able to understand the situation even faster.

Dan is dead.

No matter how you look at it, it was a situation where death was inevitable. At that moment, mixed emotions passed through my heart. But does that mean I have to be swayed by my emotions in front of a collapsed captain? Cletor quietly gritted his teeth and patted the back of Deon’s hand.

“You know that our lives are precious.”

Even we, who came to the Demon World and rarely spent time with Dan, were in such a state of confusion. How would the captain feel, having had many conversations with him right next to him? In particular, since this is a demon world where there is no one to lean on comfortably, it may not have been at the level of simply 'feeling attached'.

Cleter spoke emphatically, feeling something he couldn't even imagine.

"I won't die without a captain."

"...okay."

All he could do was offer reassurance, even if it was unconfirmable, and even though Deon knew this, he had no choice but to believe it.

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While Deon Hardt was still buried in a pile of clothes, and Cletor and other members of the Lofty Knights were comforting him, there was a commotion a short distance away.

"Oh well. Didn't I tell you no!"

"Come back later!"

It seems like the captain has finally calmed down. What's all the fuss about?

Cleter, who was giving his arms to Deon, turned his head. Among the people surrounding them, you can see colleagues on one side baring their teeth and trying to kick someone out. And the person standing in front of him is....

“1st Corps Commander...?”

Deon, who was leaning his forehead against his chest, flinched at the voice that came out unconsciously.

However, Cleter’s blood pressure rose at the actions of his colleagues who dared to growl at the 1st Corps commander, so he did not notice and frowned.

‘No, even if I send it back, what’s the benefit of being a little more polite?’

What if my head gets blown off like that?

It’s only been an hour since I promised I wouldn’t die, but I’m already starting to break my promise.

I feel like I want to rush over and intervene right away, but the captain is still leaning in my arms. Cleter was afraid of what kind of cracks might arise in his ice craft-like heart if he passed it on to someone else, so he couldn’t move at all and nervously chewed his lips.

I heard their conversation.

“It’s important. I would have said it was announced in advance.”

“But not now. Come back later.”

“Is that definitely the opinion of Commander 0 Corps?”

“...Not really.”

“Then I would like to ask you for your opinion. In the first place, isn’t it absurd for a subordinate to arbitrarily block other people’s visits?”

Surprisingly, the 1st Corps commander was not angry. He simply responded to the words of the Lofty Knights with a calm attitude and steadfastly maintained his position.

Should I call this patience or tenacity?

The people who were dealing with the correct statement fell silent as if they were speechless.

‘What if I keep my mouth shut there?’

It’s a straight argument, it’s naive, and we have to stop it even if it means insisting on it.

Are you going to show this to the 1st Corps commander? To the demons next to the demon king?

Cleter’s face twisted in frustration. While I was wondering what to do about this, Deon, who had been silent the whole time, raised his head. The pile of clothes on top of my head fell down, revealing a dry face without any moisture.

“it’s okay.”

“...Leader?”

“You had an appointment, right?”

Jaykar overheard a conversation with Dernivan, commander of the 5th Corps, at the banquet hall the other day.

Nevertheless, we passed by without saying anything and said we would see each other again soon. Since then, he has remained silent until now.

So I was waiting, wondering why it was like that.

‘I didn’t know it would be today.’

I got up from my seat and adjusted my clothes.

Pick up the outer clothes that have fallen off and put them back on. The other mad dogs each found their own clothes and put them back on.

After confirming that there was no problem, they moved aside to clear the way, and Deon calmly walked away. It seemed as if he had just gathered his composure, and it looked completely different from his precarious gait just a moment ago.

I approached the people who were still arguing with Jaykar and tapped their shoulders.

“I’m out of my mind, but who... is the leader!?”

“It’s true that Jaykar decided to come and I told him in advance, so get out of the way.”

“Is that so? But...”

Are you sure you don’t mind? You showed me that a little while ago.

The words that I could not bear to say because the 1st Corps Commander was in front of me appeared in my eyes. Deon chuckled.

“are you okay.”

“...”

“And who cares about whom? How dare you stand in front of the 1st Corps Commander and raise your voice?”

“ah.”

He is the commander of the 1st Corps and no one else. If Jaykar's patience hadn't been longer than expected, these guys' heads would have fallen off long ago.

"Be prepared to get scolded later."

Since the 1st Corps Commander is in front of us, we cannot just ignore it. Deon growled softly.

To the tune, the members of the Lofty Knights retreat, looking depressed. Deon looked back at Jaykar.

"I apologize for my subordinates' rudeness."

"It is not a crime to be highly loyal, but for your own sake, I would like you to be careful about exceeding your authority."

"Be mindful."

It was because the situation was special. Those guys know how to follow the line, but there's no need to say that in detail. I lightly agreed and passed it on.

Rather than that.

"I didn't expect you to come visit me now."

"I think now is the best time."

Wary eyes scanned Jaykar as if searching. He could have been nervous in many ways because the other person, who seemed to be in a bad mood, was looking at him, but he remained calm.

Deon opened his mouth.

"What's going on?"



“First... let’s spar. I’ve never visited you without any reason, so if we just talk like this and go back, everyone will be curious about what we talked about.”

This means that a smokescreen is needed to hide it.

If interpreted differently, it means that the conversation to be held in the future is secret. Considering the weight of what he heard, it’s natural... but I don’t think that’s the only reason.

What on earth are you trying to say?

“...Follow me.”

Despite his doubts and wariness, Deon obediently led him to the training hall.

Jaykar took out the most basic sword from a weapon stand on one side, looked back at Deon, and frowned.

“...long sword?”

“that’s right.”

Deon flicked his long sword.

“Do you have any problem?”

“I thought your main weapon was a dagger.”

“That’s also true.”

“...Are you ignoring me?”

This seemed to be quite unpleasant, and there was a low, threatening voice that did not come out even when the crazy dogs were blocking the way.

No way. Deon shook his head.

“That’s not it. I used to learn swordsmanship from someone who was known to be the best with a sword in the human world, but I never used it properly. I was wondering how effective it would be in the demon world, but I was neglecting it because I didn’t have an opponent. I don’t want to miss this opportunity.”

As I became a warrior, my eyes for swords were opened, and I became curious about the swordsmanship of the 1st Corps commander.

It seems quite appealing that he learned sword fighting from the best swordsman in the human world. Jaykar’s expression relaxed a little. Deon did not miss the opportunity and smiled.

“Please understand.”

“...It doesn’t really matter since the purpose was conversation anyway. I guess I was sensitive.”

He holds his sword and takes a stance. It looked like it was about to start, but Deon raised his hand to stop it.

“And before we start, there’s something I want to tell you in advance.”

“...?”

“It was bad timing.”

It happened when I was in the worst mood.

He probably expected this too. So, it is right to be prepared for this as well. Deon grinned and raised his sword.

“Please understand if it’s a little rough.”

“...ah.”

Only then did Jaykar understand Deon’s intention and nodded.

“Of course.”

The two swords became intertwined as if they had been waiting.

When Deon slashed the spot where Jaykar had been, Jaykar was no longer there.

As expected from the fairy tribe, he walks with a light pace. Jaykar, who stepped on the swung blade and was quickly out of Deon’s attack range, kicked the ground again and counterattacked. The swordsmanship, which seemed as elegant as his gait, was unexpectedly destructive.

‘They say the reason for using a basic sword is to steal the enemy’s sword and use it on the battlefield.’

Surely, if it goes like this, the sword won’t last long and is likely to break.

It feels like a suppressed beast running amok. It has a similar feel to Stigma Primiro, but is more raw, destructive, and vicious than that.

An ominous feeling touched my skin, as if I was definitely going to see blood.

‘Considering the difference between a weapon you are familiar with and a weapon you are not familiar with, you

probably had no choice but to choose a common type of weapon that can be replenished immediately on the spot.'

Deon, convinced in his heart, changed his movements a little.

The sword's movements become more fluid, as if the joke ends here. Although it moved as smoothly as water and parried away attacks, at some point it was swung with great force. Jaykar was secretly impressed, as that single moment of attack had the potential to split even Mount Tai.

"It's definitely not something to be taken lightly just because it's not your main weapon."

"I will accept compliments gratefully."

After that, several sword strikes took place.

Jaykar, who had been swinging his sword in silence, slowly lowered his momentum as if this was enough. Deon, who noticed this with his keen sense of standing, also slightly relaxed his swing of the sword.

Jaykar opened his mouth as he continued his sparring, which had a more formal feel.

"But thanks to that guy carrying everything, there are few corps commanders who doubt you."

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 298**

298. Because I don't ask about my happiness (8)

“....”

“At best, I guess it's the 2nd and 4th corps commanders. ... Although the 12th corps commander also feels unusual.”

That's like 1 out of 4 people having doubts. What does it mean that there are not many?

“...Why are you telling me that?”

“that.”

“No, you must have heard it all before then, so why did you pretend not to know?”

I'll have to resolve this part first. I brought up a question I had always had.

Jaykar, who seemed not to mind the interruption of speech, remained silent for a moment before answering again. Both questions boiled down to one answer.

“Because the Fairy King protected you.”

It was an answer that Deon had never thought of.

“Do you remember when the vampire leader broke in?”

“Of course.”

Of course I remember. There’s no way I can forget it.

Because they barged in to kill me, not anyone else.

“At that time, the Fairy King tried to protect you.”

Just like Deon, Jaycar also remembered the incident clearly. The Fairy King wanted to protect Deon Hart’s life.

“So ‘Deonhardt’ must not die.”

I don’t know the reason, but if he wants it, it has to be done.

That was why he told Deon Hardt how many legion commanders doubted him, and it was why Jaykar remained silent. If I had told anyone else what I heard at the banquet that day, Deon Hardt would most likely have died.

It was also a reason that Deon could not understand.

“...Only for that reason?”

“It’s the little that an ugly younger brother can do for his twin brother, and that’s enough.”

“...!”

Twins? With the fairy king?

For some reason, the Fairy King’s attitude changed when words were spoken about him. My twin has become a demon, so it’s no wonder he’s sensitive. Deon nodded inwardly, recalling the time he once went to the realm of fairies.

visor! The swords clashed lightly again.

“Then are you planning to betray the Demon Lord?”

“The word betrayal doesn’t suit me. I never truly followed him in the first place.”

Jaykar was a fairy born with a lust for murder who seemed to have taken on all the evil of his twin brother. Then, he was influenced by demon energy and became a demon.

At the time, the Fairy King tried to protect him, telling him to stay here as he was okay, but Jaykar, who was content with just dying in a fight, did not miss this opportunity and entered the Demon King’s Castle, where battles were most frequent.

In the end, the reason he came under the Demon King was not because he was a demon.

“There was no such thing as loyalty from the beginning.”

So, you can’t call this situation a betrayal.

“The reason I became the commander of the 1st Corps was not because of loyalty, but simply because I was the strongest.”

“...The Fairy King I met didn’t seem to have any favorable feelings toward you.”

“It’s worth it.”

I lightly shrugged my shoulders.

I was discriminated against from the beginning because I was born not like a fairy, but I raised her as my twin under her protection and even made her my right arm. Even

though she became a demon, I tried to protect her by saying I could just stay by her side like I always did, but the result was that she went to the demon castle. How could you not feel betrayed?

His reaction the last time we met was very calm.

“It doesn’t matter what happens.”

No matter what his opponent is like, Jaykar still cares about his twin brother.

The reason he spent his time suppressing his desires in the realm of the fairies was to ensure that his brother’s consideration was not in vain, and another reason he entered the Demon King’s Castle was because it seemed burdensome to deal with the fairies alone who protested to protect him alone.

“If I’m going to die fighting anyway, it would be better to die to help my brother.”

There will be a big battle soon.

The sense that comes from the specialness of being the fairy king’s twin and the sense that is excellent only when it comes to slaughter warn at the same time. At that time, almost all the corps commanders would die.

Whether you side with Deonhardt or against him, you will die. In that case, wouldn’t it be better to stand on Deonhardt’s side, following the attitude of the Fairy King who surrounded him?

“I will help you.”



The sparring battle ended here and the sword was withdrawn.

Jaykar spoke to Deon Hart, who responded in silence without either affirmation or denial.

“I had fun today.”

“....”

“Let’s spar often from now on.”

The idea was to interact frequently.

\*\*\*

Ed couldn’t hide his confusion at the news of Dan’s death.

Even though he was obnoxious and I hated him, I didn’t want him to die. Mixed emotions rose to the surface, suppressing all sorts of emotions.

Even so, Ben, who came to Ed after hearing the news about Dan, discovered this and clicked his tongue.

“The guy who was annoying has gone, so why are you reacting like that? Aren’t you relieved?”

“...Ah Ben.”

I thought it was someone passing by, but when I saw a figure sitting next to me, Ed turned his gaze into the empty space and looked to the side. The cocky doctor was looking at me with strangely worried eyes.

...Aren’t you relieved? He smiled bitterly.

“I feel relieved.”

“If you say that with a face that doesn’t look at all relieved, I’m sure I’ll believe it.”

“It’s because I’m tired.”

Words that were a mixture of lies and truth came out.

As if he didn’t want to ask any more questions, Ben turned his head and stared into space. A gentle question followed.

“As you said, you look tired. It looks like you have a lot to worry about, right?”

“...okay.”

“It’s worth it.”

It was a light nod, but Ed immediately stiffened as if he had been stabbed by something.

Stiff, frozen gaze examines Ben’s expression. For a moment, Ed thought about asking what his acceptance meant, but knowing that he was sensitive, he kept his mouth shut.

Ben, who was looking at Ed with inexplicable eyes as he continued to rub his face as if he was weighed down by various factors, suddenly spoke up.

“How about taking a break?”

“...what?”

“Mr. Deon didn’t plan on attending the last banquet, so I thought it would be a good idea for you to get some rest.”

At the last banquet, the results of the hunting competition that took place so far will be announced, but it seems like

you are planning to skip it altogether. It's only natural that things happened throughout the banquet.

Ed, who had been quietly convinced, thought about Ben's words and answered belatedly.

"I'm already resting."

"Only the body is resting, but the mind is not resting. It seems that it is difficult to relieve the mental burden in the space called the Demon King Castle itself, so it is okay for a while, so please get out of the Demon King Castle itself and get some rest."

"...but."

"Anyway, the entire Demon World is in a resting mood, so even if I leave the castle, the Demon King won't say anything, right?"

is it? Ed's eyes wavered.

Even though I didn't, I wanted to drink. Should I really ask to go out?

"...I guess...I guess so."

In the end, as if giving in to temptation, a subtle affirmation came out.

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As Ben said, the request to go out was easily accepted.

Ed headed to the first city that way. The road there was quite pleasant as we had a hunting competition and cleaned up all the monsters.

So he quickly arrived in the first city, went straight into a saloon that caught his eye, and sat down. I needed time to organize my thoughts.

The truth he learned was heavier than he thought.

‘Daeon was coming to kill the legion commanders.’

Thanks to this, I learned why he stayed away from me, but Ed wasn’t happy at all. The truth that suddenly struck me was whipping me around like a storm.

‘Daeon plans to kill the Demon King.’

What would be the reason for killing the corps commander?  
What is the reason you stay away from me?

There was only one answer. ‘To kill the devil.’

The corps commander is just preliminary work, and the real goal is the Demon King. That’s why Deon stayed away from me, who serves both of them.

“What should I do...”

A voice escaped.

Should he tell this, should he remain silent, or should he help Deon?... Ed didn’t dare to choose either. It was even more so because he chose to ‘stay away’ from me instead of killing me.

He kept me alive even though it would have been easier to kill him than to stay away and leave danger behind.

I didn’t want to betray the slightest consideration and affection that was given to me. The warmth that comes

back when something is worth forgetting or giving up is also.

“Is there... any way to stop it?”

If possible, I would like to stop Deon. Ed was very uncomfortable and burdened by the current situation that put me at a crossroads of choice.

So, as I continued to drink and groan, someone sat in front of me.

“I think there’s something troubling me.”

“...Aga.”

“Tell me. Maybe we can work it out, right? Stopping someone is my specialty.”

I heard.

The first city isn’t small, so I just go into any bar that catches my eye, and I wonder why I keep running into them.

Whether Ed showed signs of discomfort or not, the incubus wagged its tail and widened its eyes. Ed didn’t like that very much, so he made a stern voice.

“By what means?”

“Didn’t you know? Even though I’m like this, I often visit the Demon King’s Castle as an assistant in the garden management. Your network of connections is limited, so you must be someone from the Demon King’s Castle. Don’t you think it would be helpful?”

“....”

“If it’s a security issue, you don’t need to explain in detail, so just tell me who needs to stop doing what.”

Isn’t that what it’s all about?

Ed, who knew that even seeing Eiga in shock for a moment was not enough to solve the current situation on his own, leaned on a glimmer of hope and opened his mouth, slowly choosing words in his head.

He was too tired to just endure and wait alone like he had until now.

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The last day of the banquet and the day of the release of the results of the hunting competition.

Deon was eating a snack with the crazy dogs at their dorm.

attend? Fuck that shit. Nothing good happened during the entire banquet, so why would I go there? It’s not crazy either.

I just leaned back against the bundle of blankets piled up in my dorm and ate the snack presented in front of me.

“Oh this is delicious.”

“Is that so? Please eat a lot of intestines.”

“Hey, give me that. The boss said it’s delicious.”

“Huh? Take it, take it all. Shall I give you what’s in your mouth?”

“There’s no need for that.”

All kinds of snacks that he said were delicious were piled up in front of Deon. Deon, scanning this with his eyes, picks up something and puts it in his mouth. An eerily warm gaze was glued to my quivering cheek.

“...What you looking at?”

“no.”

“Wow, our captain really enjoys it. Try this too.”

“This too!”

I feel like my stomach will explode if I eat all of this.

I looked at the pile of snacks in front of me with troubled eyes and then looked up. As I was looking at these guys, I suddenly remembered the hunting competition from the first day.

“by the way.”

“yes?”

“I caught quite a lot on the first day of the hunting competition.”

“Oh, that’s right. I thought it was added up, but was it also displayed separately?”

“That’s not true, the Demon King told me. How did you do it?”

This is the demon world, and the number and quality of monsters are considerably higher than those in the human world.

Based on calculations, it would be impossible to catch that many at the level of crazy dogs. What on earth did you do?

The question was quickly resolved.

“When I looked at the monsters, it seemed like they only counted ‘numbers’ regardless of their size. So, I mainly hunted down monsters as small as rabbits.”

“...You were dealing with big guys on screen?”

“Isn’t that it? Picking out only the best parts and showing them!

” “Seeing that scene even though I’ve only dealt with the big guys a few times, it seems right to pick out and show only the best parts.” ...Somehow, the

returned demon king was looking at each of the magic stones for a long time. Well,

if I had just pulled out a random scene, showed it, and announced the results, I wouldn’t have looked at it for so long.

These bastards have at least one small detail. Well done.

“I wonder if other legions hunted like that too?”

” I guess that’s the case?”

“Looking at it, several other legions I encountered while passing by also seemed to be mainly chasing small guys...”

That’s why it was possible to record such a large number.



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 299**

299. Because they don't ask about my happiness (9)

"Then I guess the 1st Corps did the same."

"Ah, about that..."

The guys roll their eyes.

...Do you think they definitely hunted according to the rules? Considering that the corps members were looking haggard and making crying noises...

"...Do you have any other snacks?"

"Oh, how about this?"

Well, let's not think about it.

It's not important or has anything to do with me.

First of all, my goal today is to get a good rest. Deon was leaning heavily against a bundle of blankets while eating another snack that someone had offered him.

The break was short, as always.

The three hanging moons overlapped into one and night came. Deon, who had been staying at the Lofty Knights'

lodgings until then, had to wake up to the visit of a cute little night guest.

Lirinel was snooping nearby as if keeping an eye on me.

“Hello, Deon.”

“Okay, I see you again, Lirinel. I guess the hunting competition is over?”

“yes!”

“Which corps took first place this time?”

“That’s right...”

Lirinel’s expression, which had been opening her mouth with confidence, became dissatisfied. Deon chuckled.

“1st Corps this time?”

“Yes...”

Should I say that too? That’s amazing. I guess only the corps members died this time too.

Small conversations take place in a peaceful atmosphere. Lirinel, who was sullenly muttering that she wanted to win, touched her palms as if something occurred to her.

“Oh, by the way, there is also an unofficial winner!”

“?”

‘Winner’?

It means an individual, not an army. Besides, it’s unofficial...?

“Do you remember being a setter?”

“A doctor exclusively for the commander?”

“That’s right, that guy almost hunted monsters by himself.”

It was definitely covered in blood last time too.

Where does this kind of energy come from in a subject with dark shadows under his eyes?

“It’s surprising. This guy looks like he’s squirming from fatigue...”

“Well, durability and attack power are separate things, right? Deon-nim used to say the same thing.”

“ .... ”

Let’s just say that.

I stood up without bothering to resolve the misunderstanding. His calm, calm eyes turned to Lirinel, as if the peaceful atmosphere was ending here.

“Do you have something to say to me?”

“yes.”

“Then let’s change seats.”

There’s no way Lirinel came here for no reason. Unless it’s a coincidence, Deon is the type of guy who shouts that he likes him, but doesn’t come to visit unless there’s something special out of fear of disturbing him.

Especially now, if you see me here with my subordinates, it must be because of ‘that incident’.

Just as I was about to move to my room, I heard an urgent voice from behind me.

“Leader...!”

“?”

Deon looked back at the mad dogs. The knights, facing each other with questioning eyes, smile awkwardly.

It seemed as if it wasn't just one or two people singing, but several voices overlapped, so it couldn't have been singing for no reason. Deon tilted his head.

“why?”

“No, it's just...”

It felt like the captain was doing his best to run to his death. I felt a shiver run down my spine and called it out without realizing it. It was a reflexive action, like calling out to someone in crisis, so it is difficult to give a reason.

However, we can't keep holding him without any evidence. The members of the Lofty Knights had no choice but to laugh and let him go.

“I called him Thorn out of caution.”

“Be careful of the stones, Captain.”

“Oh yeah...”

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As soon as Lilinel arrived at Deon's room, she carefully closed the doors and windows, just like last time. For a

moment, Deon's eyebrows narrowed slightly, but she didn't notice because she was turning around.

After checking to see if the soundproofing spell was properly applied, Lirinel turns around and faces Deon. The man sitting on the bed faced her with his usual face, as if he had been waiting.

"...."

"...Lirinel?"

"ah."

I almost got caught up in the moment. I quickly took my eyes off him and began speaking.

"I have come to understand the scale of female heroes."

"okay?"

"It was more than you thought."

Rather than exchanging questions and answers one by one through conversation, it would be easier to present organized documents and ask only the questions you have.

He quickly rummaged through his arms, took out a document, and held it out.

"There is also information about Jin's main axis here. Please read it."

"...."

Deon began reading the document in silence.

...The scale of the hero is definitely bigger than you think. Is it just a little less than the number of heroes from the last battle?

If you think about it conversely, the number of heroes that the other kingdoms except Rweche gathered together was slightly more than the number listed in this document, so you can get a vague idea of how diligently Rweche was conserving its strength.

‘Yes, like a king, he was planning for the future.’

At a time when the demon world did not touch Rweche, the king of Rweche seems to have clearly understood and remembered that his country was merely pushed back in the rankings of conquest and had not become completely safe, so he made efforts to increase its military power.

Anyone in charge of a country should look to the future and prepare for it rather than being complacent, so this is the right thing to do, but... ‘It might be a little

annoying.’

He lowered his gaze a little lower with a subtle expression. The information about Jin’s main axis that Lirinel mentioned came out.

“There is not just one main axle, but several. Based on when you enter the castle gate, there is a fountain in the central square with a brick in the bottom center of each even-numbered watchtower under the first brick on the bottom right...” Deon figured out the locations of a total of six main axes

. I looked at Lirinel with a confused face.

“...I didn’t think I’d find it.”

“The main axis? It’s definitely a top secret, so it’s hard to find.”

“It’s an important weakness, but security can’t be weak.”

But how did you find it?

Lirinel laughed as if she was ashamed of how she accepted the gaze, which was clearly bewildered and tired.

“I wouldn’t have been able to find it without the shaman’s cooperation.”

“...It’s amazing.”

The story about the main axis was just a rumor, but I finally found it.

It was also discovered by the demons with the cooperation of the shaman. Even if that wasn’t the case, how much effort must have been put into finding the small number of shamans and getting their cooperation.

It was an additional mission with the condition that it could be done if you could afford it. Since there were so many other things to do, even if I said ‘I couldn’t do it’ without even trying, I would have gotten away with it without being reprimanded.

‘It’s terrible.’

I told the devil it was a secret, so he kept it a secret and did everything he was told to do. He said that even if Deon Hardt tried to kill him, he would still like him.

The blindness in the shining eyes that look at me is so severe that it takes my breath away.

“Lirinel.”

Deonhardt, who lost Dan, was able to make a decision that he had been putting off because of his carelessness.

“How far can you go for me?”

Lirinel, who was looking at him blankly at the unusual question, smiled brightly.

“It’s whatever Deon wants.”

“Then...”

He stretched out his hand.

A pale white hand cups one of Lirinel’s cheeks. Deon’s face distorted as his innocent eyes met his gaze.

“...Then...”

I have to make full use of this useful face and smile for the next words, but my lips just tremble and I can’t smile.

In the end, Deon spoke with a face that even he couldn’t tell what expression he was making.

“Can you die?”

The affection for me actually hurts me and strangles me.

This was the case with Cruel, this was the case with monsters, and the same was true with Dan. In particular, in Dan’s case, even though he was wary of it, he eventually accepted it without realizing it and this sad month occurred.



‘Wouldn’t it be better to eliminate risk factors in advance before the same thing happens again?’

Because the corps commander has to die anyway. therefore.

I hope you don’t show blindness to me.

‘If something similar happens again, I really won’t be able to endure it.’

If the victim of a ‘similar incident’ becomes the Knights of Lofty, I too will end up letting go of everything, but if that victim is you.

I will do terrible things to the crazy dogs who came here just to see me. You’ll drive a nail into their hearts.

‘They’re the only ones I’m responsible for.’

I’m overwhelmed by the crazy dogs alone. So, I hope you will antagonize me with this statement. Rather, it would be good for both sides.

However, the voice that came back was clear, without a trace of resentment or anger.

“...Before I answer, there is something I would like to ask Deon.”

Lirinel made eye contact with the man who was looking at me with a bewildered expression and calmly opened his mouth.

Although his remarks were certainly perplexing, I didn’t have any particularly negative feelings. How can you get angry when the person speaking has a face that looks like they are suffocating to death?

“What do you think love is, Deon?”

It was a somewhat unexpected question, but Deon thought about it seriously without showing it. It was also funny to urge a response from someone who said something like that.

...Actually, I didn't even want to hear it.

Anyway, since it is love, it may vary depending on the object and type of love, but I know one thing.

“Not questioning my own happiness for the sake of others.”

Love is only for the other person and does not take one's own happiness into consideration.

That's why my brother died.

“It's easy to use the excuse that it's because I love you, but it's not difficult to distinguish. If the actions of someone who says they love someone are mixed with greed for themselves, it's fake.”

“...I see. Then.”

Lirinel laughed. A light, faint smile that seemed to scatter even in the breeze turned towards Deonhardt.

“Would Deon be happy if I died?”

For a moment, Deon stopped breathing. The lips, which opened and closed several times as if receiving an unexpected attack, soon spat out an answer with difficulty.

“...okay.”

“Then I will die for you.”

“....”

“Because I want Deon to be happy.”

Be happy.

Lirinel smiled sincerely. Even though he looked like a child, he had an extremely gentle smile, as if to prove that he was a long-lived demon.

‘Because I’ve seen too many times of tired and difficult Deon.’

Now I want to see a happy Deon.

Oh, I won’t be happy until I die, so I can’t see it in person. However, these feelings are not for Deon, but my personal greed, so I will put them aside and die.

Because my greed should not enter into my noble love for God.

‘It was hard to watch Deon pushing himself like he was going crazy, but it worked out well.’

Even though I can’t see it in person because I’m dead, if it makes me happy, I’ll be satisfied with that.

I didn’t bother to ask about the correlation between my death and happiness. Lirinel asked something else.

“When and how should I die?”

“...why.”

Even though he said it himself, his eyes twitch slightly as if he is having a hard time accepting the result. Despite his efforts to suppress his agitation, the tremors gradually

spread and even affected his fingertips, but Deon simply fixed his eyes on Ririnel.

Lirinel looked at his eyes and fingertips alternately with an anxious gaze, and even though she was fidgeting, she gave an answer steadfastly.

“I told you. I hope you are happy.”

“....”

“Now that I think about it, I have never seen you smile sincerely.”

If you smile sincerely, you will be truly ecstatically beautiful.

“...Ha.”

Deon She let out a sigh-like laugh and wiped her face. It was part resignation, part mockery towards me, and at first glance, a mixture of absurdity.

“ Who is a demon and who is a human?”

The answer was extremely pure.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 300**

300. Don't be clumsy (1)

Lirinel was worried about Deonhardt before she left.

I was worried that he wasn't sleeping well, so I gently reached out and placed him on the bed and covered him with a blanket, asking him to sleep at least a little.

At least for that moment, Deon, who was unable to force Lirinel, obediently lay down on the bed, closed his eyes, and fell into a deep sleep, almost as if he fainted, as if the accumulated fatigue had come over him in addition to his exhausted mind.

...And I had a dream.

It was so damn sad and funny, scary and angry at the same time, but also a little bit welcoming... It was a terrible nightmare where I had to suppress all these emotions and act calmly.

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[...I said it first, but I hope you don't think about doing anything.]

This was what Ed, who suddenly came to his senses as if he had been hit with cold water after he had just confessed

what he had said, hastily added.

I couldn't overcome my feelings of weakness due to alcohol, so I confessed it, but it seems like I suddenly got scared. Eiga chuckled. If you look closely, you can see that the liver is quite small.

[Didn't you say that because you needed help?]

[Just listening to my pointless drunkenness is enough.]

[It's enough. It won't be enough, right? It won't be a pointless drink.]

[...Anyway, stop thinking about doing something useless.]

The target is the target anyway, so no matter what you do, it won't work properly.

The worry that appears at first glance amidst the revealed resignation is indeed gratifying. Eiga stretched out happily.

[That's how I feel.]

[You...!]

[It's already been so long. Then I guess I'll just have to go. Hello!]

[Aga!]

Ed said he was worried that the person he was serving was carrying out the work unreasonably. In particular, he said he wanted to stop him because he was pushing ahead with a plan that even looked the worst. I don't know what it was, but it was enough to make me realize that the other person was a hero.

Ed has already visited the first city here as 'Deonhardt's lieutenant'. Of course, there is also the possibility that the target is the Demon King, but since I haven't heard any news that the Demon King is actively pushing for something, it's probably not that one.

'If a person like the devil was pushing things forward, the rumor would have spread long ago.'

So, on the day Eiga entered the Demon King's Castle as a garden assistant, she sneaked away at an appropriate time and visited Deonhardt's room. No one paid special attention to the Incubus, which had always done its own thing and returned home on time.

'Ed told me not to do it, but...'

The worry contained in the words and actions that stopped me made me feel excited. I feel like we have finally become friends after a long time together. So Eiga moved impulsively.

Dreams are a space where incubuses can run wild, and in this place, even other strong demons are able to outwit them, so the complacent thought that it would be no different even if they were heroes also played a role.

'It's not like fighting, it's about persuading.'

As long as you enter the dream, anything will happen.

After moving around without any disturbance, Eiga sat down on the open window frame as if to openly come in, and her eyes lit up when she found the young man lying on the bed.

'They say he's a hero...'

You can tell just by looking at him.

He really looks like a warrior. It seems like pure white hair reveals holiness and purity itself. It may feel that way because the eyes, which are known to be red, are hidden under closed eyelids.

‘You’re so handsome.’

If I looked like that, I wouldn’t have had to go hungry on a regular basis. Rather, wouldn’t everyone have rushed to give it to them? As I imagined being surrounded by beautiful demons, I felt a rush of envy.

...Now that I think about it, it seems like it probably didn’t end at just Jeonggi. It would have been possible to rise to the position of the strongest man in the demon world by going beyond his vitality and losing his strength.

‘Anyway... I’ll give it a try.’

Even while Ed was sharing his concerns, he kept what he wanted to protect until the end, so we didn’t hear anything in detail about what he should stop doing, but it’s not a problem as he can roughly sum it up and just tell him to stop doing what he’s doing.

Eiga entered the room without a sound and approached the holy... or rather, sleeping warrior.

If you come into contact with the target, you can dig deeper and more easily... but there is no way a warrior will just ignore this. I stood near the bed at a reasonable distance without making any physical contact.

I closed my eyes, awakened my familiar instincts, focused, and my vision changed.



‘...?’

Eiga looked around with a questioning look in a dark space where fragments of emotions and memories were floating around. His expression was filled with suspicion, as if he found it difficult to believe this situation.

That’s because they let him in too easily.

He was wary for a moment as if there might be a trap, but soon realized that there was no trap and tilted his head.

“They let me in easier than I thought...?”

I thought it would be difficult since he is a warrior.

‘Are you mentally exhausted?’

Well... they said they were pushing ahead with the work, so it’s understandable.

In any case, it’s beneficial, so there’s no need to worry about it. So now... under whose guise should I speak so that they will obey me obediently? I looked around with my arms crossed.

‘There are only a few memories I can see.’

Since we are in a state of no contact and there is a possibility of being caught or thrown out, we did not delve too deeply, so all we see in this space are fragmentary repetitions of strong memories.

I don’t have to search through detailed memories anyway, so it’s easier and better this way. I carefully looked at the fragments that were playing repeatedly so fast that my eyes could not follow them.

‘With the power I have now, I can only catch a glimpse of one of these.’

Memories that are quickly replayed or obscured are a kind of defense mechanism. Of course, it takes a lot of strength to get a glimpse of it.

Therefore, you must choose carefully.

Eiga, who was examining the fragments of memory one by one, found one among them that evoked particularly strong emotions and stretched out his hand.

The scene that was running quickly slowly slows down and then plays at normal speed. After checking the contents, he was internally delighted.

‘...bingo.’

Looks like you made the right choice.

There, the black-haired, green-eyed man was repeatedly embracing the owner of his gaze to the point of despair.

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Deon Hardt stared at the black-haired, green-eyed man.

Putting aside his initial surprised expression, he opens his mouth as if he wants to say something with a strangely distorted expression, as if he is sad or angry, but closes it again before he can even say a word. The lips, which were tightly closed in a straight line, soon rose in a bitter arc.

“why?”

An ambiguous question that I didn’t know what was being asked suddenly popped out.

Skipping the questions that are difficult to choose an answer to, the black-haired, green-eyed man says it's been a while. He asks if it is true that he is getting adequate rest just because his complexion is not good.

Deon, who was looking at him blankly, chuckled.

"Yeah, it's been a while. You're a hero, so you don't need rest, and your complexion probably isn't that bad, so it's a little surprising that you're pointing out that part. I guess you've been watching me the whole time?"

"...."

"I definitely should have told you to rest."

I let him go, but he came back without listening to me, complaining in a low voice. He, who had been silently listening to all these complaints, stretches out his hand. Deon slowly lowered his eyes at the approaching hand as if he was worried.

It's not a rejection, but it's an action that can't be said to be accepted positively. The other person, who had stopped, withdrew his hand and slowly began speaking.

"...I feel like I'm pushing myself too hard these days."

"Is there any reason to do so?"

"Deon."

Deon shivered at the familiar call.

The eyes, which have a color that makes me infinitely weaker, look at me with a somewhat stern look. Unable to

look directly into those eyes, Deon finally turned his head and let out a trembling sigh.

A sad voice continued.

“Why did you come here today?”

The other person’s expression was unknown.

In silence, Deon turned his head again to face me and smiled faintly.

“...Of course I don’t blame you. It’s just...

It’s a little difficult.

A faint whisper lingered in the space.

“You have to give me time to rest.”

I got the timing wrong. ...No, in this case I should say I caught it well.

I was tired of exchanging glances with the silent partner for a moment, and the sound of wan laughter pushed away the silence.

“...I said something pointless.”

“Deon.”

“Don’t call me that.”

The startled opponent looked at Deon in surprise.

Deon covers his mouth with one hand and opens his eyes wide, as if he didn’t know that such a sharp remark would

come out. He soon let go of his hands and let out a soft voice.

“Sorry, I have some work to do today.”

“...It’s okay. More than that... I’m worried about you.”

“....”

“Don’t overdo it. Why don’t you take your time and proceed with work leisurely? The plan I’m thinking of right now doesn’t seem to be a very good plan, so it might be a good idea to think about it again.”

The expression on his face that had broken down at the word worry cooled down at the next comment.

“...No.”

His bright red eyes glowed eerily, as if he had been acting docile for a while.

“That’s not true. ‘Brother’ doesn’t say things like that.”

“...!”

“I should have done more thorough research.”

I overlooked the subtle difference in speaking style, which seemed similar, but it would be difficult to do this.

I did my best to match the rhythm to get some comfort, but what can I do if I can’t even do that?

What the other person said a moment ago ultimately meant that you should stop doing what you are doing now. These words and actions are completely opposite to Cruel’s statement that anything is okay, so live without regrets.

“Stupid bastard.”

At the same time, negative emotions began to surge like a tidal wave. It's a situation where you feel like you'll be swept away if you lose concentration even a little. The guy hurriedly raised his head to say something, met his red gaze and took a step back. At the center of all these emotions, madness was overflowing.

“Ah...”

My tongue stiffened in fear and my words came out stuttering.

“You knew...how?”

“Why don't you take a look at yourself first?”

Incubus hastily created a mirror.

“...What is this...”

He was clearly imitating 'Cruel', but other than the black hair and green eyes, there was no resemblance to him at all. Let alone resemble them, they were not similar, and let alone similar, they did not even look like humans.

A body that shimmers like a crushed watercolor painting or like a mirage, as if to reveal that it is not human.

In a situation he was experiencing for the first time in his life, Incubus Agar blurted out a question he had no idea who he was asking.

“why...?”

“Well, the Emperor's ghost said that I had placed you in sacrosanct territory.”

Unless it's 'real', no one can dare imitate it here.

Deon smiles and takes a step forward. Even though everything was open, I felt a pressure that was suffocating.

"You know, I was willing to let it go if you really imitated your brother properly."

If I did well, I had the intention of never waking up from my dream.

"I said I definitely don't blame 'hyung', right?"

If you had acted like a real brother, I would have let it go.

The dry voice falls like a death sentence. Step by step, the distance gradually narrows. Accordingly, the intensity of the pressure grew stronger, and Eiga, who felt a sense of crisis as if he would be crushed to death, hurriedly escaped the inner world.

And as soon as I came back to reality, I quickly pulled back, but...

"Whoa!"

A hand reached out faster than that and grabbed my neck.

Deon Hart smiled and tilted his head, wondering when he had woken up and approached us right in front of us.

"Now, shall we have a conversation?"

"...."

"Who sent it?"

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 301**

301. Don't be clumsy (2)

Eiga stopped breathing for a moment as he faced the bright red eyes shining with blood.

Now I understand why the words 'holy' or 'warrior-like' have not been used to describe a warrior's appearance until now. Sacred? It's funny. The human in front of me looked more like a devil than a demon.

"Who sent it?"

"Ugh ugh-."

As if he was dissatisfied with the lack of response, the hand squeezing his breathing became stronger.

Let go of this hand or speak! Without realizing it, I raised my hand and scratched the other person's arm. Only then did this damned hero realize that I was blocking him from speaking, so he let out a short exclamation of 'Ah' and relaxed his hands.

"Huh!"

"Okay? Now tell me."



“Ha, there is no such thing as behind it. This is just... I did it on my own.”

“lie.”

“Bwa-”

My grip got stronger again.

Deon glared at the struggling Incubus without hiding his discomfort. His mood was at its worst right now.

Even though I ended up not being able to imitate anything properly, the fact that I tried to imitate my older brother was extremely unpleasant. If you're going to do it, either imitate it perfectly with the determination to trap it in your dream forever.

...Anger kept rising from deep within.

“It's my first time seeing you, so how could someone who has nothing to do with me know and try to stop my 'plan'? I'm sure he got a favor or something from someone.”

I don't know how to lie or imitate someone or do anything properly.

“ .... ”

“Now tell me. Who did you hear it from?”

Eiga closed her mouth.

I heard the words from Ed, but in the end, he stopped me and it was just me moving on my own. I couldn't dare to involve him as he chose his words carefully to maintain security even when sharing his concerns.

Deon, who had been waiting for a moment to speak in silence that seemed to last forever, let out a cool laugh.

“...Well, that’s right. I’m not going to say anything until the end.”

“....”

“Then just die.”

I have no hobby of wasting time holding on to someone who won’t confide in me until the end. I don’t know who sent it, but it was a situation that was under suspicion anyway, so it’s nothing new about who was behind it.

Deon’s eyes turned alive. Just as the demon lord grabbed Dahar’s neck in the banquet hall last time, he was about to strengthen his hand.

Jump up!

“Please wait a moment!”

An urgent voice intervened.

Deon stopped and looked back. The deputy, who always knocked and waited for an answer, opened the door for the first time and barged in without knocking.

Edgar, who was looking back and forth between Deon and Eigar while exhaling in a shaky manner out of urgency, took a deep breath when he realized that Aegar’s life was still alive. Soon, he seemed to calm down a bit, closed the open door, and walked away.

‘....’

The red gaze persistently follows the steps that are gradually getting closer. Ed moved slowly, looking at the beast-like eyes contracted in anger and frustration, and fell to his knees as soon as he reached Deon. Above his lowered head, I felt him pause.

“I’m sorry for coming in without permission.”

“That’s okay. It looks like you know this guy...”

“Yes. He... is my friend.”

Even though he didn’t raise his head, I could tell that he was giving me a cold gaze. Ed lowered his head a little more and spoke.

“It’s because of me. I had counseling for my concerns a while ago, and I think it happened because of that.”

“....”

“I used my mouth carelessly outside. It was clearly my fault.”

Eiga opened his eyes wide.

Why is the person who tried to stop him until the end trying to take responsibility for it? This is the one who acted arbitrarily.

I raised my voice, ignoring the pain I felt in my neck.

“What kind of nonsense is that...! Pfft!”

“I don’t think this guy is like that?”

Ah, but you’d better just shut up. Deon muttered indifferently and tightened his grip a little.

“I think you might get a little angry when you hear it. Ed, I think it would be better for you to explain. Don’t lie and cover it up for no reason.”

“There is no lie in what I say.”

“Then there are things that aren’t said.”

“ ... ”

Ed quietly lowered his eyes.

Even though I was told not to do anything unnecessary, he seemed very anxious, so I often went in and out of the warehouse on the second floor below Deon’s room to check for signs from above, and all I can think of is that I did a good job.

I’m glad Deon lives with the window open. If it wasn’t for that, I would have lost my precious life.

“Ed.”

“Yes, Deon.”

“You should have something to say to me.”

“...sorry.”

Saying it in detail will only increase the chances of Eiga dying. Ed closed his mouth and placed both hands on the floor. The gaze moving between the small head and hands wavered slightly.

“To make a long story short, I don’t want to burden you, Deon, who is otherwise busy. All I want to say is...” “....” “

Please

have mercy on the person who was swayed by my words.”

“In the end, you said you would embrace me...”

Deon let go of the incubus. The guy who fell to the floor lets out a muffled cough.

That guy’s appearance is like that, so as long as Ed is here like this, he won’t run away. I left the incubus behind and knelt down in front of Ed.

“And then you die.”

“ ...”

“Well... but...”

The way he tried to take on his sins reminded me of someone who was already dead. And most of all...

I glanced at the white gloves Ed was wearing. Although it has been worn down from frequent use, it appears to have been nicely maintained.

Deon took a step back.

“...You’re lucky. Yes, I’ll save your life.”

“ ...!”

“Anyway, it’s obvious that you didn’t say anything.”

Ed couldn’t have gone out of his way to ask for it.

They probably hoped it would just stop at counseling, but the incubus may have acted as it pleased.

“I don’t think there were any concerns discussed properly due to security concerns.”

“!”

“I guess that’s right.”

That’s probably why the incubus didn’t say anything properly in the dream. This may be the reason why they just lumped it together and called it a ‘plan’ and stopped it. And yet it’s all my fault. How can you not pass over this?

But even so.

“Don’t look at me twice.”

“....”

“If this bastard comes into my sight one more time, that will be the end. Don’t let him come into my sight again.”

“Yes, thank you.”

Ed, who got up and said thank you several more times, quickly helped Eiga up. ... No, while trying to help him, he rolled his eyes and lifted him up as if measuring the distance to the door.

For a moment, he let out an absurd laugh as he clearly felt that something might happen again if he was in Deon Hardt’s sight, and his intention to get out of sight as quickly as possible was clearly evident.

“I’m so glad you’re not a corps commander.”

Deon spoke to Ed as he passed by.

Unlike something that was thrown out casually, it was a rather serious remark.

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As soon as we left Deonhardt's room and the door closed, Eiga, who had been quiet, twisted her body as if asking to get down. After Ed obediently let go and got down safely to the floor, he looked at Ed, who was staring at him, met his harsh eyes, and secretly avoided his gaze.

Either way, his voice was dripping with fatigue.

"I'm sure I told you not to do anything unnecessary."

"And I answered that it was my heart."

"Aga."

"...I'm sorry. Thanks to you, I survived."

Eiga apologized obediently. I had no intention of ending our reconnected friendship here.

Ed opened his mouth as if he wanted to say something more, then sighed deeply and touched his forehead.

"...In the end, it's my fault, so you have nothing to apologize for."

This is the one who said nonsense first. If I had just controlled myself well in the first place, this wouldn't have happened.

Who can say anything to whom? He waved his hand with a tired face.

“It’s okay, it will be about time, but go back quickly. The only thing injured is your neck, so you can go on your own.”

“Oh, did you even know what time I was going back?”

“Aga.”

“Okay, okay. I’ll go. Thank you for today.”

He almost died, so what’s so good about it?

An absurd gaze was directed at the back of Eiga’s head. Regardless, Eiga quickly left the place, walking much lighter than before. My throat was sore, but I felt quite refreshed.

‘You called me friend.’

I thought that would never happen. Indeed, I have come a long way.

That would make me even happier.

Eiga disappears and Ed, who was standing still, scans the spot he left with his eyes. and.

Ever since they left Deonhardt’s room with their expressions and bodies in disarray, the gaze that had been watching them moved.

“It happened in the end.”

“...!”

Ed suddenly turned around at the sound of a voice coming from behind him without warning. My eyes blinked foolishly as I faced a familiar face.

“Ben?”



“okay.”

“I can’t believe you didn’t notice until the doctor spoke to you...”

“It seems like you were too distracted.”

“Sure...”

Normally, I would have caught his gaze first.

In addition to the fact that Eiga almost died, I also felt guilty for relying on Deon-sama’s consideration and mercy, so it was a little late for me to come to my senses. Ed smiled bitterly.

Ben, who was looking at him with an expressionless face, opened his mouth.

“I don’t know what happened, but I think I have a rough idea of the cause.”

“....”

“It’s probably because you hesitated in the middle.”

Ed froze as if his weak point had been pricked. The sharp words flew into my heart mercilessly, as if I didn’t care about his reaction.

“That’s probably why this person got involved and suffered damage.”

“...did you know?”

“It’s strange not knowing.”

“so.”

The cool voice lowered the surrounding temperature.

“What do you want to say?”

“...There is something that Deon told me a while ago, and I am going to use it as is.”

“?”

The moment Ed had a question, Ben grabbed him by the collar. He pushes me against the wall, looks me in the eye and growls.

One day in the past, when I was offered alcohol according to the Demon King’s orders, the exact same words that Deonhardt had said to me flowed out.

“Behave properly.”

Don’t be clumsy.

\*\*\*

It may be quiet now, but the demon world will attack again soon. There is no benefit to be gained by giving the human world time to settle things. So the monarchs of the human world began preparing for the second battle.

But before that, there was something to discuss first.

[What should we do with the Taehon Kingdom?]

A kingdom that became a vassal of Rweche after being promised protection and support, and whose betrayal is now an established fact.

You may say that there is no clear evidence, but the Demon King’s army crossed the border of the Taehon Kingdom and

attacked Leweche. Taehon-guk did not say anything about this. Even now, he remains silent as if he has nothing to say, so what other evidence could be more perfect than this?

Moreover, in addition to the Taehon Kingdom, there are several kingdoms among the vassal states collected by the Shan Kingdom that appear to have betrayed them due to circumstances.

Therefore, the monarchs, who could not ignore this, took the stand to discuss the treatment of those kingdoms first.

The first person to rhyme was the emperor of the empire.

- We have to wipe them all out.

A quite radical statement was made.

- Right now, it's not enough to focus entirely on the Demon World. You can't leave the back of your head itching. There is no guarantee that what happened to Rweche this time will not happen again. Rweche was able to get through safely because its troops were prepared in advance, but we cannot hope for the same luck twice.

- Wiping them out also consumes troops.

A voice came out from Sanguk's side as if retorting.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 302**

302. Don't be clumsy (3)

It's not King Yeonhwa's voice. So, is this the book she is wearing next to her?

Elpidius closed his mouth as if he wanted to listen first.

– Words wipe out things, but in the end, this too is war. We cannot start a war within the human world when we need to conserve our troops even a little more. I think it would be better to just monitor with a minimum of manpower and focus on dealing with the demon world.

“The military is also involved in that surveillance.”

– But it will cost less than going to war. The probability of wasting the lives of precious soldiers will also be reduced.

“And what if you really get hit in the back?”

– We are monitoring to avoid being stabbed in the back. When they plan something, you will be able to get information in advance and prepare.

“So, if information comes in when you are in the midst of dealing with the Demon King's army and the warriors, you are saying that you will withdraw the troops from the battlefield and deal with them? “It's really efficient.”

Of course, what she says is correct. It's a straightforward theory, but... Elpidius' eyes were irritated.

After losing his uncle, he pretended not to be sensitive to the enemy within him, and he does not want to leave behind regrets, but there is no way he can look nice when a scheming and skeptical person stands in his way.

A more subdued voice came out.

"I'm sure you don't know the size of the army we have gathered to fight the hero and at the same time defend the castle from the demon king's army. If they move all at once, there is no kingdom that can last long, at least not among the traitorous nations. "You'll be lucky if you last three days."

As they are rat-like people, their scale is also rat-like.

The three kingdoms united. Even the battle to kill the hero is only the second battle, in fact it is the same as the final battle. Since the troops were gathered by pouring in troops that did not have enough troops, those who would not have been able to withstand even if it were simply the three kingdoms united would be finished in an instant.

"Don't think too much about common sense. The military force we have gathered itself is unreasonable, so why do we keep trying to make plans according to a framework that does not fit? "I know that being a strategist is a position that requires you to beat and cross a stone bridge, but I hope you are a little more bold this time."

- ....

Vague and clumsy responses can actually strangle me, so why don't you know that it's like telling a cat not to hunt

and just watch because you're worried it might get bitten by a mouse and get hurt?

The Trickster of the State of Sanguo fell silent. If it was simply a war of words between the Mountain State and the Empire, it would have gone according to each side's opinion. But the winner of this war of words is not decided that way.

- Don't push it too hard. It's the last chance, so isn't it natural for a strategist to be more careful?

When the voice of the person with the strongest voice in the room was heard, Elpidius had to keep his mouth shut.

Because it is a kingdom that supports higher-quality troops than any other kingdom, even an empire. Since it was a kingdom that supported almost all heroes, other countries had no choice but to respect Rweche as the top priority.

The King of Rweche, who knew this well through the communication device, spoke slowly.

"There is truth to what the emperor said, but I also think the same way as the Trickster of the State of Shan."

I know the weight of my words, so I have to think carefully before I speak.

The old king, who had to move forward with the world going on, revealed a part of himself to the young emperor so that he would not be offended.

"Maybe it's because I'm old, but I don't have the courage to take any more adventures here. "Aren't we already taking on big enough risks?"

It's a situation where you have to succeed to barely get your money's worth, and if you fail, everything is ruined. However, there is no better option than this, so you have no choice but to do it.

Like most people who inevitably seek stability as they get older, I did not want to take on any more risks with my waning blood.

"Emperor, your opinion is that if it succeeds, it will be beneficial, but if anything goes awry, it is a dangerous plan that could ruin everything we have desperately prepared. "The risk of failure is too great compared to the benefit to be gained."

- The probability of failure itself is...!

"No matter how low the probability of failure is, shouldn't you think about failure as long as it's not 0%? I am a king in charge of a country. "The lives of countless people are in my hands."

The Emperor's plan, if successful, is merely profitable, but if it fails, it is very fatal. If you're not careful, there's a chance that you'll collapse before you even see the hero's face.

Isn't it impossible to fail without even trying to kill the hero?

'...So even if the probability of failure itself is low.'

Why is it that all you have to do is rush in, quickly trample on them, and quickly come back?

Elpidius slowly rolled his eyes, swallowing his stuffy stomach. Lindel Reiner, who had been watching with an anxious expression from the corner of his eye as I expressed

my opinion, suddenly signaled that King Rweche's opinion should be respected.

If the mood really goes this way, it looks like he's trying to persuade Alethea to stop him, but I guess it would have been a good thing from his point of view. The look of relief is very clear.

'Anyway, there is nothing good about causing discord with Rweche.'

I planned to follow King Rweche's wishes without having to send such a signal in the first place. All of this is a plan that cannot be implemented if Rweche refuses to do it.

Therefore, Elpidius nodded his head slowly, even though he couldn't see it.

"...All right."

-Thank you for understanding. Now, the remaining problem is....

The intention is conveyed to save the atmosphere that is likely to become awkward by continuing the conversation that seems to be interrupted. It wasn't a bad thing to do, so I accepted the message and responded.

"We need to find a way to make Deonhart and the Murderous Knights clash with our heroes without demons and other impurities."

When demons collide with heroes, their restrictions in the human world are lifted. They aren't even Deonhardt's weak point, so Deonhardt won't care who they kill or if they die. It will truly be an annoying obstacle.



The optimal situation is for only Deonhardt and the Murderous Knights to face the heroes. The Murderous Knights are humans, not heroes, and are the guys Deonhardt cares about. Just like last time, you will be the best hostage.

But the problem is....

“Since something like that has already happened once, Deonhardt will try to separate my knights and move on. “If I take you with me, it will only be a hindrance.”

Does this mean that Deon Hardt is not stupid enough to repeat the same mistake?

Even if you move with a demon or move alone, you will never be accompanied by your own knights. Although you can lure Deonhardt, you won't be able to lure the Murderous Knights along with you.

As if he had the same thought, the King of the Mountain Kingdom spoke.

“Of all the possibilities, the one that would be most beneficial to this side would be Deonhardt moving alone.”

“I guess so.”

“Then, I think we should set the basic premise of dealing with Deonhardt as an individual and find a way to suppress his natural abilities...” “I think it would be a good idea to find a capable

shaman. “I suppressed the abilities of the demons with a spell, so I might be able to become a hero as well.”

And Sanguk is located in the south, where there are many shamans. We will search for the empire, but it will be found

more quickly if the country takes an active role.

“Of course.”

The King of the Mountain Kingdom obediently agrees to his gently pleading words. Elpidius briefly thanked her, saying he would look for a shaman, and then turned to Lindel Reiner, who seemed to have something to say.

He opened his mouth as if he had been waiting for his gaze to tell him to say something if he had something to say.

“Everything you said makes sense, but even so, I think it would be a shame not to even try to attract the murderous knights. “How about keeping the basic premise and method you mentioned as is and adding a method that will benefit you if you succeed, but is nothing if you fail?”

“what?”

“We are placing those who stimulate the Murderous Knights’ competitive spirit near the place where they will battle Deon Hart.”

“It’s the desire to win...”

Certainly, if it’s their personality that I’ve seen in the past, the desire to win might be a pretty good bait. If they make a strong argument as a group, there is a possibility that Deon Hardt will give up.

But... are there people who can stimulate their competitive spirit...?

‘...Come to think of it, a long time ago.’

I remember hearing a story about a group of murderous knights clashing with a group of knights on the battlefield. Elpidius, who was recalling his memories, frowned slightly.

“Are these the ‘nameless knights’ you are talking about? For me, they are the only ones that come to mind. If so, I would like to tell you that there is a high possibility that Deonhardt will not allow murderers to accompany him because they lost a lot in the last battle and are also heroes.”

“I didn’t mean them. “They are completely ordinary people and have never clashed openly, but since they have fought together as knights of two heroes, isn’t there one order of knights that they might have a subtle sense of rivalry with?”

ah.

“...Primiro Knights?”

“yes.”

“They probably won’t be perfect in numbers either.”

I know that most of them died in the battle of Miller Territory. The only remaining troops would be Marquis Primiro... or rather, the men that Stigma Primiro took with him when he went to subdue the Barbai tribe.

Sure enough, Lindell answered.

“There’s about a third of it left.”

“As expected, there are too many enemies.”

“But that will increase the confidence of the Murderous Knights and increase the likelihood that Deonhardt will reconsider taking them in. And since the size of the Primiro

Knights is larger than that of other knights, even if only one-third remains, it is not such a shabby number.”

“...Are you trying to use them as bait?”

“The Primiro Knights are elite.”

Lindel Reiner looked straight at Elpidius with an expressionless face.

It seemed like the other monarchs were also listening to their conversation, and silence fell in the background. The battle history of the Primiro Knights flowed quietly in the quiet space.

“With a two-digit number of troops, you fight against hundreds of people, and with a three-digit number of troops, you win against thousands. “I think it’s an insult to give the name ‘bait’ to those who don’t die that easily and can even devour their opponents.”

“...Isn’t that because there was a ‘hero’, Stigma Primiro? And even if we could produce the level of power you mentioned without him, if Deonhardt came alone in the end, it would be a total disaster.”

“If we could drain his stamina before facing the heroes, wouldn’t that alone be beneficial? And I definitely told you this in advance. “If you succeed, you benefit, and if you fail, that’s okay.”

There is definitely nothing to lose.

Because the number was small in the first place, it was not taken into consideration at all when organizing the rough force. Instead of putting it into reserve power, you could just send it there.

Moreover, considering that there was a brief rumor that Stigma Primiro cared about Deonhardt, assuming that was true, there was a possibility that Deonhardt would hesitate even for a moment because it was a knightly group with which he had a close relationship.

‘Well... looking at the results of the Battle of Miller, the possibility of that happening is significantly low.’

That wasn’t the main purpose in the first place, so I did it anyway because there was some possibility.

Elpidius turned his attention to the communicator again.

“You all heard it, right?”

I’m going to proceed like this.

What reason is there to say anything about the Empire’s plan to use its remaining troops in a vague way? Each monarch gave a cheerful nod.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 303**

303. Commit a greater sin than anyone else (1)

Dalgrak.

“♪~.”

Deon hummed a song softly and put a sugar cube in the tea.

Rarely light attitude. Unlike his usual appearance of carrying a heavy burden, the Demon King's eyes turned to him as he looked at the documents in a carefree manner, as if he had nothing to worry about in the world.

The questioning look soon changed to a slightly tired look when the number of sugar cubes added one by one exceeded 6 and reached the 7th.

“Do you think something good is happening?”

Deon paused for a moment, as if he had forgotten the Demon King's existence, and then raised his head. The clear eyes without any emotion contained the devil.

Instead of an answer, only silence came, but the Demon King continued speaking regardless.

“Do you think that document contains any good news? “I suddenly wondered why he was processing documents in my office, and it seemed like he had something he wanted to brag about.”

“...no. There was no such thing as good news. “I have nothing to boast about.”

“then?”

“Do you really need a reason?”

Deon answered dryly and took a sip of tea with a lot of sugar dissolved in it. Even while I was drinking tea, I held the document in my other hand and read the contents with my eyes.

As the overly sweet scent of tea filled the office, the Demon King opened the window. A ray of wind comes in, and Deon’s expression becomes much more relaxed. The devil’s voice played softly like background music in the quiet space.

“Well, there doesn’t necessarily have to be a reason, but... I seem to be in a particularly good mood today.”

“ .... ”

“I thought it wouldn’t be good because I went through a lot of things, but I’m glad it wasn’t that bad.”

Is he even aware of what happened last night, or is he just talking about various things that happened recently? As was my habit, my head turned for a moment to figure out the devil’s intentions.

‘Either way, it’s useless information.’

Deon consciously cut off his train of thought and focused on his documents again.

It was a document containing the information obtained by Develania while observing each country according to a previously issued order. At least the first chapter contained useless content.

‘The scale of Rweche heroes.’

After flipping through one page at a time, I looked down at the document and returned to the first page.

Lirinel had already found out. I even knew Jin’s main axes.

It’s too late. What should we do if the commander of the 2nd Corps, whose main job is to collect information, is later than the commander of the 11th Corps? I looked at the ink-covered trash and stretched out my hand to the demon king.

“Do you have any scissors?”

“scissors? here. why?”

...I think the order has changed. Don’t you usually ask why before giving something?

Anyway, I took the scissors and started cutting up the documents. The scissors continued to be used boldly, not to cut anything in particular, but simply to cut it into small pieces. The small noise, which was somewhat eerie, also contained the intention of taking out my anger on Develania, who kept poking at me arrogantly.

The Demon King, who was watching this with interest, softly opened his mouth.



“If you have no good news and nothing to brag about. “Why did you come here?”

Paperwork was originally handled in your room or private office.

It was a calm question that seemed to have no special intention. Deon put down the scissors and grinned at him.

“It’s about time.”

“...ah.”

Is there anyone who doesn’t know the meaning of those words?

At a light exclamation of understanding, Deon pushed the teacup aside and spread out the map in the middle of the table.

“I’m going to say it at the meeting anyway... but I’ll let you know in advance now.”

The straight fingers pointed at three locations.

“As you may already know, the monarchs of each country stay here and here. “Instead of clumsily distributing our forces, we are thinking of concentrating all our forces in this one place to deal with the Demon Lord’s army.”

“...”

“In other words, the Demon King’s army can reach the castle where the monarchs are staying without any hindrance.”

“Hmm, so?”

Red eyes hide between slanted, curved eyes. Deon said, raising the corners of his mouth.

“We will attack the three kingdoms simultaneously.”

The Demon King’s eyes widened as if he had heard something unexpected, but then he smiled broadly with joy bordering on madness. From the corners of his mouth that were raised to the highest level, a soft yet exalted voice came out.

“First of all, attacking multiple countries at the same time... This is something that has never happened in the history of the demon world.”

It may be the case that one country is attacked first and other kingdoms join forces to naturally deal with multiple countries, but this side has never attacked multiple countries at the same time from the beginning.

Isn’t the natural course to take down one kingdom and then attack the next?

“You can save more time this way, right? “They are cornered anyway, having lost a lot of troops, so mobilizing all of the legions will be enough.”

“Haha, I guess so!”

You keep me happy even when the end is near.

This is why I can’t let you go. How can you throw away a timeless toy that always does fun things for you?

The Demon King put aside the paperwork he was doing and walked over to sit on the sofa across from Deon, crossing his legs and smiling cheerfully.

“okay. “The human world has put everything on the line, so this side should also show respect for it.”

“ ....”

“Thanks to the hunting competition, we don’t have to worry about monsters and there are no dangerous factors that could attack the Demon Castle, so there is no need for defense.”

Of course, there are other races of the Abyss, such as fairies, vampires, dwarves, and hyenas, but they will not attack the Demon King as long as Deonhart is alive. Because they are trying to achieve something through Deon Hart.

After Deonhardt’s usefulness is over, I won’t be around, so you don’t have to worry about it.

Therefore.

“It means that it is a very appropriate time to mobilize all corps and corps commanders.”

“ ....”

“Make a plan to mobilize everything at once. “It will be fun.”

“...According to Develania’s investigation, they divided their troops equally and deployed them to each castle. “The number of heroes included is about four each.”

Deon, who naturally accepted the Demon King’s words as if he expected permission or as if it was natural, began to recite the next words.

“That means their greatest strength, the heroes, were not deployed to the castle.”

“Then they must be trying to fight somewhere other than the castle.”

“Yes, I thought so too. And coincidentally, there are records of patrols from various countries wandering around various areas, as if they were trying to choose a place where the heroes could fight...” After

flipping through the documents a few times, I found the content I was looking for and placed it at the top.

In area A, once from the Empire, in area B, twice from the Shanguk, and once from Rweche... Tap on the top row of the table, which is organized in order of most frequently visited for convenience. The Demon King’s eyes followed the fingertips.

“This is a place we visit particularly frequently and where our routes overlap a lot. “They probably plan to fight here.”

It is a place within a triangular area created by combining the castles of each country. A location where you can quickly come and go from any castle.

The Demon King lightly shrugged his shoulders.

“I guess this is to deal with you. “Are you trying to lure me in?”

“yes. maybe.”

“I can’t believe I even prepared separate troops and a battle site for you. “You’re popular, Deon.”

“...gibberish.”

Deon, who was lying down on the spacious sofa, almost collapsed, picked up the document he had been cutting and found the scissors he had put down for a moment.

In addition to the cheeky answers, the cheeky actions. The demon king let out a laugh at the person in front of him who seemed not to care at all.

“You are very free-wheeling in your words and actions in front of the devil.”

“Are you going to be angry?”

“no. Let’s continue our conversation. “Do you know how they will lure you?”

So bad. The scissors cut off the end of the document.

“No details yet. “It doesn’t matter because I’m planning on getting punished anyway.”

“It looks like you plan on moving alone. “I’m sure it would be inconvenient and inconvenient for you to be around other people.”

“yes. “Through this, I will be dealing with most of the heroes, so there is no harm in being on the other side of the siege.”

“Do you know anything about the terrain here?”

“The location where the battle is presumed to be held is a plain, but there are many cliffs and mountains of appropriate height around it.”

“From the humans’ point of view, it was a good choice.”

It is easy to deploy long-range heroes and is great for close-range heroes to run wild.

Even though you know this, you still want to be tempted? The Demon King, who was stroking his chin and looking down at the documents scattered on the desk, suddenly asked.

“Are you okay if I go alone?”

“It’s okay to be alone.”

“I guess so.”

As I said, it would be easier for a warrior not to have others holding him back. However, if you do well, you can fight more comfortably, so why should you be lured into unfavorable terrain?

Deon added an answer as if he had belatedly read the meaning of the words.

“If I hadn’t been lured away, it would have been difficult if all those heroes changed their plans and went to each castle to apply. “I don’t want to ruin everything by being greedy.”

“...okay. “Then let’s ask about the opposite case.”

“...?”

“Are you sure that the siege will be successful with a force without heroes?”

The hand that was cutting the paper stopped.

Deon took his eyes off the document and looked at the Demon King. Suddenly, the Demon King’s eyes widened as

he asked why he was asking a useless question, and he waved a document he had no idea when he had picked it up.

“Looking at the four heroes deployed in one place, it seems like they haven’t given up on the defensive battle, but you can’t say there’s no chance of failure, right? “If we lock ourselves in the castle with these troops, it will be difficult to break through or pull them out.”

“ .... ”

“They must have been busy transporting food without missing the current period when the demons have completely returned to the demon world and are resting.”

Let’s see-.

The Demon King put down the documents related to hero placement and rummaged through the stack of documents on the table, quickly finding one part and pointing it out.

“That’s right. There is a story that food was transported from Rweche here to each province.”

“...If you go through other people’s documents carelessly, you’ll be in trouble.”

“Didn’t I put it here for you to see? “I guess I brought it here because I don’t mind seeing it at least.”

“ .... ”

Correct answer.

Deon didn’t bother to answer, but got up, drank some tea, and replayed what the Demon King said in his head.

The appearance of the human world that seems to have decided to fight against water, and Rweche's food sharing.

So what came out was....

'King Rweche is amazing.'

...It was an incredibly calm feeling.

If Rweche had used its reserves solely for its own country, it would have been possible to hold out longer by deploying troops to castles that the enemy had to pass through to get there, rather than holding on to just one castle. The King has made a very big decision.

Rweche distributed the troops he had stored up evenly among his allies who were lacking in military power. The heroes they had worked so hard to save were offered as a team to catch the warriors, and the food, which was already scarce during the long drought, was shared with the allies.

It may have been an unavoidable action to protect the human world, but it was truly a bold decision.

'Only the Mountain Country and the Empire were able to breathe.'

In addition to the long drought, we were struggling without a suitable top, but you must be excited by now.

Anyway, since you were asked a question, I guess I should answer it. Even if you think about it again, it is a useless question. He answered by moving his still hand and cutting the paper.

"The Demon King's army invaded the human world even without a hero."



The Demon King gently raised the corners of his mouth at the answer that seemed obvious.

“But I’ve never been successful.”

“That’s why we’re mobilizing all of our corps in an unusual way. The opponent of the ‘hero’ was originally the corps commander’s responsibility.”

The hero deals with the devil, and the hero deals with the corps commander.

“It would be enough to deploy four legions per castle.”

“There are four heroes staying in the castle, and some of the legions do not have commanders?”

“That part....”

Sloppy.

For a moment, a cold silence fell. The Demon King, who has stopped, quietly looks at Deon’s fingers, and Deon also lowers his gaze at the pain he feels at his fingertips.

...The finger was cut in half.

“...ah.”

“What does ‘ah’ mean....”

Ben knocks on the door from outside as if he came running straight away, but then turns around as if he senses that the signal has stopped.

The Demon King takes the scissors out of Deon’s hand and examines the finger that has just healed. Regardless of

whether the other person touched his finger or not, Deon sat still and thought. Thankfully, something came to mind.

A magical item that Ed showed off in the past to lighten his mood.

‘Yes, there was a snowflake stick.’

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 304**

304. Commit a greater sin than anyone else (2)

It is not necessary for each hero to have a corps commander, and I tried to have the corps commanders fill in the gaps on their own, but I don't think that is necessary.

'If you think about it, if you don't have enough manpower, you can make the climate on your side.'

Deon recalled a stick he had once used himself.

If you cut off the end of the stick, the contents would fly out like firecrackers and make snow fall. They say it was developed for use during wartime. Indeed, despite its name, which seemed like a child's toy, its power was quite powerful.

...At that time, I cut off half of my finger while cutting the end of a stick.

'Why did I forget this?'

It is a useful item in many ways.

The explosive power to sprinkle snow in a wide radius and the extreme cold to prevent the snow from melting and turning into rain would be effective even if fired directly at the enemy.

I lowered my gaze. The Demon King came into view, pressing and rubbing the area where the wound was.

“I like being a hero. It healed without a trace...”

“Demon King.”

“huh?”

Only then did the Demon King take his gaze off his fingers and raise his head. Deon took his hand out of his grasp and asked the question to the station that was looking at me.

“Do you know how many snowflake sticks we have in stock?”

“Snowflake... Ah, it’s been a while since I heard that name.”

...At first, he was skeptical as if he was hearing an unfamiliar word, but then he let out an exclamation as if he understood.

A reaction that would not have occurred if the item had been actively made and actively stockpiled. Deon’s brow narrowed slightly at the other person’s attitude, as if he had completely forgotten about it.

“Surely they stopped production?”

“Rather than saying it was stopped... it was a test project to begin with, right? It’s just ‘what if it were like this?’ I developed it because I wanted to, so I didn’t mass-produce it. “If it had been an official product in the first place, they wouldn’t have named it something like that.”

To be honest, the name was too rough to even pretend.

However, even though it was a test product, I thought it would go into official production soon considering its efficiency...

“It took a lot of work to make it because it had to be made by delicately processing the magic stone. Wouldn’t it be suitable for mass production? So it was discarded.”

“Ah...”

“But there will probably be some leftover stock. “There must be a related ledger somewhere here...”

He stands up and approaches a bookshelf on one side. He walked along, running his fingers through the various ledgers piled up in a row, stopping at a certain place and pulling it out.

The Demon King, who was flipping through the pages and examining the contents, raised his head and said as if he had found what he was looking for.

“There are two regular snowflake sticks and one blood snowflake stick left.”

“...That’s too bad.”

It’s too less than I thought. You can’t shoot directly at the enemy. Deon clicked his tongue lowly.

‘Still, I should consider it fortunate that I got the minimum number correct.’

You can start by shooting one at each castle.

As if he had sensed Deon’s thoughts, the Demon King, who had put the ledger back in its place, slowly raised the corner

of his mouth. A soft voice settled over the sound of footsteps returning to their seats.

“To use it to bring out those who are trapped?”

“yes. If you aim precisely at the sky above the castle and use it, the crops they harvested will freeze or spoil. Then, it will become impossible to hold out due to lack of food...”

“As a last resort, we will attempt to attack head-on. From the other side’s perspective, since they are fighting while hungry, and since they are losing a game, they will be mentally overwhelmed and not be able to show their full strength, and such a situation will make up for the lack of corps commanders on this side to some extent... That’s okay. “One is a blood snowflake stick, but there is no problem in achieving the intended effect, so it doesn’t matter.”

Accurate. Deon nodded.

Even so, it would be better to use it where you can get the most efficiency out of it. In which country would it be beneficial to use blood snowflake sticks?

The answer came quickly.

“I plan to use the blood snowflake stick in the mountain country.”

“Why did you have to point it out like that? I guess there’s some special reason?”

“San-guk is located in the south, where there are many shamans. “Because they will be so sensitive to superstitions, they will be able to encourage public anxiety within the castle.”

Deon saw how scary superstitions were through a book containing records of the past.

Even though there is no basis, they arbitrarily interpret that heaven is angry and kill the king by blaming him for his vices. In the name of appeasing nature, they sacrificed fellow humans and even ate children, believing the unfounded myth that they would make them healthy.

So, if bloody snow falls from the sky, public sentiment will become uneasy. The ugly public will not be able to overcome their own anxiety and will want to solve the ominous phenomenon as quickly as possible by creating a cause that does not exist. In a way, it is only natural that it leads to superstition.

“Good decision.”

The Demon King laughed.

“Individuals may be smart, but the public is stupid. “When waging war, it is fundamental to touch the ‘public sentiment’ of the other country.”

One or two loaches are bound to muddy the water. When they come to their senses, even smart people will be caught up in meaningless arguments with stupid people, and they will be dragged along without being able to come up with a solution. Or, even if you come to your senses and try to do it properly, you will only be caught up in the majority who are already caught up in it.

There will probably be infighting. It will be even more difficult to deal with because it is not an infighting involving weapons, but simply an infighting based on public opinion.

“Because public sentiment is shaken because it means the king’s power is shaken.”

This will be a particularly big blow to the country of Shan, which fanatically believes in its king.

“...Yes, probably so.”

You got it right this time too.

Deon looked at the Demon King, who looked particularly happy, and then looked away. As a nobleman and an honorary count, he was well aware of how the upper world worked.

The king’s shaken power will lead to checks by the nobles. No matter how much you try to do something, there will always be obstacles.

“Greedy nobles are eager to get more even in these situations, so there will be problems with the command system.”

Confrontation and checks to somehow wrest more power.

That alone is enough.

Deon relaxed his body, which had been tensing without realizing it as he was thinking about it, and rolled around on the sofa again. The Demon King, who was looking at him blankly, asked another question.

“When are you going to use the stick?”

“I saw before that even though the snow didn’t fall for that long, the cold air itself that lowers the temperature lasted for quite a long time. As long as the cold remains, even



natural rain will turn into snow. So, there doesn't seem to be any harm in using it in advance..."

"Are you planning to secretly send manpower to use it?"

"No, then there is a possibility that we will get food again, right? We need troops to keep that in check."

It would be better to send them as an advance team.  
therefore.

Deon stands up and looks straight at the Demon King. He speaks with his eyes firmly sunken, as if this is the main point.

"Can we hold a corps commander meeting right now?"

"...."

A voice as strong as the eyes.

Instead of answering right away, the Demon King stood up quietly. I walked around the table blocking the space and slowly approached Deon, placing the back of my hand on his forehead.

A short silence passed between the two, and soon a soft question was asked.

"Right now?"

"...yes."

"I still have a fever."

A mild fever that has almost become a chronic disease.

I can feel the heat on the back of my hand. The Demon King looked directly into Deon's eyes, raised the corners of his mouth, and spoke softly as if in a whisper.

"What's so urgent?"

"...."

"Even today alone, it's full and overflowing. "How about taking a little rest?"

"...."

"Oh yeah. It might be okay to do it after taking a nap. "It must be hard to endure these days because I don't even take medicine."

At some point, Deon stopped taking medicine.

Is that all? Starting with Dan's death, useless habits have disappeared and now only the basic habits I have had since childhood are left, so I wonder if this can be accepted positively.

'...No, I've developed a new habit.'

The act of silently looking down at your hands whenever you have time. If this were a habit, it would be a habit, but...

I always feel like I'm going to collapse at any moment, and now I just don't sleep, but it's too normal. With a clear sense of discomfort, the Demon King looked down at Deon as if observing.

"...Don't worry about it."

Deon, who crumpled his face as if he was displeased with the Demon King's words and actions, roughly slapped away

the hand that was still touching his forehead.

“This is not fever, this is basal body temperature.”

“...Yes, it doesn't go down any further, so it's not wrong to say it's a 'basic' body temperature.”

Of course, it is definitely not a 'normal' body temperature.

Deon twitched the corner of his mouth as if it was funny at the follow-up comment.

“What if one of the reasons for that in the first place is saying those things in front of me?”

The cause of fever is stress. The one who is taking the biggest share of that stress is the devil right in front of us.

A sharp voice continued.

“Isn't that true even with recent events?”

“If it's Dan's business, he just did whatever he wanted and I didn't do anything, right?”

“At that time, if Dan had not first decided to embrace his sin, you would have suggested that he make the sacrifice.”

The Demon King looked at Deon with a silent affirmation at the shortened remark, as if he was a little moved.

I have no intention of denying it, so I kept my mouth shut for now... So, why is it coming out here? The question was resolved in the remarks that immediately followed.

“So, I'm not talking about 'Dan's work', but your actions in protecting me.”

“...aha.”

The Demon King always surrounded Deonhardt. Deon himself knew that fact better than anyone else.

‘The reason is obvious.’

It must be for your own purposes. It protects me for its own purpose and mercilessly throws away everything other than ‘Deonhardt’ for that purpose, so how can I love it without heart?

It is truly terrible to be able to abandon the people around you against your will due to circumstances, but absolute protection is truly comforting.

“Perhaps you knew the effect that action had on me.”

Deon glared at the Demon King.

The perspicacious Demon Lord must have known that this was a significant amount of stress for Deonhardt.

“Nevertheless, they cover, treat, and take care of you.”

The enemy bastard is worried about my body. I didn’t just take my breath away, I also took care of the mental aspect as well. We take care of them when they get into accidents, treat them when they get hurt, try to put them to sleep when they refuse to sleep, and teach them their hobbies.

It wasn’t just a place of stress, it felt like I was really going crazy.

“...Well, it’s irrelevant now.”

“....”

He suddenly became excited and suddenly cooled down as if he had never seen it before.

...Now I finally understand the identity of the feeling of discomfort. The Demon King quietly smiled, accepting the twisted emotions that bordered on love and hate.

Deon Hardt did not recover normally...

“Sand-like broken glass hurts less than clumsily broken glass shards.”

“....”

“You said you wanted to have a meeting with the corps commanders right away, right? “If you want.”

Do whatever you feel like.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 305**

305. Commit a greater sin than anyone else (3)

Despite the sudden meeting call, the corps commanders quickly gathered.

Knowing that this is an opponent who would not order a summons without a reason, I follow Deon's movements with questioning eyes rather than dissatisfaction. Deon walked around the room calmly, stopped in place, and suddenly opened his mouth.

"Now is the time to end this damn war."

—The short break is over!

There was anticipation in the eyes of the corps commanders.

"We plan to mobilize all corps and finish it in a short time. Therefore, at this time, there is no need to protect the border or hunt monsters. "The war will end before the gap becomes a real gap."

A confident voice continues.

With everyone's attention, Deonhardt said that he would use the snowflake stick, once again citing the reason that came up in the conversation with the Demon King earlier. It

was also added that as a selection concept, a corps, including a corps commander, would be sent to each province.

“The advance team can use snow sticks as soon as they arrive and fight moderately until the second team arrives, building up the enemy’s fatigue. The full-scale battle begins after all late troops arrive.”

“....”

“Oh, of course, if you can put pressure on the enemy and build up fatigue without having to fight, then it’s okay not to fight. “The important thing is ‘mental pressure’ and ‘fatigue.’”

Someone who was listening quietly asked a question.

“Who do you plan on sending?”

“First of all, the 1st Corps should go to the Empire, which has weakened but still retains its symbolism as a representative of the human world.”

“Are you talking about sending the 1st Corps to the Empire?”

“okay. Wouldn’t that make it the right grade?”

When the 1st Legion was mentioned, Jaykar looked up. Deon, who made eye contact with me and received no rebuttal for a moment, took it as an affirmation, turned his head and continued speaking.

“And Rweche, which currently has the strongest military power among these three countries, has the 3rd Legion...”

“I’m sorry, Deon.”

However, the words that came out had to be cut off before they could even be finished.

Between silent astonishment and sharp gaze, 3rd Corps Commander Ashild spoke calmly.

“The 3rd Corps is the SS. “My main duty is to protect the Demon King and the Demon King’s castle, so I cannot just leave my position.”

“...Even if I end the war before that brief gap becomes an opening?”

“We cannot overlook the unexpected.”

“I’m fine.”

The Demon King, who was watching the situation with his chin resting, suddenly blurted out a word.

Ashild flinched for a moment, as if this wasn’t what he expected. He soon put on a stern expression as if he had never done that before.

“Of course, I know that it is impossible to protect the Demon King with insignificant skills. But, isn’t it nonsense to leave the Demon King and the Demon King Castle defenseless? At least if I were there, I would filter out the little brats and the devil would be less bothered—.”

“okay?”

This time, Ashild’s speech was interrupted.

Red eyes shine with an ominous energy. While Ashild hesitated without realizing it, Deon grinned.



“So, you’re saying it’s okay for you to remain in the Demon King’s Castle and operate ‘only the 3rd Corps’?”

“...yes?”

“You said, ‘At least I have you.’ Of course, this doesn’t mean you should really be left alone. I’ll leave behind a reasonable number of 3rd Corps members. “How about using the remaining personnel in the war, excluding them?”

A smile that somehow feels strangely pressured.

...There is no force worthy of sending troops to the Demon King Castle in the first place. Even if there are intruders, there will be only a small number of them, so that is enough to suppress them.

So this is definitely not due to pressure from momentum. Ashild hesitated and nodded slowly.

Deon tapped the desk with his index finger as if he was satisfied.

“Then, in addition to half of the 3rd corps... we need a corps commander to command it.”

Since the opponent is Rweche, only half of the army is not enough. There is no corps commander, is there? It would be better to send one more corps, including the corps commander.

As I was contemplating which corps to send, excluding those without a corps commander, someone raised their hand.

“Can I go?”

“...Idelia?”

“Yes, even though it looks like this, I have a good grasp of the 3rd Corps’ strength. “I am confident that I can utilize the 3rd Corps better than anyone else in this position.”

The 3rd and 4th Corps...

Deon’s expression hardened a little as he remembered a recent incident.

“I understand that the 4th Corps...is not on good terms with the 3rd Corps.”

“That’s why we know their power better. “Knowing the enemy’s strength is the most basic of basics.”

“But wasn’t the 4th Corps in charge of information processing?”

“If you’re a demon, especially if you’re a corps commander or a corps member, combat is basic, so you don’t have to worry.”

“...Well, okay. “If Ashild allows it.”

The conversation that was going on suddenly jumped out at me. Ashild blinked for a moment and nodded.

“I’m fine.”

“Then let’s leave half of the 3rd Corps to Idelia. “Take them and the 4th Corps and go to Rweche.”

“Please leave it to me.”

Idelia flapped her fan and rolled her eyes.

... His reaction may be a little uneasy, but he’s not the kind of guy who would make unnecessary jokes even in

important situations, so it'll be okay. Ashild looked at her with a subtle expression, and Deon, who was not interested in the matter being handled, immediately looked away.

"And I'm thinking about sending the 9th Corps to the Mountain Country..."

Red eyes look Trover up and down.

He appears to have incontinence all over his body, as if he still has the aftereffects of his fight with O.L. After trailing off for a moment, I asked quietly.

"Are you going to be okay?"

It wasn't a big deal, but Trover's jaw tightened at the words that subtly touched his nerves.

"Isn't it natural to be okay! No problem!"

"The momentum is good. Okay then, let the 9th Corps go to Shanguo."

"yes!"

Trover is shaking his body with enthusiasm, as if he is ready to leave at any moment.

I like how simple it is. Deon chuckled and stood up.

"Then shall we end the meeting here? I'll leave the rest to you via order. "The corps commanders heading to the advance guard will depart as soon as they are ready."

\*\*\*

And then there was the sparring between Deon Hart and Jaykar.

I tried to visit or call him before he left, but it worked out. As if he were not the commander of the 1st Corps for no reason, he is astute. Deonhard willingly raised his sword for the man who followed me in the name of sparring.

Deon thought idly amid the countless sword strikes.

‘I’m now familiar with this guy’s swordsmanship.’

Even though we haven’t sparred a few times.

It was difficult because it was an unconventional, free and unique style, such as not only handling the sword with fierce force, but also holding it in reverse even though it was a long sword, and sometimes boldly throwing it, but now I have become quite familiar with it to the point that I can even imitate it.

Deon, who struck back a few times with his sword, put aside his useless sentiments and slowly opened his mouth.

“I have something additional to ask you.”

“I will listen.”

“If we win the battle there and capture the castle...”

He hesitated for a moment, but it was only for a moment.

It makes no sense to turn back now, and the only way left for me is to go straight. After a short silence, Deon gently pulled up the corners of his mouth.

“Make sure to kill all the other demons.”

“...”

The tip of Jaykar's sword, which was stabbing in, shook for a moment.

He quickly retrieved his sword as if trying to hide his agitation, leaned back, and quietly looked at Deon. The overly straight gaze looked into unwavering red eyes.

Against the background of silence, their gazes exchanged for a moment before Jaykar put his sword into its scabbard as if announcing the end of the sparring and asked a short question.

"Even the commander of the corps?"

"...haha."

It's a simpler response than I expected. Deon laughed.

"The commander is the priority."

\*\*\*

After Jaykar returned, the Demon King appeared in front of Deon, who was organizing his weapons.

He suddenly approached in an uncertain manner, as usual, as if he had heard the conversation between the two or not, and spoke lightly as if he were offering a meal to the warrior who was giving him a wary look.

"Finally, I will teach you shield techniques."

"...."

He said 'last'. It means that he also knows that the end is coming.

Deon looked at him blankly.

‘... Such a conversation took place right before the meeting, and you have such a shameless attitude.’

But there are no unpleasant feelings. I looked away from him and nodded roughly.

“Of course.”

Like I said back then, it doesn’t really matter now.

...The voice that came out to answer seemed drier than expected.

\*\*\*

It is said that demons departed from the border.

Hearing the news that was tantamount to announcing the start of the second war, the three countries immediately moved the heroes they had prepared in advance to the vicinity of the decisive battle site. The same was true for the Primiro Knights, but they were placed in a position where they were relatively easily exposed to the eyes of their enemies.

The reason was obvious.

‘Because the Primiro Knights must be visible to the enemies until Deonhardt departs.’

Because they are a kind of bait.

Their news must reach the ears of the Murderous Knights before Deonhardt departs. We had to stimulate those who felt helpless among the demons and induce them to follow Deonhardt.

‘After Deonhardt departs, the heroes will have to be exposed.’

There is no way a warrior would pass by a place where so many heroes are gathered.

If we pretend not to know and then they go to another castle to apply, it will be a bad situation, so we can’t just leave it there. Even if we send someone else, it would be a disaster, so who else would go there?

In order to save power, Deonhardt has no choice but to enter the trap on his own.

“The question is whether it will follow you to where you intend to go...”

– It will follow.

There is a place where a camp has been set up to suppress those who enter the range. Of course, all of the forces to deal with him had a talisman that allowed them to be free from Jin’s range.

The question is, even if Deonhardt moves to deal with the heroes, will he really be willing to risk losses and follow them to that position?

The Emperor of the Empire responded firmly to the worried mutterings of the King of Shan State.

“You don’t have to worry. “He will step in knowingly.”

“How can you be sure of that?”

Lindell Reiner, who was watching the conversation from the side, asked curiously. Alethea smiled broadly.

“persimmon.”

“ .... ”

- ....

Somehow, it became quiet even beyond the communicator.

The only person who remained calm in the dumbfounded silence was Emperor Elpidius. He nodded as if it was obvious.

“Then I’m relieved. “Alethea’s intuition is quite good.”

“That... has no basis...”

“It was her intuition that predicted Deonhardt’s betrayal.  
“You can trust me.”

“ .... ”

Silence came again.

Alethea lightly lifted her shoulders and opened her mouth calmly.

“Then I guess I should leave now. “If we don’t join quickly, there is a chance that the heroes’ existence and location may be exposed sooner than planned.”

- ...I’m sure I heard the news that the Emperor became a hero...

Elpidius’ expression hardened and the king of Rweche let out a shaky voice.

- I wonder if there is a need to stand at the forefront like that. Aren’t you the only heir to the empire? You have to



think about your life too.

“We need at least one more hero. “It would be difficult to get away with it just because he is the emperor.”

No, since he is the emperor, he should not be left out.

Soldiers who are citizens of the empire are fighting outside even though they are ordinary people, but the Emperor, the hero, is hiding in a safe place? This is ridiculous.

‘So when my brother first found out that I had become a hero, he probably tried to hide this fact.’

Because this is a matter of my beliefs.

Alethea, who revealed to everyone without hesitation that she had become a hero, smiled lightheartedly.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 306**

306. Commit a greater sin than anyone else (4)

After finishing the communication and getting ready to leave, Alethea felt anxious eyes following behind her and looked back. She paused for a moment when faced with an expression that seemed in fact desperate, but then smiled and took a step closer to her brother.

“Brother.”

“....”

Lindel Reiner left the scene a long time ago as soon as the communication ended.

In the space where only the two of them were left, Alethea dared to hold the emperor's face with both hands and slightly lift it up.

A strong man who had been kind and gentle ever since he was the crown prince, and who showed no signs of weakness even when angry, was looking at me with an expression as if he were about to die.

I whispered softly as if to reassure him.

“I will definitely succeed.”

“...is that your feeling?”

“no. But...”

The lips rose in a pretty curve and spit out a familiar sentence.

“If it doesn’t work out, we have to make it happen.”

A remark that the former emperor’s uncle often made.

Oh really... I can’t win over my family. Elpidius laughed as if he was collapsing.

“Really... yes.”

“ ....”

“If it doesn’t work out, we have to make it happen.”

Alethea turns around. Leaving only a simple greeting, I set off on what may be my last journey without looking back.

Still, Elpidius could not catch her. I couldn’t stop it.

It’s not because he’s an emperor or because of political circumstances or anything like that. He just couldn’t break Aletea’s will.

‘Why did that kid become a hero?’

It would have been better if it had been me.

On the one hand, he blames Heaven, but on the other hand, he cannot help but understand that she has become a hero and becomes despairing. Because right now, she was truly showing behavior worthy of a ‘hero’.

“After all, you should have been the emperor.”

In the alone space, Elpidius muttered lowly.

\*\*\*

The decisive battle is just around the corner, and the entire human world is engulfed in war clouds.

‘...No, since the demons have departed, the war has already begun.’

The King of the Mountain Kingdom, who had cut off communication, looked back at Saerin, who was standing on one side.

The tension caused by the approaching war lingered between the two, so Yeonhwa looked at her for a moment and then calmly opened her mouth.

“After the war is over... instead of leaving right away, how about taking a look around the country with Gwain?”

“....”

“There are a lot of pretty beautiful scenery. “You will be satisfied when you see it for yourself.”

This is an overly hopeful statement.

However, knowing that it was to relieve tension, Saerin relaxed her stiff expression and smiled mischievously, just as the other person intended.

“Aren’t you trying to manipulate me into relieving the aftermath of the war?”

“Did you get caught?”

\*\*\*

The King of Rweche was quietly immersed in darkness.

It's the second round... It's the last chance to force what was originally supposed to end in the first round by bringing in all the power.

He was quietly looking into empty space as if drawing the future, and for a moment he muttered vaguely as if he were whispering.

"...I might lose."

It is a war that we have a high chance of losing.

According to the words of the defeated country, it was always miserable, so it would be even more so in the Demon World, which is not even a human being. But I don't regret it.

This was the only way left anyway.

"If we cannot protect the current generation, it is right to protect future generations."

This is the best that a king of a country can do.

If you kill the current hero, even if not immediately, another hero will be born someday. Through this, future generations will have another opportunity.

That is why they willingly gave up the troops they had raised, the heroes they had worked hard to gather, and even food.

'There is no such thing as love for humanity. If it weren't for the fact that if other countries collapsed, Rweche would also

collapse, we wouldn't have provided support to other countries.'

To the King of Rweche, who has no family left, people are divided into two categories.

People of Rweche and those who are not.

There are nationals above foreigners. Unless there is a special situation like the present, what reason is there to support another country? Just feeding my people during a long drought is overwhelming.

The human world is not important.

The king had to protect the human world simply for his country.

That was it.

\*\*\*

And.

The first snow fell prematurely in castles in each country.

From the warm climate of the Shan State to the middle kingdom located in the northern part of Rweche. It all happened simultaneously.

\*\*\*

Maybe it was because it was a war situation, but Develania faithfully brought us information.

Maybe that's why I've been seeing it here and there a lot these days, and it seems like it's quite busy. Deon looked over the documents he had received and said indifferently.

“You seem to be moving around a lot these days.”

Devellania stopped walking towards the door and looked back with a smile on her face.

“I need to get information.”

“Meeting other corps commanders?”

“Because our troops’ information is also important.”

“okay?”

fluttering-.

In contrast to the tense atmosphere, documents are handed over lightly. Deon kept his eyes fixed on the documents and blurted out words without even giving Develania a glance.

“I guess it is because you say so.”

“ .... ”

“Go out.”

The air surrounding him is incongruously gentle and carefree.

What on earth are you thinking? Devellania, who was examining Deon with narrowed eyes, could not wait long and had to come out with a nod.

Even if it isn’t, I’m busy because there are people I need to meet today.

‘Let me see, the appointment time is in 10 minutes.’

Luckily, I’ll be able to arrive just in time.

I wanted to stay closer to Deon a little longer, but it was a pity. Some of the contents of the documents I gave to Deon were leaked on purpose, but I haven't seen the response.

Devellania, who was looking at the end of the noisy hallway as if a reaction was already coming, left her disappointment behind and kicked the ground. Just before encountering the culprits of the commotion, the shadow on one side of the hallway quickly disappeared like an afterimage.

Devellania arrived at his destination without being noticed by others using his nimble and flexible body and stood in front of the door of the abandoned warehouse.

How many people gathered? I placed my hand on the doorknob with a little curiosity. When I opened the door, I saw everyone inside turning their heads in this direction.

'One two... Okay. 'It's all gathered.'

As she closed the door and entered inside, she narrowed her eyes.

"Have you made up your mind?"

"...."

"Well, coming here means that you've made up your mind.

"You know that once you've come this far, there's no turning back, right?"

He took the map out of his pocket and spread it out on the floor.

"Then I will take it as a positive and explain it, so listen carefully."



\*\*\*

Deon, who didn't care whether D'Vellania went out or not, was only focused on reading the document.

It is said that other kingdoms attached to the Demon World are being closely monitored. Even if it is just a suspicion without any physical evidence, it is probably impossible to use it since it is under close surveillance.

'It's enough just to have troops spend on surveillance, so...'

Our military power isn't so low that we have to use them anyway. Deon thought lightly and turned to the next chapter.

And I had to stop and fix my eyes on a word that caught my eye in the very first paragraph.

[The Primiro Knights are stationed near the place where the heroes are presumed to be.]

The Primiro Knights.

Aren't you an elite knight corps led by Stigma Primiro? A trace left behind by my senior in the empire and proof of his competence.

'What on earth are you thinking?'

No matter how elite they are, they cannot compare to warriors or heroes.

Putting ordinary people in the fight between heroes and warriors doesn't mean they almost have to die.

Elpidius, who seemed to have carried out this, or the monarchs who just watched it happen... they sighed,

doubting whether they were truly sane.

‘I’m tired just from being a hero, but even your knights...’

I glanced down and saw blood trickling slightly above my waist.

...If we go beyond killing the heroes and kill those who were part of the senior knights’ order, how far will this go? Can I, who is the culprit of everything in a battlefield where so many lives are fleetingly lost, not be swallowed up by this?

‘...I have to return to the Demon King’s Castle alive.’

How did I get here?

You can’t die from hallucinations or something like that before you achieve your goal.

‘It’s safer not to kill the knights with the premium, but...’

Each corps commander and corps have to attack the castles of three countries, so there is no power left. Taking some of them out this way would be a waste of energy, and since I originally planned to go to the side where the heroes were by myself, I didn’t have this situation in mind, so I couldn’t come up with any particular solution.

‘It’s going to be a little annoying.’

Should I select just the normal troops from the Demon King’s army and take them with me?

So, how many people would it be appropriate to take?...

‘...It’s not that important, so let’s think about it.’

You can think about it later.

After roughly organizing his thoughts, Deon lowered the hand that was pressing between his eyebrows and grabbed the document. Just as I was about to move on to the next page, the door burst open with a harsh knocking sound.

A commotion rushed inside.

“Leader!”

“Great ego!!”

“...uh why?”

What.

Amidst the commotion, Cleter, who was comfortably in the middle, quietly laid down the blanket he had brought with him on the floor. The people standing on top looked this way with determination in their eyes.

...what is it really?

“Why are we left out of the plan!”

“...ah?”

“We are not participating in this war!”

“The captain also participated in the war!”

What, did you already know that? The news is coming sooner than expected...?

The thought, which was meant to end with an admiration for one’s excellent hearing ability to pick up news quickly instead of a tired doubt, took a sharp turn due to someone’s subsequent remarks.

“I heard that the Primiro Knights are offending the captain?”

“...Who did you hear that from?”

Deon’s expression hardened.

This was clearly delivered intentionally by someone. Let’s get these guys to participate in the war!

If you interpret this differently, it means that you want to kill crazy dogs.

‘Why?’

Deon clenched his fists.

Are you asking me to participate in the war just to cause mental pain to you? Or to reduce my power? Although the probability is slim compared to the previous ones, it could be that the crazy dogs took a grudge against someone.

The crazy dogs, who had no way of knowing what was going on, quickly changed the topic as if they had missed it.

“That’s not the point! “We will fight!”

“How can we send all the troops of the Demon King’s Castle to war and leave only us alone!”

“It’s embarrassing to even think about staying with a demon lord in a demon castle where there aren’t many demons!”

Like Deon Hardt’s question, I didn’t ‘hear’ it from someone. Because there was a note in the dorm along with some documents.

There is a Primiro Knights and there is a high possibility that Deon will go there alone. It seems like he will fight the

heroes right after fighting them, but if he does that, he will probably be very tired and it could be dangerous.

“Please let us deal with at least the Primiro Knights!”

“I will fight them and go right back!”

“Even if I’m fighting, if I see a hero, I’ll jump right away!”

“You guys...”

The Lofty Knights who loved their leader lay down on the floor.

That’s why I put a blanket on the floor. It was a very deliberate move. Deon sighed, frowning, and cursed softly.

“Wake up you bastards.”

“Let me participate in the war!”

“Please do it!”

“...The Primiro Knights are elite.”

A more subdued voice brought down the commotion.

The members of the Lofty Knights, reading the mood, stop and look at Deon. Deon looked at the people still lying down with a confused look on his face.

“It’s difficult for you to confront them head-on.”

It’s definitely tiring and annoying to fight with guys like the Primero Knights who are worth killing even if you kill them. But that didn’t mean we had to send these guys out instead.

But crazy dogs don’t even know this situation.

“...We are also elite in our own right!”

“In the eyes of the captain, we may seem inadequate, but even though we look like this, we have accumulated some experience. “I am confident that I will do well in at least surviving.”

“You know. Why don’t you know that you are elite?”

These guys are the ones who survived after fighting and fighting for over 10 years, so who can confidently deny that they are not elites?

but.

“It’s because I don’t want to lose you.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 307**

307. Commit a greater sin than anyone else (5)

“....”

“You said you wouldn’t abandon me.”

The members of the Lofty Knights fell silent, as if speechless.

Even though their tone and gaze were calm, contrary to what they said, they could not bear to continue their stubbornness. For some reason, Deon, who was watching, laughed as he stood up, just noticing the dangerous appearance.

“Am I that untrustworthy?”

“...That’s not it.”

“Then that’s it.”

Cleter, who was tidying up the blankets on the floor, frowned slightly.

“That’s not why we insisted on going in the first place, right?”  
“You know everything.”

“Yes, I said so because I was embarrassed to be left with the demon lord in the demon castle where there are not many demons.”

“That can’t be true! Are you going to keep doing this, boss!?”

There’s really no way he ran for that reason.

It is not because the power of the ‘warrior’ Deon Hardt is unreliable. It wasn’t like I was just trusting a note I didn’t know who left.

Among the contents of the message, excluding the sender’s personal speculations, I came up with my own thoughts by combining the news received in the busy atmosphere of the Demon King Castle and selecting reliable ones.

‘At least it’s true that the captain personally participates in the war.’

You will find out about the Primiro Knights when you meet the leader in person.

The knights, who just wanted to reduce the amount of blood on their captain’s hands, looked for Deon Hart with the only agenda they thought they could help with.

[I heard that the Primiro Knights are offending the captain?]

[...Who did you hear that from?]

And I became convinced.

Once I found out that the information was true, what I would do next was decided.

[Please let us deal with the Primiro Knights at least!]



Deonhardt has had blood on his hands since he was very young.

This means that he was a child who was thrown into a battlefield and had to do anything to survive at an age when he should have been growing up by simply eating, playing, and learning within the walls of adults.

At a time when he should be growing mentally to prepare for the ups and downs he will face as an adult, he has started to waste away his immature mind. What is his condition like now?

‘During the eight-year war, we were powerless and had to rely on him, but now it’s different.’

Basically, killing someone requires a level of mental strength that even a trained general cannot overcome.

‘The limit came long ago.’

Deonhardt has gone quietly crazy, and the members of the Lofty Knights have been closely watching his every change.

In a situation like this, there was no way I could just quietly sit back and do something when an environment was created where I could help.

‘Even so, the captain’s condition is not serious right now.’

Previously, it seemed like we were moving steadily towards the end no matter what the mood was, but now it feels like the destination is just around the corner. The problem is that the destination feels like a cliff.

His aura becomes detached at some point, and the eerie feeling that runs down your spine every time you encounter

it.

The Knights Templar instinctively sought a way to slow down his steps, and the current situation resulted.

“Captain...”

“...It’s a war where we have to kill fellow humans.”

“....”

“Why do you insist on participating in a war that has no benefit?”

“Then what about the captain?”

Milan, who was quietly listening, let out a rare calm voice.

As the captain said, it is a war in which fellow humans must be killed. There’s no way he wouldn’t mind.

“Captain, why do you want to continue a war that is not good? “How about participating in the war in person?”

...Deonhardt needs to kill at least one less person.  
Especially since we don’t know how to stop the captain.

Our insistence is done with Deonhardt’s tacit permission. No matter how hard they try, if Deon Hardt makes up his mind and pushes ahead, he will have no choice but to back down.

In such a situation, the only thing the knights could do was to relieve the burden on his shoulders even a little and hope that the direction of his steps would change or slow down.

‘If the weight of your luggage is lightened, your desire to rest quickly will also decrease.’

If the desire to rest decreases, you will have more time and you will be able to look around. If the surrounding scenery catches your eye, wouldn't you be able to turn your steps toward an ominous destination that you don't know where it is?

If, among the countless burdens piled on young people's shoulders, we can at least reduce the weight that comes from killing people... Then, will we be able to see hope?

Even though I knew that nothing would change if I took a cup of water out of the sea water, my gaze with vain hope turned towards Deonhardt.

"...."

The red eyes that had been silent at Milan's sharp question rolled to the side as if avoiding gaze. Cleter, who was looking at Deon quietly, let out a faint sigh.

"...We don't know what the captain's purpose is. "You didn't tell me first, so I'm not going to ask."

"...."

"But if the captain wants something... if he can achieve it and feel comfortable... he should achieve it."

"Cleter!"

Milan called out to him in response to his back-handed remarks.

Either way, Cleter grinned at Deon.

"I want to add my hand to that, but are you still going to stop me? "I'm just trying to save the captain from having to

worry about getting his hands bloodied.”

“...If you really want to help me like that.”

Only then did Deon, who had been silent, open his mouth.

Those for whom I am responsible for coming here with only me in mind. I can't say they don't know me. At least you should make sure until the end.

After naturally closing the window and making sure the door behind them was properly closed, he lowered his voice.

“After everyone, including me, goes out to war, let them come to the human world when the time is right just because they are worried about me.”

“And?”

“Can I go help the captain?”

“...no.”

Red eyes, embracing the warmth of spring, gently curved.

“You just have to hide.”

“...yes?”

“Don't look for me again.”

You should live without making me feel even more guilty for no reason and without getting caught up in something more terrible here. You're an ordinary human, right?

“What are you saying...”

The members of the Lofty Knights froze at the blatant remark.

They opened their mouths as if they would protest at any moment, but Deon, who opened his mouth one step ahead, silenced them.

“Don’t even go back to the demon world. “I won’t be there anyway.”

Even if I didn’t know what those words meant, I couldn’t.

A statement that brings out before our eyes speculations close to the truth that had been buried in a lumpy manner. The expressions on the knights’ faces turned cold when the truth, which they had ignored and hoped was false, was clearly revealed.

Someone let out an ecstatic voice.

“Captain...”

“ .... ”

“No, right?”

Anyway, that ‘cliff’ doesn’t have to be a real cliff.

Deonhardt did not respond to their earnest gaze. He just rolled his eyes for a moment and then decided that it would be unreasonable to continue the current topic, so he casually changed the subject, as if asking when he had said something like that.

“But where did you get the information?”

“ .... ”

"I don't know about anything else, but you probably have no way of knowing about the Primiro Knights..."

How did they know the news that even I just knew?

What is... The answer is obvious.

In the silence of the honest people, Deon laughed viciously.

"Develania."

A familiar name jumped out as if chewed.

In the first place, the document containing the news of the Primiro Knights was delivered by Develania. It is Develania who is openly wary and suspicious of me.

Since she was the only one who could make such a big move, Deon crumpled his face.

"You're being annoying..."

"...Captain, that's what's important right now..."

Knock.

Just as the conversation was about to return to a difficult topic, as if to prove that they were not people to be taken lightly, there was a knock on the door.

Those who are silent look at one place at the same time. A calm voice continued beyond the door.

"This is Dernivan."

"...come in."

It came at the right time.

Deon shuffled through the papers on his desk and placed another on top, then looked back at the crazy dogs.

“You guys go out.”

“...I’ll see you later, Captain.”

The crazy dogs, who had been standing with dissatisfied faces until the end, couldn’t hold out any longer and trudged out, and Dernivan came in.

As if he sensed an unusual atmosphere, he glanced at the backs of the mad dogs with emotionless eyes, then turned his gaze to look at Deon. Without saying a word, under the persistent gaze, Deon calmly held a pen and scribbled something on a document, only opening his mouth after the door was completely closed.

“I was going to call you even though it wasn’t like that, but it worked out well.”

“....”

“You came because of the 9th Corps commander, right?”

Because the commander of the 9th Corps, who I had to kill with my own hands, went out first as an advance guard. The war is rushing toward its end, but you must have been frustrated and impatient as to when the opportunity would come.

I was just about to give him that opportunity. He said as he wrote down the order.

“I will place you in the same place as the 9th Corps commander.”

“....”

“As long as you capture the castle, you can kill as many people as you want.”

This means that it is okay to put an arrow in the back of the head of a guy who is so happy that it has been taken over.

Dernivan quickly understands the meaning and his eyes light up. Deon quietly studied his face as if observing.

...That's what I said, but when it actually happens, you will know that it is not simply a battle between the '5th Corps Commander' and the '9th Corps Commander', but a battle between the '5th Corps' and the '9th Corps', even though it is clear that it will be a large-scale internal conflict. Looks like he doesn't care.

This guy is really obsessed with killing Trover. I gained some confidence there and opened my mouth.

“I want to ask you something instead...”

“Please tell me.”

Deon raised the corners of his mouth in response without hesitation.

“If possible, I would like to kill other corps commanders there as well.”

I didn't say that to Jaykar, who I didn't completely trust at the time, for no reason.

What did he believe and didn't hesitate to tell the 1st Corps commander that killing the demons was a priority for the



corps commander? Now, no matter what anyone says, those who believe will follow, and those who do not will not follow.

Should we say that this is a situation where invisible factions are divided? It's not clearly visible, but it's a subtle feeling that may or may not be visible.

'And I'm not just saying that to Jaykar, so it doesn't matter.'

Aren't you saying the same thing to Dernivan right now? Without even telling me that there was no such thing as an 'ally'.

Dernivan, who was silent as if thinking about something, looked at Deon.

"Can we proceed with that after the castle is captured?"

"Of course I do."

"All right. "I don't have anything else to do."

"Nothing." "Go out."

As a result, the 1st Corps commander was in charge of the post-processing of the Empire side, and the 5th Corps commander was in charge of the post-processing of the Sanguo side. After that, whether the two face each other or not, if we put it aside and think about it, all that's left now is Rweche... I

paused for a moment in the order I was writing, tapped the paper with the tip of my pen, and called out to Dernivan, who had just put his hand on the door handle.

"Please call me Lirinel on the way. Secretly so as not to be caught."

“All right.”

I could give her the same command. The only difference from the previous two is that there is one more to follow.

Deon licked the bitter inside of his mouth with his tongue. The conversation with her came to mind, and I paused for a moment to slow down and catch my breath.

Now it was time to say the promise I had received through my previous request and plea...

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 308**

308. Commit a greater sin than anyone else (6)

While waiting for Lirinel, Deon finished writing the order. There was no hesitation in the movement of the pen as the rough distribution of troops had been completed in my head.

‘Since the large force of the 1st Corps has gone to the Empire, it would be fine to send the remaining 10th and 12th Corps without any hesitation to the Empire.’

And considering the case where Jaykar and Dernivan Ririnel face off against other corps commanders, the 7th corps commander is as strong as he is crazy, so it would be a good idea to send him to the empire as well for Jaykar to face.

Small letters were written squarely on top of the extra documents.

[Empire – 1st Legion, 7th Legion, 10th Legion, 12th Legion]  
There

is a 9th Legion in the Mountain Country, and I promised Dernivan that I would send it there, so I can send the 5th Legion there as well. It is difficult to determine how much power Dernivan will consume when dealing with the 9th

Corps commander, so you can easily add the 8th Corps without a corps commander here with some leeway.

‘Even if the 9th Corps commander is injured, it will be difficult to deal with him because he is a formidable enemy. There is no need to send a full army of corps commanders to a country that is not a strong country.’

So now the remaining space is...

Crunchy. The pen moved busily.

[Empire – 1st Corps, 7th Corps, 10th Corps, 12th Corps]

[San Kingdom – 5th Corps, 8th Corps, 9th Corps]

[Rweche – 3rd Corps, 4th Corps] After

writing down the parts of the 3rd Corps and the 4th Corps that went to Rweche as an advance team, there were three positions left. . 2nd Corps, 6th Corps and... 11th Corps.

Since Jaykar and Dernivan are already in the Empire and Mountain Country, I plan to send Lirinell to Rweche. She will definitely listen to whatever I say, so it doesn’t matter if I write it down in advance.

With the sound of a pen nib scratching paper, the 11th Legion was added to Rweche.

‘I think it would be appropriate to just put the remaining corps in Sanguk and Leweché one by one on an equal footing...’

2nd corps. And the 6th Corps.

Even if the 6th corps is like that, the 2nd corps are really picky guys. In particular, the corps commander, Develania,

was overwhelmingly picky compared to other corps commanders.

Which side would it be better to send her to? The red gaze stared at the paper as if it could burn it.

‘... In terms of the troops themselves, the 2nd Corps is weak, and in its current state, the forces to be sent to the Mountain Country are a bit stronger, so sending them there would balance the balance...’ You should have seen ‘corps commander’ instead of ‘corps’

. Sometimes it is the opposite.

Because the 3rd corps commander is missing, Sanguk’s side is overwhelming in terms of the quality of the ‘corps commander’, but as previously recalled, apart from the military power of the corps itself, the 2nd corps commander is a very difficult opponent. Even so, Dernivan, who was going to deal with the 9th Corps commander with all his might, could not have a terrible corps commander who was gnawing on his nerves in many ways.

‘Because if you’re not careful, you could end up dying without succeeding in anything.’

Killing the 9th Legion commander and other demons including the corps commander. What loss would there be if everyone failed and died?

‘When looking only at the corps commanders, the Rweche side, which only has 4 corps commanders, is the most formidable, so it wouldn’t matter if 2 corps commanders were added.’

I believe that Ririnel will take care of this.

This concludes the conclusion. He moved the pen and engraved the number of each corps in the empty space.

[Empire – 1st Corps, 7th Corps, 10th Corps, 12th Corps]

[San Kingdom – 5th Corps, 8th Corps, 9th Corps, 6th Corps]

[Rweche – 3rd Corps, 4th Corps, 11th Corps, 2nd Corps]  
Well,

I guess we can send it like this.

As I was finalizing the order based on this, I heard a knocking sound on the window frame. When I looked up, Lirinel was smiling brightly as if she was asking for permission outside the window.

‘...’

Deon looked at her blankly for a moment and then nodded.

After reading the permission, she quickly comes inside. As soon as Deon was alone, she closed the window she had left open again and turned her transparent eyes towards him.

“I heard you called me.”

“...okay.”

The inside of my mouth feels uncomfortable.

Perhaps it was because he felt sick from the terrible bloody smell, but Deon quietly raised his hand and gently covered his nose and mouth. Apart from that, he steadily spit out his business.

A more subdued voice came out.

“It’s time.”

“...ah.”

It’s time to die.

Recalling the conversation and promise from a while ago, Lirinel widened her eyes for a moment and then smiled brightly.

“It seems like this war is a stage.”

“yes.”

Unlike her, who smiles carefreely as if the speaker and listener are reversed, Deon’s complexion becomes pale and dying the more they talk. As if trying to relieve his tension, Lirinel spoke in a lively voice.

“It looks like you want something more than just my death. In that case, I think it would be better not to place you in the same place as the crazy... Lofty Knights.”

“...The reason is?”

“You know. “It doesn’t matter where I go, but for the best efficiency, it’s better that way.”

It’s a loss to tie up a useful card called magic.

Deon paused at the added remark.

“...I knew.”

“I am the most adept at using magical power in the Demon King’s Castle. Oh, of course, except for the Demon King.”

“Okay...”

Deon wiped his face with a dry sigh.

The epaulettes attached to each shoulder of the crazy dogs contain amulets. The unexpected attack that I kept silent about even though I knew this was quite painful.

After holding his breath for a moment, he continued speaking without stopping, as if he would not hesitate any longer.

“I will send you to Rweche. Once you capture the castle there....”

Kill all the other demons and die.

Don't show me dying, and don't show me running for me. I just hope it quietly does its job and disappears unnoticed.

I hope you don't become the cause of my agitation.

“....”

“...What is the answer?”

At the sharp question demanding an answer, Lyrinel, who was looking at Deon with dead eyes that seemed to delve into his heart, smiled broadly and nodded.

“Please leave it to me.”

It was truly a pure smile.

And a few days later.

Orders were delivered to corps commanders.

It was a moment when a large-scale expedition that was unprecedented in the history of the Demon King was taking



place.

\*\*\*

The day when the rear detachment departs according to the order of the general commander.

After completing all preparations, Lirinel sat down for a moment and played with Deon's portrait instead of going straight out. There was a man in the frame who looked exactly like him in real life, the only thing different from him in reality was the length of his hair.

'...It was said that the Demon King himself drew it.'

It was a gift from someone who is now dead and no longer in the world.

I said that because I was so happy and grateful.

[If you need any help in the future, please feel free to let me know! I will help as much as I can!]

...If I had known it would be like this, I should have treated you better.

There were no subsequent requests for help. Ririnel wasn't a distant demon enough to care about it even though there was no request.

I felt bad because I felt like I was wiping my mouth forever after receiving a big gift.

'How hard would it have been for a mere human to survive in the Demon King's Castle?'

A bitter smile appeared on his lips.

For a moment, Lirinel lightly kissed the forehead of the person in the portrait and stood up. There was still a voice in my heart that wanted to be greedy in life, but it was not at a level that I could ignore.

‘Because my greed shouldn’t be mixed with serving others.’

It was fun thanks to Deon.

I made demon religion, ate pretty shaped cookies, the warmth I felt implicitly was sweet, and I was happy just looking at his face. If it weren’t for him, there were things I would never have experienced in my life, so now it’s Deon’s turn to be happy.

So, I will not pollute this heart by using the excuse of love for my personal greed. Whatever he wants, he’ll do it, no questions asked.

I snapped my fingers. Immediately the portrait caught fire and the painting began to melt, using the wooden frame as firewood.

Since it is a magic that only burns the target, there will be no chance of the fire spreading. All you have to do is go on like this.

Nevertheless, Lirinel stared at the flames for a long time as if she were mesmerized, and only turned around when she heard a voice urging her to knock on the door from outside.

...Someone asked in my heart.

‘Don’t you want to live?’

Instead of answering, Lirinel simply muttered one sentence.

Beautiful. Strong.

‘...For my kind God.’

\*\*\*

Deon prepared to go out alone.

Even if you proceed quickly with the work, you have to face troublesome people such as learning shield techniques from the Demon King or dealing with D’Vellania who brought information during the unavoidable spare time, so you are mentally tired, but your body is unwilling to take care of you because there is no one to take care of it for you. I had to move it steadily.

I have left the external preparations to my deputy, Ed, so I have to take care of myself personally. Nevertheless, Deon, who had been lost in thought while fiddling with the clothes Ed had made for him, opened his mouth out of habit.

“But this time, I’m going to wear ‘those’ epaulettes. Where is my epaulette where I told you to keep the talisman before...”

Ah.

The lips that had spit out the name of the person who would not answer were quickly closed.

It was a call that came unconsciously. It was Dan who first obtained the amulet, and it was Dan who was ordered to put it in his epaulet.

“....”

Deon, who was silent for a moment, then turned around and started searching the closet himself.

Just as I expected it to be hidden in a not-so-difficult place, I noticed an epaulette placed next to it pretending to be an extra item.

Of course, there is a possibility that it is not, but the hero's senses tell us that it is correct, so it is probably correct.

I thought for a moment while holding my shoulder strap.

'It's difficult to put it on yourself when you've already worn it...'

I'm not confident I can wear it well.

'I guess it would be okay to just go to the crazy dogs and ask them to do it.'

You will hear persistent pleading and nagging until the end, but it will be better than having your epaulettes fall into the hands of demons.

The moment Deon, who had been looking at the shoulder straps intently, made a rough conclusion and turned his head.

"Shall I do it?"

A refreshing voice was heard.

After hurriedly shifting my gaze, I saw the Demon King smiling brightly, leaning his upper body against the window frame, as if he had just come in.

"...I left the window open, so now it's like a dog or a cow...."

“Huh?”

“No, nothing.”

Deon swallowed back half of his true feelings and asked with a shocked expression.

“Are you coming in through the window?”

“It’s better than coming over and being a bother, right? “It will attract less attention if you do this.”

“ ....”

“It looks like it would be harder to wear that by yourself... Shall I do it for you?”

“Okay—”

Before he could finish his sentence, he narrowed the distance with great strides, grabbed the epaulet in his hand, and stopped – only moving his eyes to look at Deon. For a moment, he casually touched the epaulette and placed it on Deon’s shoulder, as if he had never done it before.

It was a clean, undisturbed hand movement that did not feel the slightest bit of discomfort.

“Make sure you have a safe trip without any injuries.”

Tuk-tuk. A gentle hand taps the shoulder a couple of times as if cheering. The red eyes that followed the hand and glanced back up to see the devil’s face.

As always, the Demon King grinned as he faced the blood-red eyes burning negatively with all kinds of emotions mixed in without hesitation.

“You have to think about the future as well. “Save yourself.”

“ ....”

“Because I’m fine here.”

My limbs are intact, but you have to get hurt to use them?

It was truly a consistent smile.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 309**

309. Commit a greater sin than anyone else (7)

After the demon king returned, Deon left the room and found Develania's room.

Fortunately, as if he had not yet left, when he knocked on the door, a voice came back telling him to come in. As I opened the door and entered without hesitation, I saw Develania looking at me with her eyes wide open at the unexpected visit of an unexpected person.

"Master Deon...? "What are you doing here?"

"I have something to tell you."

We're not on good terms, and I don't plan on going back and getting to the point after asking useless questions about how I'm doing. He immediately took out a map depicting the structure of Rweche Castle from his pocket and spread it out on a nearby table.

Under the mysterious gaze of the young demon, a white finger pointed at the area marked with red ink.

"All of the things shown here are the main forces of Jin that exist in this castle."

"...!"

“There is additional explanation written next to it, so you won’t be confused about the location. “I don’t know if it’s the type that shatters when one is removed, or the type whose power weakens every time one is removed, but try to break it according to the situation.”

If it is a type that shatters, you can destroy just one. If it is a type that is weak, you can destroy all of them.

Even though he was examining the drawing with a serious face, a question appeared on D’Bellania’s face, as if he didn’t know why he was telling me this. Deon grinned at her.

“Infiltration is your specialty, right? “If we start by breaking the camp, things will be easier.”

“...Yes. “You’ve come to the right place.”

Devellania looked at him for a moment and smiled.

“Thank you for the valuable information. Please trust us and leave it to us.”

“Well... okay.”

Even without that, the capture of the castle would have been the same, just with a little difference in time, so it doesn’t really matter if it fails, but a good thing is a good thing.

Deon turned his back. Develania, who had packed the map in her arms, spoke to Deon, who was about to return.

“There is nothing particularly alarming about the human world right now, so this will be the final battle.”

“...I guess so.”



Deon, frozen in a meaningless conversation rather than an exchange of useful information, looked back. A smiling figure with an unknown attitude came into view.

Whether Deon's eyes narrowed or not, D'Vellania scanned his long hair with a wide smile on her face.

"But would you mind going to the battlefield like that? "The hair might get in the way."

"I brought something to tie my hair with, so that's it. "It's not something you should care about in the first place."

"Shall I tie you up?"

"...what?"

It may have been a long time ago, but haven't we come too far to give up now?

A gaze that revealed blatant absurdity was directed at Develania. She said without hesitation, as if she had expected this attitude.

"It's the last time."

"...."

"Come on, please sit here."

...Yes, the word 'last' is a very good excuse and weapon.

Let's check what the intention is. Deon obediently sat down on the chair held out by Develania with his back turned. I felt an unfamiliar hand combing my hair.

"What about hair ties?"

“here.”

Her eyes seemed to widen when she saw the red hair tie, but then rounded. Deon didn't miss the way the hand that was touching his head stopped for a moment.

“I gave it to you as a gift.”

“It won't be noticeable even if there's blood on it.”

“I think I said it before, but I'm really glad you like it.”

I think I thought about it last time, but I don't think I ever said I liked it.

I let out a sigh and put my head down. I feel a delicate hand tying my hair as my senses tighten. Thanks to the opponent being surprisingly good at this, the hair was completed in no time, but Deon did not get up from his seat.

He lowered his red eyes without even moving his head, looked straight ahead again, and calmly opened his mouth.

“I wondered what your intention was...”

Was it this?

“Are you trying to kill me?”

Every time you utter your voice, the uvula moves, creating a cut-like wound. A sharp thread was barely visible, reflecting the light right in front of Deon Hardt's neck.

Deon tilted his head to one side, decapitated or not.

“It must be difficult now.”

Blood flowed out. The thread that was pulled tautly loosens a little.

Well then. Unless you're a stupid bastard, there's no way you're going to make an accident here. He grinned proudly.

"Is this a threat or a warning? "Of course it's not a request."

"It could be a warning."

"That's bold. "I wonder if it has something to do with how busy I've been walking around these days."

"...."

Instead of answering, Develania gathered up the thread, walked out from behind, and stood in front of Deon.

When I look down, I can see the area where the injury was. A place where everything has completely healed and only the blood stains left on the skin indicate that there was a wound. I reached out my hand and rubbed it as if to remove blood stains.

Deon raised his eyes and looked at her without saying a word due to the natural pressure on his neck.

"You know Deon, but I don't trust you."

The eyes, which had become more empty than before, became even more like jewels. I looked into the smooth stone-like eyes named Ruby and then neatly removed my hand.

"...No, actually, I gained confidence."

So I was busy walking around.

Each person comes to mind as they clenched their fists and gritted their teeth in a sense of betrayal. Now they are in the same boat.

D'Vellania took a step back for a moment as she faced the red gaze that followed her as if trying to find out what was inside her.

"So, you can look forward to it. "I will quickly destroy human nature and come to you."

...It's blatantly visible that something is there, but it probably doesn't matter. Because I don't trust you either.

It is not good for wounds to heal quickly in times like this. If he had been in his body before becoming a warrior, he would have been able to deal with Develania using the clear scars as evidence.

'Actually, even if I was in that state, I would have just passed on now that the war is approaching.'

I've organized my troops, but I have to kill them here to use them.

Deon grinned as he lightly brushed the injured area with his thumb.

"Okay, I don't know what else you're hiding, but...."

"...."

"Just give it a try."

\*\*\*

When I came out, I saw crazy dogs coming out to see me off, as if the last hurdle remained.

In fact, it is very obvious that he is trying to change his mind somehow, rather than just saying goodbye. Deon stopped walking reflexively at the memory of what had been bothering him for a while, then smiled bitterly and started walking again.

'It's going to be creepy and sticky the whole time and make a lot of noise until the end.'

Are you planning to follow me again this time?

As the distance gets closer, the guys who were hanging around raise their heads and look in this direction. Unlike the always noisy response, this time there was a somewhat passive call.

"Captain..."

"...?"

These are not the crazy dogs I knew. Deon, who had been outspoken in his unsuitable attitude, stopped walking.

Whatever his reaction, Milan, who came striding up to him and stood in front of him, opened his mouth in an uncharacteristically calm manner.

"I didn't come here to hang you this time. "I came to see you off."

"...."

"Instead... I won't insist on following you, so can you please promise me one thing?"

"...What?"

"As we promised before, we will not leave the captain..."

His voice trembled as if he intuited the answer before he could complete the question.

“Captain, please don’t abandon us.”

“....”

...He said he wouldn’t insist on following along. In the end, there is no difference, right?

This means not to die, but at the same time, it is a request to withdraw the previous order. So Deon couldn’t bear to answer.

I looked at the people who were just waiting for an answer in silence and whispered, pretending not to notice.

“You remember my orders, right?”

It is an order that has made me chase it all the time, and at the same time, it is an order that has led to the current conversation. Both sides know better than anyone else that there is no way we will forget.

Nevertheless, mentioning this... The members of the Lofty Knights, who sensed something ominous, looked dead.

“It’s my last command, so make sure you follow it.”

“...You’re cruel, Captain.”

An order to come out to the human world and go into hiding. An order to never find Deonhart again or return to the Demon World.

In the end, each member of the Order wipes their face or closes their eyes when they say they will leave. It was very pitiful to see his pale complexion, but since he couldn’t give

up his stubbornness, all Deon could do was become even more shameless.

So he broke it and said it playfully.

“Then who is the leader?”

“....”

“...And I have hidden the fairy herbs in your lodgings, so make sure you find them and use them carefully. “I’ve also written down the efficacy of each herb and how to use it, so you won’t have any problems using it.”

“When did that happen again?” More than that...”

“More than that?”

“...!”

It’s not the captain’s voice. A somewhat unfamiliar voice.

The startled guys quickly backed away. The Demon King suddenly appeared without any trace and was grinning among them as if it was fun.

“I knew, but it looks like the human knights are ‘definitely’ not going to this war.”

“...is there any problem?”

“What is the problem? “I just came out to see you off.”

If it was a send-off, I remember that it was all done in the room a little while ago.

Deon narrowed his eyes at the incomprehensible behavior. The Demon King pretended not to notice and smiled as

usual and told me to have a nice trip. It was an attitude full of discomfort.

Maybe that's why I felt so bad that I couldn't bear to leave and hesitated, but the Demon King naturally asked with a smooth face.

"Aren't you going?"

"...."

"If you are a human knight, I will take good care of you, so don't worry."

"There's no need to take care of it, but..."

Now I understand why the devil came to me again under the pretext of sending me off, which he had already finished. It wasn't me who was the goal, but the crazy dogs.

...what are you going to do?

Suddenly, life turned into his eyes. Despite the bright red eyes warning him not to touch it, the Demon King pretended not to notice and calmly closed his eyes and waved his hand.

Unable to say anything more, Deon looked back at the crazy dogs.

"Don't disobey me."

I would like to take them to the human world and then release them, but to shorten the time, they are moved using the 11th Legion's large-scale magic, so if they leave together, it will be difficult to get them out in the middle.



So, leaving a firm advice as if warning, he turned his head, glared at the Demon King with a suspicious look, and then nodded his head awkwardly.

“Then I’ll be back.”

“okay.”

The Demon King accepted the words leisurely, as always.

\*\*\*

The 11th Legion cast magic all at once.

The magic power of each person intertwined like a net under their feet, expanding the area. Eventually, when the area expanded to include everyone in the space, it engulfed everyone above it with a bright light.

In the space that suddenly became quiet, the Demon King leisurely scanned the area where they were.

...So many people disappeared in an instant.

The number of presences felt in the Demon King’s Castle has decreased significantly, making it look like a dead castle.

Well... sooner or later this castle will also become a remnant of the past, so I guess that’s not entirely wrong.

‘Then I guess I should start preparing now.’

...Previously.

The Demon King left his unfamiliar feelings behind and turned around. A mad dog, with its eyes wide open, just

staring at the spot where the disappeared people stood...  
no, the Lofty Knights came into view.

I asked with my eyes wide open.

“Are you okay with me staying here like this?”

“yes?”

“Deon could be in danger. Wouldn't it be better to follow along?”

Do you know what? By nature, the Demon King is not the type to be treated obediently.

Since my purpose and Deon's actions were consistent, I turned a blind eye to his wanton actions, but he lost quite a few corps commanders because of this.

In any case, this is a huge loss.

‘Isn't it unfair to lose only me?’

A mischievous smile appeared on his lips.

Let's put aside the fact that whether it's a corps commander or something else, sooner or later it will become a meaningless force. It's no fun just being bullied. Anything is only fun when there's an appropriate counterattack.

‘So wouldn't it be fair for you, Deon, to lose at least the troops you care about?’

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 310**

310. I will commit a greater sin than anyone else (8)

I will take away the Knights of Lofty.

Since the end is approaching, it's okay to joke around like this. During this time, I was unusually quiet, trying to take care of the other person's mind.

The Demon King looked at the members of the Lofty Knights, pretending to be a kind person and bending his eyes to hide the strange expression in his eyes.

"...What do you mean by that?"

Despite the devil's remarks and attitude that created anxiety, the members of the Lofty Knights maintained their composure.

"Could you please explain in more detail?"

"The captain is a warrior, so there won't be much danger..."

Apart from his eyes shaking with worry, his faith is strong.

The Demon King, whose eyes shone through narrowed eyes at their rather resolute attitude, soon shrugged his shoulders.

“Surely you didn’t know? “Deon is under a curse.”

“...yes?”

“I guess you didn’t know.”

“What do you mean... you started doing it and now it’s a curse? “A warrior and a curse... Our captain is not a character from a fairy tale.”

“If I give you a kiss, the curse will be lifted.”

“Who wants to do it?”

Even though I was embarrassed for a moment, the story quickly went somewhere else.

While the Demon King, who could not keep up with the flow of conversation, kept his mouth shut in embarrassment, Cleter, who had been quietly listening, frowned.

Of all the knights, he is the most normal.

“...Isn’t it normal to look for the captain’s bride in times like this?”

There was a bit of a deviation, as if to prove that it was ‘at least’ normal.

“It won’t take time to find a bride. “It would be better for someone to sacrifice their life.”

“sacrifice?”

“Because the one who kissed will definitely die at the hands of the captain and the others.”

Not to mention the leader, the rest of the knights will be punished as a thief without a conscience and a pervert who has no answers. Of course, there is no chance of surviving in the hands of the captain.

“In the first place, if you have the face of a leader, isn’t it a task to find a bride?”

“Are you sure... Even if you are a traitor to humanity or something, you would forgive me and move on just by looking at your face?”

“Should I put my captain’s face on display to save the bride?...”

“...It’s not that curse.”

It can’t be a curse that can be easily broken like the curses in fairy tales.

The Demon King, who barely regained his senses, hurriedly returned the flow of conversation. Without giving them a chance to speak, he spoke straight away.

“It’s a curse where you hallucinate blood rising from under your feet. Not only the visual part, but also the sense of touch and smell are perfectly implemented, so if it fills up to the end, you will probably die without being able to breathe.”

“...”

The expressions of those who felt the seriousness of the situation hardened.

Why are these ordeals being piled on a child who is having a difficult time? After a heavy silence, someone asked as if

chewing.

“...why.”

“I don’t know either. But I know that the level rises every time you kill someone.”

In fact, guilt is the medium.

The Demon King spoke naturally.

“So Deon will try to refrain from killing anyone. “Heroes can’t help it, but in the case of the Primiro Knights, they probably try not to kill even if it means risking some injury to themselves, right?”

Because I can’t hallucinate and die before returning to the ‘Devil King’.

“So, you will waste a lot of your nerves while dealing with the Primiro Knights, and that mental fatigue will also affect the battle with the heroes that follows.”

“...How can you believe that?”

“If you want, you can swear by your status as the Demon King.”

It doesn’t matter if you throw away a position that will become useless anyway. In the first place, there wasn’t much of a lie involved.

The faces of the Lofty Knights, who had no way of knowing what the devil was up to, were distorted.

“...What on earth do you think we are?”

A miserable voice came out.

Who are you to worry about when you're still young?

Cleter runs somewhere. The voices of those who remained were low, filled with deep emotion.

"You probably didn't go far, right?"

"I don't know. "It may have already arrived since it moved using magic."

"Fuck."

"Watch your mouth in front of kids... Oh, nothing."

"If I chase after you now..."

No matter how much I ride, it is impossible to catch up with the magic. There is a high possibility that the battle will already be over when we arrive.

However, they were worried that it might already be too late, and as if it was a waste of time to hesitate, they immediately ran to the stable without even thinking about it. As if belatedly becoming aware of the Demon Lord, a voice was heard from far away.

"Let me borrow your word!"

The Demon King chuckled.

An answer that could not be reached came out in a small voice.

"okay."

I should tell the users in advance so they don't get embarrassed. Oh, and to the guys guarding the castle gate.

I picked up the communication seat. Even though I was manipulating it, I couldn't hold back the joy, and in the end, a mocking self-talk came out.

"If I had just waited, Deon would come back alive and limbs intact, but that's foolish."

\*\*\*

Humans riding demonic horses were running through the plains.

"Even the weather sucks. "They said it was a drought, but why is it raining?"

"So... By the way, Cleter, where have you been?"

"To find the herbs the captain left behind."

"Oh right. "There was that."

"So have you decided on a route to take?"

"I will definitely take the shortest route. Can you see the map here? "This is where the captain fights, so we just have to go in a straight line like this from where we are."

"...there's a river in the middle?"

"I should just cross. "Oh, I see it right there."

"...It rained and blew...."

"Aren't you going to go to Hwangcheon Road while crossing that?"

"I don't know, fuck. "If you succeed in crossing, you will see the captain. If you fail, you will reunite with your deceased



grandmother.”

“I wonder if the horse can withstand it....”

“It’s a horse from the demon world, so it should be able to withstand this much. Isn’t that right?”

Purr! Purung! Pap-duk!

“Did you hear? “They say so.”

“...I heard the sound of teeth grinding...?”

“Then you want to go back far? “Our captain might be in danger?”

“Fuck yeah. “Let’s go.”

“If your horse gets swept away by the current, just move on to another horse. know? “You’ve done it a few times when you fell from a horse.”

“It’s my first time doing it in the water... but why not give it a try?”

“Then let’s go and don’t die like a fool.”

\*\*\*

The main force of the Demon King’s army arrived at a place where only the advance team had arrived.

It was the beginning of a full-scale war.

Even though the Demon King’s army was right in front of them, knocking on the door of the castle where they were staying, the monarchs of each country did not evacuate. Because there was nowhere else to retreat from here.

This is where the troops are most concentrated. It was clear that even if he went to another castle, he would be breached in an instant and his head would be taken.

And above all....

“How dare I hide when my younger brother goes to the battlefield and fights himself?”

The emperor of the empire, Elpidius, muttered bitterly as he washed his face.

The heavily sunken golden eye just stares down blankly, and then catches a person standing on one side. Lindel Reiner, the older brother who lost his younger brother at the hands of Deonhardt, was standing calmly holding documents.

“...Aren't you going to participate in the war yourself?”

“Originally, I was far from fighting. “It's not something I can dare to participate in.”

Not only was he not good at fighting, but Deon Hart said he wouldn't look at him twice. If we meet again this time, I will definitely die. Since the look in his eyes was telling him that it was not an empty statement, it would be better not to take it as a lie and do something foolish.

Lindel, who had heard all the reasons why his brother had to die at that time and had no reason to risk his life and step into that mess, lowered his eyes and said,

“Shouldn't the living live?”

“...is it.”

I don't think I could ever do that.

A faint smile appeared on Elpidius's lips.

"You are a strong person."

"...Thank you for saying that."

"So..."

The atmosphere became too heavy. As if to change the subject, his golden eye touched the document in Lindell's hand.

"There's no way the amount of frozen food is written there, and is it related to the Battle of the Fortress?"

"yes. Regarding financial issues such as food, the Prime Minister..."

"If it is what His Majesty said, it is here."

The Prime Minister, who was sitting at a desk on one side and quietly processing documents as if he were not there, handed out a short report as if he had been waiting.

Elpidius, who received it, scanned the contents and let out a heavy sigh. A confused expression appeared on his face.

"...Rweche has no shame."

It looks like they're throwing away all the food they gave them.

It wasn't the season for snow, but it suddenly started snowing and the temperature plummeted. It was a disaster for the empire, which had filled the warehouse with a lot of food but had to put it out for a while due to lack of space.

Grain that was hit by snow held water and froze. Some of the livestock, which were originally small in number, froze to death or became destitute.

The prime minister glanced at the young emperor's expression and added as if comforting him.

"It's not at the upper limit yet..."

"It will go bad soon."

It won't hurt you if you eat it, but it will taste bad and will rot in a short while.

It would be a waste to just throw it away, so I think we should use these up as quickly as possible...

"...I guess I should cook the food that has been eaten first before it rots and becomes unusable."

"Are you planning on feeding the soldiers?"

"Are you crazy?"

What does this country feed to those fighting to protect the future of the human world?

"Those who go out and fight should be fed with proper food, and only those who sit back and hide should eat this kind of food."

"...the nobles will rebel."

"It's not bad, and even the emperor will eat it, so why not protest against it? Or is it because you don't want to eat, Prime Minister?"

The chancellor, who was looking at Elpidius without an expression, smiled softly.

“Is that possible? “That’s great judgment.”

Elpidius paused for a moment at the unexpected smile of the person he had been clashing with ever since he became emperor.

For a moment, he pretended not to be and turned his head to look at Lindell.

“Then let’s move on. Report to Lord Lindell.”

The noble young man, who glanced back and forth between the prime minister and the emperor, nodded and opened his mouth.

“We blocked the first attack of the Demon King’s army with an ambush in front of the castle gate.”

“ambush?”

“Your eyes have a negative effect on food storage, but they are a good help in strategy.”

“Oh, that.”

The falling snow obscured those who moved under the cover of night and neatly covered the traces of the ambush, so the Demon King’s army rushed in without knowing anything and was greatly defeated.

“After that, we focused on the fortress battle and provided flaming logs or arrows to those climbing ladders, and rocks from siege towers using catapults. However, as it was getting closer to winter and we needed to save firewood, we

replaced the ladders with rocks instead of logs. . “I just use the arrows as is.”

“To begin with, there aren’t many stones in this castle...?”

“I worked hard to save up, so I will hold on for a while. There was an attempt to dig a tunnel, but it was easier that way. All you have to do is find the right location and pour boiling oil into it.”

If you don’t have oil, you can boil water and pour it in.

“That’s why we are intentionally trying to appear weak in dealing with tunnels. In the process, I think we will inevitably have to let a few enemies into the castle. Do you mind?”

“So that the enemy can focus their attacks on the tunnels?”

“yes.”

“Do whatever you want. However, be prepared in case the enemy is stronger or more numerous than expected.”

“We plan to dig deep into the ground along the castle wall, about 3 meters inward from the inner wall of the castle. That way, even if the enemy comes in, we will be able to gain the upper hand and attack.”

The enemy will be isolated by hostility and there will be no way to do anything.

After all, the princess didn’t bring him as a staff member for nothing. Elpidius nodded willingly.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 311**

311. Commit a greater sin than anyone else (9)

Sleet is falling. Jaykar, the commander of the 1st Corps, who was watching the demons rushing to cross the walls of the empire and the imperial army struggling to stop them, raised his head.

The function of snowflake sticks is purely to scatter snow, so the fact that rain is mixed with snow like now is not caused by the sticks. In other words, it would mean natural rain.

Perhaps the cold residue from the snowflake sticks used in the sky above the castle was causing sleet to fall. It will be snowing inside the castle, and if you stay far away from the castle, you may encounter rain.

“...They said it was a drought.”

From the human world's point of view, it's been a long time coming.

As long as the influence of the snowflake stick remains, it won't be all that good.

...More than that.

“The situation is dragging on longer than expected.”

Contrary to what I thought, things are going smoothly.

I can feel the deputy standing next to me flinch, as if sensing something ominous from the dry remark. Jaykar scanned the castle wall with cold eyes and said meaningless words.

“Everyone seems to have become very relaxed. “When I return, I will have to increase the intensity of my training.”

The adjutant hurriedly picked up a magic stone with a loudspeaker spell engraved on it.

“1st Corps... If you don’t want to face intense training, do your best to get over the castle wall.”

“Increasing the intensity of training has already been confirmed.”

“....”

Actually, there is no need to go back and train.

Jaykar knows the intentions behind what Deon Hart asked me to do. It had been a long time since I realized what he wanted.

‘So this is just a lie and a joke to increase the morale of the corps.’

He smiled silently for a moment at his corps members who were climbing the castle walls even more furiously than before and at his adjutant who was speechless, and then he fixed his gaze on the castle again as if he had never seen it before.



The weather was brutal with snow and rain making the clothes of those fighting heavy.

\*\*\*

Unlike Rweche and the Empire, which had a relatively normal snowfall except that it was not the season for snow, the Shan State faced a somewhat disconcerting snowfall.

Bloody eyes is something that has never happened before in history. What on earth did those demons make?

‘I never thought they would shoot something like that into the sky over here.’

Anxiety boiled within the castle as the smell of blood wafted from all directions. The public sentiment became confused and their gaze towards the king gradually began to become sharper, as if they were longing for an answer.

Yeonhwa, the monarch of the Mountain Kingdom, who noticed Seungnyang’s eyes wandering between anxiety and impatience, looking for something to blame, stopped rolling her head for a moment and ended up laughing as if it was absurd.

‘It’s really ugly.’

The look in their eyes is so disgusting that I can’t stand it.

I know very well that the word weak is not synonymous with the word good, but it is ridiculous to see that they immediately try to blame me like this whenever I praise them.

So, in a rare occurrence, she immediately agreed without any disagreement to the tactician’s words that she should

set an example by killing one.

As a result, the heads of nobles who dared to fight for power during the war were blown off. The reason was that he was blind to trivial things and jeopardized the fate of the country.

As the nobleman's head was thrown in front of everyone, the noisy voices quieted down. Even so, it will only be a temporary phenomenon and the noise behind the scenes will become louder.

Saerin, a tactician who knew this well, did not miss the moment and comforted the public sentiment.

[An investigation by researchers at the Royal Palace confirmed that the Blood Eye had no effect on the human body. Even if it's an effect, it just makes you feel like you're covered in blood and makes you feel uncomfortable. However, the nobleman who was supposed to act the most calm and rational became obsessed with unnecessary superstitions and disrupted the atmosphere.] That's right, that's what

you guys were doing just a little while ago. You'll get stabbed. I must be scared inside.

She first scared those who raised their voices saying it was an ominous phenomenon.

[Is that all? His actions have prevented His Majesty the King from thinking of a way to drive out those demons. Maybe it could have been done a long time ago, but it took more time to find a way to overcome the situation. [The fate of the Shan State is at stake.]

Taking advantage of the fact that the dead do not speak, they blamed the already dead nobleman and focused the

crowd's anger on one place.

[Your Highness is worrying day and night to protect you. You are trying to endure and overcome this situation somehow, but how would you feel if all you received in return was distrust? We need your help so that His Majesty can focus solely on the war against the demons.]

Until the smooth conclusion.

In short, doesn't it mean not to distrust? There will be salvation for those who believe.

It sounds like a statement from someone who runs a pseudo-religion. As Yeonhwa watched the situation, a simple sentiment came to mind.

'The funny thing is that this works again.'

Even if the nobles didn't know, he convinced the people, so it was almost like a success. One of the weapons that allowed the nobles to dare to go wild in front of the king was public sentiment.

"...under?"

"...."

"Your Highness!"

"ah."

...I guess I was too lost in thought.

At some point, as soon as I grabbed the pen that was staining the paper black, I heard a questioning voice right in front of me.

“What are you thinking, Your Highness?”

“...I think Gwain had a fairly capable strategist.”

Yeonhwa raised her head. When Saerin’s eyes meet, the muscles in his face relax to the point that he can feel it himself. She gave a reason here.

“Thanks to you, I bought some time until I found the right way.”

“Ah, it was something I should have done, but now that you’re praising me like this, I don’t know what to do.”

“Excessive humility can be a big obstacle to others recognizing your merits.”

“It is the virtue of a monarch to recognize such merit. In that sense, His Majesty is a wise king.”

“He is a wise king...”

Can a king who is having a hard time just withstanding the attacks of demons and having difficulty finding a suitable room really be called a wise king?

Abu, you’re doing it smoothly. I put aside my bitter feelings and looked at Saerin.

“More than that, did you know what happened to the food?  
“I heard there was a water leak in the temporary warehouse.”

The food warehouse originally used was full, so the rest was moved to a temporary warehouse, but as if to prove that it was only temporary, news soon came that water leaked.

The word is water, but the bloody snow melted and fell on the food. If it had been water, I would have been able to drink it before it spoiled, even if it tasted a bit worse.

As expected, Saerin's expression became somewhat stiff, as if the situation was not good.

"The food in the temporary warehouse... is at a level that cannot be recovered."

"...I guess so."

"Fortunately, I was able to somehow save the part where the blood didn't seep, but I realized too late that the water was leaking..." By the

time I realized, there was already a shallow pool of blood on the floor. Because of this, most of the food except for some of the food piled on top had to be thrown away.

"I can't help it."

There is no other action that can be taken other than punishing the person responsible for managing the warehouse. We were able to get a very small amount of food, so we should just consider that as a good thing and pass it on.

He lowered his eyes as if it were his fault, and made a light, playful voice as if to appease Saerin.

"If there is not enough food, we have no choice but to survive through evil."

"...."

“In that sense, I think it would be better if we resolve the matter before food becomes scarce.”

The best course of action would be to drive out the demons or kill the warrior before the food runs out. There is no way to deal with the latter, so all we can do is hold on and hope for success, but the former is entirely our responsibility.

Yeonhwa asked calmly, meeting her gaze as she raised her head as if sensing his intention.

“Can’t there be a sharp number?”

I know that a plan is not something that comes about overnight and that driving out the demons is just greed, so I am satisfied with just one hit.

Saerin, who was sitting in a burdensome position and staring blankly at the king who told her not to feel burdened, slowly opened her mouth. His voice came out unwavering, as if he had already thought about something.

“I’m trying to set up an ambush.”

“ambush...?”

“If you just wage a defensive war, there will be no end to it. They’re not knocking on the gate all day, so there’s plenty of time to get things done.”

Yeonhwa nods her head as if telling her to continue. Saerin continued.

“Ambush is a tactic that everyone knows and has been used to this day, so much so that it is often mentioned in history. Do you know the reason?”

“It’s probably because the enemies are still suffering.”

“yes. “The more you want to get it over with as quickly as possible, the easier it is to get caught.”

Instead of being able to look at their surroundings, they tend to rush in and say things are going well.

Even generals are like this, so what about ordinary soldiers? Even if the general had noticed, the soldiers would have already run far away by the time the order was given. Because it is faster to just run away than to hear the voice of the general, understand it, and implement it.

“Even from the perspective of a general who feels something strange, he would rather trust in force and move forward than withdraw meaninglessly due to uncertain factors and earn the title of a coward.”

If you just back out and it turns out there was no ambush, you become a coward.

Even if there is an ambush, it is a loss if you do not have the main battle. In particular, demons with a strong ideology of the mighty man will be especially sensitive to being a ‘coward’, so they will try to push forward, believing in their race’s unique strong body and strength.

So they have no choice but to be caught in an ambush.

“If we hold on just a little longer, they will retreat to a place where our arrows can’t reach for temporary maintenance. He will retreat quite far to get to a place where the hero’s weapon cannot reach, so it will be enough to take advantage of the gap and move. Besides...”

Saerin turned her head to the window.

White snow was falling heavily, as if it was threatening to completely cover the castle, which was stained with ominous liquid.

“...Because the sky has our backs.”

The snow will obscure our side’s movements.

Even the environment has been created like this, so it would be right to give them a shot. She smiled faintly, spitting out hopeful words with an entirely hopeless face.

“The topography of Shanguo is advantageous for an ambush, but it is a bit disappointing that we have to defend the castle around the castle.”

“Because that is an unavoidable situation. Anyway, please take care of this as well. “This is a plan you came up with, so you should take responsibility for managing your troops.”

“....”

\*\*\*

After knocking on the castle gate all day long, when it got dark for a while, the demons retreated far away and completed a short maintenance, and started moving towards the castle again as soon as dawn broke.

There is no need to be confused as it is a path that has already been trodden during battles. Dernivan, who was moving ahead without hesitation, stopped as if he felt something. The wolf ears on top of his head stood up alertly.

He suddenly stopped, and the 9th Corps Commander Trover, who had been walking behind him as if strange, frowned.



“Why aren’t you going?”

“...Isn’t something strange?”

“what?”

“I have a bad feeling.”

“?”

Belitan, commander of the 6th Corps, peeked his head out, looked around, and tilted his head as if he didn’t know.

“is it...? “I don’t know...”

“What’s wrong with feeling bad? If you’re going to be frustrating, get out of the way. “The 9th Corps will lead the way.”

“Wait a minute, here, it would be better to place the 8th Legion, the shield soldiers, in front...”

“You coward.”

9th Corps Commander Trover passes by, hitting Dernivan harshly on the shoulder. Belitan let out a brief exclamation and looked at Dernivan as if watching his reaction.

As if it were not for nothing that he was called corpse-like, Dernivan was silent with an expressionless face as usual. However...

‘...ha.’

A subtle, murderous gaze follows the back of my head. Trover turned around because he thought it was reaching me and not anyone else, and immediately let out a laugh as if it was absurd when he met Dernivan’s gaze.

'If you do well, as soon as this war is over, you will hit me in the back.'

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 312**

312. The second battle has begun, guys (1)

The King of Rweche quietly looked at the falling snow and calculated the lost troops and remaining food in his head.

The answer that emerged was simple.

‘I can still hold out longer.’

In fact, it was also a set answer. Even if it's a situation where I can't hold on, I have to hold on somehow until I kill Deon Hart.

As he is the devil's opponent, the hero's lifespan is also quite long. If we wait here in anticipation for a natural death, it is difficult to estimate how many generations will pass by.

It was clear that before the current hero died naturally, the human world would be trampled to the point where recovery would be impossible.

Deonhardt's death is the only hope.

In a situation where all the monarchs were focused on just one thing, each monarch's communicator light came on.

This is not a communication device that we normally use to communicate with each other and discuss things. The heroes' communicator sent to deal with the newly prepared Deon Hart.

What this means is....

Yes, the heroes and Deonhardt encountered each other.

\*\*\*

[Deon, the path is different from here....]

[Okay, good job. ... Oh, before you go, let's leave some of the soldiers here.]

[Soldiers?]

[Uh. There is no need for high-level military power such as elites, just regular soldiers are enough.]

Deon, who had parted ways with Lirinel and other legions, was about to set off again with the increased number of troops under his command... but he raised his head at the liquid that fell on his cheek. The rumors of a severe drought were probably a lie, as rain was falling in drops.

I looked up at the rain that was getting thicker in an instant, and for a moment, the demons nearby refused to block the rain and looked back at the 0 Corps members. The troops under my command looked at me without wavering, as if asking me to give them an order.

"Look Carefully."

Deon unfolded the map.

"I'll probably fight here."

“....”

“So, keep this distance around here....”

The finger points to one spot and draws a fairly long line. His finger went so far that the point he was pointing at was not visible to the naked eye.

In that state, a large circle was drawn and a dry voice concluded the command.

“Stand around and don’t let anyone come in.”

“No one... doesn’t mean...”

“Not even our allies.” “It will only be a hindrance.”

“All right.”

An unfamiliar voice.

Deon looked for a moment at the person who answered on his behalf. A person whose face is familiar but whose name I don’t even know looks at me with a puzzled gaze.

“Is there anything else you want to say...?”

“....”

...Ed should have been here originally, not this unfamiliar guy.

But Ed didn’t follow. There was no special reason. Because Deonhardt didn’t call him and Ed didn’t come to say he would follow him.

Since Ed did not follow, one of the 0 Corps members must have taken his place.

“Master Deon?”

“...no. Nothing.”

Deon turned his head.

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“How about quiet and nice? This time, everyone went off to war, so the entire castle was quiet. “I thought it was perfect for drinking.”

“It’s quiet... but gloomy.”

“Sit here and don’t talk nonsense. “Let’s have a drink.”

“ ....”

“...Do you not regret not following Deon?”

“It would be more helpful if I didn’t follow along. “Right now, if I follow along, I’ll only get in the way.”

“I see...”

“There’s something I’m curious about more than that, about the past. “If you ask me whose side I will take if the Demon King and Deon come into conflict...”

[What if?]

[If the Demon King and Deon are in conflict, whose side will you take?]

“Did you already know everything at that time?”

“ ....”

“Answer me.”

“...okay.”

“....”

“....”

Damn it.

\*\*\*

Considering the road leading to the battle site, Deon placed the 0 Corps members around him and headed toward the heroes with the regular demon soldiers. The demon soldiers following him tilted their heads as he moved forward without hesitation as if he knew where everything was, but he didn't care and just kept his eyes on one side.

I could clearly see the heroes gathered in the distance, just enough to be seen as the 'Heroes'.

As we go a little further, we hear a soft exclamation as if the demons are beginning to see it. Deon, who was moving without heeding the awe-inspiring gaze on his back, stopped when he met the eyes of the heroes.

“Daeon? “Why are you doing this?”

“...It's no big deal.”

There definitely seems to be something over there. Even though our eyes met, I saw that he was sticking to his seat instead of coming over to meet me.

What is it? Now that I think about it, contrary to reports, the Primero Knights have not yet appeared. I wonder if it has anything to do with those guys.

Deon, who had just taken a step while worrying, stumbled sharply as if his knees buckled for an instant.

And then, as if they had been waiting, the surprise attack came.

“Master Deon!?”

“...!”

Their leader and the core of this war is in danger. The demons who ran to protect him without hesitation could not adapt to the sudden pressure on their bodies and fell down or fell to one knee.

Deon, exposed to the sword with no one to protect him, scanned the faces of his enemies for that short period of time and grinned.

‘This is it.’

I was wondering where the Primiro Knights had gone, and they were here.

I gave up trying to keep my balance and relaxed my body. The sword passes narrowly above the rapidly bowing head. Deon twisted his body, placed his foot on the floor, and kicked the opponent’s solar plexus.

‘...According to the calculation, it should have been normal to have the correct posture.’

The arm, which had not yet calculated the weight of the pressure, is unable to push the body and bends helplessly. Deon quickly rolled on the floor and stood up, getting out of range of any possible attack.



It's a little embarrassing, but anyway, I succeeded in pushing the enemy away and survived. He immediately took out his dagger and blocked the subsequent attack and asked lightly.

"Is this Jin?"

"...."

Naturally, there was no answer.

I knew there were many different types of gin... but I never thought there was something like this. From the looks of it, it appears to be a range-type Jinn, but seeing as those within the same range are not affected, it looks like they used some kind of trick.

'I wish it was something like an amulet.'

Because it's the kind that can be stolen.

The sharp edge stings my skin. Deon lightly shrugged his shoulders and opened his mouth to face the familiar faces.

"long time no see."

"...."

"Where did you go, senior?"

Oh, the expression is worth seeing.

Of course, this is a question we ask knowingly. I have something to check. The battle just passed by so quickly that I need a little more time.

Deon raised his hand and scratched his cheek while observing the other person's expression, which was still not

responding.

“I didn’t want to mess with your knight order as much as possible...” “

....”

“But I guess I’m glad you’re not there.”

...Okay, this is the pressure. I got used to it.

Although the time given was short, much was gained. In the meantime, Deon adjusted to the pressure pressing down on his body and roughly calculated the weight of the pressure he felt when he raised his hand, grasping the difference between his thoughts and actual movement, and followed the gaze of the guys who were busy rolling around with a grin.

“Judging by the way you’re rolling your eyes, it looks like you’re looking for something intently.”

“ ....”

“Our crazy dog... I guess he’s looking for the Lofty Knights?”

Ah, I guess the Murderous Knights is a familiar name to you.

It was only for a moment, but Deon clearly saw that the expressions of the demons were not getting used to them and were struggling to fight even with their heavy bodies.

The battle itself is going in their favor, so the situation probably isn’t the problem. So, the problem is that the wrong guy came instead of the intended guest.

The corners of his mouth went up in a crooked manner.

“Somehow I didn’t come with you.”

“....”

It’s an eerily accurate guess. The leader of the Primiro Knights corrected his disheveled expression.

Their original role was to hold back the murderous knights. So that they can be used as useful hostages in the battle of heroes. Whether it be by distracting Deon Hardt from concentrating or as a way to grab his leash, you can ultimately kill Deon Hardt.

“But aren’t you embarrassed? “You’re trying all kinds of dirty tricks to kill me.”

...As a knight, I honestly thought it was cowardly, even if only for a moment.

But what do means and methods have to do with protecting the human world? I don’t think there is any need to consider fairness when dealing with a heinous person who is trying to destroy humanity.

Therefore, he opened his mouth that had been closed all along and asked in reverse.

“But aren’t you embarrassed to become a hero? Instead of protecting the human world, they are attacking it.”

“...huh.”

Deon widened his eyes for a moment, as if he didn’t expect a question to be asked instead of an answer, but then smiled.

“You’re not embarrassed at all?”

I took my stopped steps.

Under the pressure that had become familiar to me as a daily routine, I walked around the area as if taking a walk, ignoring the wary gazes, then turned my head and asked a demon waiting nearby.

“What about using magical power?”

“It’s impossible. You can use it if you go outside of this area, but...”

“It’s useless.”

Even if you try to use magic outside the range, it will be canceled as soon as you enter the area.

Even if you create a fireball outside and throw it, it will disappear as soon as it enters the range of the magic suppression circle.

Deon casually rubbed his chin.

“Well... I expected it.”

If you think it’s not possible, you can get the answer just by looking at the people who use magic dying helplessly. Above all, there is no way the enemy could not have anticipated this situation.

If it were me, I would of course have taken into account the possibility of bringing in demons and installed a magic suppression force. The current monarchs of each country are not idiots, and there would even be an increasing number of people who would form alliances and put their heads together, so it makes no sense that even this was not included in the table.

“What should I do?...”

Deon quietly looked down at the blood that seemed to be swallowing up his windpipe.

After a quick look, I noticed that when I went out of the range of this damn Jin where some demons were putting pressure, they didn't chase me away. Rather, it had the opposite effect as the demons who came out to fight again had no choice but to step into Jin's range and go through a period of readjustment.

‘Is it really possible to compete with just the demons that exist now?’

In the end, I guess I have no choice but to see blood with my own hands here.

Even as I was immersed in brief thoughts, there was a voice that lifted my consciousness for a moment.

“We will deal with it.”

Deon looked up.

“...Can you do it?”

“Don't you have to deal with heroes, Daeon? You can deal with it. Given a little more time, you will quickly get used to this strange pressure. “We are not so weak that we cannot withstand even that brief moment.”

Even if they look weak, they are ultimately demons, and even if they are ordinary soldiers, they are ultimately one of the demon lord's strengths.

Confident eyes are directed at Deon Hardt as if asking him to trust and leave it to him. After a moment of meeting his burdensome gaze, Deon slowly nodded.

“Then I’ll leave it to you.”

“thank you.”

Thank you...

Instead of answering with a nonsensical greeting, the guy turns around and shouts at the demons in battle. A voice as powerful as any other general rang out.

“Our mission is to remove and dispose of the troublesome things that are holding Deon back! This is a mission that Deon has trusted and entrusted to you, so be thorough!

“Let’s make sure no one dares block Deon’s steps!”

“Waaaa!”

“Kill!”

The guys, whose momentum has risen, rush at them fiercely.

A harsh voice rang through the earth as if it would not be defeated.

“Premiro Knights, we are the elite! “Show them why we were a symbol of fear in the South!”

“Death to the enemy!”

The two groups became entangled. As I take a rough step, muddy water splashes and blood splatters in the air.

Deon, who stopped for a moment and watched the situation, slowly passed between them and walked towards the heroes who were approaching. Sometimes there were people who tried to attack me, but they were blocked by other demon soldiers before they could reach me.

“...hmm?”

Then, Deon noticed something among the heroes who were approaching him, and his eyes widened. Instead of taking the steps he had stopped before, he slowly began to move forward, fixing his gaze on the unexpected opponent.

“This is unexpected.”

“....”

“I wonder what the noble princess is up to here.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 313**

313. The second round begins, XX (2)

Even in the pouring rain against a cloudy sky, the golden hair clearly showed its presence.

It is a color that can never be confused. It's not an illusion.

Why on earth did the royal family come to this dangerous place? Red eyes stared at the other person persistently, as if trying to dig into their intentions.

She only made eye contact and spoke to the other person, but it seemed as if she felt threatened by that alone, and several heroes stepped forward as if to hide her.

"It's okay, please step back."

"but."

"Do you think I came all this way to receive help as a member of the royal family?"

"...."

Alethea walked past them. Without turning off the connected communication device he was holding in one hand, he put it in his arms and calmly raised his head and made eye contact with Deon.



“long time no see. It’s been so long that I don’t know what to say first...” “

...”

“First of all, let me answer the question of why you came here... As a member of the royal family of the empire and a hero, I came to a place where I should have come. “I just came here, but I’d like to ask if there’s any problem.”

Is it that damn noblesse oblige? No, rather than that...

there is a word that is annoying to the ears. Deon tilted his head crookedly.

“...hero?”

“Your hero.”

her.

Why did the royal family become heroes during this period? The timing is odd.

What kind of joke is this? Deon adjusted his expression of absurdity and opened his mouth sarcastically.

“Anyway, isn’t that too reckless? “Her Royal Highness, war is not something to be trifled with.”

“You couldn’t have come this far without knowing that. And I’ve been calling you the wrong person since a while ago, but it’s not the princess, it’s the emperor.”

I know something like that. We obtained relevant information a long time ago, and seeing that the crown prince became emperor, it is easy to infer that the princess, who was the only successor, became the emperor.

This is just a provocation. Deon grinned.

“I was rude.”

A more dignified attitude than the last time we met.

Alethea frowned for a moment, feeling even more upset that they were still treating her with respect and respect as if she were a noble of the empire. Of course, it was only for a moment and it quickly returned to normal as if it had never happened.

It's not just that side that can upset the mind. She lightly accepted his apology with an empty reply that it was okay and smiled with a smooth face.

“Is that really okay?”

“...?”

“I heard the news from the last battle. They say a plant-type monster sacrificed itself for you. I heard it was a pretty pathetic sight...”

Ah.

A topic I didn't really like came to the surface. Deon was silent for a moment as the memories of that time came flooding back to him.

Alethea's voice continued as if filling in the gap in the interrupted conversation.

“I'm sorry you lost your lover like that.”

“...yes?”

What did I just hear?

“Your tastes have become very unique. From sodomy to now coveting something that is not human at all. Is that what happens to everyone who lives in the demon world for a long time?...”

Even the added self-talk is perfect. Deon’s eyes fluttered at the mind-boggling nonsense.

“What kind of nonsense is that?”

The words flew out, throwing everything away, including politeness.

Except for the part about a monster being sacrificed, it was just nonsense from start to finish, so much so that I couldn’t believe my ears for a moment. The same goes for the strange plant, especially the previous remarks regarding sodomy...

“...Didn’t you say that Elpidius Desert was a misunderstanding?”

“It’s okay, I respect your taste.”

Don’t respect me.

“and.”

Alethea’s expression, which had been light all along, suddenly hardened.

The playfulness leaks out of Geum, and cold anger fills its place. At the same time.

Cheaeng!

A sound rang out, raising everyone’s tension.

Deon, who blocked the sharp attack, looked at the dagger that was still whining, then shifted his gaze and caught Alethea in his eyes. She withdrew her sword with an expressionless face and let out a cold voice towards the person who dared mention the emperor's name.

"It is 'Your Majesty the Emperor.' 'Be careful what you say.'"

"...haha."

It seemed like he was trying to shake his mind with a mesmerizing remark, but wouldn't reacting like this serve as an opportunity to bring him back to his senses, which was already in a stupor? What should we do if the topic that took the lead in the provocation is caught in the crossfire by a remark thrown in from this side?

If he was emotionally shaken, he could be said to have been shaken, so he knew that if he fought now, he could start the battle in a slightly more advantageous position, but... Deon did not hastily aim his dagger.

Because there came a part where I wanted to be a little more sarcastic. If successful, one hero named 'Alethea' will be easily ruled out.

"Elpidius Desert is 'emperor'?"

I opened my mouth without hesitation.

"The power, the spirit, the political sense, and even the sense of responsibility. 'An emperor who is nothing better than the previous emperor and has nothing worthy of an emperor?'"

"I would have told you to be careful what you say."

Alethea growls sharply as if stabbed.

...Isn't this a large scale? The moment Deon widened his eyes slightly at the stronger reaction than expected, a low voice whispered from within her arms.

- Alethea, calm down. It's not wrong.

When you become emotionally intense, gaps appear in your movements. If she was so upset and tried to run at him, there would be a high probability that she would die in a single blow. Originally, I wasn't going to open my mouth, but I couldn't lose my younger brother like this.

Elpidius, who was listening to their conversation through the communication device in Aletea's arms in the quiet room, opened his mouth. As if to show that nothing was wrong, he smiled and answered quietly to someone who might or might not be able to hear.

"Yes, I am not the emperor."

- ....

"That's why I can bow my head without any worries."

Silence returned from the communicator that was lying there. Nothing is turned off, but the only sound is the communicator connected to Alethea.

Anyway, it started out as something close to talking to myself. Elpidius finished his sentence without paying attention.

"Thanks to that, I was able to form an alliance with such great people and get a second chance."

They were called 'great people' so that no one would feel left out, but no one knew that they were actually referring to Rweche.

Rweche provided a second chance by offering up the heroes it had collected, and before that, Elpidius personally apologized to Rweche, making a reunion with them possible.

- ....

The king of Rweche was silent.

Meanwhile, Alethea, who calmed down her emotions a little due to Elpidius' whisper, looked at Deon Hart. Her beauty, which was soaked in the rain and looked shabby, but not dead at all, struck my eyeballs.

...What little anger remained disappeared.

'...If I had somehow gone ahead with marrying him back then...'

The situation like now wouldn't have come about. She, who had been silent as she recalled her meaningless family, suddenly let out a faint sigh.

"How did a loyal hero of the Empire end up here?..."

Deonhardt remains silent, as if he wants to listen for now. Looking directly into the motionless red eyes, Alethea smiled faintly and made a final proposal that would never happen again.

"There's one thing I'd like to ask."

" .... "

“If you offer to erase the sins you have committed so far... can you become a hero of the empire again?”

One of the nearby heroes could be heard taking a breath. She paid no attention and focused on Deonhardt.

Anyway, this is the last struggle of humans. An extremely weak and desperate struggle to kill at least the hero and save the next generation even if it means dying.

So, if even just in the unlikely event that Deonhardt changes his mind and joins our side again, it would be of great benefit. Because the survival of the human world will be confirmed. If you do well, you might even be able to kill the Demon King.

‘Of course, Deonhardt’s sin is big and heavy enough to be engraved in history, but...’

Considering that ‘the survival of the human world’ is at stake, it is not something that cannot be eliminated. –No, rather, I had to hold on to the sin by eliminating it, so I risked criticism and asked...

“No.”

The answer that came back was resolute.

Deonhardt spoke in a dry voice as if asking if he was calling it a suggestion.

“It is too late to turn back now. The same goes for stopping.  
“You know.”

Anyone who has seen Emperor Edoardo Desert would know roughly what the situation is.

As expected, Deon smiled bitterly as his eyes changed.

Corpses piled up like traces along the way.

Its size is truly like a mountain.

If I stop here, I will be crushed by a pile of corpses that collapsed like a landslide, and if I turn around, I will clearly see and experience with my own eyes the entire process of how I became trapped in sinful karma. There is no reason to persevere without achieving your goal.

I don't have the confidence to hold on.

"Okay..."

I expected it. Alethea agreed without much disappointment and soon smiled the prettiest smile she knew.

"Even if I give you a seat next to the next emperor?"

- I am against this marriage.

Brother, please be quiet.

No matter how much you whisper, you just listen quietly all the time, so what's the point of opening your mouth at a time like this? I was dissatisfied and tapped the area where the communicator was, but Deon Hardt, who was watching quietly, smiled brightly.

"Don't do that."

"...."

"How about your highness being on my side?"



It's strange... Why does it seem like the sun is shining when it's obviously gloomy and raining?

Strangely, the surroundings are bright. Alethea blinked blankly. Even though it was rare bullshit, she didn't reject it right away, so a small voice called out to her from inside her arms, as if she was uneasy.

- Alethea...?

Deon chuckled after seeing this.

Through my encounter with Lirinel, I experienced that any nonsense can make sense if this face is the background... but I never thought it would work here as well.

Of course, I came to my senses quickly.

Alethea frowned as if asking when she had been possessed.

"You have to say something that makes sense."

"Of course I'm joking. Rather, it is the connected communication device in your pocket."

He ignored the sharp answer and smiled softly.

"Are you connected to your brother?"

"...I don't think there's any need to answer."

"You don't have to answer. It's just a confirmation process.

"The communication devices held by the heroes on both sides of Your Majesty are probably connected to the kings of Rweche and Shanguk, respectively."

"...."

“It just turned out well. How did a loyal hero of the Empire end up here? Anyone who knows this will know it to some degree, so let’s move on...”

At least the crown prince, or rather Elpidius, who took over from the former emperor, probably knows at least roughly.

“It’s similar, but I’ll go into a more fundamental question. Do you know why the situation has come to this point?”

This is a question to the monarchs who will be listening.

Of course, all that comes back is silence. Faced with no answer, Deon continued calmly.

“You probably want to answer that I am the cause.”

“....”

“Yes, I won’t deny it. “This is just something that happened because of the stubbornness of a child who was throwing a tantrum because reality was difficult.”

It may be a bit harsh to say this about yourself, but that’s true.

Too many innocent people died for it to be revenge. Because that’s the same as losing direction.

Deon, who dismissed this war as a bunch of brats, said with a smile to the monarchs who hoped that there would be some understandable reason for this hopeless war to be fought without any meaning.

“If the same thing had happened to someone other than me, it would have been buried as just one person’s unfortunate incident. So, to sum this up more briefly....”

“....”

“You just messed with the wrong person.”

You guys are just unlucky.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 314**

314. The second round begins, XX (3)

“ .... ”

The familiar silence returned.

Ah, it's cool. Deon threw his head back and chuckled. Rainwater ran down my cheek and dripped down the tip of my chin, and my wet clothes stuck to my body and hindered my movement, but I felt quite pleasant.

“Do you know what's more miserable? “That's why the devil went to war.”

In the first place, this war would not have taken place without the devil's permission.

The smile on my lips gradually disappears. The red eyes, which had been shining with some exaltation, became dark and dark. With his face now dry, Deon spoke in a slightly lower voice.

“Would you believe me if I told you that all of this happened to kill someone's boredom?”

“ .... ”

“There is no noble reason or desperate desire.”

This means that there was nothing earnest that could be cited as a reason for the war that brought you to this point.

In the still silence, Deon swept his tongue over the bitter inside of his mouth. As the end approaches, I start thinking again.

‘What am I burning for?’

We have indeed come a long way, and there is still a little more to go. Since I was holding on to a goal that I had not yet achieved, it was inevitable that I would get tired.

...Not that this is important anyway.

“therefore.”

I pushed back the empty feelings and curled the corners of my mouth fiercely. Deonhardt spoke sharply to the heroes, including Alethea, who was shocked and adjusted their weapons, and to the monarchs who were listening to all this.

“The second round begins, you bastards.”

Let’s go ahead and fight.

The pouring rain has the extreme effect of cooling down the madness of the battlefield or, conversely, reinforcing it. It seems like it’s the latter right now, so it’s a good thing.

After catching a glimpse of the Demon soldiers and Primiro Knights engaged in a frantic battle a little distance away, Deon lunged at the enemy with his bright red eyes shining and his familiar weapon in hand.

The full-scale battle between the rampaging hero and the heroes to stop him has begun.

\*\*\*

The Lofty Knights crawled across the swollen river.

Of course....

“Hey... hey! Wake.”

“Fuck, it’s not okay to just lie down here!”

Although not everyone crossed safely.

There was also a saying that said it was a horse from the demon world and was swept away by the current, although it was written that it had no power. As they are specialized in survival, they quickly abandoned their horse and jumped on another comrade’s horse...

“I drank too much water.”

“Just in that short period of time? Did you plan on making this bastard’s lunch with water....”

“If you’re hungry, you should eat food, you stupid bastard....” “I’m

not a hippopotamus that starved for 3 days. If you fall into the water, you should hold your breath and jump up and down as if you’ve been waiting. “What kind of crazy neighborhood is this that drinks it?”

“It was also inhaled through the trachea, not the esophagus... It seems like filling the stomach with water wasn’t enough so they tried to store it in the lungs, right?”

“Well, it’s not like I’m dropped off on a deserted island with no water for a month.”

Some people were too late and fell into the water. Is it fortunate that no one was 'lost' because someone else picked it up before it floated away in an instant? Of course, regardless of whether it is 'breathable' or not.

The healthy guys quickly press the chest and pat the back of the person who can't breathe. If he thought he wouldn't wake up, he would slap his cheek.

Then, like those with the vitality of a cockroach, they jumped up and started swearing along with water, asking why they broke my ribs and why they slapped my cheeks, but there were also people who didn't do that.

"...."

"...Only one person. "This is a good save."

"know."

If you just look at the number of people, that's true. Milan lowered his eyes as he looked at the cold body in front of him.

"But..."

Considering that we are colleagues who have been like family for over 10 years, it is not 'just'.

Even though I knew there was no time to do this, the air became heavy. The conversation that was supposed to somehow keep the atmosphere light ended up being useless.

Milan, who was just looking down at the body with an emotionless face, suddenly caught sight of Cleter rummaging for something in the corner of his eye.

“...Cleter what are you doing?”

“I thought there might be something useful among the herbs the captain gave me.”

It is a fairy herb. There might be something that can help.

My eyes read the note with an explanation without giving up hope, but stopped at a certain place. The pupils, which had implicitly contained a faint sense of inevitable resignation, grew larger and soon filled with joy.

“...Milan!”

Cleter immediately raised his head.

“Put this down his throat right now!”

“what? Hey, no matter how stupid he was, insulting a corpse...”

“What bullshit are you talking about?” Have you forgotten that this is a fairy herb? This is to save your life, so shove this down my throat first. “It doesn’t matter whether it’s the trachea or the esophagus.”

Either way, as long as it goes in, it will be effective.

It is written that when it enters the respiratory tract, water is immediately drawn out, and when it enters the esophagus, it is immediately dissolved and absorbed, causing vomiting that removes cold water from the lungs. It is also said that in the process, it heals the burden and wounds on the body.

[※Caution: If you feed it to a healthy person, the lungs may dry out and shrivel or break completely, so do not misuse it



for unnecessary purposes.]

Hmm... When I saw the last treatment effect, I thought it could be used in other places, but that doesn't seem to be the case. Anyway, the important thing is that you can save your colleagues with this now.

Milan's eyes sparkled after hearing the explanation. He quickly took the herb, grabbed his colleague's jaw open, and grinned as he recklessly shoved the herb down his throat.

"As instructed."

...It looked quite bizarre.

Did I have a crazy person as a colleague? Ah, we used to be a crazy group.

"I understand you're excited because you can save her, but just shove it down her throat without hurting her. "Be careful not to get your tongue stuck."

"of course. Believe me."

"...."

It's not trustworthy at all.

At that moment, I saw the arm of a colleague who was dead... or on the verge of death, trembling.

...Is it because of my mood? Or that rigor mortis came late. Perhaps the spirit, angry at the radical action, has returned. The moment Cleator narrowed his eyes.

"Ugh ugh! Wow! Now sleep... wow!"

“oh.”

“Cluck cluck... What is this crazy bastard doing?! “Have you decided to kill someone?”

The corpse stands up and grabs Milan by the collar!

Milan’s face brightens even though he is spitting water out of his mouth and swearing. He hugged the reanimated corpse... no, his colleague.

“You’re alive! “The corpse came to life!”

“Who is the corpse?! “I’m not feeling well, so I press it... Uweeeek.”

“oh.”

Milan’s shoulders and back were covered with warm liquid.

...Luckily, I only spit out water. It might feel awkward, but.

‘Well, it’s not me.’

Cleter, as usual, ignored the situation and carefully took out another herb from his herb bag.

Being saved isn’t everything. Other aftereffects, such as a drop in body temperature, must also be addressed. This is the same for other people who fell into the water.

Holding an herb in one hand, he slapped the wet back of a colleague next to him, attracting attention.

“Now, all those who fell into the water, gather in front of me.”

“...?”

“Hurry up because we don’t have time.”

I need to recover quickly and go help the captain.

Immediately after the added remark, a line stretched in front of him.

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There is a public bathhouse in Rweche. Do you know what this means?

Since there is no way such clean people would carelessly dump waste water within the castle, this means that there is a separate place where the used water flows out.

‘Infiltration through water is my specialty.’

2nd Corps Commander Develania, who was mainly in charge of infiltration-related work, lightly brushed the gills behind his ears with his outstretched hand and grinned. The webbed feet between the fingers clearly revealed their presence.

‘I don’t want to go in because it’s abandoned water, but...’  
Only

by breaking down the camp will the scales of this sluggish war tilt significantly, so is there anything we can do?

After checking my belongings, I endured my discomfort and entered the water. There is a communication stone, a map, and other small items in my arms, but the stone communication stone is not likely to be damaged by water in the first place, and the map is waterproof, so there is no problem. Other small things are also not vulnerable to water.

Fortunately, the water passage was large enough for one person to pass through.

‘Well, if you make it small for no reason and it gets clogged, there will be no way to solve it.’

Instead of inefficiently replacing it from the beginning, it would be better to make it a size that people can walk through and clean and check it regularly, even if it means running the risk of an unexpected intrusion.

Devellania, who was mindlessly swimming against the current, stopped when he noticed the iron bars blocking his path.

‘As expected, I have prepared my own defenses.’

Fortunately, there is a locking device, so you can solve it by just picking it.

Where will the corps commander’s infiltration skills go? Without panicking, I rummaged through my bag and took out a thin stick. From slightly curved ends to serpentine ones. After holding various sticks and staring at the keyhole for a moment, she made a decision and picked up one of the sticks.

....

Once I solved it, it was easy after that.

Rweche was truly complacent in using all the same type of iron bars. In other words, it was all a locking device. Traps were triggered occasionally, but they weren’t dangerous.

At this rate, wouldn’t it be okay to use this as an entryway? I even thought about that for a moment.

‘It would have been a useful attack channel if it weren’t for the fact that other guys besides me can’t last long in the water.’

It is truly unfortunate that there are few demons who can swim against the current for a long time in a place where the water is all the way to their head and there is no time to breathe.

Develania, who had just reached the end of the passage and opened the map, stopped when she saw water droplets falling on the floor.

‘Ugh...’

If you move while the water is falling, a trace will remain.

It would have been nice if she could at least use magic, but magic was not allowed within the castle where Jin existed, so she simply wrung out her clothes and hair just enough to keep the water from dripping, and looked at the map again.

I tried to ignore the incredibly uncomfortable feeling that came from knowing that the water that soaked my body was wastewater.

‘Then... let’s go. It started from here.’

It’s fortunate that there aren’t many main axes.

I took a quick look at the route I had planned in advance so I wouldn’t have to go back and forth, and then took off. There was a strong possibility that there were troops protecting the main axis, but that was not a problem.

Assassination is one of the tasks that is linked to infiltration. The problem is time.

‘At most, within 15 minutes since the first murder was committed within the castle.’

It is clear that the moment they discover that the soldiers guarding the main axis over there are dead, they will first send additional troops to the main axis of each camp. Everything has to be finished before then.

Of course, it would be nice if the structure collapsed completely if Jin took down just one main axis, but such an important thing couldn't be lax. It would be better to think and move towards destroying everything.

My agile body moved busier than usual.

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The magic suppressor Jin has disappeared.

It looks like the 2nd Corps commander did it right. 11th Corps Commander Ririnel immediately gave an order to the corps members who were looking at me.

“Move!”

Immediately, the 11th Legion casts magic. Next, all the demons, including the 3rd and 4th Legions and the 2nd Legion members left behind by Develania, disappear in front of the castle. The people in front of the castle, which had suddenly become quiet, felt quite unfamiliar and uncomfortable, so the people watching widened their eyes.

Questions that came out reflexively filled the castle.

“has disappeared.”

“Where on earth did they go?”

“Is it magic? “You won’t be able to use magic here.”

The atmosphere is low and buzzing. These questions and agitation soon turned into astonishment at the commotion coming from within the castle.

It was easy to understand the situation.

Demons.

Entered the castle.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 315**

315. The second battle has begun, XX (4) No matter

how much food you have piled up like a mountain and plenty of arrows, it is all useless unless you have a magic suppressor.

'It's the same even if there is a hero.'

Nothing will change unless the heroes gather here. I don't know how Deon found out the location of the main axis, but since they found out about it, Rweche's defeat is almost certain.

Instead of the soldiers who were still unconscious from the shocking situation, D'Vellania, who blocked the attack of the hero who was at the forefront with a tightly stretched thread, grinned as she wrapped around the opponent's weapon and pulled it.

"hi-?"

"...."

The opponent, who immediately gave up his weapon and retreated, picked up a sword lying nearby, probably because he judged that a long weapon such as a spear was at a disadvantage.



Develania jumped out of the path of the sword being swung and checked the thread installed in between.

“Why are you so proactive? “I’m going to die anyway.”

“....”

“Lweche lost. “You know?”

Your life line has disappeared. There is even an 11th corps here that specializes in magic. If we fight any further here, it will be a meaningless struggle.

For a moment, the sword in the opponent’s hand slowly lowered as if he lost energy. For a moment, determination appeared in his eyes and his hand holding the weapon gained strength.

“In that case, it would be less unfair to take at least the life of the corps commander.”

“...the momentum is good.”

Several corps members seem to have finally figured out their superior’s location and come this way. Develania ordered, playing with the thread in her hand without even looking at them.

“Find the king. “No need to bother, just bring the head.”

In the air, the hero and his gaze became entangled.

“It will interfere with the fight, so stay away.”

“All right.”

Corps members disappear. The hero’s movement to stop them was stopped by Develania.

Develania, who blocked the opponent and secretly set up another thread, smiled round and round, her eyes shining cruelly as if she was watching prey caught in a spider's web.

"It hurts my pride that you turn a blind eye to me."

"...."

"Hmm, are heroes really this quiet? I'm confident that I've met quite a few heroes so far, but it always seems like I'm the only one talking. "It's like that right now."

"...It's only natural that if you mix words with the enemy, you will only incur losses."

The guy who spoke slowly looked around busily. Seeing that he was mainly looking around the area where the seal was installed, he must have felt something strange, like a hero.

'If you look at it like that, it won't be visible in most cases.'

Let's play somewhere.

Anyway, there will be some time left until news comes that the king's head has been taken. Develania laughed lightly and rushed at the opponent.

....

The battle situation, which seemed tense at first glance, quickly tilted to one side as time passed, as the seemingly invisible gap became a big difference in the second half.

The 2nd Corps Commander's attack was not clearly visible to the eye.

The hero, who took a step back due to an invisible threat, is startled and quickly stops walking. My body stumbled

because of the sudden stop, but that wasn't important. Instead of ducking back, he lowered his head to avoid danger and lowered his gaze. The invisible thread, I don't know when it was installed, was digging into my Achilles tendon.

The demon Devellania saw this and laughed.

"It's a shame, because if I had gone a little further back, I would have been cut."

"...."

"After all, heroes are annoying."

I have a good feeling.

That's it. Once you have identified the location, you will not be caught twice. This is probably because the brain is also included in the realm of 'talent'. He is truly a troublesome opponent.

'What should I do?'

Should I play some more or end it here?

As I was rolling my eyes and thinking, a response came from the communication desk. Develania took out the communication stone with one hand and did not miss the opportunity to block the incoming attack by stepping on the end of the stretched thread and pulling it all the way to block the communication.

"uh. say."

- We found the king. But....

pop.

Now that the King has been found, it is safe to say that the work is almost over. There's nothing more to hear.

After quickly dodging the sword that cut diagonally from below as if cutting through the air, he put the broken communication stone back in his pocket and looked at the hero.

"I guess I should finish now."

How long does it take from here to where Deonhart fights? I guess it wasn't that far.

Thinking nonchalantly that did not fit the situation, I pulled the thread wrapped around my left little finger. The threads spread everywhere suddenly revealed their presence and bound the hero.

Solid red lines are engraved on not only the limbs but also the cheek and neck, as if they had been cut by something sharp. If you move too hard here, somewhere in your body will most likely be cut off.

"...."

As if he sensed death, the hero's grip on the sword lost some strength.

Develania, who glanced at him in surprise at the sword he was holding to the end while looking as if he would lose it at any moment, immediately adjusted the thread connected to the opponent's neck and held it.

"Maybe it's because we gathered the heroes in a hurry... The quality of the heroes is definitely lower than before..." "

"...."

“Well, it was still fun.”

I will admit your mental strength.

pulled the thread The hero's head fell to the floor and there was a great commotion all around.

“...!”

The soldiers, who had been hesitant at the defeat of the hero they trusted, exchanged glances among themselves and attacked.

Rather than confronting them head-on, they attacked instead of running away, even though they knew they had no chance of winning when some of them got caught up in the battle between the hero and me earlier and died. It seems that Rweche's military power has grown a lot, but it seems that this level of mental power can be compared to the imperial army in its heyday.

‘More than that...’

Develania raised her head as she casually swept away the enemies. From the sky, I saw Lirinel using magic to select and kill enemies.

Let's see....

‘There are four heroes in each castle. I killed one of the dogs.’

The human sprawled at Lirinel's feet seems to be a hero, so are there two left? Ah, I can see Idelia killing a hero in the distance. There is only one thing left now.

I picked up the communication seat.

“Idelia.”

– I’m busy. Why?

“Can I ask you to handle the remaining heroes? “There is only one left-.”

– Without you going yourself?

“I have work to do.”

After crossing the distance, I made eye contact with Idelia.

She looked at me intently for a moment as if trying to figure out my intention, but then she turned her head away. I answered roughly as I dealt with the rushing enemy.

– Well... okay.

“I don’t know where it is...”

– It must be the palace.

“As expected, I know.”

There is no way such a high-class manpower, a hero, would be absent from the king’s side. The remaining one will be there.

Communication was cut off and Idelia immediately began moving. Devellania, who was watching her back as she quickly left the place, soon lost sight of the other person, so he just rolled his eyes and looked up.

The finger with the thread moved and Lirinel quickly created a shield with magic.

Kagak!

“...!”

The sound of the shield being scraped echoed through the air.

“what...!”

I felt an ominous feeling for a moment and put up a shield, but it wasn't an arrow or dagger. Something invisible was trying to harm me. This means that it is not an attack from the human side. Lirinel, who was unable to accept the situation for a moment and was looking blankly at the scratched spot in the shield, turned her head and looked at Develania. The cute face distorted violently as it faced the calm and weak expression.

“What are you doing now?”

“What are you doing?”

Develania grinned and snapped her fingers proudly.

“It's about punishing a traitor's stooge.”

\*\*\*

Develania decided.

Deonhardt, who kills the legion commanders, is also guilty, as is the demon king who knew this but ignored it and covered it up. So, after much deliberation, she defined both Deonhardt and the Demon King as enemies.

But what can he do against the two of them alone? Not only the Demon King, who is an untouchable being to the Demons, but even Deon Hart is a warrior, so it is impossible to deal with him alone.

So, I looked for people who might be dissatisfied with both the Demon King and Deonhardt.

‘The 8th and 10th Corps lost their commanders to Deonhardt, and the 12th Corps commander lost his adjutant.’

It would be natural for them to have bad feelings toward Deon Hart, who killed his superior’s lieutenant, and they would also have bad feelings toward the Demon Lord, who just covered it up. Nevertheless, he must be holding back because the opponent is the ‘Devil Lord’.

DeVellania touched on those feelings. It wasn’t difficult to get a reaction.

[Have you made up your mind?]

[....]

[Well, coming here means that you’ve made up your mind. You know that there is no turning back once you have come this far, right?]

They arrived just in time when they were told to come to the warehouse if they have any thoughts.

[Then I will take it as a positive and explain it, so listen carefully.]

I listened to the plan in silence.

The purpose was very simple. ‘Killing the devil and the hero.’

The person who came representing the 8th Legion asked anxiously.



“I’m sorry, but is it really possible to kill the Demon Lord? To us, the Demon King is....”

“He is like a god. But it is possible now.”

In any case, he is negative, taking after the former commander of the corps.

What this guy needs is a definite answer. Develania spoke firmly.

“Did you know that the Demon King has recently begun to hide his magical powers?”

“...Now that I think about it....”

“Okay. Doesn’t there have to be a reason why someone who has never done anything like that from the moment I can remember is suddenly doing something he doesn’t do before? “It’s obvious that there could be a reason for that.”

no way.

“...mana...lack...?”

“answer. Usually, the Demon King had a tendency to use magical power excessively, but even though he used up 90% of his magical power while saving Deonhardt, he was unable to give up that habit. “It’s almost like it’s starting to become insufficient.”

No matter how much he is a demon lord, his magic power is not infinite.

And one of the reasons why the Demon King is revered is because of the overwhelming amount of magic that can be felt just by encountering him.

“It’s worth a try.”

A demon king without magic can be compared to a toothless tiger in the human world.

So, after telling them not to worry, Develania looked around at the gathered people as if he wanted to get to the point.

“The people who are most in the way of attacking the Demon Lord and Deonhardt are the Legion Commanders. “They are truly loyal to the Demon Lord and Deonhart.”

Even if the Demon King is like that, why is he loyal to Deonhardt?

For a moment, Develania frowned as if she couldn’t understand while thinking of Lirinel, then lightly swept each castle on the map with her fingertips.

“Well... Even so, the priority is to destroy the human world, so we should start by capturing the castle. It won’t be difficult. It won’t take that long. “This is the same as confirming and killing a castle that has already collapsed.”

“...How are you sure of that?”

“If there are a lot of heroes stationed there, most of them will be dealt with by Deonhardt here. “It would make more sense if we said that the main effort of the three countries was not used to defend the castle, but rather to kill Deonhardt.”

The gap is such that they have no choice but to win, so they won’t whine if they can’t even do that.

The representative of the 8th Corps and the guy representing the 10th Corps looked this way as if they had

made a promise, and then set their eyes on the spot they had pointed at a moment ago. The location where Deonhardt plans to battle with the heroes.

Myers, the commander of the 12th Corps, who had been calculating the distance to each castle with his eyes set on that place, quietly opened his mouth.

“The distances from both castles are similar...”

“That’s right. So, that’s good. You don’t know which castle we will be assigned to, right? “We are choosing this as a gathering place.”

You have to come here to kill Deonhardt anyway.

“Then... is it okay if we take over the castle and gather here right away? “Let’s get together and deal with the legion commanders before confronting Deonhardt.”

“no. Make sure to kill the other corps commanders before moving on. “Right after the castle is taken, that’s when they will be most let down. Gathering is the next step.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 316**

316. The second war has begun, XX (5)

So, just kill the other corps commanders and gather here. Of course, it doesn't make sense to set up a meeting place where you'll meet Deon Hardt...

Everyone will probably get together as they please, but you never know. D'Vellania tapped near the location where Deon Hardt was scheduled to fight.

The eyes of those gathered focused on her fingertips as she made it clear that this was the meeting place.

"But no matter how careless you are, the corps commander is the corps commander, so the longer the battle goes on, the more difficult it will be. At that time, just ignore it and come to the meeting place. "Just reducing the number of corps commanders in the castle is a good save, and it's okay if you can't do that, so there's no need to overdo it."

"Is it okay if I come with a tail?"

"It's a bit awkward to name it Tails, but...yeah. "There may be someone who came to deal with it first, and similarly, if there are demons who were pushed back from the battle and came this way, we can join forces to deal with them."

In the latter case, both sides were pushed by the enemy and fled. Even if we join forces, the number of enemies will also increase.

The representative of the 10th Corps frowns slightly, as if he is not very trustworthy. Nevertheless, Develania was confident.

Because war does not follow mathematical formulas. War is when  $1+1$  can become 2, 4, 0, or minus.

“So let’s practice collaborating with each other in battle. If the synergy is right, they will have more power than just numbers. “I would like to mobilize the entire army to practice, but that would be difficult because it would attract too much attention, so at least we can practice fighting by combining the strength of those gathered here now.”

Not to mention Myers, the corps commander, and the other two are representatives of each corps, so they will definitely do well in battle. If the people gathered here get along well, they will eat half of it.

“I’ll find a suitable place. “I would like to just treat it as a light sparring between the 1st Corps commander and Deon Hardt and do it openly, but we don’t usually engage in one-on-one sparring.”

Small one-on-one encounters are common even among corps commanders, but it is rare for three or more representatives of the corps to spar together. It will attract attention in many ways.

Finding the right place is one thing, and getting out and gathering without being noticed is another. ...It might be a bit annoying. DeVellania lightly stroked her hair.

“The basic plan is to divide teams randomly and engage in 2-on-2 sparring. Afterwards, the three of us will have to work together, so we will also conduct 3-on-1 sparring. Of course, the other one will have to suffer a bit.”

“What are you going to do with the four of us guessing?”

“Hmm... I guess we’ll just have to guess the main attack route and position appropriately and look forward to the three of us taking turns practicing joint attacks. And...”

I rolled my eyes and looked through the information that came to my mind.

The 2nd corps used thread to set up traps, the 8th corps used shields, the 10th corps used cavalry, and the 12th corps used spears.

“...There was more to guess.”

“?”

At the very least, there should be no such foolish thing as others getting caught in the 2nd Corps’ thread. I would not be able to turn a blind eye to the shame of our allies becoming entangled and destroying themselves.

“Everyone knows the information about their corps, right?”  
“During battle, we will coordinate the commanding of the corps and the joint attack, at least verbally, to avoid conflict.”

“...Previously.”

12th Corps Commander Myers, who had been listening silently, opened his mouth.

After losing his adjutant, his aura became overly heavy, and he spoke slowly while looking directly at Devellania with low-set eyes.

“Is there any possibility that we might encounter Deonhard before we are fully prepared?”

As she said, it is not enough to deal with the corps commanders, so if they gather near where Deonhardt is fighting, there is a possibility that they will run into him who has finished the battle first before he can round up all the other corps commanders and gather his troops. That would make things a mess.

“well.”

Although the resolute gaze that did not expect the slightest deviation may have seemed burdensome, Develania lightly shrugged her shoulders.

“Rather than having to deal with so many heroes like Deon Hart, it would be faster if we captured the castle first and went there. Unlike siege warfare, battles between corps commanders will last without a break, so they won’t take very long. “Probably when he came out, all the fighting would have been over.”

It looks like the human world is fully prepared to deal with the ‘Hero’, but it can’t end so quickly. She dared to be sure.

“So let’s stop worrying and focus on our goal.”

He kills the legion commanders who get in the way of his goal, kills Deon Hart, who must have been weakened by the battle with the heroes, and kills the Demon King with the strength he saved.

It was overwhelming for us just to focus on this.

\*\*\*

Now that Develania had branded Lirinel as a priority and attacked her, she lightly rolled her eyes and looked around.

Idelia, the commander of the 4th corps, who is most likely to become an obstacle, went to clear away the hero who may be an obstacle at my request, and the 3rd and 4th corps, which do not have a commander, are confused by the unexpected situation and are unable to do anything.

The situation became a complete conflict between the 2nd and 11th Corps.

‘It would be neat if we deal with Lirinel and Idelia like this.’

At Develania’s hand gestures, invisible threads embroider the air. Lirinel, who instinctively sensed that there was danger, used magic to move her position. Devellania, who looked up at her using attack magic above her head, quickly walked away and clicked her tongue lowly.

A stone the size of a human head crashed into the spot where I had been standing just a moment ago.

‘It was actually a loss to destroy the magic suppression camp.’

Just look at that crazy thing. It’s really disgusting to see them hovering in the air to avoid close combat.

‘It’s a shame there’s a plan for aerial warfare.’

If not, what would I have done?



I also seem to have narrowed my field of vision because I was focusing too much on one thing. He snapped his fingers with a disapproving expression. The thread stretched out and the magic power within me harmonized.

A transparent stake made of magical power is inserted into the air, and a thread is wrapped around it. Lirinel's magic and tentacles, which intuitively sensed that he was doing a useless trick even though he couldn't see it, fiercely struck down as if to keep him in check, but De'Vellania avoided and blocked all of this, step by step creating a trap.

'The biggest obstacle is movement using magic.'

All you have to do is make it dangerous no matter where you go. Then, if you come to this side, which is the only safe space, it's good because it's easy to deal with me.

The more Develania's fingers move, the more restrictions are placed on Lirinel's movements. Lirinel, who had part of her hair cut off by the thread that had already taken over the top of her head, rolled her eyes in search of a safe space.

'Where should I move?'

consolation? Or take the risk and go near Develania?

It would be safer to move upward, but there was no way that thorough demon could have installed only one layer of thread above its head. If you are going to move, it would be better to move higher. If you move incorrectly, something on your body may fall off.

The problem is that the effects of the snowflake sticks still remain in the sky. Will I be able to protect my body enough to fight against that powerful cold?

‘...My opponent is not only Develania.’

Casting a strong warming spell will solve the problem, but it would be difficult to waste magical energy here. I was already consuming more magical power than I had calculated during the battle with her.

...decided. Lirinel glared at Develania. The moment she disappeared in the air and appeared one step away from Develania.

Faba Park!

Small needle-like blades rained down on the two.

“What is this...!”

Develania, who was swinging her thread as if she was waiting because the speed was too threatening to just leave her alone, and Lirinel, who was about to stab the opponent with her sharp tentacles as soon as she moved as if she was not going to give him a chance, also quickly stopped her actions and ran away.

The thread that Develania had put so much effort into installing had long since become loose as the owner holding the end moved away.

“...Tsk.”

Develania, who retrieved the thread, looked at where the blade had come from.

“It will come a little more slowly.”

“I’m so sorry about that. “I guess I should have moved as I wanted.”

A crisp voice cut through the tension-filled air.

Idelia, who arrived earlier than expected, smiled brightly as if the 3rd and 4th corps, which had been in a state of confusion due to the clash of two corps commanders, finally contacted their commander. At that unlucky situation, a rather sharp voice was thrown in the form of a question, as if arguing.

“Have you dealt with the hero?”

“okay. “After receiving the call, I overexerted myself and killed him.”

“Why did you do that? “You could come leisurely.”

“Who do you like?”

Beneath a smile disguised as leisure, sharp words are exchanged with tense tension.

Develania, who was looking at the smiling Idelia, curled the corners of her eyes proudly.

“Don’t disturb. All I want to do is punish the traitor who prioritized Deonhardt over the Demon Lord.”

“I wondered why this was happening all of a sudden...”

Was it because of this? Lirinel, who was listening, slightly wrinkled her expression.

It is nothing new that I follow Deon-sama, but it is problematic that such a blatant attack was made and that the reason was that ‘I prioritize Deon Hart over the Demon Lord.’

Even if you've been very anxious, there's no way you can make a move like this without confidence. It looks like he got some confirmation from somewhere...

'...Could it be that 'the order' given by Master Deon came through?'

Kill the corps commanders...

Just as Lirinel's expression was about to become serious, a somewhat sarcastic voice spoke up.

"You're so clever at making excuses. But pretty packaging isn't everything."

"Isn't that a lie?"

"okay. "I guess it's not a lie."

A not-so-favorable gaze passed by Lirinel.

He also turned his head again for a moment and Idelia sneered, looking at Develania.

"If Lirinel is a traitor, then you are a traitor."

"...."

"I knew you would hit it one day."

"...under."

Haha ahahaha!!

Laughter spread across the chaotic sky. With everyone's eyes focused on the sudden laughter, D'Bellania's laughter fell down to her shoulders, but then stopped and raised her head. Cold eyes glared at Idelia.

“This is why people who handle information are annoying.”

There is no need to be quick-witted in places like this.

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That crazy bastard did something wrong.

This was a thought that came to mind as soon as Idelia, who had been rushing forward after hearing the news of the conflict between Lirinel and Develania, witnessed the situation in person. The unfolded fan covered the lower part of the body, as if hiding emotional turmoil.

‘I was expecting it.’

Even though he looks like this, he is a corps commander who handles information, so he is quick-witted.

So I knew. The fact that Develania was hostile towards the Demon King and the fact that she was busy moving around as if she was plotting something.

The intention was obvious without having to dig into it. I’m sure he’s planning to punish both Deonhardt and the Demon Lord.

‘That’s stupid.’

There is no way you can rebel against the devil and survive.

Idelia knows that magical power is not everything to the Demon King. I knew very well that I should not look down on everything that the Demon King had learned over a long period of time.

The attacks that a tiger can make include not only biting with its teeth, but also attacks with its front paws. Its claws

are sharp and its front paws are powerful, so how can we look down on it for not being able to use its teeth?

In addition, in a situation where it is not even possible to say for certain how much the Demon King's magical power has decreased, does it make sense to rebel against the mere fact that he has 'hidden his magical power'?

'It would have been better to take the side of either the hero or the demon lord.'

Of the two, it would have been better to choose the one I disliked less and be hostile to the other under his protection.

That's why Idelia decided to join the Demon King's side.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 317**

317. The second round has begun, guys (6)

In the first place, the devil's attitude hasn't changed from before. The only difference is that the other person is a hero, as I once thought, but he just tolerated it like he always did.

Therefore, Idelia, who defined Deon Hartman as an enemy, not only identified Lirinell but also Develania, who seemed to be at the forefront of rebelling against the Demon King. so that.

"Idelia... are you not stopping me?"

"ah."

Sigh. I folded the fan.

The last remaining hero was outside the palace, not by the king's side, so if it hadn't been a disaster, he would have arrived only after the castle was devastated. Of course, I had to fight the hero too hard to shorten the time.

In case someone is not a hero, I like to have some strength. Ignoring the pain in my wrist that was still throbbing, I swung it while pressing a certain part near the handle. Small memorization, like needles hidden in the blades of a fan, rushed towards the two who were colliding.

....

So now.

I was shocked to hear that I was a traitor and thought, 'Huh? 'Huh?' With Lirinell in the distance, the gazes of the 2nd and 4th corps commanders met in the air.

In contrast to his fierce, deadly spirit, the 2nd Corps Commander Develania, who narrowed his eyes as if he had been staring at him for some time, was the first to let go of the tension.

"Right now, Edelia, how about you come here too? "You probably know the reason."

"Don't you think I'm not going because I know the reason?"

"why? "You probably don't want to die."

That's what I mean. 4th Corps Commander Idelia snorted.

"Your actions are shortening your life even further."

"But if I just lie flat like you, all I can do is prolong my immediate life a little. Even if we were to postpone death, how long would it last? "It is better to move boldly, even if it means taking a little risk."

Above Deonhart is the devil, and above the devil is my life. At least that was the case with Develania.

Therefore, she put away her smiling face and looked directly at Idelia with a rare serious expression.

"Demon King Edelia is not interested in 'our' lives. "Whoever kills us won't even bat an eye."



“He’s always been like that.”

“The problem is that it even applies to the ‘enemy’, the ‘warrior’. Even though it’s a law of the fittest, it doesn’t make sense to even allow it to a warrior who is the devil’s natural enemy, right? “I don’t want to die.”

“If it were the problem you mentioned, wouldn’t it be solved by just killing the ‘hero’?”

“Do you want to prevent the same thing from happening twice in the future? Aren’t you displeased with the Demon King’s attitude of tolerating the hero’s attempts to kill us? “It means that our value was only that much.”

No, it is not ‘just’.

“It didn’t mean anything!”

It doesn’t matter how many ants die. To the Demon King, demons and even the corps commander were like that.

You won’t care who dies, where and how, as long as it has nothing to do with you. Even if we care, it is only out of necessity and the death of the demon itself will not be the reason.

What is the meaning of loyalty to such a person? In fact, the recipient won’t even remember it.

The brightly shining eyes glared at the silent opponent.

“I will live. “For that, I’m trying to kill them both.”

The hero is trying to kill me, and the Demon King is just watching with a smile. The choice made by the person who

was pushed to the edge of the cliff was to attack the opponent with a life-or-death decision.

“...after.”

Idelia sighed as she met his stern eyes. No matter what the other person said, she had already decided to stand on the devil's side, so it was obvious what she would say as the answer.

“The Demon King has always been like that. “Now it's nothing new.”

“...It's a shame. “I thought you'd come here because you're smart.”

“You. “I thought you could use your brain and behave well, but I never thought you would attack me so ignorantly.”

“That's the only number left.”

Time is running out, so what else can you do other than rushing in? Develania smiled brightly and then opened her mouth with a stern look on her face.

“2nd Corps. “Except for us, all the demons that exist here are enemies.”

“ ....”

“Kill me.”

The thread unfolded without a sound. Idelia, who sensed the things embroidering the sky and engraving on the ground, reacted immediately.

“4th corps and 3rd corps. We are a legion loyal to the Demon King. “Everyone here except us is a traitor, so kill

them.”

“...11th Legion! Can you see they’re trying to kill us?

“Except for us, all other demons are enemies, so kill them!”

Not to be outdone, Lirinel hurriedly shouted.

The 3rd Corps charges in with great swords, and the 4th Corps supports from behind. The 11th Legion deployed a shield to block it, and then when an attack spell was cast, the 2nd Legion interfered. When the 2nd corps spread a thread as if they were trying to set a trap, the 3rd corps swung the great sword and figured out the location, and the 4th corps aimed at the 11th corps in the air by rote.

A mess unfolded.

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plod along.

Busy footsteps are heard. There is also a voice vaguely calling out for you to find it. This probably belongs to the enemy. Everyone in the palace had long since been evacuated.

The King of Rweche, left alone in the unusually quiet and desolate palace, calmly played with the communication device.

“I think this is the end of Rweche.”

- ....

“The force that suppresses magic has collapsed. The demons entered the castle and entered the palace. “Soon my life will end.”

It was a predestined situation because the defense, which was the lifeline of this defensive battle, had collapsed.

As soon as he heard the news that the camp had collapsed and demons had entered the castle, the king made a judgment similar to what someone had done before and smiled bitterly.

“I hope the heroes succeed in killing Deonhardt, and I’ll be on my way.”

Grumble. I pushed my chair back and stood up.

He probably didn’t know that there would be no need to talk to him again after this communication, but he smiled at those who remained silent until the end and calmly said his final goodbye.

“Good luck.”

– ...Sleep....

Snap. Kwasik.

The communication device that fell on the floor was crushed when someone stepped on it. Before it was destroyed, there was a call from someone, but the King of Rweche walked forward regardless, knowing that it was a meaningless call due to an unknown reason.

The steps from the office to the throne room were quite light, unbecoming of the situation.

‘...It’s quiet.’

It took quite a bit of hard work to get to this point.

As soon as I heard the news of the demons' entry, I had a hard time fighting off the soldiers who tried to evacuate me. Even the persistence of a hero was at the level of a hero, so he was sweating even when he had no time.

'Everyone knows very well that there is no place to evacuate.'

After laughing, he picked up the lantern that was lighting up the hallway and opened the throne room door. As if the last command had been properly carried out, the smell of oil wafting from all directions became more intense as they passed through the passage. I stopped for a moment and looked inside.

"...It's perfect."

The window that always showed the outside scenery was tightly blocked, creating a sense of discomfort, but the king walked over without any problem and sat down on the throne.

Before long, the sound of footsteps got closer, and the half-open throne room door burst open. I made eye contact with someone who was not human.

"...It's here!"

A loud shout continues, and the demons come in as if they had been waiting. The King just smiled.

I don't know what the former emperor of the empire was thinking when he did what he did, but I know one thing for sure.

"Welcome."

There is no way to achieve this level of effectiveness against the demons that have invaded the castle.

He dismissed everyone in the palace and ordered them to sprinkle oil throughout the palace before leaving for the last time. In particular, I was told to spray the throne room thoroughly. Those who read the intention asked for reconsideration with pale complexions, but the king was adamant.

Since you can kill many demons with one life, what other method is more efficient than this?

“The commander of the corps....”

“....”

“It looks like he didn’t come.”

It’s a bit unfortunate, but it can’t be helped.

Holding a lantern hanging precariously between his fingertips, he paused ominously, but slowly opened his mouth towards the approaching demons.

“Come with me.”

Cheer up!

The lantern that fell on the floor broke. A small spark catches the oil and a flame erupts in an instant.

“What the...!”

The King calmly crossed the crowd of panicked demons and locked the throne room door. Before closing the door, he noticed the fire that had spread to the hallway and smiled faintly.

Even if there were demons other than those here in the palace, they would soon go outside to avoid the spreading fire. The soldiers and heroes who were kicked out with uncharacteristic stubbornness have been placed on standby near the palace, so even if they escape the palace alive, they will die at their hands.

This is it.

‘I’ve done enough.’

I slumped against the door.

It is said that the magic of the demons is not omnipotent, and the more and more rules are broken, the more magical power is used.

It is said that moving long distances in space consumes a lot of magical energy, so at best, for those who are just corps members, escaping from here would mean moving to the immediate outside of the building or breaking a blocked window and jumping out. That can be handled by the heroes and soldiers who are on standby.

‘It’s a fire in oil, so pouring water into it would be counterproductive.’

It looks like he doesn’t even have the spirit to create water using magic in the first place.

I closed my eyes as I watched the demons struggle to survive in the suffocating heat and breath.

‘They say that when an average person is about to die, a magic light comes to mind.’

Funny enough, nothing came to mind in my clouded consciousness.

...nothing.

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Communication with Rweche has been lost. Probably dead.

However, the monarchs of the Shan State and the Empire could not express any sentiment. To be precise, I didn't even have time to feel sentimental. Rather, we should meet again and say hello.

The situation in the mountains and the empire was not very good either.

'It's too much to even hold on to.'

The King of the Mountain Kingdom quietly touched his forehead.

The 5th Legion's arrows reach the top of the castle wall, but the arrows from this side are blocked by the 8th Legion's shield and cannot reach them. Even the 9th Legion, who were at the forefront of Saerin's ambush, somehow managed to survive and were pounding on the castle wall with their fists.

What makes my head hurt even more is that the castle wall is broken again. What kind of body does it take to break a castle wall with a punch?

I was caught off guard because there was no catapult, but who would have guessed that there would be a human... or even a demon catapult here?



“Commander of the 9th Corps...”

He gritted his teeth as he pondered over the fact that he was the one at the forefront of the ambush and was working the hardest to destroy the castle wall with his bare body.

“I wonder if I can hold on to this until Deonhardt dies.”

Everyone expected the defeat in the Battle of Suseong. The only thing that matters is how long you can hold out.

When the castle falls, the troops who were attacking to capture it will turn around and go to Deonhart for support. They had to endure at least to prevent that.

...but since one place has already collapsed, it is of no use.

‘But for now, I’ll just have to hold on as long as I can.’

Yeonhwa, who erased the miserable emotions from her eyes, asked into the communication device connected to the empire.

– What about the Empire side?

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 318**

318. The second round has begun, XX (7)

“Even if I just say empty words, I can’t say it’s a good situation.”

Elpidius answered calmly.

“First of all, after listening to Rweche’s suggestion, we strengthened the defenses of Jin’s main axis, but it looks like these demons are planning to break through head-on.”

After digging the tunnel a few times, he got hit hard and started pushing with all his force.

A siege battle that relied on pure force without the use of any tricks. That made him even more difficult to deal with, so he gently clenched his fists.

“It looks like we will either get over the wall or break through it sooner or later. “I hope you don’t feel strange or embarrassed even if you lose contact at any time.”

Basically, the 1st Corps is too strong. I wonder why I painfully realized why they don’t move carelessly.

Moreover, in an otherwise difficult situation, the sight of him climbing up the castle wall with his bare hands, with his eyes shining so brilliantly that it even seemed like madness,

as if he had heard some kind of order, was like an evil spirit rising from hell, and the soldiers who were supposed to stop him retreated in surprise. We lost momentum.

- Since there is the 1st Corps... it must be difficult.

"...If only the 1st Corps had been the problem, there would have been at least some hope."

What about the 7th Legion? The dagger-wielding guys are using the fighting style previously used by Deon Hart and his knights to lower their morale. It was a difficult situation for us as we were already losing ground and our morale was rapidly declining.

It's not just them. In order to shake off the guys climbing the castle wall, you have to stick out your upper body and stab downwards with a spear, but the javelins of the 12th Legion flying in from time to time keep this action in check... "If Esperanes had helped, the situation would have been a little better

... "

A lament came out of my mouth.

- They said no, so there's nothing we can do.

The empire, and indeed the three allies, failed to secure mercenary support from Esperanes. Esperanes went beyond refusal and even retrieved the mercenaries who had volunteered for the empire before a full-scale second war broke out. Even the request for an extension of the period was rejected.

'...It's a battle where defeat is certain, so it's worth it.'

Esperanes considers the safety of its country as its top priority.

I understand it with my head. Yes, I understand, but...

“If we fall, will they be safe?”

A sarcastic sarcasm came out.

Even though I was prepared, when I was faced with a despairing situation, I couldn't help but feel resentment. Elpidius, who was disillusioned with himself because he felt like he was blaming an easy bystander while the perpetrator was different, did not say anything more and kept his mouth shut.

A calm voice came from the communicator, as if trying to change the subject.

– Come to think of it, communication with the heroes was cut off. Are you okay with that?

The golden eye rolled over and headed towards the communication device placed on one side. Still connected.

“...This side is fine.”

– Then it seems that only the hero who took the communicator died. It seems that the communicator was broken at that time... Can I ask about the heroes' situation?

“The situation still seemed tense.”

– Is that so... I guess I should feel fortunate that I wasn't pushed or defeated.

“...yes.”

The problem is that Alethea is at the forefront of this tense situation.

If you mess up, you die. In a situation where it would be no wonder if he died at any time, Elpidius lowered his gaze without saying a word. His tightly clenched fist was trembling slightly.

‘Alethea please.’

The unspoken plea squeezed my heart.

If you just giggle behind your back, no one will say anything. No, the royal family would already be praised for going to that dangerous place, so why attack first?

The opponent is a warrior. Just being able to survive until now was nothing short of a miracle.

‘You’ve done enough.’

I whispered into the communicator several times. This is enough, so step back. Leave it to others.

There’s no way she didn’t hear, but Alethea didn’t even respond. He silently continued his stubbornness.

Fearing that speaking more would interfere with the battle, Elpidius could only remain silent and listen to the entire situation.

– The news that Deon Hart was killed should come quickly.

“...That’s right.”

What is the meaning of the plan that was completed using the death of my younger brother as a stepping stone?

My younger brother is more important to me right now than the future generation, who will quickly forget the efforts and sacrifices of the previous generation and waste reality.

The young emperor, who knew very well that he should not reveal his true feelings, just gave a dry expression in the affirmative to the words of a foreign monarch who had nothing to do with his brother.

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Just like the humans who gritted their teeth to block the demons' offensive, the demons were also poisoned by the impenetrable castle.

In addition to basic long-distance attacks, there are even heroes who occasionally pop out between the castle gates and wreak havoc on the friendly camp. Every time an ingenious plan was added and executed, the demons would be swayed. I couldn't help but be angry.

- I heard that Rweche broke the Jin and entered through magic. Can't we do that too?

- you're right! Shouldn't we do that too? I don't think it's fair to just take it easy on that side!

Finally, the 6th and 7th Corps commanders could not stand it any longer and shouted into the communication box.

It seems that the frustration caused by the battle so far, combined with the constant wet sleet, has finally exploded. It's not at a level that I can't understand. As General Commander Deon Hardt entered battle, 1st Corps Commander Jaykar, who had temporarily taken over the role, calmly listened to the communication box.

“That was lucky.”

- I'm sure we won't be so lucky...!

“First of all, I would like to start by pointing out that there is not just one main axis of the magic suppression force that exists in the castle. We need the shaman's cooperation to find out everything. “We also need someone who can walk around the entire castle without being seen from inside.”

The shaman is, of course, a human being, and the person who can get around the castle without being detected must also be a human being.

“Not only is there no one who can help the demon world now that the war is in full swing, but there is no way we haven't heard news of Rweche from the side of the castle we are trying to cross, so the castle itself must be at its highest level. It won't be easy, especially the parts related to the main axis. Even if we manage to find out the location, we don't have the talent to infiltrate and break through all the boundaries.”

This was possible because the Rweche side had Develania, the 'corps commander'. If there was a guy like that, he would have opened the gate right away.

“It is virtually impossible to meet all these conditions. Above all, there is no time to proceed with it now.”

I grabbed the handle of the sword that had been temporarily placed at my waist for communication purposes.

“Let's attack more while we have time to think about useless things.”

- Yes, yes.

- ...Tsk.

Although dissatisfied, the two corps commanders seem to be satisfied and withdraw while grumbling. Jaykar immediately put the communication stone in his arms, kicked the ground and ran forward.

Kaang! The weapons clashed with the heroes who came out for a surprise attack.

“...What power...!”

The hero's weapon is slowly pushed back and his voice also trembles. Without paying attention to the words that came out between his teeth, Jaykar gave an order to Silua, the 7th Corps commander, who was fiddling with the communication table in dissatisfaction from a distance.

“The gates are open! “Get in before it closes!”

In order for the troops to come out and invade this camp, the gates must inevitably be opened. The other side probably knew that this was a weakness and used a method of jumping out by surprise and attacking to avoid the corps commander, but after experiencing it a few times, you have no choice but to get used to it.

I waited for this moment. As soon as the hero came out, Jaykar rushed out and tied the opponent's ankles, his eyes shining fiercely.

“You play with me.”

“...Shut the damn door! hurry!”

They say there are troops blocking the door while we're out, but if they rush in like this, it'll be hard to hold out.



The hero quickly turned his head... and quickly pulled his body back. I tried to avoid it, but then I felt a sharp pain in my neck, as if I had been cut.

It seemed like the cut was deeper than expected, and a sarcastic voice was heard as I pressed my hand to stop the flowing blood.

“It’s too cunning to turn a blind eye.”

“...I know.”

I’m so stupid to take my eyes off the 1st Corps commander.

Still, I checked the situation at the gate. It wasn’t a very hopeful situation.

The demons, led by the agile 7th Legion, were squeezing themselves into the gap between the closed castle gates. The last thing I saw before I turned my head was another hero blocking the door and the 7th Corps commander rushing towards that hero.

“....”

The hand that was pressing the wound was wet, as if drenched in blood.

The hero knows that this desperate battle was doomed from the beginning. It is also true that all of this is just to postpone defeat.

Even though I knew it, it’s bittersweet to see that moment getting closer. Would anything change if I were to sacrifice my life here? As if he was running low on blood, he strained his eyes and slowly raised the corners of his mouth to make out his dizzy vision.

“Maybe it’s because he’s a demon, but his wounds are definitely slow to heal.”

“....”

Kaang!

“Where are we going? “I am here.”

As if he was going to provide support to the 7th Corps, he swung his weapon at the guy who ignored him and passed by.

The 1st Corps commander, who casually raised his sword to block, looks back. The hero waved his weapon as if showing off.

“Let’s finish this quickly before we run out of blood here.”

“...As for you in your current state.”

Jaykar turns his head again, as if wondering when he had looked back, and calmly walks on his way. A shadow appeared behind the hero’s back as he rushed towards him, his face distorted at the blatant disregard.

A low murmur continued.

“My adjutant is enough.”

“...Tsk!”

“It would be right for me to go support the 7th Legion.”

Silua, the commander of the 7th Legion, and a hero can be seen fighting through the gap between the castle gates. If it was closed incorrectly, the speed at which the gate closed was slowed to even allow the commander of the 7th Corps

to enter. Jaykar, who saw another hero added there, walked towards it.

I heard the sound of weapons clashing behind my back, and soon after, fresh blood spattered on my heels. It was obvious without looking who it belonged to.

‘...Why are you so desperate?’

Although he fought for his country and for the human world, it is a fleeting death that will not be recorded in history and no one will remember. After everything is over, it will just be lumped together with the number of fallen soldiers and recorded as a number.

It’s no different even if you’re a hero. This is a time when countless heroes exist and many of them are dying.

kicked the ground Jaykar twisted his mouth as he roughly slapped away the support hero who was about to attack Silua.

“Leave both of you here, and you go in and open the gate.”

“Yes yes yes. All right.”

Silua threw herself into the castle.

The hero, unable to ignore that sight, tried to quickly chase after him, but Jaykar stopped him by swinging his sword at the back of his head. One of the two heroes let out a laugh at the action that clearly confirmed that this is your opponent.

“You’re going to deal with them both by yourself?”

“Because I don’t think it’s impossible. And who said it alone?”

“...?”

Jaykar’s eyes move upward as if following someone’s movements. The hero, who instinctively sensed that this was a danger to me, quickly twisted his body and the spear came crashing down right next to him.

“...12 Corps Commander.”

“Whoa.”

Myers, the 12th Corps commander, arrived a little late to reorganize the battle lines that had been disrupted by the hero’s surprise attack and hand over the handover to the 1st Corps commander’s adjutant, and pulled out a spear stuck on the floor.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 319**

319. The second battle has begun, guys. (8)

Dernivan, commander of the 5th Corps, succeeded in crossing the walls of the mountain country.

Rather than trusting useless subordinate troops or other corps commanders, he decided to move directly.

He climbed up the castle wall by shooting an arrow with a hook. The soldiers of the Mountain Kingdom noticed it and tried all sorts of things to shake it off, so it fell in the middle, but before it reached the ground, they shot another hook arrow and hung on to avoid injury.

The wolf-based body was strong and agile, so there was no problem climbing the castle wall.

Based on previous experience, before the attack was concentrated on one side, he repeatedly threw his body to the side of the castle wall and used another hook arrow to move up, and Belitan, the commander of the 6th Corps, who was watching this, let out a soft exclamation.

“Is he some sort of demon from a spider?”

At first, it stumbled and fell, but it only lasted for a moment. After a while, it quickly adapted, and soon it was moving widely around the castle wall, moving across the length and

breadth of the castle like a flat area, as if it was a demon specializing in this from the beginning.

As the people on the wall are being dragged around by that one guy, their movements become tangled and the check on this side is noticeably weakened, which is definitely beneficial.

‘Well, thanks to that it became easier to attack.’

Coincidentally, he also climbed over the castle wall.

As soon as Dernivan stepped onto the castle wall, a loud noise sounded from one side.

“What is that again....”

The eyes that follow the noise widen in surprise.

Trover, commander of the 9th Corps, succeeded in creating a hole in the castle wall large enough for a person to enter and exit. It was an achievement achieved with bare hands.

“Hmm...”

Trover clenched and unclenched his fists to check his body condition and grinned at the confused faces beyond the hole.

“This is revenge for the damn ambush, you bastards!”

Even though I wasn’t in very good shape, it got worse because of all the damage I had done. My whole body was still aching, and Dernivan’s eyes were so annoyed and embarrassed.

He gritted his teeth and gave orders to his corps members.

“What are you doing? There’s a way. Go in!”

“Waaaa!!”

A refreshing charge followed, as if pouring out all the frustration of the past.

A hero appears among the struggling soldiers beyond the breached castle wall. There was hesitation in the movements of the demons as they entered, blocking their path as if blocking a hole and mercilessly cutting down those who approached a certain level.

Just as Trover was about to leave, a large shadow appeared over his head.

“hmm? ...Wow!”

Coo!

Legion Commander Belitan, who was more frustrated than anyone else with the sluggish battle, landed right in front of Trover and struck the hero’s head with his axe. The hero’s arm, which had barely raised his sword to block the attack with the weight of the large and strong demon, was pushed back helplessly.

“Tsk!”

If this continues, it will be a curse on my sword. The hero gave up holding on and immediately pulled back. The tip of the ugly ax narrowly cut the hem of his clothes on his chest.

I could see another corps commander shouting from behind.

“Belitan! “You almost got run over!”

“I don’t think I can even calculate the landing point.”

Two corps commanders... When will support come? The hero urgently rolled his eyes.

Of the heroes remaining in the castle, one will be on the castle wall dealing with the commander of the 5th Corps, and one will be guarding His Majesty's side, so even if that were the case, wouldn't there be one left left? Even just by looking at it, you can tell that this is more critical.

'Where are you fooling around... ah.'

come.

It feels like the number of soldiers blocking the hole in the castle wall has increased more than before. Additionally, a fellow hero was seen approaching behind the two corps commanders who were still bickering, perhaps intending to launch a surprise attack.

The voices of the corps commanders continued in a space full of noise and tension.

"I think it would be better to leave the conversation here instead. First of all, we're at war, right? Even if you win everything, it's difficult to let down your guard."

"Isn't that right? "You also have to deal with the rat in the back."

"...!"

The hero who was approaching from behind quickly retreated. A terrifying fist grazed the tip of my nose, splitting the spot where I had been standing just a moment ago.



I wonder how strong the force must be for the wind pressure to be this much. Trover widened his eyes slightly and seemed to interpret the hero's gaze differently, grinning and showing off.

"Are you surprised? "This is presence detection magic."

"That damn magic trick...."

Anyway.

Belitan shook his head and adjusted his grip on the large axe.

Trover seems to be thinking of dealing with that side, so I guess I can deal with this side. I spoke to the person who was very nervous, expressing my desire to end this boring siege as soon as possible.

"Let's finish it quickly."

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"Whoa... that's it!"

7th Corps Commander Silua, who activated the device and opened the castle gate, raised both arms and shouted cheerfully. It was a cry that didn't suit the backdrop of the hero's body lying at her feet and the corpses of human soldiers filling the area, but she didn't care.

Instead, he glanced down at the hero's body, which was tripping over his feet every time he moved, and muttered lowly.

"I thought the last remaining hero would be by the emperor's side... but this is unexpected."

It doesn't matter.

After pushing the body away with his foot, he took out the communication stone from his pocket.

"This is the 7th Corps commander. The gates have just been opened. "The hero is guarding the device, so it's a little late to deal with him."

- This is the 1st Corps commander. I have just dealt with two heroes together with the 12th Corps commander.

"Then the remaining heroes are..."

- None. Because I killed one before that.

All you have to do is find and kill the emperor. Since there are no heroes, it would be enough to leave that to the soldiers under his command.

finished! Slowly realizing that the conquest of the human world was imminent, Silua slightly raised the corners of her mouth, ordered her legionnaires to find the emperor, and walked away.

It was to join other corps commanders, but...

His steps, which had been moving lightly as if he were stepping, came to a halt when he discovered the other protagonists of the castle's fall.

"...?"

Silua's head tilted to one side in an incomprehensible situation.

"There..."

The sword and spear exchanged fierce attacks. Those caught up in this battle, both humans and demons, died in vain, and a numbing sense of death consumed the air.

This is a real battle, not a sparring or prank. After blinking for a moment at the murderous attacks aimed at killing each other, she quietly asked a question.

“What kind of situation is this again?”

The two corps commanders, 1st corps commander Jaykar and 12th corps commander Myers, who had been fighting heroes together until a little while ago, were fighting with each other.

\*\*\*

The gates of the empire were opened and the hero died. The situation is such that there is no need for the corps commanders to step forward.

The same goes for Sanguk. Once the castle wall has been crossed, the end is already certain whether the corps commander actively steps forward or not.

As the end came into sight, the eyes of several corps commanders turned to other corps commanders who had been allies a moment ago. There was a vague hint of life at the end of that gaze.

Dernivan, who had stuck an arrow between the eyes of the hero who was blocking him on the mountain wall, lowered his gaze. Trover and Belitan, who had just won against the two heroes, came into view.

...If this happens, there is only one hero left in the castle. I can handle that much on my own.

As soon as the decision was made, the body moved immediately. Slow steps head towards Trover. Trover seemed to sense this as well, pretending not to do so and quietly clenching his fists. At the moment when the distance seemed to be gradually narrowing, an attack from the nearby 8th Corps poured in, targeting Dernivan.

It is the 8th corps, not the 9th corps. Dernivan, who nimbly dodged the attack, asked as if he couldn't understand.

“why?”

Jaykar, who crossed the gates of the empire, sensed the end but moved to minimize variables. ...I tried to move.

I was planning to go catch the emperor myself.

Myers, commander of the 12th Corps, launched an attack. As if that was a signal, the 12th and 10th corps attacked the 1st corps all at once.

I was planning to kill the other corps commander after the job was over, but there was no way for them to know that. That means there is a different reason...

Jaykar, who had hit the sharp spear, spit out a question at him.

“why?”

\*\*\*

Legion Commander Myers, who was given the number 12, was loyal to the Demon King.

Aside from his timid personality, he always faithfully followed the Demon King's orders, and his lieutenant,

Dahar, would do his best to support him, even if he complained.

however.

If the price was the death of the adjutant he was supporting.

What reason would I have to follow the devil?

The same was true for the 8th and 10th Corps, which lost their commanders.

Death returned as a reward for loyalty. Our loyalty has been betrayed.

Therefore, they willingly agreed to the whispers of the 2nd Corps commander.

\*\*\*

The rain is pouring down like crazy and the pressure from Jin is still there. The blood, not knowing whether it was real or hallucinatory, tenaciously caught every step I took, accelerating the rate at which my fatigue accumulated.

Deon Hardt wiped away the moisture that was blocking his vision and brushed away the bangs that stuck to his forehead. The hair that had been neatly tied up had long since become loose and stuck to the nape of the neck after a long fight.

While Aletea and other heroes paused at the suddenly revealed face, he caught his breath and thought.

‘I quickly adapted to the gap between my thoughts and actual movements...’

Well, it's just an adaptation, but I can't speed up the original speed, so I don't find the spirit fight refreshing. It felt like fighting with sandbags attached to my entire body.

It's so frustrating that even if I try to move as quickly as possible, I can't even keep up with my average attack speed.

'The power... must have been cut in half.'

I dodged and blocked the attacks that started coming again and sighed.

Just looking at the fact that I couldn't properly defeat Alethea Desert, who was currently fighting at the forefront as a key combatant, I could easily predict how much my strength had been reduced.

'...Actually, it's also because Aletea Desert is not an easy hero.'

Yes, Desert. The royal family, and the noble being called the Emperor, is now in the most dangerous place in the entire human world.

If it were just that, she would have laughed it off as just the childish behavior of a foolish person, but now she has completely changed to the point where it would be rude to even compare her to before.

Maybe it wasn't something that had changed, but maybe he was just hiding this side of himself.

"...under."

A sharp sword quickly cuts down where I was. Deon, who reflexively took a step back from the powerful force that

reminded him of Emperor Edoardo, burst into laughter.

“Why are you doing this?”

“...?”

“Your Majesty has done enough.”

Alethea raised an eyebrow as if she was asking all sorts of useless questions.

“I would have told you. He said he became a hero. “Do we need any more reasons than this?”

“Besides, if you’re the princess, it’s no use hiding the fact that you’ve become a hero.”

“For the purpose of killing a hero, you have to do your best to even have a glimpse of possibility. “Does it make sense to hide the fact that you have become a hero in a situation where you lack all of your strength?”

“....”

“And I would have said she was the emperor, not the princess.”

Deon, who was avoiding an attack from another hero coming from behind, was stopped for a moment by an arrow hitting his shoulder. Alethea did not miss the opportunity and swung her sword at the heart and spoke.

“More than anything... thanks to coming here in person, you have the opportunity to see your enemy’s head fall with your own eyes, right?”

“...Ha damn.”

Deep.



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 320**

320. Whose side are you on? (1)

I'm annoyed. Deon, who gave up his shoulder where the arrow hit the tip of his sword, pushed the opponent away as if kicking him and swept his face. A burning pain seemed to fill the place where the sword came out, but it healed quickly without a trace. I lightly swept the spot as if wiping away blood and grabbed the arrow shaft.

"Troublesome..."

I prepared really hard to catch the hero. Not only Jin, but even an arrow like this is not ordinary.

If it were a normal arrowhead, it would have come out normally, but when I pulled it hard, the surrounding flesh was torn off as well. Soon, a vicious hook-shaped hook used for catching fish appeared.

"Really."

He grinned and threw it on the floor. Even though he was wearing combat boots, the hero was seen stopping his steps as if he was reluctant to step on them.

"You use all the scary arrowheads."

“I don’t think that’s what someone who shows monstrous resilience should say.”

The area where the arrow was pulled out has already healed. Alethea clicked her tongue as she looked at her clean skin through the tattered clothes.

“It makes me wonder whether people like this can really be considered human beings.”

“That is why, even in history, there were many movements to kill heroes who had done their duty.”

“....”

Deon raised the corner of his mouth at her, who was silent as if she didn’t know that she was a member of the royal family.

During the conversation, the aggression becomes weaker. Since the only time he can recover his stamina during the battle is by talking like this, he casually changed the topic and blurted out.

“It’s disgusting that you’re pushing me so hard without even giving me time to sleep.”

“...What about the one who endures that again?”

What is the time to sleep? They pushed me hard day and night without even giving me time to sit down and rest. This side divided into teams in advance and continued the battle, taking turns taking breaks.

What on earth is this monster? Alethea showed a tired face without hesitation. Deon shrugged lightly.

“It’s raining.”

As the rain became harsher, the accuracy of long-range heroes’ attacks decreased. Of course, it keeps going astray and changing direction over and over again, but if the day had been clear, the route wouldn’t have gone astray in the first place.

Apart from not liking the wet body and low temperature, I am glad that it rained. Because it was easy to hold on thanks to that brief gap.

‘I think we should do something about this damn Jin...’

He glanced down. I could see bodies lying everywhere.

If I search inside those things, I think I’ll find an amulet or something that can free me from this damn space...

‘There’s no way they’ll just sit there and watch that.’

He jumped up, dodged the attack, stepped on the blade, jumped once more, and hit the flying arrow. I felt daggers passing right under my body floating high in the air. And the spear that didn’t miss the opportunity and stabbed in with the intention of skewering it.

He narrowly avoided it by twisting his waist to the side, putting the spear on his side, and using it as a pivot, he spun around and kicked the opponent.

Because he was hit squarely in the head, the opponent momentarily loses his weapon and stumbles back. Deon skillfully adjusted the spear and thrust it straight into the guy’s heart, kindly returning the weapon.

“I wonder how many people we reduced because of this...”

Because of the damn Jin, the weapons couldn't reach the ranged heroes properly, so we mainly dealt with melee heroes, but I think we reduced it quite a bit.

...I hope so.

'I'm slowly getting tired.'

My body is fine, but I feel like my mental fatigue has reached its limit.

Continuing to concentrate on the battle without a single break also has its limits. Deon, impressed by the frustrating situation in many ways, retreated to avoid Alethea's long horizontal slash from the front... but when he noticed a low slash to the leg from behind, he jumped over his opponent's shoulder.

Another hero can be seen stepping into the landing zone, as if waiting for him. He sneers lightly and prepares to fight back with his dagger in hand, but he seems to be too focused on this.

'ah.'

I should have distributed my concentration better.

An arrow was aimed at my head. As if to prove that it was shot by a hero, the red eyes widened greatly as they spotted it flying through the air at an unusual speed, one step too late.

'...This might hurt a bit.'

Sigh! With an eerie sound, Deon's head was thrown back and his body in the air stumbled greatly.

Red liquid splashed in the rain.

\*\*\*

The 5th and 8th corps faced off. It was something that happened suddenly and unexpectedly by anyone.

‘why?’

6th Corps Commander Belitan rolled his eyes as if he couldn’t understand.

Why all of a sudden, when the war is almost over? Did they have any reason to fight? Usually, disputes between corps originate from the corps commander, but the 8th Corps does not even have a corps commander.

Trover slightly turned his head to see why. I saw the 9th Corps commander with his eyes wide open, just like me, or even bigger than me, with his pupils trembling in confusion.

“...It looks like you don’t know why they’re doing that.”

“How would I know that?”

Trover, who answered curtly as the wartime tension had not yet subsided, looked at Dernivan in the midst of battle with a frown on his face.

Likewise, he appears to be dealing with the 8th Legion with his eyebrows narrowed slightly as if he doesn’t understand what’s going on. Although he looks like a victim caught up in trouble, Trover knows.

‘...He was definitely targeting me.’

I remember Dernivan looking this way with eyes full of death. The steps heading in this direction were also like

that. If the 8th Legion hadn't intervened, they would have definitely attacked this side.

...Uh, then should I thank the 8th Legion?

As I was seriously contemplating, Belitan tapped me with his elbow.

"That... I think I need to stop it?"

"why? "Just fight and die."

Suddenly, cold words came out. I felt some eyes looking at me as if I was dumbfounded by the answer that came immediately without any hesitation, but Trover was confident.

After a short silence, Belitan sighed.

"Yes, I have to stop you too."

I'm a mood freak too, but having a crazy mood freak next to me makes me feel normal.

If the cleanup of the mountain country had been completely completed, I would have just left it at that. I shook my head and took a step forward. The eyes of Dernivan and the temporary 8th Corps commander, who were sensitive from the battle, immediately fell on this side.

Belitan, faced with a murderous and sinister gaze, hesitantly placed his hand on the axe.

"...Hey—"

Rumble.

"...?"

“her?”

Trover can be heard sighing in confusion. Belitan blinked blankly at the sight of the 8th Legion members quickly moving away. What happened now?

So... I spoke, and before I could finish speaking, the interim 8th Corps commander, who looked at my face and the hand on the ax, gestured toward his corps members.

And they all jumped out at once.

“...What is that?!”

An absurd cry came out.

Could it be that he ran away because he was afraid that he would attack me as well? Probably not? If that’s true, then on what basis did you come up with that thought?

‘I guess I should say this is fortunate because I was able to stop him for what he intended....’

What on earth is this? The head, which was already hard, has become even harder and cannot turn. As I grunted to understand the situation, Dernivan, who was calmly carrying the bow he was holding on his back, opened his mouth.

“There seems to be something holding us back. “I think it would be better to catch him and ask him.”

“The cleanup of the mountain country has not been completely completed yet...”

“That is why it is a more serious issue. This can also be interpreted as hindering the conquest of the human world, right? “Maybe it’s a connection to the human world.”

“I see...”

His words were a bit of a leap of faith, but it is true that he caused internal strife in a situation where the war was not over. Belitan, who was thinking deeply, nodded.

“Then we have to chase after it first. “I will clean up after the mountains....”

“I will do it.”

Dernivan glanced at Trover and spoke calmly.

Because it is better to keep your promises until the end.

A remark asking for the captain of the Lofty Knights flashes through my mind, followed by Deon Hardt’s remark asking me to kill Trover and other corps commanders ‘after the castle is captured’. When Belitan asked if he was okay with that, he returned to reality and nodded with an expressionless expression.

“...All you have to do is kill the remaining heroes and take the king’s head, so it’s no problem.”

The conversation ends here. There is nothing more to say. I turned around and started taking care of the corps members.

Belitan’s voice continued from behind me.

“okay. Then I go after the 8th Legion. Trover and you?”

“I’m the one chasing it too.”

“...okay?”

Whenever I tell them to just let me fight and die.



A gaze filled with blatant meaning is directed at Trover as if he were dumbfounded. Trover turned his head, pretending not to notice.

‘If we remain here with the 5th Legion, one of us might die.’

If only the two of them were left, Dernivan would definitely move without hesitation. Although I am one of the people who likes fighting, I am not in good shape and I do not want to risk my life in an additional battle.

Ignoring the stinging gaze, he turned around and ordered his corps members to get ready. Dernivan’s eyes seemed to pass by the back of Trover’s head.

....

The 9th and 6th corps chase after the 8th corps and disappear.

Dernivan ordered the remaining corps members to take care of the little things and then headed to the palace.

It seems like they are on the right track, but the further they go to the place where the king is likely to be, the more resistance there becomes. However, the opponent is the corps commander. The desperate attacks of ordinary soldiers to somehow stop the movement ended in vain, unable to properly hold on to even an ankle.

“...is this place?”

After dodging and fighting off annoying attacks, Dernivan stopped in front of a huge door.

As soon as I open the door and step inside, I am attacked as if I had been waiting. In response to the unusual attack,

which was completely different in quality from before, he immediately swung the bow that was on his back and struck it away.

Sure enough, the hero who had retreated was reflected in his eyes, which were sharp with tension.

“Were you here as expected?”

“....”

There is no way a person cornered can stop after just one attack. As I was preparing for the follow-up attack that would immediately follow, the guy surprisingly stopped for a moment and looked at Dernivan’s face.

Carefully, as if checking identity. And said.

“...I heard that other corps except the 5th corps have left.”

The communication system must have collapsed because the castle was in disarray, but the news came quickly.

Instead of answering, Dernivan quietly looked around. The humans here... are the hero in front of him, the king sitting to one side instead of running away, and a human woman who appears to be a treacherous man?

Even for the king, it is surprising that there are still some tricksters left. They are not combat personnel and there would be no sense of duty to remain.

At that time, the tip of the sword was pointed in this direction as if telling me to concentrate.

“If I kill you, the only corps commander left in this castle, Your Majesty will be safe for a while.”

“....”

This is indoors. Although it is spacious and has a high ceiling, it is nothing compared to the outdoors. Bows and arrows would not be very helpful weapons here.

He threw away the last remaining heroic determination and put the bow on his back, deforming his hand. The sharp nails boasted an eerie majesty.

In the midst of heightened tension, Dernivan broke the confrontation that seemed like an eternity and moved first.

Kaang!

He swung his hand like lightning, struck away his sword, and immediately rushed towards the hero as if in a surprise attack.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 321**

321. Whose side are you on? (2)

When the demons crossed the castle walls, the soldiers and heroes of the Mountain Kingdom tried to evacuate the king. But...

“Evacuation.”

Instead of agreeing with the actions of the loyal children, Yeonhwa just laughed softly. A faint voice lingered among them.

“Where should we evacuate?”

“....”

There was no place to go. Even if we escape from this castle safely, what is left?

The life of a fugitive, anxious because you don't know when you will die? Can it really be called life? Compared to the dishonor of being a king who abandoned his people and ran away to survive, the only benefit of running away was delaying death for a while, so Yeonhwa did not feel the need to run away.

That's why she didn't get up from her seat even when people around her urged her to do so.

“Thank you for your concern, but Gwain was planning on sharing his fate here with the castle anyway. So I guess you just need to leave.”

“Your Majesty... How could you say such a thing...”

“Why do you think you have to put orders in your mouth to follow them?”

“ .... ”

The soldiers hesitate. Their eyes were focused on one hero.

The hero who was supposed to remain by the king’s side and protect her until the end was looking dissatisfied with his darkened face.

“It is our duty to protect Your Majesty.”

“...If that’s the case.”

Yeonhwa sighed at the resolute spirit that seemed to never back down even if the king’s command was invoked, and pursed her lips with an expression of unwillingness.

“How about you being the only one left?”

“...If that is the maximum that Your Highness can allow.”

This is the most she’s ever done. The hero who noticed this made a dark expression as if he didn’t like it, but spit out the affirmative.

Only three people remained in the space where ordinary people were taken. Yeonhwa looked out the window in silence for a moment in the heavy, subdued air, and then turned her head to the only ordinary person left here. As if he had been waiting, the talented tactician met his gaze.

“Saerin.”

Saerin, reading the meaning contained in the short call, smiled softly.

“I will stay.”

“Do you think Gwain will allow it?”

“I am about to die, so is the king’s permission more important than my stubbornness?”

That’s true though. Yeonhwa smiled bitterly.

‘When the duke died, he wanted revenge, but when it was time for me to die, he wanted to die with me.’

How should I accept this?

Even though he had a strange expression on his face, he quickly hid it for a moment and asked lightly.

“Aren’t you going to avenge Gwain?”

“Because there is no one with enough power to take revenge. Where should I go to seek revenge when everything is falling apart? I too will share your fate here.

“This result came about because of the incompetence of the manager, so it wouldn’t be a bad idea to stay and take responsibility.”

“This is so... romantic.”

Does this mean that he would have taken revenge if the circumstances had been possible? It’s an honor.

Yeonhwa, who was smiling with an unknown emotion, suddenly erased her expression from her face.

The gaze that was looking at Saerin slowly falls down. A heavy voice came out as if he was muttering, as if he was unable to raise his gaze due to guilt.

“Because of the wine, you too will die.”

“He’s not dead yet.”

Don’t kill people who are alive and well already.

Saerin answered firmly.

....

So now.

The demon corps commander who finally killed the hero lets out a long breath, as if trying to catch his breath. Although he was injured in a battle with a hero, he appears to have no trouble moving. As Saerin looked at the tips of her sharp fingernails dripping with blood, she suddenly remembered a day in the past.

A hollow laugh came out silently.

‘...Even as death approaches, I still think of the duke. It makes me very ill.’

As I burned his body, I dared to say his name several times. It was a small greed of a commoner who gave a name that he could not call while alive, knowing that he would have no more to call since he was dead.

And then I stopped laughing out loud.

‘When I die... will there be someone who will call my name?’

I cry out my name, feel sad, and miss you.

‘No, I wonder if anyone will remember that I existed in the first place.’

Probably not. Because even the only person who has a chance will soon die together in this place. Now that the world is going crazy, it would be better not to even have expectations. She knew her subject well.

That’s why Saerin was able to remain calm despite the death that was so close to her now that she had lost hope of revenge.

‘....’

Tuk. Fighting. The sound of blood dripping is clear.

She glanced at her king, who was quietly gazing at the other person with resigned eyes, as if waiting for execution, under his calm face, and took a quick step forward.

Dernivan’s gaze, which had been directed at her since he had already laughed out loud at the movement that subtly or blatantly obscured the king, narrowed. A pitiful human being struggling to control his trembling was reflected in his lifeless eyes.

‘...I don’t understand why they blocked such a hot topic, but...’

If you want to die so much, there’s nothing you can’t do.

The demon swings its sharp claws to remove annoying obstacles. Saerin accordingly closed her eyes. Before I lost consciousness, I felt like I could vaguely see the person I had been longing for for the last time.

Purple hair that made my heart flutter just by looking at it.



and.

Sigh!

“....”

The king witnessed a person who had been alive until a moment ago become a corpse right in front of him.

Hot liquid is sprayed on my face and then slowly flows down. Feeling an eerie sensation, Yeonhwa quietly closed her eyes. My fingertips were shaking slightly.

Death is not something to be afraid of. Death has already been prepared. However... something on my shoulder was too heavy.

‘It’s my turn next, but there’s one more thing I can’t take responsibility for, not even death.’

Knowing that he would not be able to take full responsibility for this, the king trembled with guilt and self-loathing.

Dernivan looked at her for a moment and waved his hand. An eerie sound splits the air, and a moment later, a terrible pain is felt. As if my weakened body was collapsing, I glanced over and saw a lowered vision reflected in my eyes.

When she saw Saerin’s body at a glance, she thought again.

As expected....

‘Because of the wine, you too will die.’

This time there was no rebuttal.

....

“The cleanup of the mountain country has been completed.”

\*\*\*

Who knew that breaking Jin’s main axis would end up strangling me?

The longer the battle went on, the more unfavorable the situation became, and Develania gritted her teeth. After looking at me with a murderous gaze, I saw Lirinel running wild like a colt with no reins loose.

If he had consumed a lot of magical power, it would be even more difficult because, as a guy with a talent for magic, he is maximizing efficiency with minimal magical energy. The situation might have been better if the opponent was only her... but the enemy now is not just the 11th Legion.

“...shit!”

Develania glared at the 4th Corps commander who kept checking the unfolding of the thread and swore at him.

Dealing with all of this alone is inefficient. It would be better to join forces with others to deal with it.

“...2nd Corps! “Let’s go to the place we talked about in advance!”

As soon as she could make up her mind, she immediately used up her precious magical power to cast a spell.

Even so, it would be a waste to take all these corps members to the meeting place at once due to insufficient magical power. The corps members do not have enough magical power to move that distance to be able to move on their own using magic.

Just to give myself a moment of relief, I moved all the corps members to a place about 10 meters away from here, then immediately turned around and started running. The corps members, who had heard the words in advance before going on the campaign trail, also acted quickly.

“what...?”

“Huh, are they running away now...?”

Idelia, the commander of the 4th corps, who looked at Develania and the 2nd corps following her as they quickly left, looked dumbfounded, then glanced at Lirinel. As if Lirinel was also looking this way, our eyes immediately met.

Even though they were enemies, they were able to clearly understand each other's thoughts at this time.

‘The priority is to chase down those who run away.’

If you miss it, the consequences will definitely not be good.

“...3rd corps, 4th corps. Chase the fleeing 2nd Corps! Be careful of attacks from behind!”

Of course, that doesn't mean we're on the same side, so it would be a good idea to be careful of the 11th Corps' attacks while chasing them.

Idelia's order is given, and Lirinel seems to have kept this in mind as well, giving orders to chase the 2nd corps while being cautious of attacks from the 3rd and 4th corps. Idelia quietly avoided her gaze and hid her hands behind her back.

My hands, which had become weak from fighting another battle while having exhausted a lot of my strength during

the battle with the hero, were shaking slightly.

‘At this level, I’m glad I didn’t miss the fan...’

...Stamina can be recovered while taking a break from battle.

It’s a close call, but we can’t just leave the reactionaries alone. Accelerating the pace of chasing the 2nd corps, Idelia glanced back at Lirinel, who looked a bit distracted.

At least while chasing the 2nd Corps, it doesn’t look like there will be a battle unless we attack from this side first. That’s a good thing.

‘Even if he pretends not to be, he looks anxious... I guess it’s because he senses where the 2nd Corps is going.’

Develania’s goal is to kill both Deonhardt and the Demon King.

Lirinel is not a fool either, so she must have fully sensed the purpose from the conversation between me and Develania and her actions in attacking both the 11th Legion that follows Deonhardt and the 3rd and 4th Legions that follow the Demon Lord.

It is obvious without even looking at which of Deonhardt and the Demon King Develania will try to kill first.

‘...I think the battle is over for Deonhardt.’

Coincidentally, he came out to the human world to fight the hero and killed Deon Hart first, who had lost much of his strength, and then returned to the demon world and killed the demon king.

The person who wanted to harm Deon Hardt was running in his direction, so it was natural for Lyrinel to feel anxious.

\*\*\*

“...Everyone has been chewing on my words since a while ago.”

The 1st Corps and the 10th and 12th Corps exchange attacks. Jaycar, commander of the 1st Corps, was in the midst of a battle with Myers, commander of the 12th Corps.

Despite asking several times what the situation was, Silua, the 7th Corps commander, growled lowly as if he was offended when he received no answer.

“Is it delicious?”

“....”

“There is so much to eat in the world, so why are you chewing on my words?”

Grumble, grumble.

He sat down and started saying irritated things one after another. As if she was bothered, Jaykar shifted the direction of the attack by gently pushing Myers' spear as it was swinging at me to the side. The sharp tip of the spear was pointed at Silua.

Cheaeng!

Silua blocked this with her dagger and raised her vertical pupils.

“Is this... a fight?”

There is no answer back. She grinned, reading positivity in the silent Jaykar and in the attitude of Myers, who slightly backed away but did not deny it. The bewilderment disappeared and a creepy murderous look filled my eyes.

“It looks like they are trying to kill each other beyond just fighting...”

Even so, I wanted to kill the corps commander at least once, so it was good...?!

For a moment, Silua’s expression became blank. ... Did I see it right? Even after blinking, a dumbfounded voice came out at the scene that had not changed.

“Why are you running away?”

The commander of the 12th Corps escaped! Take my corps members and the 10th corps!

In an instant, the enemy disappeared. The 1st Corps that was dealing with them also looked at each other as if they couldn’t understand the situation and looked at Jaykar as if seeking an answer. However, before Jaykar could give a new command, he had to lower his head to avoid the onslaught of attacks.

Silua, who was dazed by the absurdity for a moment, smiled as if it was okay and continued her attack.

“It’s unfortunate, but I need you to be my opponent, at least as the 1st Corps commander. “You’re not going to touch me first and then back away like this, are you?”

“ .... ”

It's okay to fight since you have to kill him anyway, but it's difficult to lose the 12th Corps commander. The empire's side hasn't been completely sorted out yet.

While constantly blocking and repelling incoming attacks, Jaykar glanced back at the direction they had disappeared in and the imperial palace visible in the distance.

'First of all... we have to sort out the empire first.'

Killing the corps commanders comes next.

After making a decision, Jaykar, who had just pushed Silua away and turned around, took a step forward... but then stopped. The imperial palace was strangely noisy.

It was not caused by demons. This strange uproar....

"...rebellion?"

"ah? That's right. Enemies have entered the castle, and although they cannot join forces, there is internal strife. "Humans are also really stupid."

If the emperor's reputation was what it used to be, would a rebellion break out in such a dangerous situation? Or perhaps it was because of this chaotic situation that a rebellion broke out.

'Anyway, if we leave it alone, the emperor will die.'

It is good to be certain, but it is difficult to miss the commander of the 12th Corps. Jaykar, who flexibly changed his judgment depending on the situation, turned around and gave orders to his corps members.

“1st Corps From now on, we will chase the 10th and 12th Corps that escaped.”

“...where are you planning to run away from instead of fighting me?”

“Ignore the 7th Legion.”

“...under.”

Are you going to come out like that? If so, I'll make it so you can't ignore it.

Silua, with bright eyes, said while glaring at the 1st corps running after the runaway corps.

“7th Legion, you know?”

“ .... ”

“Follow me right away.”



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 322**

322. Whose side are you on? (3)

Feeling that the situation is unfavorable, the demons who have left their bodies gather at a pre-arranged meeting place, and the corps commanders who were fighting with them chase after them.

The meeting place is right near where Deonhardt is fighting. Those who defined Deon Hardt as enemies and those who followed him were all gathered in one place.

The first to arrive were those in charge of Rweche Castle.

Devellania frowned when she realized that no one had come yet, even though she had run all the way here. The guys chasing me are getting closer, but nothing has changed except the location.

My battle-hardened head creaked as I assumed the worst possible situation.

‘...Is this why you just jumped in where Deonhardt is?’

It wouldn't be a bad idea to storm into Deonhardt's battle with persistent leeches and make a mess of everything.

It was a thought that came to mind out of anger, but it was more interesting than expected and Develania's eyes lit up.

'Yes, if you can't completely control the game and the situation is unfavorable, it would be okay to make a complete mess so that nothing can be predicted.'

You'll have to rely on luck, but since no one can play with the board, it's more fair than anything else.

The worry was short-lived. She takes a step forward without hesitation, attracted by the charm of the immediate damn situation and the unknown direction that will unfold as she enters the battle. The destination is where Deon Hart is.

However, I had to stop again soon after.

"I'm sorry, Commander 2nd Corps. "Master Deon ordered that no one be allowed in."

"Allies too?"

"Yes, you said it was disturbing."

Hmm. His narrowed gaze filled with dissatisfaction scanned the 0 Corps members blocking his path.

Soon the 11th Corps and the 3rd and 4th Corps will arrive. The battle will begin again and they will realize that I am the enemy.

'...Should I just kill him when he's off guard?'

The naturally drooping fingertips were twitching as if they could not be seen.

...But if time is delayed during the battle, the pursuers will quickly catch up with you. Here, the cooperation of Corps 0 members was needed.

I hid my impatience and lightly shrugged my shoulders.

“Isn’t it normal to let in common sense if it’s an ally? Master Deon said it would be a hindrance, but there is no way that the 2nd Legion, not just some other idiot, would be a hindrance.”

“....”

“Right now, Deon is fighting against so many heroes alone.”

“...not alone.”

“Yes, you probably brought in ordinary soldiers. However, they are not heroes but ordinary humans, Primiro, to deal with the knights, so in the end, Deon will be in charge of all the heroes alone.”

Of course, I found out the information I just told you about myself.

The words of the 2nd Corps commander in charge of information collection could not have been wrong. The eyes of the 0 Corps members wavered slightly at the added remark.

“...But this is Master Deon’s order.”

“...It’s frustrating. Don’t you know what’s in it for you, Deon? “Would you feel better if you reached a point where you couldn’t turn back and had to regret it?”

Their shoulders shrank at the nervous voice.

Devellania’s expression slightly relaxed and she whispered in a slightly softer voice. A voice that seemed to soothe a child came out with sharp content.

“If you’re worried about getting scolded, that’s okay. Deon doesn’t care about you and will forget about you when it’s over.”

In the first place, both the humans and demons that were to be scolded died, so there would be no need to be scolded. He swallowed his words with a sneer and stared at them as if demanding an answer.

“....”

Deon Hardt is not interested in Legion 0 members. The only object of his interest is the Lofty Knights. Although there was no way they were unaware of this fact, the eyes of the 0 Corps members lowered as if they were hurt when it was brought up in front of their eyes.

After compiling themselves for a moment, the guys raise their eyes again and look at the other person. Surprisingly hard eyes dared to look directly at the corps commander.

“We just follow orders.”

Even if Deon doesn’t care about us. So even if you forget the current command.

Still, we must fulfill our duties. Because Legion 0 is a legion that follows Deon Hart, not Dvelania. Therefore, Deonhardt’s orders take precedence over her words.

“...Mr. Deon is very happy.”

It’s really funny that it’s a personal blessing that only you know about.

Devellania, reading the unchanging determination in her eyes, burst into laughter.

“Why do you follow Deon so much in the first place? “He’s a person who doesn’t even care about you.”

“....”

“Well... okay. It looks like they are planning to stop it even if it means fighting, but there is nothing they can do.”

As she shows signs of backing down, the tension of the 0 Corps members who were standing close behind eases a little. Without missing the opportunity, Develania moved her fingers.

“Then die.”

Sharp threads swung at their necks.

Kagak! Sparks flew in the air.

“...this.”

Has it already arrived?

The transparent shield that blocked the attack disappeared as if melting, and the 0 Corps members, realizing that they almost died one step too late, looked shocked but prepared for battle. Devellania glanced at them and turned her head without hesitation, as if wondering when she had planned to kill them. At the end of the line of sight, the 11th Corps and the 3rd and 4th Corps had arrived.

As I raised my gaze a little more, I made eye contact with Lirinel.

“I wish it had been a little later, but it’s a shame.”

“What did you just... do?”

“What are you doing? “If you had eyes, you wouldn’t know.”

“Develania....”

A low voice calling the name, as if sad or angry.

Lirinel, who had a clouded expression on her face without knowing what emotion she was feeling, soon glared at Develania with a hard face.

“They are Deon’s subordinates. “I won’t let you mess with it.”

The determined eyes that rolled around took in Idelia nearby.

“That one too.”

“That’s a cute warning.”

Idelia, who had been watching the situation with interest, narrowed her eyes. The wide open fan covered the lower part of the crown.

“But will you be okay alone?”

I think more guys are coming.

The earth rumbles and demons come running from one side. Then, demons began to flock from other directions.

Idelia frowned slightly when she saw the 8th and 12th Legions standing at the head of each group.

“They are people who went to the mountains on one side and the empire on the other. Who is the enemy and who is the friend...”

It seems that the enemy and enemy are unclear in the same way over there. The demons who arrived here confirm the presence of those who went to the other castle, stop, and form a strange standoff.

10 Silua, the commander of the 7th Corps, who arrived in pursuit of the 1st Corps chasing the 12th Corps, glanced over the situation and tilted his head.

“What is this? Is there a fight on the other side too? “Who is on whose side?”

“...I know. “Who is on whose side?”

Let’s check it out now that everyone is gathered.

First of all, the 7th Corps commander spoke first. He pointed at Silua with the end of his folded fan.

“Let’s find out about you first. Silua, whose side are you on? Demon King? Deon Hart? Or... the one who defines both of them as enemies?”

“Of course you’re the Demon King, aren’t you? “Even if that’s the case on Deon’s side, what’s the final point?”

“There’s a guy here who belongs to the last group.”

“ .... ”

All the demons here clearly saw Idelia looking back at the 2nd Corps Commander Develania. It was such a blatant movement that I couldn’t have noticed it.

Each corps commander was quick to grasp the situation.

‘The situation is now divided into Deon’s side, the Demon King’s side, and the 3rd force. The 7th Legion is on the

Demon King's side, and the 2nd Legion is the 3rd force.'

And in the words of Idelia, who referred to Deon as 'Deon Hart', those who defined the 4th Legion as being on the Demon King's side divided each of them into enemies and allies in their heads.

Even though the attention was so intense that it felt burdensome to me, a somewhat unfamiliar 'third force,' De'Bellania just smiled.

"Do we really need to know who is on whose side? "Our side knows everything, so it's more beneficial to fight like this."

"no. D'Vellania You will have to cooperate. I know which army the 'Third Force' is. "If I only point out the third force here, wouldn't they naturally be the first to be excluded?"

If there are people who are clearly enemies among those who are unclear as to whether they are enemies or allies, it is natural to attack them first.

"...How do you know and be sure who the third force is? "If you get it wrong, you'll be in quite a bit of trouble."

Idelia smiled leisurely.

"Then shall I tell you something? To be honest, I think everyone knows without me having to say it. Just like you, the 8th, 10th, and 12th Corps, who came all the way here, are probably on the same side."

" .... "

"It's obvious that we gathered here because something was promised."



I did a good job of handling eye contact when I said I knew who was on our side, but I gave away too many clues before that.

“...well.”

It has become a public enemy. Although she seemed anxious, Develania maintained her composure and smiled meaningfully.

“There may be more than the legion you mentioned.”

“...Ugh!”

She, who had made each other suspicious with her leisurely remarks, lunged at Idelia as if not giving her a chance to say more.

Idelia, who jumped into the air to avoid the low, fast approaching thread like a snake, thought as she sprinkled hidden memorization on her fan.

‘The Demon Lord’s side, Deonhardt’s side, and the Third Force are all perfect enemies with no room for alliance.’

From the Demon Lord’s point of view, both are traitors, and considering Deonhardt’s recent actions, for those on his side, all demons themselves will be enemies. Needless to say, the third force’s goal from the beginning is to kill both the Demon King and the Hero.

In other words, it is a perfect 1:1:1 situation.

‘Understanding our allies comes first.’

I used my brain to pick out my allies.

First of all, the 3rd corps is of course on the Demon King's side, so our side becomes the 3rd and 7th corps. If you include the 4th corps that I lead, there will be 3, 4, 7 corps.

Aside from those whose factions are roughly known, the most ambiguous ones are...

"...Belitan Trover!"

I called the 6th and 9th Corps commanders, who still looked confused.

"Whose side are you on?!"

"Of course it is the Demon King. "Isn't that normal?"

"What about you, Trover?"

"Me too, of course..."

Trover, who was about to answer Demon King as if it were obvious after Belitan, stopped.

As it happened, a contract that I had completely forgotten about was now making its presence felt.

"...."

"Trover?"

"|..."

[No other than that, I wanted to demand compensation for the bet at that time, so I called Trover at the risk of being rude.]

[What do you want? If you ask me to take it out...]

[Please be on Deon Hardt's side.]

The conversation I had with Dan in the past quickly passes through my mind.

Trover clearly remembered what he answered at this time.

[...good! I will make sure to be on Deon's side!]

The contract sends a signal to fulfill the promise. The careless promises I made in the past had become shackles and shook my heart, as if it could take away the magic that made up my body at any moment.

...Damn it! Trover gritted his teeth.

"...Deon's side."

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 323**

323. Whose side are you on? (4)

Belitan, startled, immediately widens the distance.

Yes, it would be natural since they are enemies. Once this has been made public in a gathering like this, there is no turning back. Since I promised from the beginning that I would 'definitely' be on Deon's side, turning back is impossible.

Trover cursed under his breath.

'Dan, you damn bastard.'

Could it be that you had this in mind from the beginning?

If he were alive, I would have grabbed his neck and shaken him. I gritted my teeth, thinking that I had to find a way to kill the already dead guy one more time.

'No, in the first place, is there anyone on Deonhardt's side other than Lirinel?'

I guess it's ruined.

Trover quietly clenched his fists. Devellania, who was looking at his grim yet strangely depressed mood, smiled as if he understood the situation.

‘That’s why you shouldn’t make promises carelessly.’

At first, he was going to say that he was on the Demon King’s side, but then he changed his words, and judging by his unwilling expression, it seems like something is forcing him, but it’s obvious without even having to ask to know what that is.

‘I think Idelia noticed it too.’

When I see you making a bewildered expression.

She remembered Trover losing his bet with Dan, the wisher. Dan, who also secretly avoided using his wishing power in public settings.

It was quite predictable that a guy who was so loyal to the point of dying for Deonhardt’s sins would make a wish for Trover.

‘Anyway, does this mean that the Demon King’s camp becomes 3, 4, 6, and 7 corps?’

Originally, the 1st Corps Commander would have been included in this list, but considering that he had frequently sparred with Deon Hart recently, he was also a target of caution, so instead of making a hasty judgment, Idelia looked at Jaycar with wary eyes.

At the end of the line of sight was a demon quietly examining the situation with an unreadable expression.

“What is this?”

And the voice sounded somewhat shocked as well.

At the appearance of a new voice, all the demons who were closely guarding each other turned towards the direction from which the sound was heard. It seemed like he had arrived late, and on one side, Dernivan, the commander of the 5th Corps, was shaking with confusion.

Which side is he on? Seeing as the Trover who killed Oel is in Deonhardt's camp, I don't think it's there. Wary eyes watched his every move.

"Just now..."

Dernivan opened his mouth without paying attention. I had no time to pay attention to my surroundings. Because the remarks I heard as soon as I arrived were so shocking.

"The commander of the 9th Legion... did you say he was on Deon's side?"

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I narrowly avoided it, but my forehead was torn by an arrow. It was torn a bit big because of the unique arrowhead. No, in this case, should I say that the skin was torn off?

The pain was fleeting, and the wound healed in an instant, but the blood that had flowed was blocking his vision, so Deon wiped his unsightly wet face with blood and rainwater. The heroes who were watching were startled by his appearance once again showing his presence.

Deon glanced around during a lull for no reason and lowered his gaze for a moment. A red-stained hand caught my eye against the background of bitter blood.

'....'

My hands are shaking slightly, as if my mental fatigue has reached its peak. My body seemed to be fine, but I reflexively frowned at the incomprehensible state of strangely weak strength.

“...I thought about it.”

A slightly cracked voice came out.

“I was fighting too gently.”

No matter how hard I try to pay attention, in the end, the composure that is ingrained in me as a warrior does not easily disappear. It was because he did not feel the threat to his life.

Right now, I’m fighting alone against so many heroes, but I don’t feel any sense of crisis at all. This is probably because most injuries recover immediately on the spot.

“If it had been before, I would have been discouraged, but now I find a loophole and just roll my eyes.”

So I had some free time in my hands.

When I was scrambling to survive, my enemies were so oppressed by the fierce force that I couldn’t even make eye contact with them. Instead of making eye contact and trying to read his facial expressions, he crouched down to avoid eye contact and prayed that the next person he met wouldn’t be him.

My composure also gave my enemies composure. Deon realized this fact too late.

“I was full.”

Right now, I'm in a situation where I can't fully demonstrate my abilities as a warrior because of Jin, but I'm taking my time.

To be honest, the quality of today's heroes is a bit low, so there are times when I let my guard down. The 'official heroes' of the empire ruled by the former emperor, especially those designated during the Eight Years' War, were on a different level from their spirit.

'Furthermore, after watching my senior's Stigma Primero, my eyes got a little higher...'

In any case, the quality is somewhat lower now because they have swept up all those who just say they have the fragments of a hero. He couldn't help but look ridiculous compared to previous heroes.

You have to let go of your leisure. Because he trusted only the body of a warrior and overused techniques that exceeded the limits of his body, his body was repeatedly damaged and repaired, consuming a lot of mental power. No matter how quickly I recovered, I would inevitably feel pain, so the stress would inevitably accumulate.

I couldn't concentrate enough to get my forehead ripped off.

"...By the way."

Then, Deon raised his head as a question suddenly crossed his mind.

Here, there is only one person to whom Deon Hardt uses honorifics. Alethea immediately met his gaze.

"Your Majesty, how do you notice and avoid 'that technique'?"



It was said that he clearly trusted only the warrior's body and overused techniques that went beyond the limits of the body.

Even the former Emperor Edoardo Desert could not evade or block me before I became a hero, and Alethea Desert is still alive. It was because he slipped behind the other heroes with clever timing.

Alethea, who realized what was being said, smiled brightly.

"That's the feeling."

Alethea Desert has a good feel. She herself knows very well that she has good senses.

That's why I never ignore the sense that sends me signals from time to time, but there were times during the battle when that sense used all its might to warn me.

An ominous feeling instantly passes through my entire body. Each time, Deonhardt would move and attack at a speed that could not be traced with the naked eye, as if it were momentary but unaffected by Jin's pressure.

"...okay. "Then let's just stop the joke here."

Since he had heard something about the princess's intuition, Deon quickly lost interest and returned to the topic.

Bright red eyes looked around once, as if assessing the number of remaining heroes, and then focused on Alethea again.

"Now that I know I've backed down, I'm going to fight properly."

If you don't have the mental energy to stay focused, you can just let it go. He already knew how the minority can overcome the majority.

therefore.

'It's time to go back to basics.'

Deon Hart brought out the young Deon from the Eight Years' War.

The aloof atmosphere that had surrounded me all along disappeared and an eerie atmosphere weighed down the surroundings. Madness fills the empty red eyes, sparkles like blood and eventually overflows.

The heroes hesitated and retreated due to the unusual atmosphere.

"This is..."

"...It would be best to avoid close combat as much as possible and focus on long-distance attacks. Instead of attacking close-range heroes too hard, focus on keeping long-range heroes on their feet so that they can easily attack. and."

I have a bad feeling. Alethea swallowed dry saliva and adjusted her grip on the sword.

"Of course, survival comes first. No matter how much time it takes, you can try anything as long as you live."

In the midst of a tense gaze, Deonhardt twirled his dagger wordlessly. The eyes were shiny with murder and the corners of the mouth were curled up.

'Reason is enough to distinguish between enemy and enemy.'

A young voice whispered.

'Fear your enemies.'

Obsess over your enemies and go crazy for blood.

Because that will be the only way for me to live.

The break is over. Deon kicked the ground as if he wanted to go first.

Cheaeng! The sound of blades clashing again filled the space.

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For Dernivan, 9th Corps Commander Trover is an enemy that must be killed. Deon Hardt also allowed this.

It was definitely like that...

'He's on Deonhardt's side?'

Doesn't this mean that we are allies?

"Please answer me. "Did you say that the 9th Legion Commander is on Deon's side?"

"They said so? Dernivan, whose side are you on?"

"I..."

The situation did not give him time to be confused. Just as I was about to answer the question full of caution, a commotion broke out on one side.

Everyone's eyes, including Dernivan's, turn to one place as the ground trembles. Some guys were running there, driving their horses like crazy.

Considering that it's from the demon world, it must be these guys first, but were there more guys who would come here?

The short question was soon resolved.

"If you look at the map, it's clear it's around here... but where on earth is it?"

"Leader! "Where are you?"

"Great ego!!"

"ah."

Everyone let out an exclamation as if they had made a promise to the incomprehensible shout.

Crazy... no, the Knights of Lofty. How did the guys that Deon Hardt was holding tight end up in this dangerous place? Could it be that he escaped?

'...It could be enough for those guys.'

I nodded my head in understanding, but the loud voice continued again, as if they had also discovered this area.

"They are commanders!"

"Everyone is gathered together? Is something happening?"

"Isn't it because the captain is here? "It looks like we came to the right place."

Otherwise, the noisy voice becomes louder and clearer as the distance gets closer. Eventually, when the distance was long enough to clearly see each other's faces, Milan, who was running in the lead, opened his eyes and shouted.

"The leader! Where is the captain?!"

"Yes? Probably in that direction..."

"Thank you!"

"No, wait...!"

Doo doo doo doo! The group quickly passes through the demons and runs in one direction without hesitation.

Trover, who reflexively answered the energetic question, belatedly called them as if he missed it... but is there any way to stop now? Idelia and Develania, who came to their senses one step later, shouted at the same time, beating him who was showing a vain expression at the speed that had not decreased at all.

"What are you doing out of your mind? "Kill those guys!"

"What are you doing stupid? "Let's not kill those guys first."

"...5th Legion!"

The next person to come to his senses was Dernivan, commander of the 5th Corps.

Regardless of whose side the 9th Legion commander was on, Deon Hard allowed him to be killed. In other words, this is my competency.

The priority now is to deal with this embarrassing situation. He quickly cleared up the confusion and shouted to the 5th

Corps.

“Cover the Lofty Knights!”

This statement means that the 5th Legion is on Deon Hardt’s side.

Dernivan is on the same side as me? It’s ruined. Trover shook his head with a dissatisfied face.

“Damn the 9th Legion! “Protect those crazy colts who run without notice!”

“You know the 11th Legion? Protect the Lofty Knights! Don’t let Legion 0 die either!”

“To protect the 1st Legion Lofty Knights.”

It was immediately revealed who was on whose side.

The strange standoff was broken by the appearance of Deonhardt’s favorite people. The Demon King’s camp and the third force move to kill them, and Deon’s camp takes measures to prevent this.

Thanks to this, it became easier to distinguish between enemies and allies.

‘1 5 9 11th Legion is on Deonhardt’s side.’

The Demon King’s side was the 3, 4, 6, and 7 corps, so the 3rd force would be the 2, 8, 10, and 12 corps, as Idelia said.

Those who perfectly identified enemies and allies based on the information they had previously obtained began to move without hesitation.

And the members of the Lofty Knights who only looked ahead without paying attention to what was happening around them...

“We can’t go any further.”

“Move!”

There was a confrontation with 0 Corps members.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 324**

324. Whose side are you on? (5)

First of all, since they are all under the same 'Deon Hardt', the Lofty Knights, who have worked hard to control their emotions, tell them to get out of the way. The 0 Corps members answered no.

The moderate conversation ended there. The Lofty Knights, who had reached the end of their short patience, immediately showed their teeth.

"Get out of the way."

His attitude, which was always light and rampant, was fierce, as if he was going to rush to wherever he was going at any moment. Regardless of the feeling that it sounded like a wild beast roaring, the 0 Corps members did not even blink.

He simply blocked the path ahead, placed his hand on the weapon, and spoke in a businesslike voice.

"This is Deon's command. "He told us to prevent our allies from coming in here as well."

Occasionally magic attacks come and the 11th Legion blocks them. The legions rushing towards this direction were also blocked by the legions following Deonhardt.



Looking at the Lofty Knights who were safer than anyone else, like the eye of a typhoon, in the midst of chaos, the 0 Corps members quietly clenched their fists.

“Even if you gain Master Deon’s favor, the orders we received do not change. “There are no exceptions.”

Since they didn’t even let the corps commander in, do you think they would make an exception for the people in front of them?

I took a quick look around. It seemed as if the existence of the 0th Legion had long been forgotten, and the sight of everyone focusing solely on the Lofty Knights filled the field of view. For some reason, the 0 Corps members found their appearance so funny that they started laughing in a way that did not suit the situation.

‘Yes, it’s worth it.’

The Lofty Knights are the only ones that Deon Hardt gave his heart to. Rather, Lirinél’s memory was surprising as he ordered them not to forget themselves and also to protect the lives of the 0 Corps members.

...We know that we are not as favored by Deon as the humans before us. He knows better than anyone else that the 0th Corps is not on his mind.

but. Nevertheless.

‘Because we belong to Deonhardt.’

No matter what anyone says, or whether the situation that blatantly revolves around the Lofty Knights reminds us of a new fact, looking at the conclusion, nothing has changed in

the role, status, or mission of the 0th Corps. There was no reason to reconsider what I already knew.

“So stop talking about how full you are and get out.”

We just have to follow Daeon like a shadow.

He brought us here because it was necessary, and gave us orders because we needed it. In that case, it would be natural to be faithful to that command.

“You sound like you’re full. What does that have to do with the current situation? “Get out of the way!”

“If they come any closer, we will subdue them with force.”

“...shit!”

If you fight here, you will be wasting precious time and stamina.

He is clearly an ally who follows the same Deon Hart, but why has this situation come to be? Milan gritted his teeth.

“Move! “If it’s a fight, I’ll do whatever I can later!”

“We simply follow Deon’s orders.”

“Fuck, I said I was going to relieve Deon’s fatigue, but why are you blocking me like this? If our captain becomes dangerous like this, you will take responsibility?!”

“You have no faith in your superiors.”

“You guys are deifying the captain too much!”

Do you know what an all-powerful hero is? Our captain is also human after all.

I took out my weapon. Other colleagues who read the intention also drew their weapons. Milan glared at his opponent who was blocked and spoke like he was chewing.

“...Now that it’s like this, I’m going to break through even if I have to force it.”

“Do you think they would allow that?”

“I’ll make you get out of the way, you bastard!”

Kagang! Suddenly, an armed conflict broke out.

Those belonging to Deon’s camp stopped as the two groups belonging to Deon Hart fought. Lirinel stammered as if she couldn’t seem to get over her embarrassed feelings even though she reflexively covered herself with a temporary shield to block attacks coming from both sides.

“Uh... Why are the 0th Legion and the Lofty Knights...” Even if they join forces, it’s not enough, so why are they on the same side doing this?!

Not only must we protect Deon’s beloved Lofty Knights, but we must also protect Deon’s 0th Legion from death. But what should I do if the two groups I’m supposed to protect are attacking each other?!

The corps members also look this way as if waiting for an answer. Regardless of the feeling of wanting to tear out her hair in confusion, Lirinel steadily spit out the command.

“For now... except for the two armies’ attacks on each other, let’s block all other attacks.”

Leave the conflict between the two alone and focus on protecting them both from other legions.

It's not a bad decision. Likewise, other Deon corps commanders, frozen in embarrassment, hurriedly issued the same order.

Contrary to concerns, the conflict between Legion 0 and the Lofty Knights ended sooner than expected.

"I'm passing by!"

"This way too!"

"...Damn it!"

In the first place, it is not a fight to kill each other, but a clash between those trying to pass and those trying to block. If the street was narrow, it would have been difficult to block people trying to pass by in an open space that had no street corner at all.

If the opponent had been anyone else, they would have been able to stall for time by grabbing their ankles, but the Lofty Knights actively utilized their unique distraction and trickery based on their well-matched hands and feet.

'They said they would make it out of the way.'

Who knew it would be this way?

It makes a fuss on one side, attracting attention, and on the other side, it looks for a gap and passes through. When I looked back to see what was happening, this time I saw the person who was making a fuss pass by leisurely.

It was a truly peaceful yet irritating method.

‘...Should I chase him?’

Even as he thought about that, the 0 Corps member who was currently in charge of temporary command of the 0 Corps stopped walking after him. Colleagues who were moving to chase him were also called out.

Because there were still people trying to pass through this place. To those who were looking at him asking why he wasn't going to catch them, he gestured with his chin and pointed at the other corps that were tangled together.

Those who saw the hostile legions clearly trying to chase after Lofty looked convinced. An order accompanied by an explanation followed.

“First of all, fortunately among our misfortunes, the Lofty Knights we missed are our allies. Apart from failing the mission I was given, it wouldn't cause much harm to him. The problem is the other legions trying to follow in their footsteps.”

“ .... ”

“I can't make the same mistake again. is not it?”

Bringing in allies and bringing in enemies are completely different. Even if you are an enemy, you will be less embarrassed later if you block it clearly.

They attacked and stopped other corps members who were trying to chase after Lofty, treating them as if they were not there, and spoke softly.

“Let's make sure to stop even the enemy.”

As if those words were a signal and a promise, the 0 Corps members all gathered their momentum. It watches the movements of the hostile corps with its resolutely shining eyes and immediately attacks when they try to cross the set line. The legions were tied down by an invisible line.

I heard someone shouting in a frustrating situation.

“What are you doing? “Hurry up and don’t pierce it!”

The enemy corps attacks as if pushing or pulling out the 0 corps, which is strictly standing and fighting. Deon’s legion crossed the line to block the threatening attack and cover the Lofty Knights who had entered inside. In a situation where one ally had already been sent, it would be foolish to block another ally, and just blocking the hostile forces would be too much for one’s strength. Thanks to the 0 Corps’ bold sending, there was no needless conflict.

Moreover, I couldn’t stop the people who protected me by being ungrateful.

“Ah...”

Nevertheless, it seemed like it was too much to withstand the attacks of multiple legions, and one side was breached.

As if they had been waiting, the enemies rush past inside. In the first place, it was ridiculous for one corps to survive against multiple corps... but still.

‘I thought I could buy some time since they were fighting among themselves.’

While attacking to break through Corps 0, the Demon King and the Third Force were attacking each other. Still, I can’t even take the time properly.

I felt incompetent and let out a despairing groan... but there was an even more desperate situation than that.

“...haha.”

In addition to the 5th Legion, which went first to cover the Lofty Knights, the 11th Legion also headed inward, as if they were worried about the Lofty Knights as the enemy passed through. It was a corps that stood in the middle, watching both the direction the knights were going and providing strong protection.

The only remaining allies are the 1st and 9th corps. They are good at trampling on their opponents with force, but not at protecting them. Besides, they wouldn't try to protect the 0th Corps even in this situation where they were outnumbered.

we will die I laughed inexplicably myself.

“But wouldn't it be less unfair if I wiped out at least one hostile army and died?”

That way, we can save some face as a member of the 0 Corps.

You will never die alone. After compromising and compromising with reality, the members of Corps 0 fixed their weapons, solidifying their only remaining pride.

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In order to protect it, it would have been convenient for the target to be in one place, but Deon's legions did not block or impede the path of the Lofty Knights. The knights, who knew this well, simply silently blocked the incoming attacks

and happily shouted out their gratitude to those who provided cover.

‘I don’t know how much cover you plan on giving, but... I’m thankful for what I’m thankful for!’

How much cover should be provided was something that Lirinel and Dernivan were also worried about.

The pursuing enemy corps are the 2nd and 4th corps. Like those who use their brains, they are not giving up easily because they know that the Lofty Knights are a group that can take hold of Deonhardt’s spirit and shake him.

‘I’d rather lead you to Deon... No, no. ‘There are a lot of heroes there, so it might actually be a hindrance.’

If you let them go there for no reason, they will become a hindrance when they become dangerous. Conversely, it could break Deon’s spirit. Ririnel, who was moving through the sky and looking at the knights with anxious eyes, shook her head.

How far did you go? At the end of your journey, you crossed a certain invisible area.

Stumble-.

“!?”

With a strange pressure, the body that was floating in the air began to fall helplessly.

“uh...? uh??”

I quickly try to float again, but the magic doesn’t work. Lirinel knew this feeling.



‘Magic Suppression Jin!’

In addition to that, the pressure on the body is unusual, as if other forces are also installed. Even the corps members who tried to accept their superiors fell under the pressure, and Lirinel, who fell on top of them as if crushing them, immediately flew away and escaped Jin’s range.

After barely regaining my composure, I noticed other guys recklessly stepping into Jin’s range and then retreating in horror.

‘It was definitely a feeling I never wanted to experience again.’

Lirinel, who was floating with the return of magic, looked back at the Lofty Knights.

The guys who stopped right in front of Jin’s range, perhaps because of the senses of an animal, looked at them blankly as if asking why. I felt absurd for a moment, but then I remembered that this was not the time and opened my mouth.

“...I guess the cover should end here.”

“It doesn’t seem like the other corps have any intention of crossing here anyway, so I guess we can take care of the rest.”

Dernivan also turns around as if he has no intention of setting foot in the camp again.

Legions can be seen getting closer and closer as they fight, whether they are trying to join in the distance or are simply outnumbered. Looking at that, it looks like this will be the location of another additional battle.

Lirinel spoke one last time to the Lofty Knights as if warning them.

“You guys are the ones who will cause bigger trouble if you oppress them, so I helped them for now, but don’t die in front of Deon’s eyes. “If you hurt Deon, I won’t let you.”

“...thank you!”

What came back was not an affirmation, but a thank you.

Ririnel, who frowned slightly, tried to say something more, but the Lofty Knights continued to speak as if they would not give him time to speak and entered Jin’s range.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 325**

325. Whose side are you on? (6)

And the horse stumbled. There was also a horse that was not worthy of being called the Horse of the Demon World and fell down.

The Jin that exerted pressure in the first place was set up by the human world to hunt down heroes. Of course, during the battle, an unfortunate event may occur, such as the amulet that can be free from the influence of the jinn held by an ally, being damaged or lost altogether, so it is not set so strong that a person can die, but in any case, an ordinary person who tries to enter there with his bare body can be said to be a suicidal person. It has reached a certain level.

Milan, who was lying flat on the horse as if he was being crushed by crazy pressure, gritted his teeth and raised his head. The veins in the whites of his eyes popped out as if he had exerted a great deal of effort.

“What is this unpleasant pressure?!”

“I think the thing that makes the air so crazy heavy is gin....”

A crackle. The sounds of teeth grinding were also mixed in with the words the others spoke, as if they were trying to

hold on somehow.

“...Just looking at it, it looks like it was installed in preparation for a battle with the captain, right?”

“Then getting rid of it might help.”

Although their bodies were so heavy that they were almost suffocating, there was no reason to lower their morale by mentioning the dark reality, so the members of the Lofty Knights did not care and acted lightly.

A voice that was no different from usual cut through the air several times heavier than usual.

“The captain will be safe, right?”

“Of course it is. First, let’s get rid of this damn Jin and find the leader. “In my current state, I won’t be able to fight properly even if I meet an enemy.”

“good. Everyone heard it, right? Destroy everything that appears to be Jin’s mainstay! “A tree with a stone tower stuck in it, a tree with paper attached to it... Just destroy anything that looks suspicious!”

“Breaking things down is our specialty!”

“...Everyone stop moving.”

To run out without a plan to go anywhere.

The fellow cubs, who had no idea what to do, shouted excitedly and tried to rush forward. Cleter, who hastily called them over, frowned.

“But this is enemy territory and we are inside the camp for now, right? “It doesn’t seem to be the type that makes you

lose your way or locks you in a specific space, but you may encounter enemies, so you should personally refrain from moving.”

“Oh, that’s right. Then, let’s divide the number of people appropriately and go around. “Be sure to call out when you encounter an enemy.”

“Is your voice trying to reach me?”

“Hmm....”

Milan looked back at Cleter.

Again.... Cleter’s brow furrowed in dissatisfaction as he read that there was no suitable solution from the past where he had already experienced similar things several times and from his gaze as if looking for a solution.

‘...Whenever something gets stuck, they turn to me first.’

But what can you do? In this organization with no answers, I am the only one who is prepared and smart. In the end, he sighed and gave them the answer they wanted.

“There are two communication stones that I stole when I was gathering herbs before leaving, right? If you include the ones originally given to us, there are a total of three, so keep them connected and move. “We’ve already registered each other.”

“good! “Then it would be perfect if we split into three teams!”

Milan tried to roughly count the number of players with his fingers, but realized that his arms could not rise properly due to the pressure. Instead of wasting his stamina by

struggling for no reason, Milan divided the number of people by calling them by name.

Then he held the horse's reins tightly and nodded.

"See you later then!"

I wonder if it's okay to do it roughly like this... but I guess this is fine.

Cleter was already too tired to try to catch each and every one of his wildly reckless companions, so he just rode on without worrying about anything else.

....

Most of the suspicious things that were visible could be dealt with without getting off the horse.

There is no way the place that the horse's hoof trampled over was intact in the first place. In short, even though everything that looks suspicious is being handled one by one under Jin's influence, the speed is fast.

Maybe that's why, as time passed and more things broke, the pressure weighing down my entire body seemed to gradually ease.

'Maybe it's just because I'm used to it, but whatever.'

There is nothing wrong with thinking positively.

Thinking like that, I turned my head to find something else suspicious—

"Ah...!"

My body suddenly felt lighter.

A sense of freedom that takes your breath away. Jin has disappeared. Cleter paused for a moment to adjust to the sudden lightness of his body, as if he could fly, but turned his head when he heard a voice in his arms.

- This is Milan. During the battle with the Primiro Knights, they discovered a stone tower and succeeded in tearing it down. I guess this was the key.

“...what?”

Aside from the fact that they took down Jin, it's the Primiro Knights?

Cleter's face hardened, as he was well aware of their skills and spirit.

- They succeeded in breaking down Jin's core. Hasn't the pressure gone? Seeing as they were talking about the wedge that keeps the main axis from collapsing, and muttering that it couldn't have collapsed that easily, it looks like there were other things that protected this core, but I guess we broke them all down while digging through them.

“No, that's not it...”

That's not why I asked back. His eyes were shaking with confusion, but he quickly calmed down for a moment and asked again.

“Do you need support?”

- no. There aren't that many to begin with? The condition is not very good either. I guess they fought a battle before they met us.

“But just in case, I’ll go first. “It’s in the northwest direction from the starting location, right?”

– that’s right.

Okay then.

Pop. Communication was cut off as if there would be no rebuttal. Milan, who was looking at the quiet communication desk, scratched his head sheepishly.

“There’s really no need to come...”

In front of me was the Primiro Knights. To be exact, the Knights of Primiro, who were injured and not in good condition.

They are not like this. It’s been like this since we first met. Seeing the corpses of demon soldiers lying around, it looks like they’ve already been through a battle.

‘I won, but I won... I won with a lot of damage.’

Even though he was supported by Jin’s environment, it seems like the opponent was quite strong or was supported by evil. In that situation, we appeared quite fresh.

At first glance, the Primiro Knights are at a disadvantage, but they have a vivid look in their eyes, as if they are not the knights who once ruled the South.

At first, the other side had the means to avoid being influenced by the Jin, and this side was weighed down by the Jin and could not be free, so it might have been worth doing something... But the Jin suddenly threw down their weapons when we discovered the stone tower during the short skirmish. ...I couldn’t reach it, so I ran over and



knocked it down myself. In the process, fighting broke out again and some time was wasted, but in any case, we succeeded in achieving our goal.

‘It was just difficult to discover it, but once the camp was broken, it was our victory.’

Putting aside for a moment the fact that it is quietly hidden in the shadows in a far away corner, you would not have found it if you hadn’t instinctively looked there... Anyway.

Even if it is coincidence rather than skill, the result is ultimately the defeat of the Primiro Knights. It was understandable that they had to bow down to avoid annihilation, but even so, their eyes were brightly shining.

Milan opened his mouth with a shocked expression, trying to ignore the deadly stinging sensation on his skin.

“You... are you going to keep fighting? “If you decide to quit here, I can just move on.”

Our captain takes priority over the Primiro Knights, who are not much of a threat.

If you just close your eyes, it will be a good thing for both of you because you will live and you won’t have to waste time on useless things.

But is there any way for things to go well in this world?

“Anyway, we have been reduced to a place of shame.”

“....”

“There is no difference between dying in a fight or living here and losing.”

The Primiro Knight sneered lightly and threw away the other person's outstretched hand.

When Stigma Primiro left the empire, leaving behind the knights, they lost their affiliation. Their position in the current empire is ambiguous. They are not as powerful as 'Heroes', nor are they particularly numerous. Since it is an order of knights who 'abandoned the empire', it is accompanied by suspicion and surveillance.

It was natural for it to be reduced to a card that would be used roughly and thrown away.

'I wouldn't know if the power was intact.'

Many people have already been lost in the battle with the demons. Even if I return alive like this, there will be nothing left. In that case, it would be better to die here fighting.

"It looks like support will arrive soon, but let's get this done before then."

So, in order to gain some honor, the Primiro Knights took up arms again.

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Deon Hart from the past Eight Years' War reappeared on the battlefield.

Its red eyes, sparkling with madness, shine brightly and cut the enemy to pieces. The lips, which rose in a deep curve, let out an obvious laugh that did not suit the situation.

Other people's attacks to save the unfortunate ally were in vain. As if he was only targeting one person, he dodged everything and hacked at his target. Only when he could no

longer recognize what was once a living person did he throw away the body and turn his head to find another prey.

“Ugh...”

Fear crawled up my back.

I had heard something about Deonhardt during the Eight Years' War, but who knew it would be this bad.

The melee heroes retreated when they saw their comrades whose faces were now unrecognizable, having felt all the pain they would ever feel before dying. No matter how much one was prepared to die, no one wanted to die like this.

‘...This is dangerous.’

Alethea, who was watching, let out a deep sigh as anyone could see that they were paralyzed by fear.

Apart from the reason she was able to calmly read the situation, her hands that were stroking her face were also clearly shaking.

‘I should have told you to refrain from attacking the face as much as possible.’

I wonder if the owner got angry when I touched the face of this national treasure.

...even the jokes I told myself couldn't drive away the fear. She redirected her thoughts.

‘Since the melee heroes have frozen, the only thing I can trust is the ranged heroes.’

However, this battle is initially based on the premise that melee heroes play their role. Even if it's not necessary to kill him directly, melee heroes should at least tie Deonhardt's feet.

The movement of the melee heroes became passive, wondering if they would be the next target. In such a situation, the long-distance attack directed at Deonhardt was nothing more or less than a rather annoying attack.

Kaga River! After hitting the flying weapon, Deon stopped for a moment and looked around.

"It felt like they were only attacking me from earlier..." "

...."

"What are you doing if you're not coming?"

The relaxed look characteristic of a wild beast was reflected in the slightly curved eyes.

Combat has become much easier. Even though I knew it was dangerous due to attacks coming from all directions simultaneously, I had no choice but to keep jumping upwards to avoid it, but now that I couldn't even get my feet on the ground, I was given time to rest.

'I should have done this a long time ago.'

It's so useful, except that it's an unwilling combat method.

The surroundings fell silent. If I even made a sound, those bright red eyes might have been fixed on me, so even the sound of breathing was silenced, and only the sound of rain and leaves shaking in the wind lingered in the space.

‘But...’

Feeling a sense of discomfort, Deon turned his head to one side.

The battle between the Primiro Knights and the demon soldiers has long since ended. It almost ended in self-destruction. It is clear because I checked it myself when there was a lull a few times in the middle.

So, it would be normal for everything to be quiet....

‘What’s all this fuss about?’

Deon caught a faint commotion coming from afar.

An extremely familiar voice and a cry asking something about the boss. His red eyes blinked in confusion as he instantly realized who the owner of the voice was.

‘...Crazy dogs...?’

What, why are our kids here?

Did you not even listen to what I said? I don’t know why I came to the place of death and in what spirit.

Damn you guys. Anger soared based on worry. The moment Deon frowned.

“...ah.”

The extreme pressure that had been weighing on my body disappeared.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 326**

326. Whose side are you on? (7)

It feels like the sandbags that were binding my body have all fallen away. Deon, who had stumbled for a moment, quickly regained his balance and absentmindedly clenched and unclenched his fists, feeling a breathless sense of freedom.

It was an unexpected benefit.

'Is this... what they did?'

It looks like Jin's main axis was touched while making a fuss somewhere. It definitely helped... but I'm still not very happy.

Anyway, it is true that you ignored my advice and entered this dangerous place.

'The Jindo has collapsed, so there's no need to get caught, so I guess they'll come all the way here looking for me...'

There's no way the heroes will just ignore the appearance of the perfect hostage.

So, even if you scold them, it would be better to quickly resolve this situation first.

The shackles are gone, but there is no need to stick to the old fighting methods. It was enough to control and shake the atmosphere, and the spirit that had been deliberately chased away returned the moment it recognized the presence of the crazy dogs.

Deon, who seemed to have regained his strength and composure, glanced at the heroes with eyes whose madness had already subsided, and grinned.

“It looks like our bastards will be here soon, so let’s get this over with before they do.”

“....”

...The aloof atmosphere from the beginning has returned.

As for ‘us bastards’, there is only one order of murderous knights, so why? Weakness is coming. Alethea frowned at the indescribable ominousness.

“...no way.”

A unique relaxed attitude and a confident attitude that directly announces that those who will become a weakness are coming. He even confidently stated that he could finish it before they arrived.

There is only one thing to point out. She quickly took out the amulet from her pocket and threw it away. The heroes watching around were shocked, but didn’t care.

“As expected...”

Despair rose to the top of my head.

“The camp has collapsed.”

“...!”

“You can throw away the amulet. “In the current situation, the amulet is just a useless piece of paper.”

“So...”

Even when Jin was there, the battle was not easily resolved and the battle continued without progress, but now the shackles that had suppressed the warrior’s movements were gone. The heroes were astonished.

...Astonishment soon turned into despair, and despair turned into resignation.

Alethea’s expression distorted as she read the visibly depressed atmosphere.

“...come to your senses. “Even if I die, I have to struggle at least.”

Why are people who are humanity’s last hope so weak?

No matter how hopeless the situation is, you cannot simply give up your neck.

In fact, she opened her mouth in a calm tone when the hand holding the sword was trembling with so much strength.

“You don’t know, right? “It might be possible to die with Deonhardt.”

“ ....”

“I give up survival. If you attack, you will die anyway, and if you run away, you will die. “No matter what we do, we’ll die, so let’s die together with Deon Hart if possible.”



So hold your weapon properly.

I hear a cry inside my arms saying no. A desperate scream sounded as if the sky was collapsing and the earth was disappearing. Alethea, who had already made up her mind and hesitated for a moment as it was her first time hearing her brother's voice like this, calmly took out the communicator and destroyed it.

He aimed his sword at Deon Hart, who was watching this with interest.

"You are truly the worst person in history. Even if you die, you won't be comfortable, and even if you don't die here, you will end up unhappy. "You will be punished."

"...I would like to say that mentioning the afterlife and talking about heavenly punishment is a mental victory for the losers..."

Deon grinned.

"First of all, I will not deny that he is the worst person in history."

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As long as the camp was broken and there were no hostages to hold back, the outcome was instantaneous.

Even if you fight in a perfectly prepared state, it is not enough. How can you stop the hero when you have already consumed a lot of stamina in the previous battle?

'Damn it...'

All the melee heroes were dead. To be precise, we should say that everyone died except for Alethea herself.

As her legs were broken and one of her arms was blown off, Alethea could only watch helplessly as Deon Hart picked up the weapons lying near the corpses of the melee heroes and leisurely cleared away the ranged heroes.

‘I don’t know why they don’t kill me and leave me alone...’

I guess they are planning to kill him last because he is a member of the royal family. The eyes, which had lost all interest and had died, quietly followed Deonhardt’s movements.

Eventually, Deon Hart, who had organized all the heroes, turned towards her.

He put the tip of his sword to his throat and asked, his unreadable red eyes shining.

“As the situation progressed, something suddenly occurred to me.”

A light tone, as if it were pure curiosity.

“I know your highness has good sense. “Didn’t you have a feeling that you would die in this battle?”

“...That can’t be right.”

I burst into laughter.

Persimmon clearly warned. I warned you more strongly than ever. I told you to stop making that choice immediately because you were going to die.

Deonhardt gave an expression of incomprehension.

“...Even though you knew that, you came just because you became a ‘hero’...?”

“yes. So, let’s stop repeating meaningless questions and answers.”

Alethea laughed sharply.

“Just kill me.”

“...Do you have any last words you would like to leave?”

“I don’t have anything to say, but there is something I want to say. I wanted to say this the whole time I saw you....”

“....”

“You’re unlucky, so stop using the honorific. “When did you use informal language? Why are you speaking politely now?”

...These are my last words.

The tip of the sword, which had been shaking subtly ever since she uttered the swear word ‘bastard’, was visibly shaken by the sharp remark.

For a moment, my eyes widened at the unexpected sight I saw for the first time in my life.

“...then.”

Deon swung his sword.

Blood splattered. The blood that slowly rose every time the heroes died, not knowing whether it was a hallucination or reality, also suddenly increased in level.

...Do you know what? Aletea Desert, who was sitting in her seat, appeared to be submerged from head to head in blood.

Realizing once again that I had gone crazy, I was quietly looking down at the swelling that had swallowed up part of my ribs just below my chest, and the commotion I heard in the distance gradually got closer.

“There it is! Leader!!”

“Are you okay?!”

I finally found it!

The Lofty Knights, who defeated the Primiro Knights faster than expected due to the joining of the divided personnel, quickly reached Deon Hardt.

A shout of joy and concern reached Deon, who was in a somewhat dazed state. Only then did he come to his senses and look back at those who were calling him. The eyes cooled as they scanned the familiar face.

“...you guys.”

“Your boss! “We’re here!”

“Why did you come.”

A voice as cool as the eyes.

Stop. Those who were approaching hesitated for a moment. Either way, Deon scolded his subordinates who came to visit without permission.

“I must have given an ‘order.’ “Why did you come?”

“....”

“This is disobeying orders. What I’m saying is that it doesn’t even sound like a horse? Why did you think you didn’t have to obey it because it was the ‘last command’?”

If the timing had been a little off or the situation on the way had been a little off, they would most likely have died.

I know he came because he was worried about me, but I was angry.

‘Who cares about whom?’

I need to know my topic.

The level of anger was greater than expected, so Deon could never speak kindly even as he clearly saw the smiles disappearing from the mad dogs’ faces.

“Now I’m being funny, right?”

“...Captain...”

Those who were quietly watching the fierce anger that threatened to kick them out of this place at any moment quietly opened their mouths.

He ignored the remarks made earlier and ignored them, and only asked one question.

“Are you okay?”

“....”

“I know that even if you get hurt, you will recover quickly, but the pain will still be the same... You weren’t hurt too much, right?”

“...Ugh....”

Blood pours out as if it will swallow me up. Deon's expression fell as he heard the cautious questions of his men standing in the middle of a sea of blood.

“Why on earth did you come?...”

A different voice from before came out, filled with moisture.

Tuk. The weapon I was holding fell. The knights who were looking at him, who was standing still like a statue, noticed his mood getting worse and slowly approached him.

“I heard you were cursed.”

There was no need to ask who I heard it from.

“...Devil.”

That bastard blew the air. I said something useless.

At the very least, there is probably no special reason. There is no reason for a child to catch a dragonfly and tear its wings off. I guess it was just an impromptu move.

Damn you. Deon, who had a different target for his anger, hardened his expression and gritted his teeth.

“...I'm okay. “If it was going to be a problem, something would have happened a long time ago.”

“There's no way it's going to be okay. “Don't lie.”

“I said it's okay. “Why are you so worried about the hero in the first place?”

“Well, the captain... is not a character from a fairy tale.”

Deon froze in place at the sound of a crying voice.

“Like a hero in a fairy tale, a good ending is not guaranteed...”

When they heard about his curse from the Demon King, the members of the Lofty Knights jokingly compared their captain to a character from a fairy tale.

Contrary to the light and playful remark, I actually hoped that the captain was really a character from a fairy tale.

‘Because fairy tales usually have happy endings.’

Even if I am cursed, even if I am criticized and criticized by everyone in the world, I hope that the captain’s ending will be a happy ending. The Lofty Knights forced the corners of their quivering mouths up.

“If a person is fine despite being cursed, why is it a curse?  
“It probably wasn’t even called a curse in the first place.”

“...so.”

The voice became sharp again.

“What can you do for me?”

“....”

“Removing the curse? “It’s impossible.”

“Maybe we can have less blood on the captain’s hands.”

If the speed of the curse can be slowed down just a little, that is enough.

“....”

“I would like to be of some help, but is it not possible?”

Damn it. You knew the details and conditions of the curse. The devil told it all.

Light-mouthed bastard. As I cursed under my breath, another commotion got closer.

“There’s Deon Hart!”

“There is also the Knights of Lofty!”

“It looks like the battle is over, so that’s good. “Kill them all!”

“Protect Deon and his knights!”

The demons have arrived.

And before Deon could turn his head to look in that direction, there was a flash of light.

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Just outside Jin’s range, each legion was fighting.

They had already stepped into Jin’s territory once and experienced extreme pressure and the worst environment where magic was not used, so even during the hectic period, no one came near Jin. He said he kept his distance and fought, fearing that he might accidentally step on it.

It was purely by chance that I found out that Jin had disappeared.

During the battle, an incorrectly aimed magic attack entered Jin’s territory and fell. Those who saw the clearly hollow ground stopped in their tracks.



‘...?’

‘uh...?’

At the unexpected scene, my hardened mind began to turn to understand the situation belatedly.

If Jin was fine, the magic would not have invaded the area like this, but would have disappeared as soon as it entered the area.

That means...

“Jin has disappeared...?”

Confidence is needed. Dernivan nodded to one of his men to go in.

He hesitated, as if he didn’t want to experience the same sensation twice, but an order was an order, so he stepped inside.

“uh...?”

“ .... ”

“I’m fine.”

Idelia, who had been carefully examining the bewildered expression of the guy, turned around as if she had made a decision and shouted at her subordinates.

“...Chase the Lofty Knights!”

“Stop it!”

Lirinel reflexively shouts, and a little later, the other corps commanders also issue their own orders.

Chaos broke out again.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 327**

327. Whose side are you on (8)

“...!”

Even if it's not raining, what else can cause a flash of light other than lightning on a cloudy day other than magic?

By the time Deon sensed the artificial light and quickly turned his head to check the source, it was already too late.

Magic rushed towards the mad dogs. It was an unusually powerful attack, as if someone had planned for the targets to gather together.

A powerful beam of energy plows the grass on the ground and shoots straight towards them, breaking through the thin shield that Lirinell had reflexively put up like a cookie crumble and advancing towards the mad dogs.

It's a long explanation, but it all happened in an instant. Would it be easier to understand if a 'clack' sound was heard immediately after the 'flash'?

My mind went blank.

'No no...!'

He stretched out his hand as much as the warrior's reaction speed allowed. Even if you are a hero, you know that it is impossible to repair a broken body and that if you do this, your arm will be cut off. Because I am a warrior. Even if you lose an arm, it won't be a big obstacle.

...Actually, my body reacted earlier than I thought.

But that is only possible once you reach it.

If I had had time to prepare a little more, if I had been very close to the crazy dogs like usual, if I had been given just enough time to throw myself at them, I would have been able to block them with my damn strong body.

“please...!”

Quickly. My teeth ground together and a sound that I don't know whether it's a scream or a moan escaped out. When the light finally passed by, Deon dropped his intact hand and closed his eyes tightly. I didn't want to see the scene that followed. Even my closed eyes were useless, unable to block the presence of this terrible light.

In an instant, the beam of light disappeared and darkness came under my eyelids.

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

A strange silence fell, as if the magic fired had torn apart even the sound.

What kind of results did you get? Forced to understand the situation and unable to keep his eyes closed forever in a

place teeming with enemies, Deon took a short deep breath and opened his eyes. And what came into view was...

“You guys...?”

“yes?”

“huh?”

“yes?”

“?”

Why... aren't you fine?

There was a very decent Knights of Lofty. Was the silence just a moment ago out of embarrassment? Deon, who was staring blankly in this direction, scanned their bodies with his eyes and stuttered as he opened his mouth.

“Are you... are you okay?”

“...ah? “Why the fuck are we alive?!”

Something magical definitely flew by!

They stutter as if they belatedly realized the situation. Deon heaved a sigh of relief as they pulled each other's cheeks, wondering if it was a dream, and looked at Lirinel.

She shook her head silently.

‘Lirinel didn't stop it....’

Well, her thin defense shield was quickly broken. I saw it clearly too.

Then what is it? I narrowed my eyes and watched them for a moment. The red eyes that touched the epaulettes on their shoulders took on a light of realization.

‘Oh yeah. There was an amulet in the epaulette.’

I prepared this just in case.

I remember that one was an amulet that was kept in case of conflict with demons in the demon world, which imposed the same restrictions on the opposing demons as when they went to the human world through the border, and the other was an amulet that suppressed the opponent’s magic.

In the current case, it appears that the latter talisman has taken effect.

‘...thank god.’

Deon quietly squeezed his faintly trembling fingertips. Aside from the immediate relief, my heart was cold.

‘We have to send it back now.’

You must send it back before it is too late. I was confident because of what happened just now.

‘The opponent is the corps commander.’

The corps commanders arrived here. I don’t know, but judging by the shouts and messed up situation when we arrived, it seems like they recognized that I was the enemy. ‘Deon Hardt’ is in a desperate situation to kill these guys, who are his weaknesses and also his enemies.

Just like before, there may be a surprise attack that I can’t prevent. This time, it was a magic attack, so I was able to

escape safely with the amulet I was carrying, but the next time a memorization that is not magic comes by surprise, I will die without even being able to do anything. I never want to see that.

So Deon mentioned the name of the person who could take them away from the battlefield.

“Lirinel.”

“Yes, Deon.”

“...I have a favor to ask.”

I know that every single magical power is precious, but I have a favor to ask.

I can't believe I'm asking you another favor when I've already asked you the greatest favor of all. As I spoke, I knew I was being shameless, so I lowered my gaze without making eye contact.

A light voice returned, as if telling me not to worry.

“Just say the word.”

“....”

Deon turned and faced the Lofty Knights, as if he wanted to show it with actions instead of words.

‘...The range of the amulet was 2 or 3 meters in radius.’

I know that by using these guys, I can deploy a temporary magic suppression force against the corps commanders. But if that happens, these guys will definitely die.

So...

“I will give you an order.”

“Speak up!”

Deon ordered firmly.

“Take off the epaulettes.”

“...Leader?”

“Take off the epaulettes. “I said it was definitely an order.”

“....”

The members of the Lofty Knights silently took off their epaulettes when they saw Deon in shock and heard that it was an order.

The epaulette falls to the floor with a thud, and now the gaze reaches for the next command. Deon looked back at Lirinel, who was nearby and watching the situation.

Blurred words came out with difficulty through clenched teeth.

“...Please.”

“Please just leave it to me.”

I knew what he was asking for without even having to ask. Lirinel, who understood what he wanted through the situation, immediately nodded and extended his hand towards the Lofty Knights.

A talisman must be possessed to be effective. A strange magic circle formed at the feet of the Lofty Knights who removed their epaulettes.



Their expressions turned pale at the sight of a sight they had seen before.

“No, boss! This!”

This is the type that was trampled under the feet of demons when they marched out of the demon world using space movement magic.

So now the captain and the commander of the 11th Corps are trying to send us somewhere else! Go somewhere safe, far away from this battlefield!

“There are so many enemies, what are you doing now?”

“Thank you for your hard work so far.”

Deon forced the corners of his mouth to smile at the opposing knights.

I don't have time to talk at length, and I don't want to waste unnecessary emotion by talking at length. He just spat out a short greeting.

“Let's never see each other again.”

“What nonsense is that!”

“How did we get here—”

Flash. They disappeared along with the light.

Lirinel quietly looked at Deon, who was only looking at the spot where they had disappeared. She was nearby and could hear Deon's last words before they disappeared.

[You must survive.]

That was a curse.

The sweetest and cruelest curse in the world.

They probably heard it too. That's probably why he made a puzzled expression right before he was moved.

'Deon is also very cruel.'

You break my heart with just a few words.

"...You sent it far away, right?"

"I sent you to a quiet place in the human world. Even if we leave again right away, it will take at least a week to arrive."

"good job. And..."

The dark, sunken eyes turned towards Lirinel with a strange glow.

...In response to an unplanned request, the commander of a corps whose main focus was magic was to move a group called Lofty's 'Knights' using only his magic. That's a long distance that will take at least a week.

Since I'm not a demon, I don't know much about magic, but I can tell that a lot of magical power must have gone into it. That's why I have to say it.

"...thank you."

His wide-open eyes, as if he had heard something unexpected, soon curved into a bright smile.

"you're welcome!"

"...."

Deon turned his head.

Those who had been looking at me with murderous eyes as if they were looking for an opening a little while ago, when our eyes met, they relaxed their eyes and pretended not to notice. There were also people who smiled brightly.

He looked at the faces of the corps commanders, counted them in his head, and spoke softly.

“Not one person has died yet.”

Although the number of corps members has decreased significantly.

“....”

“Anyway, the fact that you came here means that the castle has been captured.”

Since the 0 Corps members would not have let them in easily, does coming here mean that they are dead?

No, maybe I could have dealt with it moderately and then backed off, pretending that I couldn't win. He might have abandoned his poor superior's name and run away. It doesn't matter either way. Because I didn't expect much from the beginning.

Still, I opened my mouth to confirm.

“The 0 Corps members must have been guarding it.”

“Of course I killed them all. “It seemed like they wouldn't let me go without killing me.”

D'Vellania received the word as if she had been waiting for it.

“He was so strong that I wanted to ask how he trained him. Do you see that the number of our corps members has decreased significantly? “It’s all about those bastards.”

“ ....”

...did he die in the end?

I could have done it in moderation and run away, but what on earth was my order?

The blood flows without a pause. Deon, who was quietly looking down at it, seemed anxious, and Lirinel hurriedly reported the results, one step behind the scenes.

“As Deon guessed, the conquest of Rweche has been completed. “The king set fire to his palace and died with him, so there is no evidence to say this, but the gate was opened and the demons entered and overturned it, so you can say it is over.”

As soon as Lirinel’s words seemed to have ended, Dernivan and Jaykar’s reports followed suit.

“The conquest of Shanguo has also been completed. “I couldn’t take the king’s head because it got in the way of fast movement, but since I cut off the king’s head myself, there is no problem.”

“The empire opened its gates. “Something happened and I came here before I could completely organize it, but I saw the rebellion before I left, so there’s nothing to worry about.”

Regardless of whether the emperor dies in a rebellion or not, the empire cannot be revived as long as the final gate is opened and a rebellion occurs. Even if it is revived, it will

take a considerable amount of time, so it can be considered virtually ruined.

That's enough. Deon nodded.

How many people would have died trying to cross the wall, and how many more would have died crossing it. Every time I heard the report, my blood rose like crazy, but I didn't care.

Instead, he looked around at the three corps commanders with calm eyes.

"I have somewhere to go, so I'd like to leave you with the cleanup here."

"Wasn't that my role from the beginning?"

"Please leave it to me!"

Jaykar answered calmly, and Ririnel responded enthusiastically. Dernivan nodded silently, and Trover, the commander of the 9th Corps, who was standing hesitantly nearby...

"If that is an order..."

"...?"

What, was he on my side?

Deon's head tilted to one side.

"Why you? "I don't really remember having a conversation like this with you."

"If it was a special conversation... I had it with Dan."

My teeth chattered when I mentioned Dan's name. From the looks of it, it doesn't seem like he was involved in this for a good reason... Did he sign a contract or something?

Come to think of it, when a banquet was held in the past, I saw Dan playing a card game...like gambling against the corps commanders. I also heard people talking about betting with the right to wish.

[I won. Was the wishing right on this bet?]

[...Damn.]

But not long after that, he was imprisoned and died, so there was no time to use the wishing right...

'Ah.'

Suddenly, Deon thought of the Demon King who had brought the 9th Legion commander down to the dungeon where Dan was located.

'It's that time.'

I was out of my mind at the time and just passed it over, but thinking about it, it was strange. There was no way he would have accompanied the 9th Corps commander for no reason. Even the 9th Corps commander is a random demon with no connection to the incident at the time. There must have been Dan's influence.

The wish ticket, which had no particular use, must have been used here.

"...step."

I buried it all, but it came out again like this.

What should I do with you? It's been a long time since Deon said that name.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 328**

328. Whose side are you on? (9)

The castle gate was opened despite the demons' offensive.

Is it a good thing that infighting broke out among them right after that? The guys who looked like they were going to invade the palace at any moment suddenly started fighting among themselves, delaying their arrival at the palace, and eventually they just retreated.

'It's worth it.'

Anyone could see that the fall of the empire was certain. You probably didn't even feel the need to bother confirming the kill. Rather, the priority would have been to deal with threatening allies who had become enemies.

'Because... there was a rebellion in the empire.'

As soon as the gates were opened, a revolt broke out. It was something that was expected to some extent.

Elpidius Desert acted with more dogmatism and stubbornness than his uncle, who had been calling himself a tyrant. Whether we won or lost this war, the rebellion would have been a given.



The current emperor of the empire and the last remaining bloodline sneered as he quietly poured alcohol into his glass.

‘If there was a conflict of opinion, my uncle had a war of words to force us to agree, but I didn’t even say anything.’

The opposition of the nobles was ignored. Even if there were people who couldn’t bear it and came to see him in person, they were crushed by the emperor’s authority.

There must have been limits to patience due to the special nature of being at war. Then, now that victory and defeat were confirmed, he would wake up and say that even if it meant dying, he would slit the throat of the incompetent tyrant.

Nevertheless, if you ask why I’m sitting here so calmly....

[You must avoid Your Majesty!]

[...That’s it. You guys can just avoid them.]

It could be said that the people who wanted to evacuate the Emperor came while I was holding on to the broken communication device. If Alethea had come at least a few minutes earlier while she was still alive, she would have tried to evacuate somewhere.

I don’t care anymore whether the traitors came right in front of me or the demons opened the castle gate. I pushed the communicator that was no longer responding out of sight and shook the glass slowly.

“...Prime Minister.”

His downcast eyes, contrary to his calm appearance, were red and bloodshot.

“Do you know why people are afraid of death?”

I called out to the Prime Minister standing in front of me, but in reality, this was a monologue.

The words flowed out with an excessive calmness that did not require an answer.

“Because it is uncharted territory. If we were to dig a little deeper and explain it, we could say that it is because death means eternal separation from all precious things.”

Because I don’t know anything. Since they do not know the possibility of an afterlife, they think and fear the possibility of ‘eternal separation’.

“That’s why people fear not only their own death, but also the death of their loved ones. “The feeling of loss of never being able to meet again is harder than you think.”

“ ....”

“But they always have something in their hearts. It could be a person or a belief. Normally, this would be enough to compensate for the loss I mentioned earlier, but...”

...Prime Minister.

While holding the glass, I turned my head and looked at Ardal. I made eye contact with a man with complicated eyes.

“What I had was only one wish. ‘Being with family’. “...”

“ ...”

“...Was it this difficult?”

The voice that came out with difficulty contained dry resignation instead of moisture.

After losing my uncle, I survived by filling the empty space with my younger brother. And now that I have lost my younger brother, what am I supposed to do to hold on?

There is nothing that can make up for the loss. Moreover, Elpidius did not have the confidence to live with this sense of loss.

‘My uncle’s death and Alethea’s death are all because of me.’

Because it didn’t relieve the guilt, I couldn’t stop it properly. All sorts of mistakes from the past that cannot be undone flash through my mind. I calmly drank my glass as the guilt washed over me like a tidal wave.

A cool liquid flows down my throat. Eventually, Elpedius put his empty glass down on the table and leaned his upper body against the backrest, spitting out the remaining words.

“Leave this country to yourself. “You can play with my hair.”

“...Both the Emperor and His Majesty are the same in that they have no regrets about the body after death.”

“is it? “That’s a happy thing to hear.”

“....”

Grumble. Blood flowed.

The prime minister’s gaze, which had been looking at the empty glass that had had the name Poison Cup on it just a

moment ago, immediately lands on the corner of Elpidius's mouth.

The weak young man who stole it several times with the back of his hand must have realized that it was useless and closed his eyes as if he was annoyed. In the short silence, a voice that was noticeably quieter than before came out like a whisper.

"It doesn't matter whether you inherit the country or completely destroy it and establish a new country, just leave your uncle's name in history. "As an ugly nephew who ruined the country, I think it's my duty to make atonement like this."

Edoardo Desert said that it was terrible just to think about him being completely forgotten and disappearing into the back of history without leaving a single trace of his name.

He is definitely a person who should not be forgotten in vain like this. therefore.

"Even if I am forgotten..."

The first emperor of an empire that fell due to poor generations and the monarch who led it to its heyday. I hope that at least that much is remembered.

The Prime Minister, who had been listening quietly, finally opened his mouth.

"...You must make atonement yourself. "You are selfish to the very end because you are making vicarious atonement through someone else."

" .... "

“Your Majesty?”

“....”

“...Your Majesty.”

No answer comes back.

...Unlike the previous emperor, who suffered more intensely than anyone else, this emperor seems to be going more quietly than anyone else. Is this different from the previous generation?

‘...I watched only one family from beginning to end, so in a way, I guess we could say this was the same.’

The royal family is all stubborn.

...My mouth is bitter. The Prime Minister finally closed his eyes.

I heard a knock behind me and the door opened, but I didn’t turn around. He just lowered his gaze and muttered lowly.

“It was Your Majesty who said it was okay to play with your head.”

As soon as he entered, Lindel Reiner was shocked by the shocking statement that struck his eardrums.

“I will do as you wish.”

“Excuse me, Prime Minister, what you just said...”

“...Your Majesty committed suicide.”

“Such...”

I had expected it from the moment he grabbed the dead communicator and attacked the soldiers. The emperor closed his eyes with an empty glass on his desk and a peaceful expression. When he saw the blood on the corner of his mouth, his eyes sank with a confused expression.

When I asked if the living should live, I remember a young man who responded with an expression that said he couldn't do that at all.

And Lindell was able to understand the context of the remarks he heard as soon as he came in.

"...Your Majesty told you to use your brain to silence the rebellion."

"Yes, and the meaning of using this to gain power may also be implied. "Because you entrusted this country to me."

Elpidius Desert was the worst emperor, but he was not the worst human being.

He could become a saint. It would have been the same if he had just taken over the position normally. To be honest, this deviation is not completely incomprehensible. He was in his early to mid twenties when he became emperor.

'It's not that he's comparable to the previous emperor, but he's too young to be an emperor.'

He ascended to the throne 'in a hurry,' 'at an extremely young age,' 'during the most chaotic time.' Even the capital has been moved, and the main figures of each power have died, making the information they knew useless.

'It would have been nice if there was a little more space.'

Chancellor Ardal sighed, remembering the brilliant youth he had when he was the crown prince.

Lindel Reiner, who was watching at that time, asked.

“Do you plan to become emperor?”

Taking power using the emperor’s head means becoming a new monarch.

“...I don’t know about ‘Emperor,’ but for now, I want to maintain this country somehow.”

“The name of this country is ‘Empire,’ but it maintains it but doesn’t know ‘Emperor.’ Are you trying to find another subsidiary?”

“That can’t be right.”

Currently, there is no trace of royal blood left.

Even if you have a hard time finding a secondary school that has been diluted so much that it is no different from anyone else, it will be difficult to survive the current chaotic period because you do not have proper education.

“We will build a country that will succeed the empire.”

“Ah, you want to become ‘king’.”

“Even if a person who is a blood relative of ‘Desert’ calls himself ‘emperor,’ the collapsed country will be attacked by asking what kind of empire it is. If a person who is not a ‘Desert’ recklessly calls himself emperor, he will only receive concentrated attacks.”

Almost all countries except Esperanes collapsed.

Perhaps because the conquest of the human world is just around the corner, the small kingdoms that were attached to the demon world have been abandoned. Did you say that the main troops, including the corps commanders, were not there because they were targeting the Three Kingdoms, but other demon soldiers took advantage of the confusion to trample on them?

“A new nation will be established with a new person at the center, and the land grab will begin.”

“yes. I know. Countless countries will be established and then collapse, merged and divided over and over again.”

The human world has returned to a time when countries were just beginning to be established.

In such a situation, if you call yourself the emperor of the empire, you will immediately be attacked by all forces. This is a situation that Ardal, who plans to maintain the country as Elpidius wishes and leave Edoardo in history, would like to decline.

...Well, before that, the war between demons in the human world has to end well.

‘It looks like there has been an internal division. I hope it just destroys itself like this.’

Otherwise, the demon world will devour the human world, so we will have to start the fight in a different direction.

It’s absurd why they’re fighting among themselves on someone else’s land, but there’s nothing bad about it anyway.



Recalling the last report that some of the demons who were fighting each other headed to the place where the hero and Deonhardt met, and the rest followed behind, Ardal laughed as he predicted that a second battle would take place there.

‘Because I have no strength, I experience all kinds of absurd things.’

If you’re going to fight, you’ll fight in the demon world.

Thanks to this, I realized once again that the essential element for maintaining a country and protecting peace is power, or military power.

While brainstorming ways to increase military power, Lindell cautiously opened his mouth.

“But... it seems like you are planning to base your actions on this country, but no matter how much you cut off the emperor’s head, will the nobles really want to follow you? I know it’s a rude remark, but the Prime Minister...”

“He’s a commoner. But it’s Prime Minister. I ran this country stably even during the eight-year war. If I take advantage of this, the people of the empire and some nobles who want stability will support me. Anyway, if you go back, all the first kings and emperors were commoners. “Incompetent later generations simply deified the first generation’s achievements by channeling them into their blood in order to maintain their position.”

“ .... ”

It’s not wrong, but the story about the ‘blue blood’ of nobles didn’t come out for nothing.

There is no way that nobles with a hardened perception would accept it so easily...

"Lord Lindell."

Ardal held out his hand towards Lindel Reiner, who still had a worried face.

"Would you please help me?"

"...."

"I hope you fill in my shortcomings."

Lindell Reiner is the heir of an orthodox noble family. He is scheduled to take over the position soon, so it would be of great help if he supported me.

"...."

Admit your shortcomings and ask for help.

At the biggest crossroads in my life, I briefly looked down at my hands with an inexplicable gaze.

"...Gladly."

Lindell clasped his hands.

Ardal lightly applied pressure to his hand and gently opened his eyes.

"I'm glad you accepted it. thank you."

"Because the living must live. "It seems like there is a better chance of survival if you stay by the Prime Minister's side than other incompetent people, so why would there be any reason to refuse?"

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 329**

329. Before today passes (1)

This roughly summarizes the future, but the important thing is now.

The humans who were advancing towards the imperial palace with weapons outside didn't seem to realize it due to the confusion and excitement, but the demons had long since left due to internal strife. So, there is no need to worry about anything else, just suppress the rebellion.

The method is contained in Elpidius Desert's remark before drinking the poison...

"But..."

Lindel asked cautiously.

"Are you sure you want to do this?"

"...What do you think of the conversation we've had so far?"

Their conversation was based on doing it that way. Are you really going to do it now? Ardal made a bewildered expression as if asking what he had heard so far.

"Oh, that's the wrong question. Let me ask you again. "Can you... can you?"

“....”

Pause.

...I know what you mean.

Ardal has seen Elpidius Desert since he was the crown prince. After he became emperor, he behaved as he wanted, and I, who tried to stop him, had a bit of a falling out, but there was no way our affection would go anywhere.

It was a bittersweet situation to witness his death in person, but even if he had given permission, would it be as easy as it sounds to cut off his head and use it?

“...I have to do it.”

But you have to do it.

I said it once again, as if I was making a promise to myself.

“I will.”

“....”

“If you don’t do it this way, you have to go back quite far.  
“It’s also something I gave permission to.”

Even if he were a criminal, he would not desecrate the body of the deceased like this unless it was a serious crime....  
Ardal used the excuse that he had given permission as a shield and closed his eyes tightly and turned away from the ugly person.

Lindel, who was watching this, picked up the sword he had picked up just in case.

“...Then I will do it.”

“no.”

“?”

“I will do it.”

“yes...?”

The sword has been taught to protect itself. I can't just say everything until the last confirmation and then pretend to be clean.

There was a question, but Ardal did not answer, but walked forward and snatched the sword from his hand.

A long shadow was cast in front of Elpidius' body.

....

The rebellion died down quickly when it became known that its target, the emperor, was dead. The people who were dazed because their target was taken away for a moment calmed down and began to pay attention to the person who cut off the emperor's head.

“Prime Minister...?”

It was the beginning of the post-empire Ardal.

\*\*\*

My emotions were shaken by the sound of Dan's name popping up from an unexpected place, but I was not given time to get absorbed in the sentiment.

The hostile corps commanders, who noticed Deonhardt's agitation, brightened their eyes as if it was an opportunity. In particular, the 12th Corps Commander Myers, who was

determined to use his magic power to fire a powerful spell, gave up his regret at the failure and rolled his sunken eyes.

The lips that were tightly closed whispered softly.

“...the spear.”

A quick-witted subordinate hands him a spear for throwing javelins. He held it up and stretched out his arm as much as possible... then hurriedly swung it around with magical power and knocked away the magic that came flying at him.

“Did you think I would just sit back and watch?”

Even though I missed it once, I can't do that until the second attack. 11th Corps Commander Ririnel glared at him fiercely.

“If you want to attack Daeon, you'll have to kill me first.”

“....”

Myers held his spear tightly, and as if the attack just before had been a signal, each legion tangled together again. Deon, who returned to reality, glanced at Lirinel.

...No attack hit me, but thanks to that I came to my senses. I can't sit idly by in this place full of enemies. I looked around at the corps commanders on my side and spoke as if nailing them.

“Then please do me a favor.”

This means that since there is a place to go, I will leave it to you to organize it.

With those words, I took a step forward. There was a fight unfolding in the direction I had to go, so it was like stepping

into the middle of the battlefield, but thanks to the corps commanders on my side who rushed out and started active as soon as I ran out of words, it wasn't too much of a hassle.

“die!”

“Where?”

A microcosm of the apocalypse unfolded.

Every time Deonhard advances, the corps commanders attack and the corps commanders block. In this chaos, Deon calmly crossed the battlefield at a speed that was neither fast nor slow.

The 6th Legion's ax fails to pierce the 8th Legion's shield and is instead crushed to death. Lirinel, who was trying to deal with Myers, the commander of the 12th Corps, who was rushing towards him, quickly put up a shield in response to a surprise attack by the commander of the 2nd Corps, Develania.

Kagagak!

The sound of transparent thread scratching on an invisible wall echoed eerily.

“...Is it shamefully 2 to 1?”

“I'm sorry, but your magic is quite annoying. “I think it will be easier if I kill you as quickly as possible.”

“I won't let that happen.”

Don't wait and see if the enemy fights to your advantage. 11th Corps Commander Ririnel is an ally.

Dernivan, commander of the 5th Corps, burst into their standoff and attacked Myers. He strikes the pole of the spear with his fingernails, which are as sharp as blades, and immediately throws his body backwards. Then, he takes out a bow and arrows that I don't know when he took them out, and pulls the strings. A rain of arrows poured down.

"...Tsk, I can't help it."

As expected, it quickly becomes like this.

Devellania shook her head, let the thread dangle between her fingers, and glanced at Myers.

"Myers, I'll leave that to you."

"...However much."

Meanwhile.

Silua, the commander of the 7th corps, who was thrown into the distance by the 1st corps commander Jaykar while charging at Deon Hardt to fight, got up and rushed at him angrily.

"You're so annoying, even before I came here!"

"...."

It's annoying that they attack me first and then ignore me, and that they stop me from seeing Deon's "those" combat skills again.

Silua remembered the creepy sight she had seen one day of chopping up an enemy with blood splattering under the white moonlight, and after taking a bite, she made eye contact with the calm Jaykar and frowned.



“It would be best to get out of the way when something is said in a nice way.”

I fell in love with its eerie yet beautiful appearance at first sight, but since I was out guarding the border, I never had the chance to see it again, so I always regretted it.

Then, when this opportunity came, traces of a familiar fighting style were found on some of the bodies of heroes lying around, so I was looking forward to it, but how could I not be annoyed when I wasted the second?

In the end, the jagged vertical pupils were life-threatening.

“...I can't help it.”

All we have to do is kill him as quickly as possible.

“Fighting with Jaykar isn't that bad, so I would normally have enjoyed it... but now I can see something more appetizing.”

So die.

The pupils opened. Jaykar's body stiffened for a moment as he faced the sharply raised eyes.

This was not the realm of emotions.

‘...is it a unique ability?’

Silua rushed at him without missing the opportunity, but his stiff body had already relaxed and he moved his body a little late to fight back.

It was too late to block with the sword, so he hurriedly stepped back, as if pushing away a nearby body. The body pushed forward trips on the opponent's foot, disrupting the dagger's path.

Sigh!

Even though I backed away, the dagger passed over my face as if it was too late. Starting from the cheek, exactly across the eye, to the forehead. A solid red line seemed to remain like a trace, and then blood began to flow.

“It was a good move, but it didn’t work either... It looks like he wasn’t the 1st Corps commander for nothing.”

“ .... ”

Whether the opponent clicked his tongue in regret or not, Jaykar closed the injured eye and lifted the hand that was not holding the sword to steal the blood. My hands were covered in red liquid.

...I was caught off guard because I had never properly crossed swords with the commander of the 7th Corps. Especially since I encountered her unique ability for the first time today.

‘I understand now.’

One eye was a cheap deal.

I don’t know if my eyes were injured or because of the blood, but when I opened them slowly, only a dull red color was reflected. Jaykar straightened his posture while frowning at his disturbed sense of distance.

“I’m sorry, but I also want to end this quickly.”

Behind me, I can hear the sound of many clashing against one another. This is probably because most corps commanders ordered their corps members to deal with this first.

After passing through the 0th Legion, the number of legionnaires hostile to Deon Hardt has decreased significantly, and even though the 1st Legion is elite, I don't know how long they can hold out if they attack in such a large group.... "Looking at the situation, I think I should take charge of you, right?"

"

...Ninth Corps Commander Trover entered their battle. Even though it was just one person, I could see in the corner of my vision that he was turning the situation that was on the defensive as if he were not the commander of the corps for nothing.

Thanks to this, there is less to worry about. Jaykar, who had caught his breath lightly, was about to focus on the battle he had seen again.

Coo!

"What are you talking about? "I would be there."

"Why don't you go over there and save your corps members who are being beaten by the 8th corps kids? "It almost looked like they were all dead."

"There is no reason for me to save those who die because they are weak!"

"That's true!"

Belitan, commander of the 6th Corps, came forward as his opponent and began to fight.

...It would be better to finish it as quickly as possible and sort out the others as well.

“Let’s finish this quickly.”

Jaykar raised his sword, ignoring the blood dripping from the tip of his chin.

On the other hand, Idelia, the 4th corps commander, who ordered the members of the 3rd and 4th corps to deal with the 1st corps first and attack the 1st corps commander when they have time, stood in front of the 10th corps while waving her fan.

“You guys should fight with me.”

Should we say ‘sorting things out’ rather than ‘fighting’?

Beyond their stern expressions, the 3rd and 4th corps members sent to the 1st corps and other corps can be seen being pushed out of the high ground they had almost entirely occupied due to the appearance of the 9th corps commander. Fortunately, that was stopped thanks to the 6th Corps commander who invaded shortly afterward.... After

seeing the two corps commanders fighting each other tightly and the 1st corps commander swinging his sword with a noticeably different spirit, as if he was planning to end it quickly and support her, she added awkwardly after a short silence.

“...It would be better to finish it as quickly as possible.”

\*\*\*

Deonhardt walked without stopping. Even though his wet body froze due to the cold winter rain, his steps did not stop even when he saw the bodies of the 0 Corps members.

Every time I hear the sound of weapons clashing or someone dying, blood wells up little by little. It was the same when a familiar person was injured and when familiar people who had once followed me split up and faced off.

From the ribs below the chest above the navel to the chest where it sometimes rises by a finger or two. Even though he only walked forward, Deon couldn't help but hear the sound of countless people dying, so he walked forward through the blood that was gradually rising.

The movement to chase him as he walked away was quickly blocked by others, so even though he was not in a hurry, he was able to leave the battlefield quickly.

Then, when snowflakes fell from the sky and touched the corners of his eyes, Deon finally stopped and raised his head.

“Ah...”

A terrible snow was falling in the background of a familiar place.

This is the border where my brother died and where I was able to merge my memories. Since it is far from any castle and far from the battlefield, it means that the snow sticks have not affected it, so this snow is most likely a natural type.

How long has it been since this war started? The second full-fledged battle had just begun, but if you count the fact that they sent out legions one by one to use snowflake sticks before then, it must have been longer than expected.

How many days have you been fighting with the heroes? Deon, who was counting the days in his head to see how

many times the sun rose and set during the battle, suddenly realized one thing and opened his eyes wide.

“Today is...”

Red eyes waved precariously, filled with agitation, amidst the white, fluttering snow.

“...It was the anniversary of my brother’s death.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 330**

330. Before today passes (2)

January 3.

There is no doubt that I have counted the days I spent walking all the way here.

That means my brother's birthday will be exactly one month from now. Deon, who was thinking along the stream of consciousness, soon burst into laughter.

'What's new about death anniversaries and birthdays, topics that I've never really paid attention to before?'

How many death anniversaries and birthdays have you passed so far?

I don't intend to say that he shamelessly took advantage of the fact that he just stayed in his room pretending it wasn't happening. I didn't even think about lame excuses like something happened because I was at war, and I just stared up at these nightmare-like eyes.

"...I have no intention of going to the grave now."

What kind of face am I going there with?

We said our final goodbyes when we built the tomb, so I guess they will accept this. It doesn't matter even if you don't look at it. Even if that amount of sin were added to the sins you carry, it wouldn't be noticeable.

I thought it was okay, but now that I'm watching the snow fall in this place, the past comes back to me more and more, and my head hurts like it's going to explode. Deon frowned, but steadfastly muttered into the air.

"Still... birthdays may be difficult, but I plan to take care of this anniversary."

I hope you see it that way. It would be nice if I could make it to my birthday, but I can't guarantee that I'll be alive until then.

I'm glad the due date hasn't passed. Deon thought so and smiled faintly.

"The gift of the devil's head would be enough, right?"

I must end all revenge within today. The sun is still up in the sky, so how can it be possible if we hurry? My hesitant steps gained speed.

Deon walked along the familiar path again, looking straight ahead. I knew that Cruel's tomb was near the border here, but I didn't pay attention in that direction because I was rather aware of it.

Then, when the entrance to the bottom of the mountain came into view, I reflexively stopped walking. His red eyes widened as if he had encountered an unexpected situation.

"...Uh..."



At the end of the line of sight stood a man with green hair and neat clothes. While grabbing the somewhat mangled man's neck.

What kind of situation is this?

"...Seniors?"

It was a small call, almost like a mutter, but the man who immediately turned his head and looked at me came towards me, dragging the other person with me.

With his eyes fixed straight in this direction and a calm expression on his face as if he were taking a walk, he spoke in a casual voice and tone of voice, saying something that did not suit the current situation.

"It's snowing. "It's the worst in war, but it doesn't look bad, does it?"

"...."

Why?

Deonhardt knows a man who is no longer called the 'Second Hero of the Empire' but the 'Wandering Hero of the Continent'. That is also no reason to meet here.

Why on earth did you come? I glanced at the man in his hand, but it was a face I had never seen before. His eyes were shaking mercilessly as he felt anxious about the incomprehensible situation.

"Junior?"

"...I hate snow."

"this. It's a shame. "Then let's talk about something else."

I don't have time to stay like this. I need to quickly confirm my purpose and go to the demon world.

But...

"It turned the human world upside down."

"Uh..."

"Are you hurt anywhere?"

"...."

Deon was silent for a moment.

"...Yes, I'm fine. "You know."

"That's right. "But I'm glad."

"Senior..."

Why did you come here?

It's been a while, so it's natural that there's a lot to talk about, but I don't have time to talk leisurely right now. I called out to him as if urging him on, filled with regret and nervousness.

There's no way he didn't notice the question contained in the call. Nevertheless, Stigma Primiro calmly continued talking, pretending not to notice.

"Looking at those bastards... No, it looks like the Lofty Knights didn't come with them. Did they leave them alone? It seems like they took some action since they are not the kind of people who would just leave you alone..."

“...I sent you to a safe place. “It’s a long way away, so we won’t get there until the work is done.”

“It looks like they used some magic. There must have been a lot of resistance, so if that were the case, I could have just taken them with me...”

“They only saw me and followed me. “You have to make sure that at least your life is taken care of.”

At the very least, we must make sure that no one gets caught up in this matter and dies.

“Yes, I can’t argue with your junior.”

As if it was just a light question, he brushed it aside and held out the man he was holding in his hand. Red eyes filled with nameless emotions followed his fingertips with suspicion.

“It’s a gift. Or should I say it means an apology? “I was a little late in catching this guy, but I’m so glad I met him before he crossed the border.”

“What is that...”

“This guy’s name is Senzer... Ah, junior, you don’t know. “The cause of Cruel Hart’s death.”

“...!”

It was an instant to grasp the meaning of those words.

Deon noticed something and quickly focused his attention on the man Stigma had pointed out. As I stared at the guy, wondering if it was possible, Stigma’s voice continued as if my guess was correct.

“This guy betrayed Cruel Hart and joined the duke’s side. Because of that, your older brother, who was trying to protect you, got caught and died.”

“....”

“I’m planning to do something that will make my junior feel sorry, so I took it as an apology in advance.”

“...First of all, thank you.”

I’m definitely holding my breath.

I still didn’t know much about you. Even though it was complicated, life turned to my eyes as if a spark was flying for a moment.

Deon looked at the man named Senzer and stretched out his hand. As if exchanging objects, the person holding the man’s neck changed and soon the man’s body was thrown to the floor.

“But.”

Deon, who had just stepped on the opponent’s hand bone and crushed it, looked up. Brown eyes met our gazes, and the question that had been postponed for a moment by saying ‘for now’ came out a little later.

“Did you say you were sorry?”

“okay. Where should I begin to explain....”

It’s not good to talk at length.

Even though he diligently tortures his enemies, his gaze rarely leaves this area. Stigma, who was facing this, smiled

and slowly opened his mouth, as if he didn't say anything, he would watch until the end.

"You probably know that I have gained quite a reputation so far, right?"

"Yes, if it is a story about how the word 'hero' has become used among commoners to refer to seniors."

Stigma Primiro gained fame by wandering around and defeating monsters. Unlike other warrior fragments that only focused on war, he focused on solving pressing issues and became famous among the commoners, becoming synonymous with 'hero'.

I know very well that he is called the true hero of the continent, but what does that have to do with me?

"Fame soon becomes fame. But if you think about it, don't all these things usually disappear when the person involved dies?"

"That's right. Unless it's a great contribution that will go down in history... Ah."

no way.

Stigma smiled silently at Deon, who had a dumbfounded look on his face.

"As expected, you are a junior. "Exactly."

People's memories are so treacherous that topics about someone can be forgotten and buried in an instant. Right now, he praises himself as a true hero, but if I stop my activities for a while, he will soon forget about my existence.

All that remains are records.

“There is a saying that a dead man cannot win.”

Honor is everything I have built up.

Money can be passed on, but fame cannot do such things, so Stigma, who did not want everything to disappear in vain, finally made up his mind.

“Senior... you came to kill me.”

“okay.”

In order to leave a lasting reputation, even a lifetime, it must be recorded in history. It would be enough to die while fighting alone against the disaster that brought the human world to the brink of destruction.

That’s why you said you would apologize to me in advance. Deon wiped his face with a confused expression.

“...Are you not planning on killing me?”

“How can I, a mere hero, defeat a warrior?”

“Then can you please live? “There are other ways, right?”

And... I have to kill him again.

Even the opponent is one of the few friendly kites left in the human world. Deon gritted his teeth at the terrible situation that came before him.

Although he claimed to be calm, his voice ended up sounding like he was pleading.

“Don’t you have a lot of time, senior? “You are still young.”

“It feels strange to hear that from you. But if I were to give you an answer... I would have to say I am not confident.”

I don't have the confidence to build or maintain a reputation by continuing my life. What if it actually falls?

“As you know, war creates heroes. There will be a lot of heroes coming out in the future, but it can't be easy to maintain 'me' in the midst of it all. “It's better to end things cleanly now than to go out with half-confident confidence and end up ruined.”

“You sound weak, uncharacteristic of a senior.”

“I'm just saying what I think is best.”

It is better to be one than to be one of many. Rather than living for no reason and lowering my value, it is better to die now.

“I think I have now raised myself as far as I can go. “I plan to nail it down to history before it falls any further.”

Even those who have the fragments of a warrior sacrifice death to achieve the one feat that cannot be easily achieved. It will be a wedge.

“....”

Deon realized that even if he tried to persuade with a firm attitude, it wouldn't work, so he washed his face dry again and again. The question rose up in my throat as to whether you don't care if I have to kill you, but I held it back.

No matter how kind and kind the other person was to me, the time we spent together wasn't very long and it wasn't a relationship where I would act foolishly like that.

Instead, I resigned myself to the 'apology' I received and spit out the questions that were in my head.

"Then... wouldn't it be better to fight in front of many people? Why are you in a place like this where no one is watching...."

"I'm still bothering you enough, but I can't turn you into a clown for everyone just because of my personal greed. And I don't know why they say no one is watching. "There is one."

"Long time no see."

Remember appeared from one side as if he had been waiting.

He was the owner of the presence I had been feeling all along. Deon, who had heard that he was going to compile a history book in the conversation before making the tomb and parting ways, grasped the situation and was convinced as soon as he saw him.

"I know, right. It's been a while, Remember. "I guess they came all this way to make a history book."

"yes. I think I spoke lightly at first, but if things continue like this, the real history books will be erased. So, what should I do, even if I am an old man?"

"In that sense, Remember and I had very good interests."

Remember, whose purpose is to record history, and Stigma Primiro, whose purpose is to be recorded in history. Where else can you find a relationship that fits so well?

So, with the promise of ensuring that his final moments were recorded, Stigma wandered the continent to protect



Remember and help record history.

“Well... it’s good. “I don’t know why it’s today...”

Since the future is decided, there is nothing more to say.  
Deon just nodded.

Even if you ask me to just send it to you, they won’t send it to me. Time is running out, but I can’t resist. From his perspective, this would be his last chance.

So, in order to finish it quickly, I pulled out the dagger I was most familiar with and twirled it around.

“Can I show you how much your junior has grown so far?”

“It’s enough.”

“instead.”

Finally, after lightly stabbing the dagger into Senzer’s neck, Deon slowly stood up.

“It’s the last time, and I also heard about it from my senior...”

Stigma’s remarks were exposing his own true face.

The bare face he showed while thoroughly portraying himself as a nobleman. He appeared as if nothing had happened and explained it lightly, but Deon knew how important it was to him.

He gave his ‘life’ in another sense as well.

So, this side will have to pay something.

“I’ll tell you my story too.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 331**

331. Before today passes (3)

The red eyes looked directly at the silver-blue eyes, as if these were being said to Remember.

“Please record this as well.”

“....”

“There are probably many shortcomings with the information known now. There may have been some parts that were questionable. “I will tell you everything directly from the person concerned.”

You said you would write a book with me as the main character.

Just like the conversation we had back then, Remember smiled as if he couldn't resist the playful remark.

“I will listen. However, doing so will consume quite a bit of time, is that okay? “You looked busy.”

“okay. “I benefit from being able to listen to my junior's story, but I also have to fight the battle.”

The two observant adults remembered the child who seemed impatient. I'm sorry for holding you back from your

busy pace, but the reason we're taking more time here is...

"...we're not in a position to stand still and have a conversation in the first place."

"You mean... you're going to talk while fighting?"

"Is there something wrong?"

Deon's remarks are tantamount to ignoring stigma. This means that it is enough to fight while telling my story, rather than focusing entirely on the battle.

However, Stigma, who was good at self-objectification, calmly shook his head instead of getting angry.

"No. "My junior, you are a warrior, so it's natural for you to have that much leeway."

"...."

"You have a face that asks why you aren't angry. Didn't I tell you before? "If your junior is overwhelmingly strong, no one will be able to say anything even if you swing from the chandelier in the banquet hall."

Even if it were the imperial palace, even if you held your head high in front of the emperor, no one would say anything.

"And now, junior, you have become a warrior and the strongest that no one can deny. So there is no reason for me to be angry."

"...."

"But it's going to be a fairly one-sided conversation. Please understand if I cannot answer your words during the battle."

As if he had said everything he wanted to say, Stigma drew his sword. Instead of facing each other, Deon stood still and quietly rolled his eyes. There was a bit of bewilderment and absurdity in the red eyes.

‘What... is this nonsense, the law of the jungle?’

They’re worse than demons.

In the past, when I heard advice like this, I was tired and scared and thought it was a scary and unique idea, but when I heard it again, it felt like madness.

It’s to the point where one wonders if a wild animal has been humanized. I think he would adapt better to the Demon World than anyone else, but if the situation had been somewhat peaceful during the time when I was traveling between the Demon World and the Human World as a spy, I might have encouraged him to immigrate to the Demon World.

At that time, a sword was pointed in front of my nose.

“It is not a good habit to think differently about someone holding a sword.”

“....”

“Of course, this would be useless advice for you now, but....”

“...No. “Thank you for the advice.”

I adjusted my grip on the dagger and took a stance. Despite the momentum that made him look like he was about to fight, Deon stopped and glanced at Remember.

Remember, who sensed the meaning, smiled.

“Then this old man will stay away.”

“I wonder if I can hear it because it’s so far away.”

“Even if you look like this, you have good ears, so you don’t have to worry. “I listen from a reasonable hearing distance.”

It is a fight between a warrior and a hero. No matter how good your ears are, you are not a warrior, so it would be meaningless if your voice was far enough away to be heard.

If the voice reaches you, the aftermath of the battle will also reach you. It was obvious that he would get caught up in it, so Deon hesitated and could not easily start the battle. The worse stigma added.

“He is an Esperanian, so he should be able to protect himself. “I’ve been around with you and seen your skills, so I’ll vouch for it, so you don’t have to worry.”

“...then.”

Blood flows as if announcing the start of a battle.

The two types of weapons clashed as if Deon had taken a stance and was waiting.

I thought I had gotten used to fighting hero fragments after the previous few days of fighting, but it seems that wasn’t the case. Deon was startled by the strength and speed that exceeded what he had expected.

‘...It’s definitely on a different level from the heroes I’ve faced so far.’

Well, Stigma Primiro is a war hero whose accomplishments went beyond surviving the eight-year war. It is natural that it differs from the hastily gathered pieces of debris.

Even among the empire's 'official heroes', he had a reputation for being particularly strong.

The emperor at the time, Edoardoya, was an unusual hero who was strong enough to be suspected of being a hero until the hero came out, so even if we skip it, Stigma was the next best hero.

As if Deon wasn't the only one who felt something from the other person, Stigma frowned after exchanging several attacks.

"...It's strange."

I lightly drew my sword horizontally, as if testing. Deon raises his dagger to block it. Without giving him a chance, he dug straight in and stabbed his sword aiming under the chin.

When he saw Deon avoid the attack by stepping back, his eyes narrowed with suspicion.

"Junior, are you feeling unwell?"

"...what do you mean by that?"

"The movements are strangely awkward, as if submerged in water. There are no visible injuries..."

The brown eyes examine the body thoroughly, as if trying to dismantle the opponent. Deon, who paused for a moment, quickly abandoned his defensive attitude and attacked.

Percussion! The agitated attack was caught by the seasoned hero.

Stigma, holding the wrist with the hand not holding the sword, places the sword in the ground and raises his other hand. He did not miss the chance of the opponent faltering due to his movements without any intention of attacking and pointed his forehead at him.

“...you have a fever.”

“....”

“It doesn’t seem like the heat is enough to make your movements awkward, but did it last for a long time?”

“...It’s not enough to be a hindrance.”

Without waiting for an answer, Deon swatted away his hand and swung his dagger sharply.

Stigma, who obediently stepped back while holding the sword he had used in an attack intended to push the opponent away, made an uncomfortable expression. It was obvious that he wanted to say something, so Deon continued his attack to silence him and hastily cleared his mind to divert his thoughts elsewhere.

The topic was, of course, the story of Deonhardt, as promised.

‘I said I would tell you everything, so I guess I should tell you from the beginning...’ I don’t know

how far back I should go.

...It would be a good idea to start with the bet between the Duke and the Demon King. In the beginning, I was the sacrifice and game piece for the bet. After a short thought, I opened my mouth.

“Do you know that Duke Starbe Illuster signed a contract with the Demon King?”

“...what?”

The tip of the sword shook.

It’s definitely a shocking introduction, but the feeling of discomfort suddenly disappears and a shocked expression is revealed. Deon grinned at him.

“It would be quite an interesting story.”

....

Deon opens his mouth and the longer the story goes on, the faster the exchange becomes slower.

And when Stigma finally heard all of this, he laughed and lowered his sword.

“I heard it was interesting.”

“....”

“That’s a terrible story.”

It was a terrible story influenced by others from beginning to end.

It’s a pretty terrible story that was wrong from the start, and the discrepancies led to discrepancies, which led to cracks



and eventually collapsed. Now I understand why Deon wanted to destroy the human world.

This may be one's own revenge against the world and one of the few 'paths chosen by oneself.'

"I respect you for holding on until now."

Is it because I faced a distorted reality from a very young age, or is it because the present is the most difficult and there is no inspiration in the past? Stigma looked at Deon, who casually revealed his past.

I made eye contact with the child who had walked a rougher path than I thought and smiled with regret and regret.

"I guess I should apologize first."

"...?"

"Normally, it would be better for me to come forward and offer to help you kill the Demon King, but I can't do that."

"I understand."

As I listened to his story before the fight and learned about the person called 'Stigma', I understand it of course.

'Because the dishonor gained by helping a hero who betrayed the human world will be greater than the honor gained by killing the Demon King.'

Moreover, if he dies while fighting the Demon King, he will be forgotten as one of the many heroes who died while helping the hero, and even if he survives, the hero will get almost all the attention. In the latter case, even the only time to die properly is missed, so from Stigma's point of

view, whether he dies or lives while dealing with the Demon King, he only loses and has no gain.

That's why Deon nodded without any hesitation.

"That's not what I said I wanted in the first place."

"I know. "It's just that I feel bad."

The slow attack and defense began to pick up speed again.

A short but heavy question followed.

"There's nothing more to say, right?"

"...yes."

"okay. "Then there is no reason to waste any more time here, so I guess I'll just end this."

You have to do your best to hold back your junior.

The wind blows like a typhoon, and the trees around are cut down like straw.

Stigma, who was attacking fiercely as if he was going to pour out everything as it was the last time, lowered his sword at some point and gave himself a vital point to the flying dagger.

Deep.

An eerie sound rang out and Deon's body froze.

'As expected...'

That's a good thing. Stigma laughed.

This is the side that was stabbed. Look at his pale complexion, as if he himself had been stabbed. If you just look at the face, you might mistake it for the exact opposite situation.

‘Why does he look like that when he didn’t stab me with his own intention?’

There is a difference between killing someone by moving them directly and killing an opponent by running at your sword. Although the current situation is the latter, looking at this facial expression, I wonder what the former must have been like.

I slowly opened my mouth, feeling fortunate that I was able to relieve my guilt even just a little.

“I am convinced of something after hearing your story. “You are a strong person both internally and externally.”

“ ....”

“So I guess I can survive even if I’m added to that thorny path.”

Perhaps because he is a hero, his life does not end easily even when he is stabbed in the vital area.

If it had been any other situation, it would have been hell, but I’m glad this time. Regardless of whether my body collapsed or not, I smiled softly and reached out my hand to stroke my wet cheek.

I’d like to tell you that you’ve worked hard, but I don’t deserve it for adding to your hardships.

“I’m sorry. “I added another thorn to your thorny path.”

“....”

“I’m sorry for leaving you with bad memories.”

All that comes out is an apology.

“I hope it’s an invisible thorn.”

“....”

“Why are you crying when you should be angry?”

Tears are falling from their wide-open eyes, as if they cannot accept the situation.

Deon may not have even realized that he was crying, but he touched the area around his eyes. When he noticed that it was wet, he made a puzzled expression.

“Why...”

A question arose, not knowing what it was directed at.

Stigma just coughed slightly and spit out blood, then raised the hand that had been wiping away the tears and brushed the opponent’s messy hair. Even that small gesture contained the meaning of apology.

It had to be that way.

“In the end, I put myself first.”

Honor goes beyond proving the value of being a stigma prime and has become a stigma itself, but this is just an excuse, and in the end, it can be said that this is a case of putting one’s own selfishness ahead of the hurt Deonhardt will receive.

Therefore, Stigma, who was about to apologize again, kept his mouth shut, thinking that any further apology might result in violence.

Instead, I looked back at Remember, who had come nearby.

“Don’t you think this part is a useless scene in a history book?”

“...History is not something that is recorded based on usefulness or non-usefulness.”

but.

Remember, who knew what Stigma wanted, smiled.

“Someone else’s opinion should not be involved.”

“What does that mean?”

“The fact that the hero gave up his life to the warrior is this old man’s guess, and the fact that he was stabbed by the warrior’s sword is the truth, so if it were a ‘novel’ type book, I think only the ‘affairs’ would be included in the ‘affairs’.”

“...Thank you.”

Stigma seemed to feel a little more at ease then and closed his eyes.

My breathing, which was otherwise light, gradually became thinner and stopped at some point. In the suffocating silence, a clear liquid dripped onto my chest, which was no longer rising and falling.

...The blood was rushing like crazy.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 332**

332. Before today passes (4),

it looks like all my remaining friendly kites in this world will leave.

The feeling of stabbing someone I thought I was used to still lingers in my fingertips and torments my mind. Deon just quietly shed tears, not caring how dangerous the ocean of blood that covered the world around me was rumbling. As if checking Stigma's breathing, his head was lowered, leaving a water mark on his chest.

A thought suddenly occurred to me.

"If only I had been a priority to him..."

"...."

"If that were the case... something like this wouldn't have happened."

...No way. Remember did not answer, but the conclusion was quickly reached.

The bodies of those who died because I thought of myself as the top priority are lined up like traces on the path I walked. What kind of ridiculous assumption is that?

He died because he thought of me as his top priority, and he died because he did not consider me his top priority. Either way, he died in the end.

‘They died just because they got involved with me.’

Even if Stigma Primiro had prioritized me over honor, he would have ended up dead. He probably died trying to help me.

Deon Hardt. Such a cursed human being.

Despair rose to the top of my head.

‘I should have just died when I was first taken to the battlefield.’

Why do you go out of your way to live like that and come back to haunt so many people? What is the sin of the people around me?

As the end approached, my relaxed mind received an unexpected blow and became clouded. But other than that, his expression was surprisingly calm.

“....”

Remember looked at the red eyes that were shaking as if they would break. At the same time, in contrast to this, an extremely calm face comes into view. No matter how long it had been since she had seen her own tears, she seemed to have forgotten that she was still crying, and a bitter feeling rose up at the pitiful sight of her shedding tears without making a single sound as she was lost in thought.

The bitterness grew even more when I saw Stigma Primiro’s body.

'I knew it and I was prepared, but...'

Now that I'm faced with it like this, I feel more uneasy than I thought.

However, he cannot allow himself to be caught up in bad feelings about the dangerous opponent in front of him. Remember quietly opened his mouth to divert the thoughts of a child who, as an adult, was clearly pushing himself into the abyss.

"Is there still anything left to do? "There will be no time to waste here."

"...That's right."

An unsightly cracked voice came out.

Only then did Deon Hardt, who realized his condition, quietly clear his throat and stand up. The glance toward Remembert contained a question and urging as to whether there was anything more to say. Compared to when dealing with Stigma, his eyes were slightly more relaxed.

As such, Remember's goal is not the kind that consists in fighting Deonhardt or dying at his hands. Rather, since we have to live, unnecessary conflicts will not occur.

"...I will bring you the history book soon."

As expected, Remember said something completely unrelated to the fight.

His voice continued against the backdrop of a somewhat subdued atmosphere.



“The information you provided was very helpful. Thanks to you, I think I will be able to complete it sooner than expected....”

“....”

“...I hope you receive it ‘in person’.”

I think I know what you’re hoping for, but... you shouldn’t give a definite answer to something you’re not sure about. Deon turned around without answering.

There was no word urging an answer. Instead, a calm voice followed behind him as he headed towards the familiar mountain, as if it was no big deal.

“The route is clear, so it won’t take long to get to your destination.”

Stop.

The tone is nothing special, but the content is not light at all. Deon looked back at him. Red eyes filled with questions and doubts looked straight into silver-blue eyes, and questions followed with clear feelings of doubt were asked.

“...To the Demon King’s Castle?”

“To the Demon King’s Castle.”

“...As expected, you knew and took care of all the items I had taken with me when I went to the demon world in the past.”

Various cookies, a pocket watch, white gloves, and even the seeds of the human world.

Well, other than that, the seeds were too blatantly suspicious. It's the type of thing that wouldn't fit in my luggage unless I knew there was a gardener among my demon world connections.

When I asked about it at the time, he denied it. Remember grinned at the sullen gaze.

"In Esperanes, being a high-ranking noble family is often the key to connecting with very capable people."

It is difficult to infiltrate the Demon King Castle, let alone a large city in the Demon World that interacts with the Demon King, but it is not impossible.

At the time, it would have been embarrassing if Deon Hardt, who was a person of interest in many ways, had revealed his identity in this way, so he had to pretend not to know, but Remember did not bother to make excuses.

In the end, it was Deon who gave up first.

"...First of all, I appreciate your consideration."

"you're welcome."

I look forward to seeing you again.

The old man gave a lonely and hopeless greeting to the young man who turned away again.

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"Why are you fighting in the human world?!"

Trover, the commander of the 9th Corps, who had a deep cut on his back and a scratch on his neck from an ax, could not overcome his frustration and shouted.

“Can’t we just fight in the demon world?!”

I’m so oppressed by the constraints of the human world that I can’t fight a refreshing battle, and I don’t know what I’m doing.

Belitan, commander of the 6th Corps, responded calmly by swinging his ax again at him.

“There’s no guarantee that there won’t be a battle all the way to the Demon World after the truce. Besides, if we fight in the Demon World, the Demon World will be devastated.”

Because there are no restrictions in the demon world.

Wouldn’t it be better to ruin the human world, even if it means reducing the scale of damage? They say the human world will soon become our territory, but we won’t be able to ruin it as much as we do now due to restrictions.

“More than anything.”

Belitan pointed the tip of the ax at the 11th Corps commander, Ririnel, who was in the midst of a fight with the 2nd Corps commander.

“The human world is better because it is an environment where those magical monsters cannot properly demonstrate their power.”

“That’s why it’s even more of a problem!”

Belitan may be beneficial as an enemy, but to me, the 11th Corps commander is an ally. If she doesn’t use her power properly, it’s natural that it will be a loss.

Trover gritted his teeth in frustration as he moved to avoid the ax while pressing down on his bleeding side as if to stop the bleeding.

“Damn the human world!!”

Damn human world... human world... humans...

A loud voice rings out through the noisy battlefield.

The voice is good too. Idelia, commander of the 4th Corps, glanced at the situation where the voice came from and thought to herself as she finished finishing off the 10th Corps, which was almost completely organized.

‘Still, Lirinel... it seems like you’ve become quite lacking in magic power.’

Considering that they used a lot of magic during the battle and even moved the Lofty Knights to a distant place, it is strange that they do not run out of magic.

A total of six eyes roll around to find the 10th Legion members running away. Every time the fan was swung, a memorization flew out and pierced their vital points.

The eyes of one of the dogs looked at Lirinel.

‘...That’s right. It has shrunk to a point where I can estimate it.’

Idelia’s six eyes are useful for handling multiple information at the same time. Therefore, she was able to look at the overall situation while fighting her own battle.

After realizing that the most troublesome enemy had lost his strength, the next person who caught his eye was the

commander of the 12th Corps, who was in the midst of a battle with the commander of the 5th Corps.

‘It looks like Myers is almost out of magic power.’

At that level, I barely managed to avoid the level of the 9th Corps commander.

Although the magical power was not abundant to begin with, it felt as if all of it had been poured into the attack on the Lofty Knights. At this level, I can’t even use a trivial magic... Oh.

‘It’s over.’

The heart of the 12th Corps commander was pierced by the hands of the 5th Corps commander. Idelia muttered softly as she left the completely organized 10th Corps behind and walked to support the corps members attacking the 1st Corps.

“Things will turn out easier than you think.”

Thanks to almost all corps focusing their attacks on the 1st corps as a top priority, their numbers were greatly reduced. If you just add a little extra effort, organizing it will be a breeze.

The steps I took were light.

Meanwhile, Dernivan, commander of the 5th Corps, withdrew his hand from piercing the enemy’s heart and grabbed the spear that pierced his shoulder. The spear was pulled out with an eerie sound.

The pain was considerable, but he didn’t really care. There were too many other injuries to worry about only that. Right

now, there's a long cut on his chest and he's bleeding, so what's so big about the hole in his shoulder?

As befits corps commanders, their battles were quite fierce.

Dernivan is a corps commander who has a body that is advantageous at close range, but who primarily uses long-range weapons. In other words, it means that it can fight at a level or higher in any battle, whether close or long distance, so it couldn't be that difficult from the enemy's point of view.

He nimbly retreated and pulled the bowstring, but at some point he dug in and swung his sharp nails. At times like that, Myers would not lose and would fight back by flinging rocks or weapons lying on the floor with his spear. Then, he would hold his spear and attack the opponent as if he was waiting for them to come closer.

As the goal was to kill each other, all kinds of tricks were used, such as scraping the floor with spears and throwing dirt in the eyes, or using nearby hostile corps members as shields.

While the battle continued for a long time without any tilt to one side, the battle was decided in an instant.

I heard that strangely, a lot of scars appear on my hands, and it seems like it was intentional. Otherwise, there would be no way to respond as if we had been waiting like this. It happened when Myers plunged a spear into his opponent's shoulder.

Deep.

[...Ah.]

Even though it caused a big wound, the spear did not fall out. Myers, who noticed that the spear was constantly slipping due to the blood coming from his hand, made a quick decision and chose to throw away the spear and retreat.

It certainly took less than a second to make all these decisions and move, but by then it was already too late.

Suddenly.

A hand climbed up the window and grabbed my wrist. Sharp nails dug into the flesh, preventing it from escaping easily, and immediately another hand pierced the heart. It happened in an instant.

[Cough.]

The blood flowed back.

Looking at the arm piercing me doesn't feel real at all. Perhaps it was more so because the feeling of desperation took precedence over the pain.

...I burst out laughing.

[This is why Dahar is so angry...]

It would have been natural for him to be angry since he was a poor superior who could not even avenge his lieutenant.

Dernivan looked up at the inexplicable muttering. Calm eyes, even though they were dying, and unwavering gazes, even though they were killing, met.

[...But.]

Dernivan opened his mouth.

[Didn't you normally use the honorifics?]

[...My adjutant said something.]

There was something that had been nagging me for a very long time.

Mr. Myers told me not to use honorifics due to lack of confidence because I was no better than other corps commanders. I pointed out that there were some corps commanders who used the honorific title, and was criticized for not using it because they were afraid.

[I don't know why you follow Deonhardt, but... you'll probably regret it.]

[....]

[No. You will definitely regret it.]

[...Is it a curse?]

[No. This is confidence.]

Neither Deonhardt nor the Demon King can be trusted.

[Then you are wrong.]

[...?]

The narrowed eyes filled with doubt soon widened as if reading something in Dernivan's eyes.

A trembling voice came out as if he couldn't believe it.

[You can't believe it...]

Even though I knew...



Dernivan didn't answer and pulled out his hand. Blood spurted out along the area where it had been pulled out, and the body, which had lost its strength, collapsed.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 333**

333. Before the day passed (5),

Dernivan returned to the present, shook off the blood from his hands, and looked around.

While everyone is fighting, the 1st Corps can be seen dying helplessly by the 4th Corps commander. I naturally frowned at the one-sided massacre.

Of all the elite corps, the 1st corps is the one that stands out the most, so it is understandable to keep them in check as a top priority, but is it really necessary for even the corps commander to step in and deal with those who are under heavy attack from almost all corps?

‘Besides, it was clear... the 1st Corps was our friend.’

...I now have a reason to help them.

I'm not in good shape due to the injury, but it doesn't matter. You can't just keep playing around in the middle of the battlefield. Dernivan immediately chose a new target and rushed at it.

Idelia, the commander of the 4th Corps, who had noticed the appearance of a disruptor, could be seen clutching her fan in annoyance.

Dernivan, the commander of the 5th Corps, is a corps commander who is as demanding as the commander of the 2nd Corps.

It is a widely known fact that a bow is used as a main weapon, so let's skip it. Before becoming a corps commander, he honed his body, which was originally advantageous in close combat, by not only making up for the weaknesses of long-range weapons, but also frequently sparring with Trover, the 9th corps commander.

To emphasize again, he said that he 'spared frequently' with '9th Corps Commander Trover'. With Trover, who can be said to be a corps commander who represents close combat like no other!

It's great because it's not enough to focus on just one main weapon skill, but...

'The problem is that that guy is my enemy now.'

Out of all the corps commanders present here, this one had no weakness, but he ended up clashing with me.

In order to avoid a close combat in which she was vulnerable, Idelia spread out her fan and spread her memorization and took a step back. As befits a corps commander who uses a bow as his main weapon, an arrow flew straight at him, but it fell after colliding with an arrow he had thrown in front of him.

Instead of chasing after him and swinging his sharp claws, Dernivan stared straight at us from his spot and checked his bow and arrows. She opened her mouth without missing the brief standoff, which gave her goosebumps at the sight of a wild beast hunting its prey.

“Is there any reason to keep me in check? Even if I were tied here, the 1st Corps would die.”

Whether I intervened in their battle or not, as long as things progressed this way, the death of the 1st Corps was almost certain.

“How can we withstand the attack by so many legions?  
“Rather than die of exhaustion after suffering for a long time, it is better to die quickly and comfortably before you lose your strength.”

“...I don't agree with that opinion.”

Dernivan, who shot the arrow, drew a protest. He squinted as if closing one eye and aimed at Idelia. Then, when he let go, the arrow flew at a speed that the eye could not follow.

A muttering voice followed.

“You might not die.”

“Well, that's impossible...”

Idelia, who swung her folded fan to hit the arrow, paused for a moment. There was a scene that caught my eye.

“...Damn.”

The 1st Corps commander, who killed the 7th Corps commander out of the corner of his eye, jumped into battle to support the 1st Corps.

A situation where there is no other corps commander to keep him in check. Idelia's expression became uncontrollably stiff.

....

1st Corps Commander Jaykar looked down at the 7th Corps Commander Silua, who had stopped breathing, with an expressionless face. There was a demon there, motionless, with his always proud expression on his face.

Looking at this reminds me of what she said before she died.

[If I was going to die, I wanted to die at the hands of Deon... Well, I guess the 1st Corps Commander isn't that bad.] [...]  
[Even though it's not as

thrilling

as Deon's, it was an interesting fighting method in its own way.]

Not in the demon world, but in the human world. Even though it was a battle that took place in a mess, these were refreshing words with no regrets. Should I say that it is truly like her?

...Anyway, the battle with her is over.

Jaykar broke his thoughts here and looked away to check the condition of his body. Although I was stabbed and cut all over my body, it was not at a level that affected my movements.

'The problem is...'

I slowly opened one eye. All I can still see is a dull red color.

'...I think I'll have to give up using this eye at least in the current battle.'

It's a good thing that I've gotten used to the poor sense of distance. I made a quick decision and looked around.

Now I can see what little of the 1st Corps is left. If they are weak enough to not overcome the situation they are in, it is natural for them to die, so I am not concerned about their lives, but it would be difficult for other legions that were targeting them to achieve their goal and be left free.

Therefore, Jaykar walked straight towards them.

Due to his special power and origin, he caught the attention of the Demon King and took over the position of commander of the 1st Corps. He wiped out the members of the hostile corps gathered by the demons. I pushed the annoying 1st Corps back out of sight and moved around on my own without even paying the slightest attention to whether they would support me or not.

Even though the 8th Corps, which had defeated them after a battle with the 6th Corps, volunteered to help those who were being pushed back, the situation showed no signs of slowing down.

Idelia, who grasped this situation with her six eyes fully open, felt her blood run cold for a moment.

Just like the 1st Corps, or in fact, a person who should be put in the highest priority of checks than them is in a situation where he is free without any checks.

'it's crazy.'

If this continues, everyone will die.

I tried to find another corps commander to keep him in check, but everyone was too busy to look around. Idelia,

who had been looking at each corps commander while rolling her eyes, returned to the beginning and focused her eyes on one corps commander.

Unlike me, who follows the Demon Lord, he is in the absurd position of being a third force, but...

‘There is nothing we can do about it since we have a common enemy now.’

He’s quite intelligent, so he might find a different way than I did.

He raised his voice and shouted while keeping his eyes on the 2nd Corps Commander Develania, who was fighting with the 11th Corps Commander.

“What are you all doing?! “The most dangerous enemy is left free!”

“...shit.”

Devellania, who had been aware of Idelia from the moment her gaze was persistent enough to sting, caught the meaning of the shout a little too late and swore.

Jaykar, the 1st corps commander, was left free without any corps commander attached. Thanks to the 2nd Corps’ check, the Legion Alliance is holding on, but if things continue this way, they will all be wiped out quickly.

“Where are you looking?”

As if he felt the eyes rolling, Lirinel immediately attacked.

“I won’t let you fool around.”

“....”

Devellania, who fixed a stake made of magic in the air and walked away by hanging a thread, hurriedly looked at the other corps commanders without even looking at the lump of energy that fell where he was.

The 1st Corps commander is on Deon Hardt's side, so at least among those currently fighting, if there were places where our camp and the Demon King's camp faced each other, he tried to induce a temporary alliance, but... '...there is none.

,

When did everyone die?

Excluding the dead ones, looking only at the surviving corps commanders, the 6th corps commander and Idelia, who are on the Demon King's side, are fighting against the 9th corps commander and the 5th corps commander, who are on Deonhardt's side, respectively, and even he himself is captured and fighting by the 11th corps commander Lirinel, who is on Deonhardt's side.

There is no way they would miss out on an advantageous situation. No matter what you say, he probably won't let you go... huh?

'What'?

" .... "

"What... why do you look at me like that? Ominously."

Why did I only include persuasion as a candidate? All you have to do is make them betray Deonhardt without bothering to persuade them.



‘Anyway, Deonhardt is an overtly suspicious person, so if you touch him a few times, I think he’ll automatically become suspicious.’

Since I just needed something to buy time, there was nothing to lose by trying.

Develania, who was staring at Lirinel, opened her mouth. The voice rang out loudly as if it was aimed at all the corps commanders of Deonhardt’s camp present on this battlefield.

“What I don’t understand is why you follow Deonhardt?”

“...”

“Deonhardt wants not only us dead, but you too.”

“what?!”

Among the silent corps commanders, the only one who responded was the 9th corps commander.

In the first place, he was forced to take Deonhardt’s side without even knowing why, so it makes sense.

‘But...’ Even

if Lirinel said so, it was a bit surprising that Dernivan and Jaykar did not react. Judging from the way Lirinel was watching them, it seems like she never expected Deonhardt’s intentions to become known to them.

While the 9th Corps Commander Trober was alone in asking what this meant, the 5th Corps Commander Dernivan calmly opened his mouth, pulling out the memorization embedded in various parts of his body.

“I know.”

“What?!”

“It was at that point that I realized that I had not told them that I had other allies.”

“I didn’t know?!”

What kind of bullshit is this!

Trover’s scream echoed through the air.

Anyway, Dernivan glanced at Jaykar. As always, our eyes met with incomprehensible feelings.

‘...I guess you knew as expected.’

There were no significant gestures, but that makes me even more confident. Jaykar also knew this.

You probably realized it in the same context.

[Deon Hardt did not inform me of the existence of other allies.]

Deon Hardt told me to kill the other corps commanders. The reason I didn’t tell them about my allies was probably because I literally wanted them all to die. People who don’t know their allies will try to kill each other.

“But it doesn’t matter.”

“I care!”

“....”

No one responds, but it’s so constant.

Dernivan closed his mouth for a moment and looked at Trover, who was constantly criticizing him. Lyrinel opened her mouth without missing a moment of silence as her gaze was fixed on Trover, who was asking himself, 'What, why, what?'

"That's right, it doesn't matter."

"...."

"I want Deon to be happy!"

That's not the reason, it's because I didn't have any regrets after killing the 9th Corps commander... but anyway, it didn't matter, so Dernivan kept his mouth shut. Questions about the correlation between Deon Hardt's happiness and this incident were also quietly put aside.

"...I thought you would say something like that."

Develania looked back at Lirinel, whose eyes were shining proudly.

"It's a bit unfortunate that the only person caught was the 9th Corps Commander, who can't even betray."

"Daeon, you have great insight!"

"Well... I don't think so. "Isn't it just that Deonhardt's fortune has exploded?"

From the looks of it, it seemed like Deon Hardt was the one who approached the other side first, rather than taking the initiative to bring someone in.

Anyway, I bought some time and found the main shrine. Devellania focused on the feeling of the thread hanging

from her fingertips and asked the butterfly that was flapping its wings without realizing that it was caught in a dense spider web.

“You won’t change your mind now, right?”

“Of course.”

“Yeah... I guess so.”

I feel bitter because the corps commander didn’t have a good relationship before this happened, but I can’t help it.

Lirinel felt ominous and pulled the thread before she could do anything.

“So goodbye.”

“...!”

Suddenly.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 334**

334. Before the day was over (6),

the threads that were hanging down all over the place became taut, and Lirinel's body and head were separated.

Develania looked at the head rolling on the floor with an inexplicable expression and then quietly opened her mouth.

"...The 11th Corps Commander who cannot use magic is no different from a child in the human world."

Extremely weak and incompetent. Even if I live, I won't be able to contribute even a single hand to the battle against these monsters.

"So the commander of the 11th Corps is dead."

I turned around without any regrets. When I raised my hand to cover my mouth, the internal injuries inflicted by Lirinel's magic belatedly came out of my mouth.

It could have been a reaction to something I had been suppressing all along, but what came out was a short cough.

"Cough."

After spitting out the blood that had accumulated in his mouth, he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and

looked around. It seems that everyone is still being held captive by the Legion Commanders on Deonhardt's side. I sighed.

'...In the end, I am the only corps commander who can keep Jaykar in check.'

I'd like to rest a little, but that's not allowed on the battlefield. He snapped his fingers.

A stake made of magical power is driven into the most efficient place, regardless of the space or floor, and an invisible thread hangs loosely with Jaykar at the center.

In fact, it is very useful for performing silent attacks. By the time the other person notices something, it is usually already too late.

Moreover, since the current attack was a surprise attack by the 2nd Corps Commander, it was already too late when the 1st Corps Commander Jaykar, who was finishing up organizing all the corps, sensed something ominous.

"...done."

"...!"

Sigh!

...Before considering strength, there is something called compatibility. It was for this reason that most legion commanders were reluctant to fight Develania.

A surprise attack that could even cut off the arm of the 1st Corps commander.

Yes, Jaykar's arm flew off.

‘...I originally aimed for all four limbs.’

Just in case, I tried to cut it into very small pieces, but he avoided it all and only gave me one arm?

I thought my body had become a little rusty because I was always confined to the Demon King’s Castle, but it seems to have loosened up again after sparring with Deon Hart and experiencing actual combat. Annoying. Develania looked bored.

“Well, anyway...”

Jaykar’s gaze turns towards this direction. Looking straight into his eyes, she grinned.

“If you were the commander of the 1st Corps who lost an eye and lost an arm, wouldn’t it be worth it to fight him head-on?”

“....”

It was a provocative joke, but it wasn’t entirely wrong.

Losing an eye would have disrupted his sense of distance, and losing an arm would have caused him to lose his balance. Perhaps it would have been better if they had adapted after a long time, but in the current situation, it was natural that the corps commander, Develania, who had all four limbs intact, would have an advantage.

“...Fighting shouldn’t be done with your mouth.”

Instead of reacting to her obvious provocation, Jaykar quietly adjusted his sword.

Meanwhile, Trover, the 9th Corps commander, is still in a fierce battle with the 6th Corps commander.

“Fuck shit! “How on earth is this going?”

He was swinging his fist as hard as he could and swearing.

Deon, no, Deon Hart, wants the death of the demons on his side. What kind of bullshit is this!

I hoped it was just Develania’s rift, but even the others knew. This means it is not a lie.

“Damn it!”

Quang!

As if to prove the confusion, the sound of an ax clashing with a fist rang out eerily.

It’s unpleasant that that statement isn’t a lie, and it’s also unpleasant that I’m the only one who didn’t know this. I was swinging my fist in annoyance, and Belitan, who had been staring at me during the battle, suddenly opened his mouth.

“If you’re that angry, wouldn’t you rather stick here?”

“what?”

“If we stick here, we can take care of Deonhardt, right?”

“What is that? It must be the same for Develania, right?”

“Is it possible to kill a hero without a supporter?”

A faint laugh was heard, as if it were ridiculous.



In any case, since it is a conversation situation, the battle becomes a little looser. At this point, the voice continued without missing the opportunity, as if trying to persuade.

“If the situation is like this, the Demon Lord will step forward. “As the Demon King, I can’t just leave the enemy hero alone.”

“....”

“It means that He will move even if He is not angry because of us. “If you just stick to this side, your revenge will come naturally.”

“....”

“So how about being on our side?”

Trover neither confirmed nor denied. Instead, he muttered a curse softly.

“I feel like shit, I want to do that too.”

“...What does that mean?”

“I can’t. “I was bound by a contract.”

“Well... no wait. No way...”

“I made a mistake.”

When I heard the details of the contract at the time, I thought it would be beneficial and signed the contract without any exception clauses, in case the team would change their minds. Because of that, there is no provision such as ‘An exception will be made when Deonhardt tries to kill Trover.’

There is even no specific set price for breaking the bet, so when you bet on the right to wish in the beginning, the price you bet on with the promise that it will be answered has been followed as is.

Since he promised 'all his magical power', if he breaks the contract, he will lose all the magical energy that makes up his body. That means dying.

"Are you... an idiot?"

"...It was a mistake!"

"My mouth hurt needlessly. No, I should say I'm glad I didn't end up attracting an idiot like this. Even if I become an ally, it will only give me a headache."

"You wanna die?"

The battle became more intense again.

Nevertheless, the absurd emotion does not disappear from Belitan's face. Trover even had the same look in his eyes as if he were looking at the stupidest bastard in the world, and he growled as he struck only one part of the broken axe.

"Even if I think of another plan, I will think about killing you first."

"You can't do it with your head...!"

Kwajangchang!

The ax broke. Belitan reflexively grabbed the largest of the sharp fragments flying in all directions and let out a loud groan as a hand grabbed his neck and slammed it to the floor.

Two vicious hands grab the neck and apply force, as if they are planning to break the neck. A nervous voice was vaguely heard.

“I’m also big, but you’re so big that it’s really needless.”

“K-”

“Aren’t you really a monster, just by your appearance?”

If only I had to hold one neck with both hands...

I didn’t focus on the meaningless muttering. Belitan suddenly swung the blade fragment in his hand. Just before it hit his temple, Trover grabbed his wrist, but instead of stopping there, he kicked the opponent as if pushing him away and flew him over his head.

“Heook kolok!” Have you seen a monster you can communicate with? And that statement... is discrimination against demons.”

If you are a demon, you should be divided into classes fairly based on the logic of power, regardless of appearance.

My palms feel sore as if I have suffered a fairly deep wound from holding on tightly to the sharp fragments without a handle. However, Belitan’s neck seemed to hurt more than that, so he took a few more breaths and rushed towards Trover again.

Trover removed the threatening fragments with a flick of his wrist. Even otherwise, Belitan had no choice but to miss the fragments even with a simple punch because his wrist was injured due to the force of his grip when he was caught.

I ignored my throbbing wrist that felt like it was cracked and punched me.

bang! Kwaang!!

A loud noise that could not be believed to have been a punch rang out. The corps commanders glanced back at them and thought.

‘It’s a battle of strength against strength.’

‘It’s a battle of strength and power.’

Even though they are exchanging punches one after another in an ignorant manner without any special skills, it is even more chilling because they are doing so.

They realized that they were in the middle of a battle for a moment as their eyes were focused on the fight between the two beasts, so they turned their gaze again and focused on the enemy in front of them.

Meanwhile, Trover, who was exchanging punches, felt his opponent’s fists losing strength and his eyes lit up. Instinct was telling me. The odds were against me.

‘of course.’

Belitan is a guy who relies on weapons, and I am a pure martial arts fighter!

As I regain my composure, my mouth itches. He grinned at the other person.

“Would you like to show me a magic trick?”

“What kind of bullshit is that...”

“The magic that makes me win!”

I mustered up all my remaining strength and suddenly struck the bridge of my chin. As expected, the guy who was hit stumbles without being able to properly defend himself, as if he was quite weak. Trover didn't miss the chance and rushed in and strangled him again. The neck was too thick to break, and there were no suitable weapons nearby, so this was the only way.

He pretends to be fine, but in fact, his physical strength is at a critical point. If I don't kill it this time, I might die. I gritted my teeth and tightened my hands.

“Please! die...!!”

The opponent was just as desperate, so the struggling guy swung his fist with all his might. A menacing sound is heard cutting through the air and a fist is seen getting closer. and.

Crunchy.

As soon as I heard the sound of bones breaking under my grip, the fist stopped right next to my face.

In what feels like an eon filled with silence, my fist slowly loses its strength and soon falls. Only then was Trover able to let go of his hands that were holding the other person's neck and sit down.

“Ha... I thought I was going to die.”

I roughly wiped away the cold sweat that had dripped down.

The wind hitting my face when he threw his fist was unusual. If I had been hit, I would have probably been knocked out, and it would have been difficult to predict what

would happen next. A fight that was even worse than before began and chaos unfolded.

...anyway.

‘Now there are no enemies left...’

I turned my eyes away from what had ended and looked around.

I passed over the Dernivan guy who was fighting well with the 4th Corps commander, and the battle between the 1st and 2nd Corps commanders caught my eye.

“...what?”

A question reflexively popped out.

“What happened while I was fighting?”

What happened that caused the 1st Corps Commander to be in such a state?

To exaggerate it a bit, people are asking where the 1st Corps commander is going and what kind of rags are there.

Why are his eyes the way they are and where did he sell one of his arms? Seeing that they are having a tense fight with the 2nd Corps Commander on such a topic, it seems like they are really fierce on that side as well.

‘Anyway... the 1st Corps commander was an ally.’

Deonhardt is trying to kill us, but the enemies in the current situation are clear. Whether or not you fight those who were your allies again later, you should think about it after eliminating the immediate enemy first.

Guys like the commander of the 2nd corps, who carry out subtle surprise raids and manipulate the thread, are vulnerable to guys like me who push through force.

‘I’m in a critical state, too... but just looking at it, I’m much better than the demon who lost an eye and an arm.’

It would be better for me to step forward and deal with the 2nd corps commander first than to wait and waste time and lose the 1st corps commander. If you have the personality of the 1st Corps Commander, you will enter the battle again as soon as your physical condition recovers to a certain extent, so there is no need to win, just hold on. Even before your shift, you will be able to receive support from the 1st Corps Commander in times of danger.

Therefore, in order to end this tiresome battle, Trover entered their fight in a bad body.

“Develania! “Why don’t you just let the patient rest and fight with me?”

Develania tried to keep a stern face at the appearance of an unwelcome being.

“Are there any non-patient demons here? “You too are a patient.”

“Not all patients are the same. “I knew you were a bit sneaky, but I never thought you would be so cowardly that you would grab a critically ill patient and fight.”

“You weren’t in critical condition from the beginning, right? And where is the cowardice in fighting?”

“Let’s make noise and fight!”

“This ignorant bastard...!”

Develania’s expression crumpled. Jaykar’s expression wasn’t very good either.

“I can handle it.”

“Who said anything? I will fight only until your health recovers. “I’m not in very good shape either, so I can’t fight for long.”

“...I’ll leave it to you.”

To be honest, it was his limit, so Jaykar didn’t insist any further and instead put the sword into the scabbard on his waist and roughly leaned against a nearby rock, covering his shoulder where blood was still dripping from time to time.

Develania, who was looking at Jaykar and Trover alternately, inevitably gritted his teeth.

“You’re going to fight in shifts? Cowardly....”

“Where’s the cowardice in fighting?”

Go ahead and attack me.

Trover grinned.



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 335**

335. Before today passes (7)

To conclude.

It was easy to kill Develania. Before I knew it, Dernivan, the 5th corps commander who had killed the 4th corps commander, supported me with a bow from a distance.

In fact, it is ambiguous to say that he was killed. When Dernivan's arrow flew, D'velania, who realized that the only surviving legion commander other than himself was the Deonhard side camp, stood tall, burst out laughing, and wrapped a thread around his own neck.

"In the beginning, our forces had no expectations because there were many legions with empty positions for commanders... But there were forces on the Demon Lord's side, and I never expected that only the commanders on Deonhardt's side would survive."

"...We're not perfect either."

A quick look around shows that there isn't a single person in good condition, and Ririnel is completely dead.

"I guess so."

It is better to die here than to live and see this terrible situation.

Instead of adding anything to Trover's muttering, Develania smiled and pulled the thread. The head fell off and the life of a corps commander was cut short.

Silence fell.

When the situation seems to have settled down to some extent, 1st Corps Commander Jaykar leans against a rock. 9th Corps Commander Trover, who was scratching his head as if the quiet atmosphere was awkward, opened his mouth.

"Well... is it really over now?"

"...well."

Jaykar raised his downcast eyes.

The indifferent and calm gaze rolled over and landed over Trover's shoulder.

"At least it doesn't seem like you."

"...!"

Trover, who sensed something ominous before even understanding the meaning of the words, quickly turned around. At the same time, sharp nails tore through my shoulder.

...If I hadn't twisted my body, my neck would most likely have been torn off. I felt a chill run down my spine and glared at my attacker. A wolf came into view, its eyes shining with life.

"...Dernivan."

Now that we know that the attacker is Dernivan, there is nothing more to understand. Trover had no choice but to grit his teeth due to his persistent resentment.

“You bastard!”

It was obvious there was no need to ask why this was happening.

Oh my! What a big deal it was to kill that lowly corps commander!

“Isn’t it easy to forget about this?!”

“If it were possible, I would have forgotten about it a long time ago. “If that were the case, this wouldn’t have happened in the first place.”

Dernivan calmly checked my condition.

My physical condition is the worst and I have long since run out of arrows. Even so, the shoulder that had been pierced by the 12th Corps Commander’s spear was an obstacle to pulling the arrows, and he had already been picking up fallen arrows for a long time and recycling them.

I thought as I glanced around the surroundings, where there were no useful arrows in sight anymore.

‘It’s no problem.’

Just ignore the pain and make the arrows with magic power. Magic arrows are a ridiculous waste, but I am a demon who can’t bear to look at just one.

I plan to focus everything on the present without thinking about the future, so as long as my body has enough

strength, I can fight at close range or long distance.

Dernivan said while fiddling with the bow that had been Orel's and now was his.

"It was going to happen anyway. "You knew that it was just a postponement."

"It doesn't have to be now!"

"I felt like there would be no chance if it wasn't now."

Should I call it the sense of an animal? Dernivan vaguely thought that he should not miss this opportunity.

At the moment, there is no one left to interfere, and it is not surprising who gets killed by whom.

'If you say 'disturbance', the remaining 1st Corps commander will be caught, but...'

He glanced back at Jaykar, who was sitting in his seat. When our eyes meet, he blinks slowly a few times and then closes his eyes completely as if he doesn't want to get involved.

Dernivan turned his gaze to Trover again.

"Now is the time to settle old grudges."

"Ha, okay. "Whether you die or I die, let's give it a try."

Trover, who was convinced that he had no choice but to fight from the moment Jaykar closed his eyes, finally took his stance with a sigh.

....

The battle to kill each other went quite ugly.

It was basic to throw dirt in the eyes and hit the injured area, and when in a hurry, he even threw away his dignity as a corps commander and boldly rolled on the floor.

Dernivan paid no heed to the fact that blood was flowing from various parts of his body, including his shoulder where he had been pierced, and only focused on ensuring that his trembling arm could stably pull the string, while Trover was injured even though his body was cracked. Even though a bigger crack was forming around this area, he swung his fist with all his might without any sign of caution.

I couldn't help it. Because if you lose, you die.

If this bastard dies and that bastard dies, I have no choice but to fight with the thought that I will kill that bastard and die.

As if the battle, which felt cruel just by looking at it, had become tense, Dernivan grabbed the bow and string and tried to pull it, but as soon as he stopped, it tilted to one side.

Trover sensed something was wrong and immediately narrowed the distance and grinned.

"Why can't my arms move anymore?"

"...."

I have to lift the bow and pull the string, but my arm just trembles and won't go up any further. The bow, which was so light, felt like a rock, and the bowstring, which could be easily pulled with just a little bit of force, was as hard as if it were made of steel.

But there was no time to worry about this.

...First, you need to close the distance and deal with the approaching enemy. Dernivan hurriedly transformed his hand again and swung it towards him.

“—Tsk!”

Trover easily knocked it out and grabbed the opponent's neck.

He looked at the small but deep wounds carved all over Dernivan's body and made a mocking remark.

“Now that I think about it, you dealt with Idelia, right? “It would have been better to memorize it.”

“...!”

Dernivan's eyes wavered slightly as he belatedly realized the cause.

“It looks like he got hit not once or twice, but quite a few times. Didn't you know that his memorization was poisonous?”

There was no answer, but the expression on his face spoke volumes. I knew, but I forgot.

I guess I forgot because I was concentrating on the battle and ignoring my physical condition. Well, it's a benefit to have won this game thanks to you.

“It was a little annoying, but it was fun.”

“....”

“But what should we do with this?”

Trover raised one corner of his mouth.

“I don’t want to kill you gracefully.”

Honestly, that’s right. I wonder if I made such a big mistake that they gritted their teeth and attacked me like that.

This person’s body was greatly damaged due to the battle with Oel, and the new 5th Corps Commander is looking for an opportunity to take his life with a fire in his eyes, so it’s natural to get nervous.

So this level of anger and revenge is natural.

“There’s no need to be so nervous. It’s been a while and I don’t have the strength to torture him because I don’t have enough stamina. “If you just listen to what I say, I’ll send it to you cleanly.”

“ .... ”

“You have a cocky look in your eyes, but don’t forget that your treatment is in my hands.”

As I gently put pressure on my hand, the whistling sound became louder and a short coughing sound came out.

Trover didn’t care and just rolled his head because he didn’t apply enough force to the point of death. What kind of order is there that can insult and humiliate this guy?

I didn’t even think about the possibility that he wouldn’t accept it. Of course I will rebel. Just hearing an order would be humiliating, so it doesn’t matter whether you accept it or not.

Then suddenly, Dernivan’s dry expression caught my eye.

“Oh yeah. Since you’re going to die anyway, how about giving something fresh and fun one last time? For example...”

To put it mildly, it is a demon that is emotionless and has no facial expressions, to the point where there are rumors that it may actually have no emotions.

Even when Orel died, his expression was calm.

Trover grinned as he held Dernivan’s neck, remembering that his expression had never changed.

“Try to laugh.”

“....”

“Or try crying.”

You may frown at this unpleasant command.

Anything is fine, all you have to do is change that boring expression.

“....”

If it was natural, then was it natural? Trover’s expectations were put to nothing, and he received a uniformly boring response. Dernivan silently looked up and made eye contact with Trover.

A complete non-response to the humiliating remarks, with no anger, shame, or even a desire for survival. Although he knew that Trover could easily break his neck if he wanted to, he remained expressionless.

Trover closed his mouth for a moment, as if examining the reaction to that dry gaze, and then raised the corner of his



mouth.

“Well... okay. “I knew you would react that way.”

“...cough.”

“Still, it’s a waste to just kill him...”

Jaykar’s gaze reaches him as if asking how long he’s going to keep messing around.

Trover, who didn’t want to die before he could kill Dernivan because he knew that his body, which had been ruined while fighting with Dernivan, would end with a single slash of his sword, immediately changed the direction of his horse.

“Then, do you have any last thoughts on your life?”

“....”

“Honestly, isn’t this okay? I think I’ve conceded enough. “I plan to keep doing this until I get something.”

As if playing, he tightened and unclenched his grip on the neck and laughed.

Apart from that, his eyes are resolute as if he has no intention of backing down any further. Dernivan, who was looking at this with a dry gaze, slowly tilted his head to one side. The tightly closed lips opened and a dry voice came out.

“bruise.”

“....”

Trover’s expression became blank for a moment.

“Are you...”

Did you bark? That Dernivan? Like a dog?

When asked how I felt about life, the answer I received was the sound of a dog barking. I thought of so many answers and reactions, but I never thought I would come up with an answer that goes beyond all of these.

He looked at Dernivan with his eyes wide open, as if he had forgotten what to say, and slowly raised his free hand to cover his face.

“Foot.”

The corner of his mouth that had not been hidden under his palm went up as if it were torn.

“Fuhahaha! Ahahahaha!!”

Who knew that this dull guy could be such a fun guy. It’s a shame that I have to die here.

“Puhhhhh... Oh really....” I

laughed like crazy and it seems like my hands got stronger without me realizing it. Trover smiled brightly as he made eye contact with Dernivan, whose eyes were bloodshot and strangled.

And says:

Instead of relaxing the hand on my neck, I tightened it more and more, as if I was going crazy with fun.

“You are the best, Dernivan.”

Crack.

....

My body no longer moves, as if I have exhausted all my strength. I might be able to move again if I rest a bit... but there's no way that guy will just leave me alone until then.

Trover rolled his eyes to the side as he looked at Dernivan's helpless body in front of him. I saw someone's shadow slowly getting closer.

"Is it my turn to die now?"

Stand tall. The shadow stopped walking.

"okay."

"...."

I didn't feel betrayed again. It was revealed that Deonhardt wanted them dead, and I found out about those who knew this but remained silent, and I thought that the fight would not end even after this battle. It was not difficult to predict that even if only the 'ally' remained, they would try to kill each other to achieve a perfect ending.

Without bothering to turn around, I spoke to the shadow behind me.

"It's a bit disappointing. "If I had just moved my body, I would have at least rebelled."

Still, I feel relieved that I killed the annoying guy who was trying to take my life, so I guess I should be satisfied with this.

"Anyway... what are you going to do after you kill me?"

"...In the demon world, disability is fatal."

One eye and one arm.

Among the corps commanders, Jaykar suffered irreversible injuries while dealing with the particularly strong 7th corps commander and the particularly difficult 2nd corps commander. Even when compared to other corps commanders who have already died, the one who is still alive is in more tatters, so the seriousness of it is obvious without needing to elaborate.

“aha.”

Trover chuckled lowly.

“Are you going to kill yourself?”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 336**

336. Before today passes (8)

It's perfect. It's exactly the kind of ending Deon Hart would like.

How can things work so tightly according to the human will? He looked away with a crooked face. The sound of blood dripping from a bare shoulder is clearly resounding, but a shadow appears in one corner of the eye, standing tall and holding a sword in one hand, as if that is no obstacle.

Trover let out a chuckle as if he was listening.

"I'm a bit sorry about this. "I don't want to go back to that person's wishes."

"...."

"Well... the loser has no choice anyway, so it's not something I can say."

"...."

"Then kill me now."

There is nothing more to say. Basically, since I have a desire for life, I can't help but feel regret, but I didn't say anything

about it because I had a clear understanding of the situation.

The other person has already made up his mind and my body no longer moves. Even if you talk loudly, nothing will change.

He just said.

“You took enough time to waste it.”

“...okay.”

Jaykar swung his sword.

....

It's over.

Faced with the lifeless body in front of him, Jaykar stumbled for a moment, then stuck his sword in the ground and sat down as if leaning on it, using it as a cane. My tense body was having difficulty maintaining balance.

There was silence for a moment.

“...Then this time...”

He slowly pursed his lips to drive out the silence.

Jaykar blinked slowly. The unwavering eyes announced the end faster than the mouth could.

“It's my turn to die.”

As I told Trover, I have no intention of living.

Jaykar had nothing he wanted to do or anything he needed to do. No matter what you try to do anyway, the severity of the injury will only hinder you. He completely shook off lingering regrets that never existed in the first place.

“It is better to die than to survive and get to the bottom of the demon world.”

The demon world returns to the logic of power. In such a place, disability would be fatal, and the fall of the esteemed commander of the 1st Corps would become very good prey for all demons. Even if there are other demons in the same situation, they will be trampled even more.

Even if I die, I have no intention of going through something like that.

“So don’t worry about Lyrinel and just relax.”

He spoke to the body of the 11th Corps commander, whose neck and head were separated from each other.

“Because I definitely intend to die.”

Like Dernivan, Jaykar was unperturbed even though he knew that Deon Hardt wanted the death of ‘all’ Legion commanders, including me. I had no regrets.

When asked about the reason for his cooperation, he mentioned my twin, who was born in the same litter as me and became the leader of the race, to Deon Hardt, but that was just a gimmick. He came to the Demon King’s Castle with the thought that he would be satisfied as long as he died fighting, so whatever reason he gave. Because in the end, I live according to my greed. With difficulty, I raised one knee, maintained my balance, and pulled out my sword.

“Then I’ll go first.”

Jaykar turned the tip of his sword without hesitation and aimed it at himself.

Another eerie sound added to the quiet space.

“....”

In the terrible silence that had come again, the space began to slightly tremble around the place where Lirinel’s body was.

It was such a small ripple that no one would have noticed if it were a melee. However, its range is wide enough to cover the entire battlefield. If a fellow demon had seen it, they would have opened their mouths and said it was nonsense magic.

After a brief, almost instantaneous tremor, Lyrinel, whose body and head were separated, appeared completely fine, stood up. He calmly brushes off his messed up clothes and speaks in a muttering tone.

“...Should I call him the commander of the 1st Corps?”

It’s great that you noticed hallucination magic.

Contrary to what others thought, Lirinel lived. The only people who noticed this were 2nd Corps Commander Develania and 1st Corps Commander Jaykar.

It’s not that Develania’s last attack wasn’t threatening. In fact, it was the opposite. If I had thought and moved as usual, I would most likely have died.

‘But this time.’



Because she could not die until she had perfectly carried out Deon's orders, Lirinél made a bold decision and moved in that short moment.

When Develania pulled the thread and cut off her hair, the mission that was reminded of her forced her to live by saying that she must become the last corps commander standing. That's what I thought at the time.

'I can't die fighting Develania.'

But if I were alive, she would keep attacking until one of them dies.

So I cast a large-scale hallucination spell.

It is not possible to cast hallucination magic on these many people one by one, but in an area-type manner. The entire space called the battlefield was turned into a stage for hallucination.

Then, he created an illusion Lyrinel where I was, and I left the place with magic for a while, then returned as soon as the attack was over and added the illusion. In the process, all the magical energy was lost, so only the basic magical energy that makes up the body remained, which increased the reality of the hallucination.

...Develania was not fooled, though.

[...The 11th Corps Commander who cannot use magic is no different from a child in the human world.] [

So the 11th Corps Commander is dead.]

It was surprising that they turned a blind eye.

Like she said, it's probably because there's not much I can do since I can't use magic. Because the 11th Corps commander, Ririnel, fought using magic rather than using his body.

"...Still, if you deal with a corps commander who is injured and unable to move, the surprise attack could be successful."

It is quite possible to hold a small weapon and stab it. You can also attack with tentacles without having to use a weapon.

Lirinel, who realized that D'Vellania had not known about this for a moment and that it was just a final consideration for the small corps commander with whom she had once been acquainted, let out a dull sigh and looked around.

There was no time to get lost in sentimentality.

'It's definitely over.'

The only remaining demon is himself.

Finally, Deon's wishes were fulfilled. Not now, but it will happen soon.

It would be a good idea to tell this to Deon. It would be great if this gave him confidence and enabled him to move with peace of mind.

"Communication seat..."

Lirinel, who had been searching through her arms, stopped.

I lost everything in the chaos. It would have fallen in the middle of the battlefield and been trampled here and there,

so it would have been reduced to dust by now. I rolled my eyes.

‘As for the other corps commanders...’

...there doesn’t seem to be any need to search through their belongings. I’ve been stabbed and cut all over my body and my clothes are all tattered, so where on earth can I store the communication stone? The corps commanders even exchanged punches, so even if they had remained in their arms, they would have all been shattered.

‘If I had any magic left, I would have contacted you with magic... but I don’t have any magic left.’

...No, no. There is something just right.

It’s magical power that I can use because I have to die anyway.

Without hesitation, Lirinel used the magic power of her body to make one-way contact with Deon Hardt’s mind.

“Daeon, all the commanders except me are dead.”

Usually, demons cannot easily use the magic power that forms their bodies even when their death is certain. Because it gives a more primal fear than taking one’s own life.

A fear that felt as if I was risking everything, my soul, my very existence.

However, because the thought of not being able to leave Deonhardt in an anxious state took priority over such things, Lirinel had a calm smile on her lips.

“I will die soon too. “This contact right now is a magic using the magic power that makes up my body.”

Everything went according to Deon’s wishes.

“therefore.”

I feel my body slowly falling apart.

Lirinel didn’t care and smiled a bright smile that could never be reached in a place where no one was watching.

The purest voice evoked the most cruel words from some people.

“Be happy.”

\*\*\*

And.

“ .... ”

Deonhardt heard that terrible curse.

The blood that seemed to rise no further began to stir and raise the water level. The liquid that had swallowed up to my collarbone was putting oppressive pressure on my chest.

I pretended like nothing was wrong and slowly walked down the mountain path I had once entered as if running away. The background of the falling snow was truly terrible.

Wade through the blood, cross the border, enter the demon world, and walk along a clean, unobstructed path. He thought as he walked tirelessly toward his last remaining goal.

‘The human world collapsed and the corps commander died.’

As a result, the possibility of the demon world taking advantage of the weakened human world to devour it has significantly decreased. Because the commander of the corps who was to be the center has disappeared.

‘You may wonder whether they all had to be killed, but...’

In the history of the human world, has there been no one who unintentionally played a leading role in the rebellion? There are people who sit on the throne by someone else’s will even though they did not want it.

Being the center is often something you don’t have to want. As a corps commander, even if the Demon King dies, he will play a great role as the new center. The demons will gather around the corps commander, and they will most likely reach out to the human world, which is now in a good state to eat.

‘You’ll never see good things from demons.’

As he once thought, Deonhardt would never see those born from enemies gain an advantage.

The reason the human world was destroyed was to ruin the world, not for the sake of the demons. Therefore, it was necessary to reduce the power of the demons as much as the power of the human world.

‘Of course, other demons could unite as the center, but that’s okay.’

There are no tigers and no wolves. Even if a fox were to rule in a place like that, it would still be a fox.

The human world will be able to survive on its own without any help from this side.

...Honestly, if they took measures to this extent, wouldn't they have to endure it on their own? As a human being who attacked the human world, he thought he had fulfilled his last conscience, so he stopped thinking about it and just kept walking.

After walking along a clean path without any monsters, I saw the Demon King Castle.

\*\*\*

One day, the Demon King thought.

Heroes are born to kill the devil.

The Demon King is born to kill heroes.

So what happens if the hero and the demon king become one side?

\*\*\*

'...That can't be possible.'

This is a ridiculous idea. How could the world do such a stupid thing? The Demon King chuckled.

The world knew. One day, Deonhardt will aim his sword at the Demon King.

And the Demon King, who knew full well that the world was hell-bent on killing him and even wanted to break the bond between the warrior and the Demon King, was convinced the moment Deonhardt became a warrior.

‘Someday he will try to kill me.’

So now the devil waited.

I infuse the demon soldiers with what little magical power I have left and send them to settle down the surviving human kingdoms, hoping that a warrior with a sharp sword will come and kill me.

“...You look good.”

“is it?”

The Fairy King sitting across the table narrowed his eyes, as if feeling uncomfortable with his nonchalant attitude.

Be that as it may, the Demon King leisurely swept down his teacup and glanced at the heads of each race sitting around the table. For some reason, after sending in the troops for the final battle, I noticed the shameless faces of these guys who visited every day and had tea time.

Although the unprecedented situation may have been embarrassing, he was unfazed.

Because I felt like I knew the purpose.

“Maybe it’s because it’s fun to come here every day and leave without much gain.”

“...!”

They must be waiting for the hero to come here.

To be more precise, they are waiting for you to come ‘to kill the Demon King.’

‘Naughty things.’

The Demon King narrowed his eyes.



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 337**

337. Before today passes (9),

the leader of the fairy tribe, who has hit the nail on the head, holds the tea with his mouth shut, and the leader of the mermaid tribe averts his gaze. As if the awkward atmosphere was bothering him, the Dwarf leader cleared his throat and changed the topic.

“Are you using it well then? “The one that came to me suddenly, put in a request, and practically replaced me to make it.”

“...ah.”

A necklace that hides magical power.

The Demon King lightly brushed his clothes over his chest where the necklace would be and smiled.

“of course. “It’s very useful.”

“That’s a good thing!”

“It will become useless sooner or later.”

“...?”

It's not that it's no longer needed, it's that it's becoming useless? A doubt appeared on the dwarf leader's face.

'It's not like it's going to break...'

There's no way an item made by a 'Dwarf leader' could easily lose its function. It looks like the necklace has not been passed on to someone else, but is being used by the Demon King himself. That means...

—Tak.

“!”

The sound of a teacup being set down broke my thoughts.

When I suddenly came to my senses and looked at the place where the noise came from, I saw the Demon King smiling in my direction. It was clearly a smile with a warning meaning.

just as expected.

“Sometimes knowing too much can be a shortcut to shortening your lifespan.”

“...that's bloody.”

At the clear warning, the dwarf leader shook his head and erased the assumptions that had come to his mind.

Okay, I know what to use this for. It's all just useless curiosity. It is a ridiculous assumption to begin with.

'No matter what, there's no way the Demon King's magic power will run out.'

The opponent is the 'Devil King'.

...Anyway, thanks to that, I was able to get away from an uncomfortable topic of conversation. For some reason, I feel like I'm the only one who has become a lot more uncomfortable by changing the conversation in a situation where everyone was slightly uncomfortable, but whatever.

Fortunately, the topic from earlier seemed to have been just thrown around, and the Demon King lightly tilted his car and raised his eyes to look at the Fairy King. There was a mixture of interest and playfulness in the way he looked at the other person, as if something had occurred to him.

"Now that I think about it... I don't know if you know."

"?"

"Oh, I guess it's natural not to know. "Anyway, it's the devil's business."

"What do you want to say?"

The head of the fairy clan frowns slightly at the approaching ominousness. In contrast, the eyes filled with anger were brightly curved. It was ominous.

"The 1st Corps Commander is going to die."

"...."

"Maybe he's already dead."

Clink.

A cracking sound rang out. At the same time, the eyes of all the leaders present gathered in one place.

The head of the fairy tribe, who was looking at the shattered fragments in the center of the gaze of those who could

never be allies, let out a short exclamation, 'Ah', as if he belatedly recognized the gaze. Then, he slowly raised his gaze and faced the Demon King.

"I made a mistake."

Unlike making an unsuitable mistake, his face was expressionless, not much different from usual.

There are probably a lot of things I want to ask, but I never say them out loud. As the leader in charge of a race, it was clearly visible that he was trying not to show his agitation, so the demon king raised the corners of his mouth and pretended to be generous.

"It was nothing. "I know very well that you will not apologize to the origin of the filthy race even if you die, so there is no need to say that."

"...."

"Rather, how about asking a question about the 1st Corps commander? "Don't you have a lot of questions?"

"...That's funny."

Resolving the disturbance was quick.

As if he had been shaken at some point, he snorted proudly, regaining the arrogance typical of a leader of a noble race who reads the flow of the world.

It was a little surprising that my twin brother, who had held the position of commander of the 1st Corps, had died, but that was all.

“There is no need to ask. “He was a guy who did whatever he wanted from start to finish.”

Among the words spoken by the shamans of the human world, there is one word that would be appropriate to apply to my brother.

Killing star. Since they were twins, something must have gone wrong, but even before he became a demon, he was drawn to slaughter. It may be an unsuitable statement for someone who is sensitive to the flow of the world, but perhaps it was fate that he became a demon.

Even if he became a demon, he would not leave and was willing to support him by his side, even if it meant overturning all opposition, but he headed toward the demon world as if he had been waiting. It was an action that completely ignored the words of the brother who would be left alone. therefore.

“This time too, I guess I lived the way I wanted to.”

Probably so.

Otherwise, there’s no point in abandoning your brother.

Ugly guy. Dirty bastard. It’s like a shame for the race. The Fairy King spoke calmly, trying to control the uncomfortable feelings inside him.

“Why should I even ask a question about a guy like that?”

“For saying that, I’m clenching my fist right now.”

“....”

“Well, what you said isn’t entirely wrong.”

Let's try to make what's already painful a little more painful.

Even if that wasn't the case, I was bored so I just threw a tantrum. I also wanted to shake up this arrogant and unlucky guy.

How will the Fairy King react after hearing this? The Demon King clenched his chin and rolled his eyes.

"He was really unruly. "He betrayed me."

"...what?"

"From one day on, he started visiting Deon Hart often. "I stood on the side of the hero, not the devil."

"...You made that assurance just for that reason? "It seems like a big leap."

right. It's a leap.

But what's wrong with that? As long as the purpose of this conversation is to kill time and shake the other person up, that doesn't really matter.

"Shouldn't a monarch look into the other person's eyes and know whether they are on my side or not?"

"...."

"It's a joke, I'm the 'Devil King'. He is the master of ten thousand demons. Even though we cannot monitor all the demons in the demon world, we are always watching the movements of major demons such as the corps commander. Especially if it happens within the Demon King's Castle."

Of course it's a lie.

Why do I have to monitor the movements of ants? No matter who is on whose side, they end up being ants.

It was just something I could see and my experience could only read it.

“In that sense, my faithful 1st Corps commander definitely sided with the warrior. What’s even funnier is the reason. “Want to guess what it is?”

“...It’s not like you didn’t hear what I said a moment ago. “I’m sure there’s nothing to ask...”

“But it’s still good to know, right? “It has something to do with you.”

“ ....”

“Shall I tell you the answer?”

From here on, it is a complete fabrication and speculation.

Although nothing was certain, the shameless demon king smiled carelessly at the man who could not ask questions due to his pride.

“Because ‘at that time’ you wanted to save the hero.”

“ ....”

“I don’t need to explain when, you know, right?”

...When the vampire leader stormed into the Demon King’s Castle to kill Deonhardt.

At the gathering of all the corps commanders, the Fairy King clearly stopped her. In other words, I am the cause.

The devil's voice poured over him, who was frozen as if he had been stabbed by a knife.

"Given your nature, you must have judged that there was no way you would save someone who is not of your own race for no reason. "You must have thought that there must be a purpose, and as a result, your thoughts continued to the point that your purpose will be achieved only if the hero lives and fulfills his role."

"...."

"I guess you sided with the hero in order to preserve his life until he can fulfill his role and to shorten the time until your 'purpose' is achieved."

"...Why is it connected to Jaykar's death?"

"Because the warrior wishes for the death of 'all' corps commanders. "Since I cooperated with that guy, wouldn't he also die when he's done his job?"

"...That's funny."

It's so ridiculous that it's almost speechless.

Unlike the words, the low-set eyes slowly move downward without any sharp emotions. With his eyes fixed on the table, the Fairy King muttered quietly.

"You're using me as an excuse."

Hypocrite bastard.

"In the end, it's right to live the way you want until the end."

"I wonder why you say that."



“Whether it was for me or for the clan, the goal was ultimately to fight and die.”

This is not a guess, it is a certainty.

I hate to admit it, but the Fairy King knew my twin brother well. He was that kind of guy.

“So there’s nothing to worry about here.”

“....”

“...I’ll tell you now. Don’t try to shake me up with useless words, devil. It’s just a waste of time anyway. “I’m not free enough to care about people who aren’t even my clan.”

Instead of answering, the Demon King smiled proudly.

Then, his expression suddenly relaxed and he turned his head. After staring at an empty space for a moment as if he was looking at something, he blurted out in an extremely light tone the words the leaders had been waiting for.

“A guest has arrived.”

“...!”

There was no one here who did not know the meaning of those words.

After briefly exchanging glances with the mermaid tribe leader, the fairy tribe leader pushed his chair forward and stood up.

“Then I guess I’ll just have to go.”

“I have something to prepare too.”

“Judging by the atmosphere, tea time ends here. “I’ll go back too.”

“....”

The vampire leader, who had been sitting with an uninterested face the entire time, glanced at the demon king with a strange look and then left without saying a word. The dwarf leader also left his seat, and the fairy leader who seemed to want to say something also paused and returned to his territory. Go back to The leader of the mermaid tribe, who was taking a dip in a small pond located on one side, looked back at the demon king for a moment.

The lips that were almost speechless soon formed a sentence.

“...I hope you can achieve what you wish for.”

“aha.”

I understand what the Fairy King failed to say. The Demon King let out a blatant sneer.

“So your species will benefit?”

“....”

“Try not to express gratitude for the good fortune you gave me. “Go now.”

\*\*\*

Deon calmly passed the gatekeepers guarding the demon castle gate and walked away, humming a tune. It was funny to see the demons acting loyal to me while showing doubts about my coming alone, as if they hadn’t heard the news

yet, but I didn't bother to reveal the truth because it was an obvious benefit.

'Let's change clothes first.'

Clothes that are wet and stick to each other are really annoying. It will most likely impede movement.

Since I couldn't go against the devil and no one else without taking any losses from the start, I was busily moving towards my room in the inner room to change my clothes, when I saw a familiar face out of the corner of my vision.

It was a face so familiar that there was no need to try to remember its identity.

'...Ben Ed.'

Deon stopped in place as soon as he made eye contact with them.

"...."

"...."

The eyes of the demon who was the attending physician and the demon who was the assistant turned towards this direction.

Judging by the atmosphere, it doesn't seem like he came out to meet me normally and he seems to know something. Or that I had a hunch.

Nevertheless, the shaking eyes, as if unable to decide how to act, are quite dangerous. Deon met his gaze as if he was contemplating whether to approach right away or not, but then turned his head away, pretending not to see him.

Ed hesitantly opened his mouth to his former superior who was calmly passing by me, but...

“De....”

“Master Deon.”

He had to be silenced again by the commander of the 3rd corps, who blocked his way with about half of the 3rd corps remaining in the Demon King's Castle.

Without even casting a glance at Ed, Deon looked up at Ashild. Unlike usual, Ashild opened his mouth with a stern expression without trying to gauge the meaning of the gaze.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 338**

338. Before today passes (10)

“Where are you going?”

“In my room. “I want to change some clothes.”

The red eyes that read the warning in the other person's eyes contract with a faint sense of death. Aside from that, Deon waved his clothes soaked in blood and rainwater with a nonchalant expression.

My eyes fell on the fluttering collar, and for a moment, a firm voice came back, as if I was not going to let it go.

“Are you here alone?”

“however. Do you have any problem?”

“...It's been a while since I heard the news of each castle's victory, but I haven't been able to contact the other corps commanders. May I ask why you came alone?”

“no.”

“ .... ”

“ .... ”

Oh my god. Ed, who was being led away by Ben's hand, looked shocked. The same was true for Ben, who managed to keep his composure.

'What on earth were you thinking, Deon, giving that answer...!'

How could anyone not know when he says it so openly and crookedly?

All the demons here must have noticed. Deonhardt is connected in a bad way due to the loss of contact with the corps commanders.

'no way.'

'Daeon...?'

As expected, the surrounding demons noticed the unusual situation and retreated.

In a sharp atmosphere, wary glances are exchanged between the warrior and the 3rd Corps commander. Ashild spoke with a stern face, one hand on the weapon.

"Please answer me. "This is a very important question."

"why. "Is this one answer the difference between whether I am an enemy or an ally?"

"...Idelia said something."

There was something she said when she secretly visited me before leaving.

"I told you to be on guard if Deon returns alone or brings only forces that are extremely friendly to him."

That was based on the possibility that Deonhardt was an enemy. No, I was almost certain.

[I'm saying this because you are the only one left in the Demon King's Castle, but if Deon returns alone or brings only extremely friendly forces, such as the 11th Legion Commander, it would be better to be on guard. There is a 9 out of 10 chance that they are going to kill the Demon King.]

[...What?]

[The Royal Guard is not planning on letting the enemy reach the Demon King without any hindrance, right?] [

No, wait....]

At that time, Ashild suddenly became dumbfounded by the shocking information he received. And soon, he read more shocking information there and looked dumbfounded.

[Then you, Idelia.]

If we interpret the two assumptions she mentioned differently, it means that Deonhardt returns alive alone or only to extremely friendly forces.

So what about Idelia, who follows the Demon King as thoroughly as I do?

'....'

Ashild knew her well as they had been fighting for a long time. I had no choice but to understand it clearly in order not to fall for her, who enjoyed using clever tactics.

Therefore, I knew that Idelia was on the Demon King's side without a doubt, and I was confident that what she said was

not nonsense.

‘That guy is not a demon who would talk nonsense in a place like this.’

Moreover, he is not the kind of guy who would secretly visit his enemy, the corps commander, and pull off such serious pranks.

“So, let me ask you again.”

Even though I clearly heard the last question about my safety, the image of him turning away without answering flashes through my mind. Ashild held the handle of his greatsword tightly and slowly opened his mouth.

“Daeon... is he an enemy?”

“....”

Instead of answering right away, Deon looked at the other person for a moment.

Edelia. The familiar name that comes out of the other person’s mouth awakens sleeping memories. He was one of the quick-witted corps commanders who was wary of me. It is not strange that this arrangement was left behind.

‘And... he was the guy who told Dan to pull out his tongue.’

When I thought about it, I realized that he was someone who pretended not to be and was annoying in many ways.

Of course, he’s dead now. I hope that death was not a peaceful kind.

Organizing my thoughts was quick. As if to announce the end of the short silence, the red eyes that held Ashild



became even more beautiful.

“Why do you ask when you’re already sure?”

“...Then I guess I’m planning on going to attack the Demon King from now on.”

“that’s right.”

“The 3rd Corps plays the role of the personal guard that protects the Demon King.”

“ ....”

“So you can’t pass.”

At some point, its nature changed and it became more of an attacker than a defender, but in the end, the basis of the 3rd Corps is the ‘guard’. That’s why Ashild drew his weapon against the hero even though he knew he would die.

A great sword boasting terrifying majesty was aimed at Deon Hart.

“I give this order as the commander of the 3rd Corps. From this moment on, we define Deonhardt, who seeks to harm the Demon King, as our enemy.”

“ ....”

“Let all the demons in the castle know about this and prevent him from reaching the demon king.”

Among those who were dumbfounded at the scene unfolding before their eyes, someone hurriedly took out a communication seat. Deon, who was quietly watching this, turned to the 3rd Legion members and Ashild who were pointing their weapons at me.

The eyes scanned each face and then focused on Ashild again, and a relaxed voice that did not fit the situation came out.

“So, you wanted to spar with me before.”

It was really difficult back then.

I mustered up the courage to refuse, but he thought he refused because he was afraid he might kill me by mistake, so I said I would build up my skills to the point where I wouldn't die easily and ask for another sparring match.

“I guess the moment has come now.”

“....”

“Have you worked hard to develop your skills?”

It wouldn't take much skill to avoid being killed by a hero. There are even cards here that can turn the situation to your advantage. Deon lightly brushed the epaulettes attached to his shoulders as if checking them, and raised the corners of his mouth as if mocking them.

Ashild did not answer but looked back at his subordinates.

“Fall off and surround Deonhart.”

“All right.”

“It would be best to get far enough away to not get caught up in battle. Because I will do the fighting. “You just have to prepare for any emergency.”

He knows better than anyone else that even if he is a corps commander, he is no match for a warrior. However, if he

was going to step down for just that reason, he wouldn't have become the '3rd Corps Commander' in the first place.

Maybe it's because of the pressure of the other person being a hero, but a similar feeling as when crossing over to the human world makes the body become slightly dull. But right now, it was too much to focus on just Deon Hart, so Ashild swung his great sword without hesitation.

....

Deonhardt's epaulettes contain an amulet. An amulet that imposes restrictions on opposing demons when they cross the border and enter the human world.

This was originally created so that the warrior's companions could more easily deal with the demons, and the purpose was to ultimately make it easier for the hero to reach the demon king without interference. There is no way that the corps commander, who is one of the obstacles on the road to the Demon King, will be able to withstand a hero who possesses such an amulet.

Ashild could not hold out for long and quickly collapsed. One of the reasons for the quick defeat was that Deon, who checked the position of the moon mid-battle, pushed harder.

'...It's a mess.'

As I took a breath and raised my head, I could see the completely devastated surroundings, even though the battle had been fought under restrictions.

Well, how can you be fine when that great sword is swung with such force that it can even cut through space? Honestly, I didn't break anything in this mess. Ashild destroyed everything. When the great sword I dodged

accurately swept away the items on the stall, I thought it was intentional.

Was there some kind of resentment in the Demon King's Castle...?

'If the devil sees me, I'll feel a little sick.'

No, you can just ignore it and say it doesn't matter.

'It's none of my business either way.'

I erased my thoughts and pulled out the dagger stuck in the guy's heart. I could see him not letting go of his great sword until the very end.

Those words just came out of nowhere.

"...a poisonous bastard."

Even though it was fought in a situation where there was no choice but to win, it was a very difficult battle. It wasn't the weapons or fighting style that were difficult, but the tenacity and poison. As a result, I suffered minor injuries all over my body.

It ended at a minor level thanks to the corps commander being on his guard, otherwise there were injuries that would have been dangerous.

...I glanced down at the wound that was still bleeding.

'It looks like the great sword is loaded with magic...'

Or maybe it's a unique ability.

Wounds heal slowly. I wonder if I should have fought while paying more attention to injuries, but if I had, it would have

been difficult to shorten the time, so it would be better to be satisfied with this.

In fact, if you think about how he moved without thinking about his body during the battle with the heroes, he must have been very careful just to watch out for injuries, so even if he goes back, nothing will change.

‘I heard it was tricky as expected.’

In fact, Ashild’s weapons and fighting style were simple, but his persistent attack in a way that threatened to kill him together...

stopped the flow of thoughts.

Deon’s red eyes rolled to the side and as soon as he could see something, he immediately leaned his upper body back. Next, a large sword grazed right in front of his neck.

“Deon Hart...!”

The anger of the corps members who had lost their superiors was pouring out in this direction.

Deon, who flexibly avoided the spot by recoiling his body as much as possible, glanced at the sky, faced those who were glaring at him, and said with a shocked expression on his face.

“If you don’t attack, I’m willing to just pass by.”

“dog sound!”

“...I can’t help it.”

In the end, I have no choice but to kill them all.

I understand how they feel, but that cannot take priority over my position. The dagger was spinning in a sea of blood.

...Blood rose up to my neck.

Deon looked down.

How much is real and how much is fake? For a moment, useless questions crossed my mind.

‘I guess it doesn’t matter anymore.’

I walked away again, filling the quiet space with humming sounds. The corpses of numerous demons were hit by my feet, but I didn’t care.

There were a lot of stupid people who rushed at me, so I killed them again and again. Because of that, among the demons around, there were no survivors...

“Master Deon...”

...there were 0 survivors.

I turned my head, pretending not to see Ben approaching cautiously carrying a visitation bag, and Ed pacing nearby with a worried look on his face.

The two demons, who vaguely sensed the meaning of that action, stopped in their tracks. Ben looked at the wound with a lingering look on his face.

“No matter what, it would be better to heal your wounds and then leave....”

I know that there is nothing good about being involved with Deon Hardt now. So even now, instead of talking directly, I’m mumbling as if I’m talking to myself.

If you even talk to him, you will be seen as being on the same side and you will be killed by those who follow the Demon King. Even if you don't mix it up, Deon Hardt will look like you're on the same side just by looking at this side and passing by.

As Deonhardt, he won't be able to stop the threat coming towards us, so it would be best to just pass by and pretend not to see it. Yes, I know what he means.

But still.

"The wound was caused by the commander's magic, so recovery will be slow..."

"...."

"Treatment..."

"...."

It was inevitable that I would have regrets.

As I was repeatedly trying to rush out due to my beliefs as a doctor, but stopped due to Deon's will, I heard a low voice as if whispering.

"it's okay."

"...!"

A whisper so faint that I thought it might be an auditory hallucination. But judging from Ed's reaction, it seems he didn't hear wrong.

Ben suddenly looked up at the reaction of the guy who raised his head in shock, but Deon had already left.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 339**

### 339. The Last Hero and the Last Demon King (1)

Deon, who left faster than ever, stopped by his own room instead of going straight to meet the Demon King as he had said in his conversation with Ashild. I expected an armed conflict to break out in the process, but surprisingly, no one blocked my way until I reached the room.

As I entered the building without hesitation and crossed the hallways, I did not encounter a single demon. I definitely made eye contact with the employees and soldiers guarding key areas here and there. Deon did not miss the way their shoulders were shaking as they hurriedly avoided eye contact.

‘It seems like they know that I am the enemy...’

Unless there was a problem with the communication system, the news would have been delivered long ago, so it would be natural.

Is it a case of strong self-respect here too? If you don't touch it first, it seems to just pass by, and if you attack it, it won't be a match for you, so it seems like you just pretend not to see it.

‘Well, no one wants to die.’



In times like these, the Demon World is convenient. Doesn't the habit of crouching down to avoid being trampled by the strong appear here as well?

Deon calmly opened the familiar door. And as I was about to step in, I stopped.

“...”

I couldn't step in easily and looked at the inside of the room for a moment with a reluctant expression on my face.

The red-stained room is reflected in the red eyes. Deon calmly went inside and closed the door slightly, leaving a gap of about a finger's length. Then, after making sure the window was open, I took off my clothes according to my intended purpose.

The large demons that had wandered near my room knew that they were not left in the demon castle, so they did not pay attention to the slightly open door.

Soon after, Deon changed his clothes and stood in front of the mirror. The mirror I saw after a long time showed a young man neatly dressed in black clothes and with an unknown expression.

The young man awkwardly raised his hand and brushed off his 'neat' clothes.

“...It's okay.”

The buttons weren't wrong and the clothes weren't wrinkled.

Is it because there are no people around to accept the childish light anymore? Starting from the Knights of Lofty to

Ed Dan, the Count's servants. The clumsy clothes-making skills that kept many people's hands busy seemed to have evaporated somewhere, giving a somewhat awkward feeling, but the mirror showed a neat and tidy outfit with nothing in particular to criticize.

The gaze that lightly scanned the entire body landed on the shoulder.

'The epaulettes... I did attach them for now.'

I don't think it would be particularly useful.

What is contained here is an amulet that imposes 'restrictions upon entering the human world through the border'. In the first place, a demon lord who cannot go to the human world through the border would be outside the scope of the assumption.

For the time being, I wore an epaulet containing an 'amulet that suppresses the opponent's use of magic' that Dan seemed to have prepared just in case, but this too would be of no use. Even the magic suppressing force installed with great preparation is useless in front of the demon lord himself, so how can a simplified piece of amulet be of any help?

'The battle between the hero and the demon lord cannot be influenced by a tool like this.'

If that were possible, it would have been a fight that relied on all kinds of tools and equipment. It's not that past warriors were stupid and ignorantly clashed with their raw bodies.

Deon turned around.

‘I’ll go soon... ah.’

I was about to leave, but suddenly I recognized white hair flowing here and there in the corner of my vision and stopped.

If it were a normal situation, I wouldn’t have cared, but this time, my opponent was the Demon Lord. Thinking that his hair, which had grown to cover all of his wing bones, would interfere with his battle, Deon played with the ends of his hair and found a hair tie.

....

The warrior stopped at the training ground and picked up various weapons, awakened his senses, and moved in the direction where he could sense his nemesis.

The location is....

‘Central Garden?’

\*\*\*

[The hero and the demon king are proof that this world is immature.]

In that sense, this world that chose the wrong hero seems to be experiencing severe growing pains. Well, it’s all a matter of self-employment.

The Demon King lazily picked up the tea, recalling the last sentence of a book he had once written. The traces of guests coming and going were cleared away, and a car for a new guest was placed across from him.

‘It’s coming.’

The inherent sense of detecting the presence of an old enemy tells you that he is coming this way. Even without this sense, I could feel the death from afar, so I drew a smile that seemed almost invisible to the devil.

‘Life is unique.’

I don’t know how to live with detachment. Aren’t these two conflicting energies?

The energy that was getting closer stopped for a moment at the entrance to the central garden, and then the door opened. One day, the scent of blood that could not be erased poured into the greenhouse that the Demon King had filled with flowers from the human world for Deonhart’s mental health.

“The teacher has finally arrived.”

It really took a long time.

The Demon King calmly put down his teacup and looked up. In addition to the various weapons I had taught so far, a warrior was standing in front of me, equipped with a long sword.

When I saw the person in front of me who was shouting with his whole body that he was going to kill me, my eyes widened with anger.

“They brought a lot of weapons.”

“ .... ”

“If you had only seen the shadow, you would have thought that the dead 8th Corps commander had come back alive.”

As for the 8th Corps commander...

Deon thought of Hel, the naive corps commander he had eliminated using Stigma Primiro. His adjutant also died there.

A light voice drove away my brief thoughts.

“Anyway, welcome. “This might be the last time we see each other like this, so how about we talk for a while?”

The Demon King points to the seat across from him as if offering him a seat. Of course, Deon didn’t sit down.

His gaze, which was looking at the warrior standing on guard, notices the wound on his cheek and moves down to cover the entire area. The Demon King, who discovered a wound that couldn’t be covered by his clothes, slowly got up from his seat and approached him.

A slow movement as if to indicate that there is no intention to harm. Deon stood still as if he was going to wait and see and followed his every move with his eyes.

A hand reached out to my face.

“Is this what the commander of the 3rd Corps said?”

It’s an innocent touch, but you never know when the other person may change. As soon as I felt something strange, all the muscles in my body tensed to stab the dagger in the throat.

Although the situation with bright red eyes following the movement without blinking may have been burdensome, the Demon King calmly used his magic power and opened his mouth.

“Looking at you, you seem to have suffered several minor injuries...”

“....”

“Thank goodness.”

Fortunately, I still have the ability to heal you.

While waiting for the hero, the Demon King consumed all of his magical power, leaving only a handful of magical energy left. It was because I had risked everything for this hero, and it was just for this moment.

‘No matter how much of a hero he is, there’s no way he won’t get at least a scratch when he comes to kill the Demon King.’

For the treatment of warriors.

According to the will of the Demon King, the last remaining magical energy moves with the intention of recovery. He swept the subject’s body from head to toe and treated the wounds on the body.

No matter how long he waited, he didn’t feel uncomfortable, so he watched with the intention of waiting to see what he would do, but stopped when he felt that his wound was healing. The subconscious mind understood the situation and spit out its sincerity.

“...Are you crazy?”

“No way.”

In this way, all magical power was consumed.

The Demon King grinned and patted the epaulette on Deon's shoulder as if he knew everything, then stepped back, took off the necklace he had been wearing the entire time, and threw it away.

"Now, with this, I have no magical power left."

Perhaps I will become the first demon lord without magic. I don't feel very bad.

"You recovered from your wounds and I lost my magic. So, how about this, isn't this enough to give you some time?"

"...What nonsense."

"Hien, come here."

The gardener, who had quietly turned around after witnessing this scene from afar, as if he had come to take care of the plants, stopped.

Although the distance is quite far away, the surroundings are so quiet that you can't hear the call. The incubus with a tearful face slowly approached the demon king.

The face, which was pale due to tension, soon turned into astonishment as the demon king got closer and closer.

"Wow, Demon King...!"

"I just ask one question. "How much magical energy do you think I have left?"

"It... It seems completely empty... What on earth is this..."

"Stop. "That's enough. Go and call Ed."

"yes yes...!"

Hien suddenly disappears. Ed's reaction when he was called in afterwards was not much different from Hien's.

The same question as before was asked to him, whose pupils were quietly shaking in shock.

"Let me ask you just one question. "How much magical energy do you think I have left?"

"That is..."

Ed glanced at Deon for a moment before quickly lowering his gaze and answering.

"It's hard to estimate because the horsepower is so low... but it seems almost empty."

"okay? "Go."

Ed disappeared and the Demon King looked back at Deon as if he had seen him.

"Do you still think I'm talking nonsense?"

" ...."

...It was definitely a reaction as if he couldn't believe his own eyes. The expression was too raw to be fake. In particular, since Ed is a neutral person that no one chose, there is no reason to lie in front of both of them.

After being silent for a moment, Deon checked the position of the moon, then swept away the area that had been completely healed by the Demon King's treatment and sat down in the chair. The Demon King, who read the unspoken urging from the way he leaned against the backrest with his



arms crossed without even touching the prepared tea, chuckled softly.

“First of all... I have to ask if you are okay.”

“...If I remember correctly, he would have treated it himself a little while ago.”

“Not that one. “You have a chronic illness, right?”

He tilted his head crookedly and pointed to his forehead with his finger. A mild fever.

Deon’s expression turned cold.

“Isn’t that something to worry about?”

“It’s not wrong, but... your words were short from earlier.”

“Because it’s over now.”

Anyway, we were in a relationship where we knew from the beginning and pretended not to know. Even if I showed my bare face at any time, it would not be a new situation.

The Demon King lightly shrugged his shoulders as if he agreed and changed the topic. A pointless topic came up as if to lighten the one-sided atmosphere.

“I heard the news of victory. They really attacked three countries at the same time. Even if it was the same for other kingdoms, I felt quite strange when I heard the news that the empire had collapsed.”

Still, it was once the most wary country on this side.

The empire really appeared like a comet and fell like a meteor. In the first generation, it surpassed other countries

with a long history and became the country that the demon world was most wary of, but collapsed right away in the second generation.

‘The first emperor was certainly amazing.’

It was the first time in history that the Demon World was wary of a new nation. It was the first time that I was particularly wary of the empire’s ‘official heroes’ rather than the fragments of heroes from other kingdoms that had existed for a long time.

To that extent, Edoardo Desserte was a capable emperor. Even his own strength was unusual, so it would probably be difficult to see a person like this twice in one era.

“Well, it’s all in the past. Still, I wanted to praise you for bringing down the empire. “Usually, you have to go down to the third generation to lose some of the influence of the heyday, right?”

This can be understood by looking at the fact that the words spoken by the empire’s soldiers did not change even after the emperor changed from the first to the second emperor.

Are you telling us to trample them all? Are you telling us to show you what the price is for ‘daring’ to mess with us? Isn’t he still infinitely arrogant, as if he doesn’t even care about defeat? This is evident from the fact that, unlike other countries’ slogans that are ‘for’ the country, the king, their own safety, or something precious, the empire’s slogan is a call to give glory to their country.

An arrogant shout that can only be made because one is in the position of a predator.

If you look closely, Deon, who took down those guys...

“...I’m not interested in that.”

Deon cut off the conversation firmly.

I’m not interested in that kind of nonsense. It looks like he just wants to have a last conversation without even getting into the main topic, but since he’s going to listen to unhelpful information, it would be better to address the points he wants to address here and resolve any questions or feelings.

So this time, I brought up a different topic first.

“You said useless things to our kids.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 340**

340. The Last Hero and the Last Demon King (2)

“Me?”

“If it weren't for them blowing the wind, there's no way they would have disobeyed my orders and come here.”

No matter how unruly they are, they know how to distinguish between when they must follow orders and when they can disobey them. He said so much at the time, but he couldn't have disobeyed the order without any reason.

Since I actually knew that I was under a curse and its details, it was obvious that I was the culprit who would have told this.

“I think I know the reason without having to ask, but...”

The Demon King grinned, as if responding to the words murmured with confidence.

“Well... now that I think about it, it's true, isn't it? “I lost my corps commanders, but it's only fair that you also lose your equivalents.”

...You knew it from the beginning. Deon let out a short sigh.

Considering the arrival time of the mad dogs, we can see that the devil's trick was carried out as soon as the corps commanders departed. That's why I'm citing 'the loss of corps commanders' as the reason. That means he was certain of their death from the beginning.

'But...'

No matter what, it's still true.

Are you talking about 'fairness' rather than 'revenge'?

"...This isn't a game."

"okay?"

The Demon King lightly shrugged his shoulders.

Deon, reading the slight denial contained in the insignificant question, furrowed his brows. At least for me, it seemed like it was a very interesting and fun game, which was quite unpleasant.

A grumpy voice suddenly came out.

"The calculation was wrong from the beginning. Corps commanders are not important to them."

"It's important."

"...I made a bad choice of words. Don't correct me. "It's not 'precious'."

"That's right."

The Demon King had already spoken once before.

‘Demons’ are not of the same race. ‘Demon King’ refers to a single race and compares ‘demons’ to excrement. It was said that humans do not consider poop to be their compatriot just because it came out of their stomachs.

“But there won’t be much difference whether it’s precious or important.”

“No, it’s completely different. Precious things have value because they are precious, but important things are important because they have value. This is also the difference between causing damage to the owner or just causing damage. “You don’t break down mentally just because you lost your corps commander.”

This can also be interpreted to mean that Deonhardt will break down mentally if he loses the Lofty Knights.

The Demon King slightly tilted his head as he was surprised by the weakness that was revealed rather than hidden.

“Can I reveal it like this?”

“It’s the last time anyway, so what can I do now?”

“but. Anyway, if it’s as you said....”

The eyes with an inverted look folded slightly.

“Rather, isn’t that why the calculation is more correct? “The value of the Knights of Lofty itself is insignificant compared to the commander of the corps, so we can only match it by borrowing your value.”

“...the premise itself is wrong.”

I thought I would be well-versed in emotions because I have lived for a long time, but it seems that I have become more insensitive to emotions. Since even emotions are taken into account, it is inevitable that you will not understand.

Deon tapped the table with his fingertips as if he was nailing a nail.

“I definitely said that if they died, I would be ruined. So, I have to place my entire value on top of the value of the Lofty Knights.”

“Even if the Knights of Lofty were to die at that point, your actions would not change?”

Rattling. The Demon King put down the empty tea cup and brought the tea that was in front of Deon. He tilted the untouched object to his mouth as if to show off and smiled brightly into his red eyes.

Did I mention that the premise itself is wrong? In that case, I would like to point out that Deon Hardt did not consider the background itself.

“Whether the Lofty Knights were dead or alive, you would have ended up here. is not it?”

Rather than focusing only on the values of the Legion Commander and the Knights of Lofty, let's broaden our perspective.

There's no way you can quit the job you said you're mentally broken in when the high point is just around the corner. If Deon has broken down mentally more than once, he will most likely break down after completing his goal, even if it is because he feels unfair about the time he has endured by overcoming many hardships. There were too

many people who were sacrificed along the path he walked for him to sit down now.

So there is no need to put the entire value of Deon Hardt on it. The Demon King was confident that his calculations were correct.

Deon, who was staring at him, slowly kissed his lips.

“...This is just an assumption, so nothing is certain. “It’s a useless topic at this point, so I’ll leave it at that.”

I only mentioned the Lofty Knights issue because I felt it needed to be addressed at least once. Since I wasn’t trying to judge value or right or wrong, it would be ridiculous to get involved any further and waste time with useless arguments.

The Demon King seems to have stabbed this person with the thought that his anger would benefit him, but he has no intention of doing what he wants. In accordance with the intention of getting away from the current pointless subject, the flow of thought took a turn in another direction.

“I’m curious about something more than that.”

As we talked, there was something I had some doubts about.

The Demon King makes eye contact as if telling him to speak. The flowers behind him made their presence known, but Deon asked a question without even paying attention to the needlessly bright background.

“Still, the ‘important’ corps commanders are dying in vain and heading to their deathbeds, so what is the reason for just watching?”



“Hmm? “I don’t think you’re asking again what you already know...”

“I know that the demons are not of the same race and I have no special attachment to them. “What I’m curious about is not that, but the answer to the question of how I suddenly let go of everything I had been doing as the person in charge of the demons.”

“aha.”

It’s definitely worth wondering about.

The Demon King smoothly raised the corners of his mouth. Against the backdrop of a bright flower field, a gentle smile like moonlight appeared on my face.

“I’m a species that will become extinct if I die anyway.”

“....”

An answer that assumes one’s own death.

Deon rolled his eyes wordlessly. After moving my gaze without thinking, I landed on a yellow forsythia.

“...And why did you bother waiting here?”

The background doesn’t really fit.

Judging by his attitude, he must have known that I was looking for him, so why was he in this place?

Instead of answering right away, the Demon King stretched out one arm as if showing off.

“It’s not that cold even though it’s winter, right? “It’s not that hot for a greenhouse.”

“....”

“The temperature here is set to be around mid-March. According to the date in the human world... it would be around March 15th. But aren't the flowers quite diverse and pretty?”

What do you want to say? When a mixture of doubt and a wary look of boredom appeared in his red eyes, the Demon King rolled his eyes and smiled.

“If I were to die in a place like this, wouldn't it feel like I was dying in the human world?”

“...her?”

“I'm worried that even though you are a human, you can't die in the human world.”

...This is also an answer that assumes the death of 'Deonhardt'.

No matter how tattered the person is, at the end of this fight, one person will definitely survive, so why are they so sure about both the death of the 'Demon King' and the death of 'Deonhardt'? Deon frowned when he saw the Demon Lord just smiling as if he had no intention of answering, as he tilted his head to the side out of question rather than displeasure.

“well. “I don't like enclosed spaces.”

No matter how pretty the flower is, it appears to be soaked in blood, so what positive sentiment can you get from it? Even now, I can only see everything there.

“...Ah, I guess so.”

“....”

“The curse has built up a lot.”

The Demon King slid his gaze down from Deon’s face. My eyes landed on the exact spot around my neck where the blood had pooled.

Even though I couldn’t see it, I could feel it as the owner and source of magic. Soon Deonhardt will be consumed by the curse.

“We need to settle this quickly before it takes your breath away.”

Now is the time to fight.

I moved my body reluctantly and got up from my seat.

“For the sake of the hero who brought a lot of weapons, I think it would be better for me to deal with him with a weapon that matches him...”

What would be better?

I picked up the small pouch that was lying next to the chair and rummaged through it.

“After all, it would be better to have a hot ending, right?”

A ferocious-looking greatsword was held in his hand.

Deon looked at him quietly. I wasn’t surprised that a large sword came out of a small pocket. I’ve already used the enchanted pouch to good use many times since I first came to the Demon King’s Castle, so it doesn’t make sense to be surprised again now.

It's just that there seems to be a strange hesitation in the Demon King's slow movements.

"...I'm curious why you wasted your time with meaningless conversation."

I opened my mouth.

"Of course..."

"I guess it's not just because it's the last time?"

"...."

"Looking at you, you seem to be hesitating even now."

—Why.

The corners of his mouth turned up in a clear sneer.

"Do you think you're scared now?"

"...."

The Demon King did not answer.

The expression on the face that always had a smile on it disappeared. The fully revealed eye, filled with an unreadable light, turned towards Deon Hart and then went down to take the greatsword in his hand.

After a short silence, a slow voice filled the space.

"...First of all, it's because I'm impressed by your growth, but... I can't say that what you said is completely wrong.  
"Yeah, I'm a little scared."

"...what?"

Deon's expression distorted as if he couldn't understand.

Although I said it first, it was meant to be sarcastic, and the purpose was to find out the reason for the hesitation.

But are you really scared? why?

"...are you afraid of dying?"

Are you afraid that the 'Devil King' will die?

"Yeah, I'm afraid I'm going to die."

I'm afraid you'll kill Deonhardt.

I'm afraid that if I win and kill a warrior named Deon Hart, I'll have to live for a long, uncertain time again.

It is not a lie to say that I risked everything. The Demon King hoped more earnestly than anyone else that his story would end here. For convenience, it was expressed as earnest, but it was a desire so desperate, deep, and so heavy that it cannot be fully contained with just the word 'earnest.'

So, if we win this battle....

"...."

"...What."

Deon saw a dangerous expression on the Demon King's face for a moment. It clearly had a self-destructive glow.

However, when the Demon King raised his head again, he had a smile as neat as a lie on his face, to the point where I thought his previous expression might have been an illusion.

"Anyway, Deon, you did a great job."

“....”

“It was a lot of trouble to get here.”

He lifted the inelegant greatsword as if he were handling a twig and aimed it at Deon. An extremely calm and kind voice followed.

It was a voice filled with light laughter, as if it could be carried away by the breeze at any moment.

“You’ve done well so far, so the finish will be perfect for you.”

“....”

“Let’s fight with pure force without magic.”

There was no answer. Instead, Deon quietly took out the spear he was wearing on his back and aimed it at them.

For a moment, let the air settle and the tense tension flow against the backdrop of silence.

“Previously.”

The Demon King rolled his eyes, looked around, and moved his sword to the left.

“Isn’t this place too unsuitable for fighting?”

The tip of the sword moves to the right as if drawing a straight line in the air.

A very basic horizontal cut, a movement that is simple and not fast enough for an average person to follow with their eyes. The moment the red eyes that had been following the

movement of the sword, wondering what the intention was, returned to the Demon King.

—Click!!

The glass covering the greenhouse shattered all at once.

Under the three moons that have begun to overlap, evenly broken glass pieces, none of which are large pieces, pour down, reflecting the white moonlight.

Red and black gazes passed between the sparkling glass rain. Neither the hero nor the demon lord would get hurt by such small shards of glass, so no one avoided the place.

“...Now it looks like the surrounding area has been sorted out.”

As if they had made a promise, the two took steps at the same time.

Deon opened his mouth, calculating in his head how long the Demon King would have lived. The Demon King muttered to himself as he reflected on the time he had lived.

“To you—”

To me.

“I will tell you about death.”

Teach me about death.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 341**

### 341. The Last Hero and the Last Demon King (3)

Deon tore off the shoulder epaulettes that were deemed useless and threw them away. Because I no longer belong to the Demon King Castle or anything. There was no reason to wear something like this when even the amulet was useless.

The warrior took a step forward.

The sound of glass shards crunching under my feet as I step forward without stopping. When the distance seemed to have gotten closer, the Demon King suddenly changed his mood and smiled at him. It was a more businesslike smile, completely different from the smiles I had encountered so far.

He rhymed in an exaggerated tone, as if he were performing a play.

"I sincerely welcome you here, warrior. I would like to respond to your request right now, but before that, let me ask you one question. "What is your name?"

I kept doing it and now I'm asking about everything. Deon, who was looking at him with a puzzled expression as if he was asking something new, soon remembered that the Demon King had no magic power and answered.



“Deon Hardt.”

“...Yes, Deon Hart.”

The Demon King’s expression slightly relaxed after hearing the familiar name. A smile as soft as the spring sunlight appeared on his entire face, centered around his gently curved eyes.

“You have no idea how special you are.”

“...?”

“You are the only warrior who has come to visit me so far who remembers his name. “Previous warriors were so absorbed in the goal of killing the Demon King that they forgot their own names, but you were so obsessed with killing me that you did not forget yourself.”

That’s why I have high hopes for you.

The Demon King swallowed his words and laughed quietly. Deon, who was looking at his smile, quietly opened his mouth.

“...What’s your name?”

“My name is Caber.”

Did you ever think you would forget your name because you were always called ‘the devil’?

This is my name that I created to distinguish myself from previous demon lords so as not to stop being one of the throwaway tools wielded by the world. In order not to forget himself, Demon King Caber casually uttered the name he had been repeating over and over again in the dark.

The voice continued with a smile, as if it was cute and willing to ask a bold question.

“Your superior, your superior, and your archenemy.”

The warrior’s posture lowered. His muscles tightened with tension, and the Demon King leisurely adjusted his grip on the great sword.

As the conversation continues, the laughter gradually disappears from the voice. Finally, he whispered softly.

“The person you must seek revenge on is the strongest demon king of all time.”

Kwaaaang!!

The spear and the great sword collided.

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Glass shards lying on the floor were swept away by wind pressure. Beautiful flowers lay down or were pulled out, and even trees tilted to expose their roots.

The range of wind pressure was wider than expected, so even though Ed was far away, he had to hold on to his seat with both arms raised and covering his face. Then, with a start, I opened my eyes wide and nervously pulled the back of Hien, who was three or four steps ahead of me.

Sigh! A wooden pillar was stuck in the place where Hien was.

“What are you doing here!?”

“...!”

This damn incubus almost died right before my eyes. My voice naturally rose in surprise.

The person who almost died was calm. Hien glanced at Ed once, then turned his head again to see the warrior and the demon king engaged in a fierce fight.

“...It is a tradition that all demons in the Demon Castle must watch the battle between the hero and the Demon King.”

Almost all the demons went to the battlefield, and since the battle started without any official information to the demons in the demon castle, let alone formal procedures, there were no demons watching, but it was a tradition.

Besides...

“This hero in particular is a special being, so it would be wise to keep an eye on him.”

It's a battle between Deonhart and the Demon Lord, and no one else.

I can't pinpoint who I'm rooting for. Since he didn't even know who he was rooting for, Hien chose to just wait and see, prepared to accept whatever the outcome would be.

Probably the same goes for Ed.

“Isn't that why Ed is here too?”

“...and that's after we've safely distanced ourselves...!”

“I just had no idea that the scope would reach this far. Ed, what did you expect?”

“....”

Ed didn't answer, but turned his head while holding Hien's back and saw Ben who had come nearby. An incubus suddenly appeared in front of the attending physician, who was watching the clash between the hero and the demon lord with anxious eyes.

"You've protected this guy before, right? "Look where the injury is and take care of it."

"What kind of nonsense are you talking about now? Don't you know that I am a high-quality human resource?"

"Once you save someone's life, you have to take responsibility."

At one point, Ed tried to kill Hien, but Ben stopped him. It was because Deon cared for him in his own way, but he was the one who saved it anyway.

So you have to take responsibility. Ed made a shameless expression.

Ben, who was glaring at him as if he was about to explode in frustration, stopped, looked back and forth between the battle scene and Ed, and then sighed.

"Give me here."

It would be disturbing even if it wasn't because it was a battle between my direct superior and the Demon Lord. There is no need to add more things to worry about.

Just look at it this time. Ben twirled Hien, who was standing in front of him with a sullen expression.

"First of all, I don't think there are any injuries..."

“Yes... yes. no.”

“Then let’s go over there and watch. “Ed, don’t just stand there like an idiot and get caught up in nothing.”

“...Stupid, who says stupid?”

Ed grumbles but moves in the direction Ben pointed. Ben glanced at Hien to follow him and walked away.

The place we arrived at was a suitable hill to watch the battle between the two beings without any obstructions blocking the view.

Hien, who was quietly sitting in his seat and watching the battle between the two intelligent beings, muttered softly.

“It’s a fight between the strongest in the world....”

“...It’s not wrong.”

Why does something seem strange?

Ed, who had made a subtle expression for a moment, hardened his expression and looked to one side due to the faint pressure of the wind. Meanwhile, Deon Hart was swinging the shortened spear, as if the spear had been cut off by the great sword.

No, that was a little while ago. Now it was a bow.

...No, a dagger.

‘...Weapons are constantly changing.’

The weapon changes every time you blink. When I came to my senses without any pre-action, the warrior was holding a different weapon.

‘The Demon King who countered and responded to that was also amazing.’

I wondered if he would be a match for me because I had no magic power, but it seems like it was a useless thought.

When I looked back on the past, I noticed that the last time I faced a hero, I didn’t use any magic at all. It’s surprising.

The time we have lived so far cannot be ignored. It would be absurd to say that none of that time was devoted to weaponry.

‘I should be happy as a demon in the Demon King’s Castle, but...’

I can’t bear to do that.

Ed looked at the battle with a complex expression, neither happy nor sad.

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The situation was tense.

Deonhardt moved without hesitation because he was already used to the blood impeding his movements. Even techniques that go beyond the limits of the body require about a second of recovery time after use, so I chose the timing carefully, but I didn’t use it particularly sparingly.

He retreated to avoid the swinging greatsword, and stabbed through the gap with the spear holding the end of the handle as much as possible. The Demon King, who dodged this, quickly retrieved the weapon before he could snatch it... but the movement he was trying to grab was an imaginary one. As he had just changed the direction of the

greatsword and cut the spear shaft, the warrior threw the part without the spear blade as if he were throwing a javelin, and took a step forward to take advantage of the opportunity for the Demon King to hit the spear, snatching the spear blade before it reached the ground and stabbing it upward.

When the Demon King turned his head to avoid the attack, the warrior, who had put down the cut spear without any hesitation, had suddenly stepped back and was pulling an arrow on the bowstring.

“...under.”

Against the background of a short laugh that was unclear whether it was admiration or joy, three arrows were fired at the devil at the same time.

The Demon King snatched the short spear that the hero had let go with his left hand and swung it, knocking out the arrow. Then he extended his left arm and sent the useless weapon flying towards the warrior. Although it had a normal body shape no different from that of a human, its power and speed were truly destructive, as if it were a demon lord.

Phew!!

Almost as soon as the spear was thrown, it dug into the warrior's spot, but the warrior was no longer there.

Four daggers flew in succession.

‘...This is really....’

It's the best.

Kaga River! Even though it was a simple throw rather than a direct fight, the heavy weight of the great sword that struck it down was conveyed. The Demon King laughed heartily while holding the whining weapon.

‘The spearing I taught and the archery I taught.’

A person who has reached the peak of martial arts is following exactly what he taught and using it to kill the person who taught him.

This fact was so funny and happy that I kept laughing.

After moving a few steps, the Demon King put his greatsword aside, picked up the dagger lying on the ground, and threw it at an angle without even raising his upper body. The warrior who was closing the distance at high speed instead of slowing down took out a shield from behind his back and charged forward.

‘I also taught shield techniques.’

I stepped back to avoid being hit with the sharp side of the shield. In the process, he did not forget to retrieve the great sword that had been stuck in the ground.

The greatsword was drawn down at the shield from the upper right to the lower left with the purpose of striking or at least lowering the shield.

Quang!

The shield was instantly thrown out of place due to the enormous force. Instead of forcibly lifting the shield that had fallen as if it had been thrown away, the warrior neatly let go and pulled out the long sword from his waist and slashed.



Even though I tilted my upper body to avoid it, it seemed as if it was a little too late, and a solid red line appeared on the Demon King's chin.

'This... seems to be a strange mixture of Jaykar's swordsmanship.'

It doesn't seem to be completely Jaykar's. The center is occupied by a completely different type of swordsmanship. It seems like he learned his sword skills by sparring with Jaykar in addition to his existing sword skills.

...Well, it doesn't matter anyway.

'It's good not to be obsessed with weapons, but it's also difficult to throw them away easily.'

Didn't I teach this?

He grabbed the shield that the warrior had placed, pushed away his sword, and then swung his great sword. The opponent dodged by leaning his upper body back and placed his foot on the ground, then kicked his chin in check with his foot, widened the distance a little, and before he could correct his disheveled posture by spinning around once, he applied force to his crouched leg and fell further backwards as if bouncing. .

The great sword narrowly crossed the spot where he was, and his even whiter hair fluttered under the white moonlight.

“....”

The cut hair tie fell off.

The flowing hair flutters here and there with the rapid movement, blocking the view. As he was watching, calculating, and responding to the situation without even blinking an eye, the warrior, who was unable to see the situation for a moment, reflexively put the brakes on his movements.

There was no way the Demon King would miss that brief moment.

The Demon King swings his weapon, narrowing the distance in pursuit of the hero who falls back one step too late. The warrior who narrowly avoided the first attack received a cut on his cheek.

At least I saw this.

The problem was the dagger that the Demon King kicked and threw away during the attack.

‘That’s why you shouldn’t carelessly throw away weapons on the floor.’

As if he didn’t see this, his red eyes widened as he belatedly noticed the dagger approaching right in front of him.

It was too late to stop him, so he quickly turned his head to avoid it, but...

Oops!

Deon quickly covered his neck. It seemed fine for a while, but soon blood started leaking between my fingers.

“...Damn it.”

From the neck, past the chin, to the temples. The wound was deeper than I thought.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 342**

### 342. The Last Hero and the Last Demon King (4)

The hand that presses the affected area as if to stop the bleeding is quite irritating. An ordinary human would die from excessive bleeding if left like this.

The Demon King, who had to do his best when dealing with the hero, thought as he moved for a follow-up attack without hesitation.

‘I’m glad I used up all my magic power before starting this battle.’

Since the opponent is a ‘Hero’ and you are a ‘Demon King’, the recovery speed of the wounds inflicted on me will inevitably be slow, but it is nothing compared to the wounds inflicted by magical attacks. Even though it is slow right now, the wound is healing at a visible rate.

Kaang! The great sword swung with ferocious force was blocked by the dagger. The warrior, who was holding the dagger backwards and pushing the great sword as if in a test of strength, glanced at the sky. The Demon King slowly raised his eyebrows in a movement as if he was checking the time.

“Do you think you have an urgent appointment?”

By 'doing his best in battle' and 'injuring the hero', he was able to at least have a conversation during the battle, and he followed the hero's gaze and cast his gaze to the sky. Three moons, almost overlapping, came into view.

When they overlap perfectly and appear as one, it is midnight. In other words, it means that one day will soon pass.

...Somehow, I became more and more impatient with my movements.

"Now that I think about it, today was the day you were so broken that you were taken to the demon world."

"...."

There was no answer, but it was easy to guess.

The Demon King, who had given up on the struggle, changed to a long sword, turned his body slightly to avoid the hero's weapon being swung, and slashed diagonally with his great sword.

Apart from the unwaveringly strong attack, a voice filled with laughter continued.

"Are you going to offer my head as a gift to the dead before today is over?"

"...."

"Oh yeah. "Maybe my neck isn't everything."

Quang! bang!

The warrior seemed to have given up on technique and began to push with force. Unlike his tactless opponent, the

Demon King dealt with him flexibly, taking what he could and letting go of what he had to give.

He didn't stop teasing his unrestrained mouth.

"Soon one day will pass, will this be enough?"

"...."

The warrior narrowed his eyes in silence.

It will definitely take up a lot of time if things continue like this. Damn it, the Demon King is so strong that he doesn't even use magic.

'...then.'

Red eyes roll around. Without stopping the attack, he looked at the Demon King as if he was thinking about something and glanced at the sky again.

A look passed by Lee Chae's eyes, as if he was trying to add some variable to this sluggish battle.

The warrior slightly bent his legs and quickly fell back.

"...hmm?"

Movement so fast that the Demon King can't keep up. The Demon King's gaze followed him half a beat later at a speed that left an afterimage that could not be easily removed even by a warrior, but the priority was to remove the object that was blocking his view.

Wedge!

A dagger flew with a force and speed that was incomparable to anything before. This was also a level that even a warrior

could not easily achieve.

It was too late to block, and it seemed impossible to block without being fully prepared, so the Demon King chose to dodge, but turned his head... and then flinched. Another dagger was right in front of my nose, as if I knew it would move in that direction.

If it were just that, I would have been able to avoid it by tilting my head back and leaving only a scratch, but there was another dagger flying at my chest.

“Tsk...!”

The Demon King bent his knees and tilted his head and upper body. At the same time, he swung his greatsword and accurately hit the dagger flying at his chest, having calculated its speed and determined its location in advance.

A dagger passed over my face and I heard the sound of the blade clashing...

Kaaang! Sigh!

“her...?”

I’m sure he would have hit it.

The sound of blades clashing was heard, and vibrations were transmitted to the great sword. If this means that I hit it with certainty, then what does this mean that is digging into my shoulder?

Before he could even accept and understand the situation, the hero dug in while the Demon King paused. This time too, it was like a movement in space, as if the same ignorant technique had been used.

Although it was only for a moment, it was an explosive movement that surpassed even the standards of a warrior.

Phew!

The hero quickly reached the edge of his vision and stabbed his sword, aiming for his heart.

“....”

I feel the vitality leaving my body. Demon King Caber looked down at the sword that had pierced his chest with an expression of disbelief.

“...It’s over.”

The ‘battle between the hero and the devil’ has ended.

The proof was that once the battle started, the restriction of having to do your best to kill the hero was lifted.

“It’s really over.”

In any case, one of the two achieved victory by launching an attack to suffocate the other.

One of the goals given by the world was achieved, whether by killing the opponent or being killed by the opponent, so there was no duty left for the Demon King in this battle that was over.

‘It always ended with my victory.’

Even in this state, I can struggle to kill the hero, but what forced me to move has disappeared, so what reason would there be? Caber had no intention of letting the world do what it wanted.



Rather than holding a grudge against Deon Hart, he is grateful.

...It's really the end.

"Ah haha."

I realized it too late when I regained my composure and looked back on the attack from earlier that brought about the end.

"You threw daggers one after another."

There was another dagger hidden behind the dagger.

"One with normal speed and the other with that strange technique."

Although it was only a warrior's standard, Deonhardt easily threw the dagger and struck it down. If it was truly a threat, the Demon King would have avoided it or at least been hit in a vital area. By showing that the 'skill' had already been used once just before that, it instilled in them the idea that they would not be able to use it again and caught their guard down.

Immediately after that, he used the 'that' technique and threw the dagger. If the timing had been slightly off, they would have caught up with the dagger thrown earlier and collided with each other, which would have ruined the plan, but they calculated it well and made a bold move.

"Was it the technique to widen the distance behind and dig in and attack? It's about instantly surpassing the limits of your body. "I didn't know you could use it continuously."

"...I didn't know it was possible either."

I had already used the technique once and had to squeeze out the strength again before my damaged body could recover. Because of that, my whole body is still in tatters. It's to the point where I can't even lift an arm properly, so that's all said and done.

If only I had been able to lift the dagger, the current conversation wouldn't have happened.

The Demon King spoke in an extremely light tone, perhaps knowing what was inside him.

"You should be thankful that you are a warrior. That would be very hard on the body."

"...."

I admit it.

My arms were strained because I was throwing the dagger with strength that exceeded my limit, and my legs were strained because I was moving so quickly. I might have used it once, but I used it again even before I fully recovered.

Thanks to the warrior's crazy recovery, I can move like this now, otherwise I would have been crawling on the floor.

He moved his recovered body and took out a dagger. Caber, who was watching this quietly, sat down on the floor and pointed across.

"Even if you don't do that, I'm going to die anyway. Even now, I can feel the vitality leaving my body."

Because he is a 'demon king,' the speed at which he dies is only a little slower, but he is certain to die.

It's an unfamiliar feeling to lose strength in your body. Is this really death?

"So how about we talk until I die? Let me tell you an old story. "It's an old, forgotten story that only I know now."

The dagger is raised as if he is not interested.

Caber grinned without a trace of impatience. A soft voice, like a snake whispering, filled the quiet space.

"Aren't you curious about how the first hero and the first demon king were born and how their bondage began?"

"...bridle?"

"So, heroes are born to kill the Demon King, right? But have you ever thought about that?"

—Why do demon lords keep being born?

The dagger, which seemed as if it would strike at any moment, stopped and became fixed in the air. Caber's eyes curved with laughter.

"The Demon King, like a warrior, is born again even if he dies. It can be said that heroes are born because of the devil, but why do devilkings keep being born? "Isn't it strange?"

"...."

Like a hero, the devil and 'bridle' continue to be born.

I understand what he is trying to say. Deon quietly put away his dagger and sat down at a distance.

Caber laughed quietly as if he knew that would happen, raised one knee, leaned on his elbow, and rested his chin on his chin. He had an attitude of not caring about the sword stuck in his chest.

“Well, you may have noticed it to some extent by this point, but the Demon King is born to kill heroes. In the end, the warrior is born to kill the devil, and the devil is born to kill the warrior.”

“...Why bother?”

I can't leave this out without asking.

As you say, it has no meaning. If this was going to happen, I shouldn't have started in the first place. Deon frowned at the incomprehensible rules.

Caber, who was looking into the red eyes, rolled his eyes and spoke softly as if explaining something to a child.

“The Deon Hero and the Demon King are the world's errors.”

Now a story older than any other story, not even in old books, began to slowly flow from his mouth.

“First of all... we should start from when the world was not long after its birth.”

“....”

“When the world was first born and there were no rules, the world began to establish a pendulum that would become the center of balance one by one, starting with the most basic rules and moving on to detailed rules.”

If we were to pick out some of the most basic rules, they would be 'All objects fall from top to bottom' or 'All living things have a duty to preserve their species'.

"The hand of the world, which gradually reached out to detail and created rules, finally reached the living creatures 'humans'. "At that time, the world was in the process of creating all kinds of life and determining its average standards, but this is where a problem arose."

"...."

"[How should the size of human talent be?]"

They are a species with incredible intelligence. It will be one of the core races that make up this world, so if it is slightly disturbed, the balance will be disturbed. The world had to make careful decisions.

"As you know, it's rare for rules or anything to be established all at once, right?"

Because rules, laws, and finished products come out of all kinds of trial and error.

"The world began to create people of various standards in order to find the right level of talent that would not upset the 'balance.' Of course, among those many cases, there were also people who were the most outstanding in all aspects."

"...That was the hero."

"that's right. Of all the trials and errors the world has ever made, humans are the biggest mistake. "That is the first hero."

At the time, the world was considering the balance of races other than humans, so it was postponed to a later stage. Once things were settled to a certain extent, the world began to find humans who did not meet these standards an eyesore.

A being who shakes the balance of the world by going too far beyond the standards of average talent that have already been established. A human whose lifespan exceeds the standard and who may die at any time.

“Then the Demon King....”

“He is a being hastily created to kill such a hero.”

We cannot just wait for humans, whose mere presence shakes the balance, to die naturally. So the world created a being to kill him.

Creating a race from an already existing race may create variables through breeding, so create a completely new race that cannot reproduce and will be disposable.

That was the first Demon King.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 343**

343. The Last Hero and the Last Demon King (5)

“...The Demon King was born first to kill the warrior.”

“okay. But even then, the Demon King did not set foot in the human world directly to kill the hero.”

There was no need and it could not be done.

This is because the world, which has already become sensitive to ‘variables’ through the Heroes, has excessively checked the seeds of other variables. That’s why it was probably born in the abyss rather than the human world, and even though it opened the border between the human world and the abyss, it chose to bring in a warrior instead of sending the demon lord to the human world.

That is why, even to this day, the Demon King cannot enter the human world through the boundary line.

‘But there’s no need to go on here.’

This is useless nonsense.

Still, I can’t just leave that mysterious face waiting for an answer. Caber grinned and offered another reason.

“The world announced the birth of the Demon King in a grand manner and dyed the sky of the human world black, so humans sent their warriors on their own.”

A grand birth and an ominous omen.

The humans, who had no doubt that this was the birth of a powerful enemy, could not overcome their anxiety and pushed the back of the strongest of their compatriots, the warrior, and in the end, the warrior stood in front of him to kill the demon king according to the will of the world.

“Thanks to this, the Demon King killed the hero as the world intended, and now all we have to do is sit in the abyss and wait until his life expires. The boundary has been closed, having achieved its purpose.”

As a result, the abyss and the human world have been disconnected again, so there is no risk of variables affecting the human world, which requires the most caution.

In order to kill a warrior, an equivalent being is created, so the lifespan of the demon king modeled after the hero is also comparable to that of the hero, but unlike the hero, the demon king cannot reproduce. There will be no chance of another variable being created.

From the world’s perspective, it would have been perfect.

“...But now the border line still exists. “There has been a variable.”

“that’s right. “It also looks very big.”

This is a situation where one life hastily created a completely different new species. It was rather strange that no errors occurred.



It's really funny for a topic that is so wary of variables.

"There are a few minor personal variables of the Demon King, such as magical power that were not calculated at birth, so I will just skip over them and talk about the important ones... Because the Demon King was so focused on the goal of killing the hero, he became immortal."

"...what?"

"To be exact, it's conditional immortality. The original purpose seems to have been to prevent the Demon King from dying until the hero is killed, but so much power has been given to the ultimate goal that even when the purpose of existence can no longer be achieved by killing the hero, death is not permitted and other heroes are allowed to die. It has become a situation where we have to wait endlessly for it to appear. Moreover, 'demons' and 'monsters' began to be born from the power of the Demon King that secretly flowed out."

This was the result of a conflict between the intention of 'disposable use' and the central rule that 'all life has a duty to preserve the species', and the latter, which was the higher rule, won.

Fortunately, the 'normal' demons born from these 'errors' became unable to reproduce because the intention of 'disposable' was applied belatedly, but the 'error' monsters born from 'errors' reproduced by completely ignoring the world's intentions, as is a complete error. This was possible.

"'Immortality' and 'breeding' of a single race that was not in the calculations. "Isn't it a word that would make the world sick even at a casual hearing?"

A situation where a new species began to take root, contrary to intention.

The demons even possessed the 'magic power' that allowed them to use magic, which was one of the errors of the demon king, so the world seemed to be trying desperately to get rid of this in any way possible.

"So the world gave birth to a being who could kill the Demon King again. Since we cannot create another variable, it is a race that already exists, a race that already has a precedent comparable to that of the Demon King..." "

...Humans."

"okay. "That's how a warrior was born again."

Making anything for the first time is difficult, but making it again is easy. Rather than trying something new, the world chose to take and process existing data.

In this way, the world bundled the talents of the first hero into the form of power and gave it to the person chosen to kill the Demon King. Of course, we did not forget to tie it to life and impose restrictions so that it could not be inherited through reproduction or directly transferred to another person.

"For your information, it would be difficult to kill the Demon King under the exact same conditions as the first hero, so from the second hero to whom I started directly granting strength, I made sure that the power given would be stronger 'only when dealing with the Demon King.'"

"...Did that hero kill the Demon King?"

"I killed it. "I killed him and took over his position as a thorn in the side of the world."

I guess the devil was born to kill the hero again.

I understand how the 'bridleway' started... but there are other parts that I don't understand. Deon frowned.

"Why hasn't the world adjusted the lifespans of heroes and demon kings? I didn't know about it the first time, so even if that were the case, I would have been able to fix it before it was born the second time. "I put some restrictions on it and did a little bit of tweaking to grant the hero's powers."

"Hmm...."

How can I explain it so that it is easier to understand?

Caber tapped his knee for a moment as if gathering his thoughts, then smiled.

"If applying restrictions and tweaking things can be likened to polishing an apple and making it look good by shining light on it, then tinkering with talents such as lifespan might be closer to improving the variety of apple to make it bigger and have a higher sugar content."

"Ah..."

"It takes a lot of trial and error to improve a breed. "There's no way the world, which is already suffering from trial and error, would choose that path, right?"

How many variables do we have to create to shorten that lifespan?

"Then what about killing it yourself?"

“The world cannot directly touch living things that have already been born and exist. This is a bit of a strange analogy, but... It’s easy to introduce germs into your body, but isn’t it difficult to drive them out and get completely healed?”

“...Interesting.”

Even so, continuing this meaningless cycle would be detrimental to the world. Did you just watch it out of fear that it would increase the number of variables to make a new intervention?

It was interesting information and an unrealistic old story. If the devil hadn’t reminded me that this was a real story, I would have accepted it as a fictional story.

but.

“Why are we talking about this now?”

Although it started out as a way to have a casual conversation until I lost my breath, I don’t think it was said without any real meaning.

Red eyes scanned the Demon King with suspicion.

Even though his unconcealed suspicions were clearly visible, Caber just closed his eyes and smiled mysteriously.

“I just want to tell you that the modifier ‘last’ is truly useless when it comes to heroes and demon lords.”

Anyway, future generations of heroes and demon kings will emerge depending on the bridle.

Deon, who frowned as if he was not sure of the answer, was told a different story that had nothing to do with his question.

“...Heroes usually have a strong desire to survive. “This is a warrior’s instinct to not die before meeting the Demon King, and after killing the Demon King, it also plays a part in the feeling of compensation for the hardships suffered.”

“....”

“Actually, I said ‘normal’, but all the warriors who have ever existed were like that. “I had the tenacity to never give up on life.”

Inverted eyes and red eyes met in the air.

“What about you, Deon?”

I will not gather my last remaining conscience and say thank you. Even hearing a thank you from the person you killed for revenge would only make you angry.

Instead, he spoke while making eye contact.

“For the Demon King, victory was always another beginning. “I wonder what the hero is like.”

“....”

“...I told you, right? “For heroes and demon kings, the modifier ‘last’ is useless.”

Caber, who had said that far, tilted his head slightly.

Instead of trying to control his weakened body, he looks into the eyes of Deon, who is still frowning, and smiles slightly.

“Congratulations on killing the last demon lord, last hero.”

“...!”

It’s been a long time since we had a cool fight. I felt like my body relaxed a little late, but I had fun anyway and achieved my goal, so I have no regrets.

Breathing slows down. Caber lowered his eyelids as he clearly felt death encroaching on his body.

In a world that was becoming quiet, I could vaguely hear such a voice.

“Your grave will be decorated very richly.”

Wouldn’t you be satisfied with the body of your enemy?

That was an answer implying an affirmation to Caber’s last remark.

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Victory or defeat has been decided. It was the Demon King’s defeat.

When the long sword pierced the Demon King’s chest, Ben held down Ed, who had been faltering, and told Hien to hold on tight, and then concentrated on the situation.

The Demon King sitting on the floor points across from me. Deonhardt, who lightly ignored it, seemed to raise the dagger, but then stopped as if he had heard something from the Demon King – he withdrew the dagger and sat down.

Although I couldn’t hear it, it seemed like a fairly long conversation was going on.

Then, as he tilted his head, wondering how long he was going to continue talking, the Demon King stopped moving.

...He's dead. I knew it instinctively.

Deon Hart stands up, looks at the demon lord, and takes out his dagger again. The three demons, who had been watching with bated breath wondering if they were going to touch the body, flinched when they saw the sharp blade pointing inward rather than outward.

Deonhardt was about to die.

“Uh...Uh...!!”

“Shh.”

“You guy...! Let go of this! “Deon, what are you doing now?”

The position has changed.

Ed held down Ben, who was running wild as if he was going to run away at any moment, and told Hien to hold on tight, glaring at the flock of crows that had begun to gather in such large numbers a moment ago.

The appearance is too strange to be considered a natural phenomenon.

“wait a minute. “Because something is strange.”

Then, as if to show that his suspicions were not mistaken, a being walked out from where the flock of crows had gathered.

“That is...”

An ominous feeling, all too familiar to the demons who constantly fight and kill, encroaches on the space. All living things around him, regardless of flora and fauna, held their breath as if they would catch his eye.

When the being finally stood in front of Deonhardt, Ed let go of his hold on Ben and ran towards Deon.

“Master Deon!”

The energy it gave off resembled ‘death’ itself.

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[Congratulations on killing the last Demon King, last hero.]

The Demon King knew how I would act afterward.

You always act like you know everything, and you actually do, so it’s nothing new. Deon smiled bitterly.

“...It’s really over.”

As the death of the Demon King was confirmed, the level of blood increased.

Deon looked at the lump that had spread up his neck and under his chin, and ended up laughing out loud. I said this was definitely my guilt, but honestly, I couldn’t help but laugh because the blood came out even after the Demon King’s death.

I couldn’t breathe due to the liquid pressing against my throat and chest, but I didn’t care.

‘Because I’m going to die anyway.’



I made a promise when I learned the truth and awakened as a warrior.

After killing the demon lord, he will kill me. At the end of this long revenge was Deonhardt.

That may be why the world, which wants to break this meaningless bondage, is angry at my actions but cannot withhold its blessings.

“Now... is it time for final revenge?”

As the saying goes, live without regrets and take revenge without regrets. Now it is time to die without regrets.

Even if Cruel Hart did not wish for my death, he also died of his own choice, so unless he directly tried to stop me, there was no reason why we could not do it.

Since the three months have not completely overlapped yet, a day has not passed.

“I’m so glad I was able to complete my revenge before the due date expired.”

Right, bro?

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 344**

### 344. Perfect Ending (1)

From the moment I found out the truth, there has never been a single moment when I didn't hate myself.

I was just trying to live as long as I could out of respect for the will of my brother who sacrificed himself to save me, but Deon Hart was ready to kill me at any time.

Years of postponing death in the name of revenge. Now that he has achieved his goal of extending his life, Deon raises his head and aims a dagger at his neck. A soft smile appeared on his lips.

"What are you doing now, Deon?"

I feel like I can hear a shout directed at me from somewhere, but I guess it's just my mood. What demon would worry about and stop the person who killed the demon king?

It's not just demons.

The idiot who killed his family. A fool who even lost his brother. A warrior who turned his back on humanity. The commander of Corps 0 who betrayed the Demon World. A disaster that has turned the world upside down, regardless of whether it is a human world or a demon world.... The

qualifier that it is not welcome by anyone has been completely swept away, so my death will bring joy to everyone. Maybe we'll have a festival.

'So no fool will be sad about my death.'

...At the edge of my vision, I saw a rampaging Ben.

I look away, pretending not to see, and this time I see the devil's body. A look in Deon's eyes filled with joy at the sight of his heart being pierced by a sword appeared, and he simply closed his eyes.

I felt dirty.

'...I can never be someone's salvation.'

Even Dan, who personally approached and chose to follow, saw Deonhardt as a disaster rather than a salvation.

But do you know how the devil looked at me?

"You didn't just say thank you, you said it all with your eyes."

I saw it as if it was salvation.

Extremely friendly and joyful eyes that seem to go beyond just happy feelings and see something extremely lovely that he often shows. Perhaps because it was the last time, the feeling of gratitude was clearly evident.

"A coward until the end."

I'm annoyed at the Demon King who doesn't hide his eyes, and I hate myself for 'not knowing' what he wants most.

In the end, I am a cowardly fool who gave up even the most important revenge because I was tired of life without doing anything right.

‘...Still, I’m glad I was able to get my final revenge.’

He chuckled and moved his hands. At will, a dagger comes down to cut off this breath.

A little while ago, crows were gathering around me in an unusual way, but I didn’t pay any attention to them. This life will end soon anyway.

...It would have been like that if an unknown man who had walked out of a group of crows had not stood in front of him.

“Master Deon!”

Caw! Caw!

Food Duck!

Ed’s cries can be vaguely heard over the cries of crows and the sound of wings flapping. It seemed like he didn’t just call me, but even came running towards me, but he seemed to be blocked by a curtain of crows and couldn’t get any closer.

Deon stopped moving at the strange phenomenon and quietly looked up. A chill ran down my spine, and the source of the terrible energy I felt on the battlefield was just around the corner.

A being that takes on human form but is never human. Even though we feel it, we are a species that cannot exist on this earth. Deon, unable to overcome his curiosity due to the extremely strange feeling, tilted his head, even forgetting

the existence of the dagger that was slightly digging into his neck.

“...who?”

Grumble. Blood slowly trickled down from my neck.

The man who glances at this meets red eyes. Deon, who was momentarily overwhelmed, hardened his eyes and at the same time a low voice came out.

“Well... I think you already have some idea.”

“....”

“A being that takes the breath of living things and stops their movements, and is an agent of all worlds. “People call me ‘Death’ with reverence.”

“...what?”

“I wanted to talk to the being who manifested me, but you were calling me, so I came right after you manifested.”

His finger pointed to the dagger that was still slightly poking at his throat. Only then did Deon lower his dagger.

It was difficult to understand the sudden turn of events.

“‘Death’? “That one?”

Considering the energy I could feel, I expected it to be related to death, but I guessed it was some kind of reaper or something, and I didn’t expect it to be ‘death’ itself.

Wasn’t death a formless entity to begin with?

‘Oh, right.’

He referred to me as a being who made himself manifest. This means that it was originally a formless being.

Even when death was just around the corner, my mind quickly turned and pointed out the part that was troubling about death's remarks a moment ago.

"...I said I made you appear. "I think I need a little explanation."

"It's no big deal. "It was simply because of the large-scale massacre you carried out."

"It's a massacre..."

"Yes, a massacre. "If too many lives die in a short period of time, death will accumulate on the ground and take the form of the species of those who carried out such massacres."

Blood was flowing everywhere. The continent was soaked in blood. The world has become so light that people cry out names that will never be answered and even risk their own lives as a means to an end.

He was saying that death was encroaching on the earth and could not leave, so he finally came together and appeared.

...It was only a moment, but was the reason I was overwhelmed because the other person was 'dead'? Deon frowned and rubbed the wound on his neck that had just healed.

"The fact that I called you..."

"It has to do with the actions you were taking a little while ago."

It was easy to understand.

Cutting off someone's life, including myself, has become like inviting death in the flesh.

In any case, there is nothing to lose. Because 'death' can't stop me from taking my life.

It wouldn't have mattered if he ignored the guy in front of him and ended his life right away... Deon looked at his opponent.

"You said you came because you wanted to talk to me, right?"

"okay."

"Then do you accept if I ask a question?"

"Especially so."

"Then..."

It is still a pity to miss the rare opportunity to have a conversation with 'Death'.

Deon, who hesitated even though he was given permission to ask a question, soon expressed in the form of a question what had been on his mind ever since he learned the truth.

"What happens to people... after they die?"

"...."

Death closed his mouth for a moment and looked down at Deon.

Inexplicable expressions and glances were exchanged, and after a short silence, a slightly delayed answer came out.

“Do you remember the most famous folk song on this continent?”

At this point, there is only one folk song worthy of sudden mention.

Even the non-human Demon King knew...

“...‘Advice from Death’?”

“okay. “The actual advice I gave elsewhere ended up here and circulated in the form of a song.”

“That means...”

Deon’s expression became subtle.

The explanation continued as if he didn’t care about the facial expressions of mere humans.

“The big and small sins that humans commit accumulate as karma. After death, if their karma is below the average, they will be free, and if it is above the average, they will be reincarnated into a miserable life.”

“...Reincarnation is punishment?”

“Which is more painful for you, living or dying?”

“....”

I understood immediately.

Deon, who was fiddling with the bloody dagger with his mouth closed, suddenly remembered the second verse of



the song and opened his mouth.

“Then what does verse 2 mean?”

“If I have no choice but to condemn.

Commit a greater sin than anyone else.

As soon as you die, your soul breaks down and disappears so that you can forever avoid the punishment for your sins.

This is the maximum consideration I can give.”

“Originally, the karma of sins committed in life is shared between the body and the soul. This means that when the body dies, the soul carries it alone. Normally, the weight of karma is mainly borne by the body, so in this case, the soul that cannot bear the weight of karma begins to break down.”

“...So, in verse 1, it says that the bigger the sin, the faster the reincarnation process takes place.”

“okay. Normally, it breaks down at a rapid rate, so it is often reincarnated before the soul is completely destroyed... but in very rare cases, if the karma exceeds the average value, the soul is broken and disappears at the same time as death. Stabe Illuster almost avoided punishment through this.”

If it's Starbe Illuster... Duke?

‘Why is the Duke here?’

Deon's face distorted at the mention of an unexpected person.

Of course, a duke would probably know the forgotten second verse of a widely known folk song... but he died without regrets even when he was alive, making people feel bad, and then avoiding the punishment for his sins even after death?

I almost burst into tears for a moment, but my reason was able to hold on and find a loophole in my words.

“Does ‘I almost avoided it’ mean I failed?”

“It was good that I made a contract with the Demon King, gained magical power, and used magic, but the problem was that the method was a ‘curse.’”

The duke gathered up the remaining magical energy and used it to curse Deonhardt.

“Curses directed at others are bound to come back to you.”

Since magic is a serious crime that arbitrarily violates the rules that form the backbone of the world, the soul of a being who uses magic is usually broken upon death, but for Duke Stave Illuster, he has the uniqueness of being a contracted ‘human’ rather than a demon himself, and the magic called ‘curse’. There was magic that was not magic that borrowed its form.

“The reaction of the curse bound his shattered soul and reincarnated him. “It must be a pretty terrible life.”

“...That’s good.”

Extinction is too easy.

I can’t even imagine the level of pain it would be to have one’s soul shattered, but it is said to be destroyed and

destroyed in an instant at a speed that would not even allow for reincarnation, so it would be destroyed before the pain is even recognized.

If he didn't know, Deon didn't want to hear about the duke avoiding punishment like that.

"But..."

I clearly understood that the price of sin is reincarnation. but.

"Is 'freedom' given to those without sin?"

If your karma value is below average, it means that you have lived a fairly good life. The reward for that is 'freedom'....

Death raised the corners of his mouth as if telling him not to look at me funny.

"Yes, freedom. You can watch your royalties from a comfortable space and sleep until the right time comes. You can interfere with royalties, be reincarnated under good conditions, or choose to disappear if you feel that everything is boring and meaningless. For reference, it may be easier to understand if you think of extinction as a deep sleep that never wakes up. "Because there is no pain or anything."

"...Wait a minute, I thought you just said there might be interference with royalties."

"okay. "The more you interfere, the more karma you accumulate, so you have to be careful."

"...."

The flowers that bloomed on Cruel Hart's grave come to mind. The message that the flower conveyed, the white light that woke me up from my nightmare, reminded me of the man in my dream who did his best to protect me from the curse that washed over me like a tidal wave.

Clearly, interference with royalties was within the scope of 'freedom'. Since 'freedom' is a reward for those who have lived well, that means...

"Oh, by the way, meddling with royalties is also possible for sinners waiting to be reincarnated. "Normally, I can't even think about it because of the soul-crushing pain."

"...."

"At least you committed so many sins that you would have to be reincarnated again and again. Let alone interfering with royalties, he will be reincarnated right away before even seeing the afterlife. "You will continue to live a life full of pain until all the karma you have accumulated is erased."

"...I didn't ask that because I was curious."

It wasn't because I was curious about the duke's death or what would happen to me after my death.

From the moment the Duke confirmed his death, he was indifferent, and he did not care what happened to him after death.

just. What I'm curious about is:

"...They say that if you interfere with royalties, you will accumulate karma, but what happens if you exceed the average like that?"

“Then you have to go through the reincarnation process.  
“With a soul that has begun to break, you will stand on the heated iron plate where sinners line up to be reincarnated.”

“So... Then what about Cruel?”

Deon asked with a pale complexion. The question he had wanted to ask all along but hesitated out of fear became a sentence.

Brother, is Cruel okay?

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 345**

345. Perfect Ending (2)

"If it's Cruel Hart, he too will have to be reincarnated."

"Ah...."

"He accumulated a lot of karma while alive, and even after death, he accumulated karma by interfering with royalties."

Normally, he wouldn't be able to afford to pay royalties due to the pain, but he really just watched his younger brother steadfastly. He even appropriately and cleverly accumulated karma to the point where his younger brother would not be reincarnated until the end of his life. It was the result of calculation that the more karma accrued, the more the strings would be pulled.

If you look at this, it seems like you have a good mind, but why do you use it to accumulate losses for yourself?

"...why."

"...?"

A faintly trembling voice pulled me out of my thoughts of death.

At the end of my reflexive gaze, I reach a contemplative Deon Hart. Death, who stayed still for a moment to understand what was being asked, interpreted the question in his own way, then tilted his head as if he truly did not understand.

“You can tell just by looking at Cruel Hart that he entered the seat where only those who made notable contributions during the Eight Year War sat.”

“...”

“And the Duke usually gave him orders to kill someone.”

As the words of death continued, Deon’s complexion, which made me wonder if things could get worse, became more and more tragic.

Death spoke as if driving a wedge into his despair, looking at his face whose blood had drained to the point where anyone would have thought he had been stabbed.

“The sins accumulated by those who did not participate in the war to enter that position, and the sins accumulated while under the duke’s control. Isn’t it to be expected that the scale will not be small enough to escape the standards of criminals after death? They even interfered with the royalties there...”

“...No.”

Finally, a dry, urgent voice burst out. It had to be that way. Because this is not simply Cruel Hartmann’s fault.

Why did he want to become an official hero? What was the reason for committing a crime by staying under the duke,

and what was the reason for meddling in royalties and accumulating karma even after death?

“These are all sins committed because of me...”

Isn't it all because of Deonhardt?

As always, this time too, I am the culprit. In the end, his sin came from me.

“Why... why does my brother have to be punished?”

“ ....”

Cruel Hart should enjoy a peaceful afterlife. Even when I was alive, I was not happy because of myself, so it makes no sense to say that I should be unhappy even when I die.

Deon almost hung on to the hem of Death's robe. It seemed as if he had completely forgotten the fear that any living being would feel, and his eyes, which dared to meet death's gaze, were filled with earnestness and shook as if they would break.

“Is there any way for me to get that instead?”

“ ....”

“You sinned because of me in the first place. There must be some way. yes?”

I'll pay anything, please.

The earnest voice seemed to gradually fade away, but then suddenly stopped, and the red eyes that had been persistently looking into each other's eyes suddenly fell downward. Death, who had been watching Deon Hart with a



strange look since he grabbed the hem of his clothes, narrowed his eyes.

A slow answer came out.

“...There is definitely a way.”

“!”

“Originally, my role is only to take a life and I have no control over what happens after that, but... if there is someone who voluntarily comes forward and says they will pay for their sins.”

It is quite possible to use that level of trickery.

“It will be okay if you take his karma instead.”

“then...!”

“but.”

I’m not finished talking yet. It silenced a foolish person who was trying to make a decision right away without even thinking about it.

“This isn’t just something you do, it’s a transaction. “The price will be high.”

“It doesn’t matter what you ask for, as long as it’s what I have.”

“If that’s the case.”

Even after hearing this, will people be willing to call for a deal?

“I guess you can give me your eyes.”

“...what?”

“Both eyes, of course.”

“Uh...”

Deon made a dumbfounded expression. It was not a negative or hesitant reaction. In fact, it was quite the opposite.

What can I say, it costs more than I thought...

“That’s all?”

Because it’s so light.

The body is going to die anyway. It wouldn’t mean much if I lost my eyes here.

‘It’s so profitable that it’s suspicious.’

When I think about my sins, if my brother’s karma is added to the karma I have accumulated so far, there is a possibility that my soul will be broken and I will avoid my sins. Of course, it doesn’t really matter if that’s not the case.

There is no need to worry any more. Deon smiled and answered readily.

“I’ll give.”

“...I’m saying this specifically because you are the person who made me appear in this world.”

Death, looking at him silently, opened his mouth.

“I would advise you not to forget that I mentioned your reincarnation a moment ago.”

“...?”

“If you think about the sins you have committed so far, your soul should be broken as soon as you die. Do you know why I told you about your afterlife and reincarnation?”

...I don't know anything else, but I do know that there is a next life.

I had committed an unprecedented act that made me wonder if I could commit a crime worse than reincarnation, but it was reincarnation... Deon's head tilted in doubt.

The explanation of death continued as if to answer a question.

“In essence, your choice can be said to be a wise choice. Anyway, you will be crushed by the weight of karma and disappear as soon as you die. “It wouldn't have been noticeable whether he gave his eyes in exchange for a deal or blamed someone else's sins.”

“....”

“But that's only on the premise that you don't curse yourself.”

“ah.”

Deon, who noticed what was going on, stopped laughing.

It is said that the duke who cursed the other person's soul, which was broken by the reaction, was bound and reincarnated.

An unintentional curse to oneself. If the 'reaction' is that much, what about Deon Hardt's soul, who is cursing himself

with all his might?

“Not even the murderer who killed a hundred, the hero who killed a thousand, or the monarch who ordered the killing of ten thousand are cursed so severely. This is because it is the last line of defense of the soul that instinctively wants to protect itself. But your soul went beyond giving up its defenses and aimed a curse at itself.”

“....”

There was something the shaman I met again said before.

I told you to stop cursing yourself. He said that he was suffering from a lot of karma and curses, big and small, and what if the soul that was supposed to protect him attacked him again? He advised that if he wanted to slow down the blood flow even a little, he should stop doing that first.

‘Of course I didn’t quit.’

Deon looked at Death, who was finishing his explanation with calm eyes, as if he was listening to someone else’s story.

“—The scale is enough to entangle your soul, which should be broken, so it is likely that your curse will bind your broken soul and allow it to live in the next life.”

“...So what do you want to say?”

“For you now, this deal is foolish.”

“I said I definitely didn’t care.”

How many times do I have to say this for them to understand? When will I understand that no matter what I

say, my decision will not change.

Deon Hardt has long since given up on himself. If I hadn't abandoned myself in the first place, I wouldn't have been cursing myself.

Death frowned slightly at the answer without hesitation.

"...Do you know what it means to trade body parts with death when there is a next life?"

"Doesn't this mean that I will have to live with the loss of that body part in my next life as well?"

"It's not just 'next life.' This means that you will have to live without knowing how many lives you will have in the future without losing the body you traded with death. "You can be born without something from the beginning, or you can be lucky and be born with something, but even if it's the latter, you will eventually lose it when your time to live is much longer than the time you have lived."

This means that you will lose it when you are relatively young. It would be quite painful to live the rest of your long life with that part of your body missing.

"If you are being reincarnated to get rid of karma that will even break your soul, your life must be the worst. "Even the world doesn't look upon you favorably, so it must be a terrible life."

"...."

I feel like they are trying to encourage me to make a careful choice by providing as much honest information as possible, perhaps as a favor and consideration for the person who brought me to life.

Perhaps that was why, given time to think, Deon suddenly remembered the words he had said to the heads of each country right before the final battle with the heroes to destroy the human world.

[You just touched the wrong person.]

Yes, you touched the wrong person. You shouldn't have gotten involved with me in the first place, I was just unlucky.

In that sense, Cruel Hart, who had been tied to Deon Hart since birth, was truly unlucky. therefore.

"...Kruel sacrificed his life, which he could have lived longer, for people like me. He died before reaching his thirties.

"Even the life I've lived so far has not been normal because of me, but now I'm in a situation where I'm willing to spend my life, 'I'm going to die anyway,' for my brother."

"...."

"So, simply considering the current life is not balanced."

It is unfair in anyone's eyes to give up your life and life, and to give up your life and body that will die anyway.

Deon grinned at silent death.

"Wouldn't it be nice to add some weight to the welfare of this side?"

"...you will definitely regret it."

"It's nothing new."

"...."

Death was silent in front of his unwavering smile. The words that came out after silence and silence revealed acceptance of the transaction, but also contained a slightly different topic.

“...If that is your will, I will accept it, but before that, I want to say this.”

Honestly, I was surprised. It may come from pure admiration for the unwavering will, or it may come from the bitterness felt by someone who ultimately made a foolish choice.

However, it is worth acknowledging that neither party showed any wavering or hesitation even once. Death, determined to respect the will of the human in front of him, decided to show a little mercy.

...There is nothing more painful than living while cursing yourself.

“How about stopping the curse and resting for a little while before you die?”

“....”

“Now might be the only time to rest for a while.”

Despite his consideration, Deon did not obey.

“I was just wondering what you were going to say.”

Useless consideration. A faint sneer appeared on his lips.

The red eyes look straight into the eyes of death and then curve into an arc. Deon said with a smile.

I don't think you know how much I despise myself.

“I’ll tell you out loud. I curse myself.”

“okay. So....”

“I hope that the path I walk is a thorny path, and I desperately pray that happiness will not be ignored even when I die.”

“ ....”

“Would it be easy to understand if I said that I am cursing myself by giving up all the time I have lived and my soon-to-be-crumbled soul, being weighed down day by day by the terrible reality that living without being able to escape from death is not living?”

Every time the mokuldae rings, the blood up to the bottom of the chin vibrates along with it.

Is this curse the Duke’s curse or my curse? In fact, the Duke probably didn’t have to curse me then. Even if I didn’t have to, I would have ended up in the same situation as I am now.

...Like damned Deon Hart.



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 346**

346. Perfect Ending (3)

“That means...”

It is an obvious fact that the person who made death manifest cannot be sane, so it is nothing new, but this person seems to be crazy in a truly unique way.

Death blinked for a moment at the completely unexpected answer, then his eyes darkened.

“...It's the kind of thing you shouldn't do carelessly in the face of death.”

“If I had quit just because I listened to you, I would have quit right away. “Didn't you say that from the beginning knowing you wouldn't quit?”

surely. Death nodded.

I expected it to some extent. Even if he had taken the advice and quit, nothing would have changed except that the person concerned would feel at ease because he had already been cursed for too long.

That's why I was able to say this.

“It was mercy and consideration in its own way.”

“I don’t need it, so take my eyes.”

Let’s make a deal quickly and get it over with.

I had an intuition that this was what the shaman once said about being careful with your eyes, but it’s funny that I’m conscious of it now.

Deon, who was focused on the present, raised his head and raised his eyes as if to take it. Red eyes that seemed to resemble blood or jewels caught Death’s gaze, but he did not stretch out his hand.

“Now that I think about it, I didn’t tell you this. “It is not for me to take it; you must do it yourself.”

Stop.

The gently opened eyes blinked with an unknown emotion.

“If you’re scared, you can give up...”

“No, not that. “I just suddenly thought that my brother might interfere with royalties in the future.”

“...her.”

Since you have decided to proceed with the transaction, wouldn’t it be better to extract the maximum profit possible? Deon grinned at Death, who had a tired expression on his face.

“I wish he would hand over to me not only now, but all the karma he will accumulate in the future. Is it possible?”

So that he can interfere with royalties whenever he wants.

Since I haven't done anything right in my life and only caused damage, I guess I should at least do this. Deon looked at death with a proud face.

"...That's terrible."

Death suddenly exclaimed in exclamation.

It's really awful. No matter how much it may be to repay a favor, how can a human being do something like this for another person? Isn't it true that humans are a race of people who easily forget what they originally received?

Cruel Hart even made sacrifices without receiving anything in return. Even in death, he only cared for his younger brother.

'Is it a matter of the environment or blood....'

Or was there something in the essence of the soul itself? Everyone clicked their tongues thinking about their toxic brother, but Deon Hardt glanced at the sky and asked impatiently.

"So is it possible or impossible? Should I give you something other than eyes?"

"...If the credit for breaking the bondage between the hero and the devil is credited to this rather than to forgiveness of sins, this is possible. "I will do whatever you wish."

Cruel Hart will not recklessly interfere with royalties, ignoring the karma that will accrue to his younger brother, and at best, he will intervene only when his reincarnated younger brother is in danger, so there is no problem. There is a possibility that he may choose to be reincarnated, but that would be a loss for that side and a gain for this side,

and there is no way in the first place that he would throw away the freedom that his younger brother gave me by going to such lengths.

After hearing the positive answer, Deon smiled brightly.

“thanks.”

And then he picked up a dagger.

“Should I pull it out completely?”

“No, it doesn’t matter if you just stab me. “The main purpose of this price is not for ‘death to acquire the eyes of the trading partner’ but ‘for the trading partner to lose his eyes’.”

“okay?”

A good day reflects the moonlight and shows off its charm. Deon looked at it for a moment, then looked back at Death and pursed his lips.

“But...”

The reason why I repeatedly stopped and kept my mouth shut while trying to speak was that the question that had slowly begun to reveal its presence after the question about Cruel was resolved for a while came out after hesitation.

“...What happened to Lord Lien?”

If Cruel can be reincarnated, other people I know will definitely be reincarnated, so there is no question. As if considering the background of the times, the ‘average’ value of karma was used as the standard, so in this era of war, my parents and Count Hart’s people at the time, who

had never committed murder, let alone taught murder, would have achieved 'freedom'.

In that case, the only remaining ambiguous entity is Lord Lien.

'I wasn't going to ask, but...'

Anyway, just paying off my brother for his sins is too much for me, so even if she takes the path of reincarnation, there's nothing I can do. But still.

The voice of death fell on my shoulders, which were stiff with unexplained tension.

"What do you think an upright knight who stands alone, not a hero, but an ordinary man, will gain after death in order to prevent a catastrophe from going astray?"

"...Haha, that's right...."

"...."

"...Thank goodness."

There really are no regrets left now. After shaking off the last of his luggage, Deon smiled brightly and sincerely. A stunningly beautiful smile appeared on her face.

"As expected, I'm lucky."

That was the end of it.

Deon swung his dagger down without hesitation.

Red blood splatters under the white moonlight. Death watched him with silence for a moment, then spoke quietly in a whisper.

“It was a satisfying conversation.”

As expected, he did not disappoint me as he was the embodiment of death.

“I guess I’ll never forget you. “If you come to me in the future and ask for a deal like now, I might accept.”

“okay? “Then wait.”

Deon, who seemed to not care about the pain and changed the position of the dagger and aimed it, answered playfully without erasing the bright smile on his face.

“Next time, I will ask for ‘immortality’.”

“...her.”

“It’s better to just end it in one life than to pay for your sins while being reincarnated one after another. is not it?”

“It may not work out the way you want, though. What is it?  
“I’m looking forward to it.”

As expected, it is a statement that does not disappoint.  
Death laughed lowly.

Deon also chuckled, as if joining in with the laughter.  
Perhaps it was because I had received the unexpected gift of a deal with death that I felt as if a heavy burden had been lifted.

Some people might think I’m crazy, but it’s okay.

Deon, who saw the moons overlapping as one just before the world went dark, looked extremely satisfied as he slashed his dagger once again.

“It’s the perfect ending.”

On the anniversary of his brother’s death, I ended my revenge and gave him complete freedom. You will be able to enjoy life after death comfortably without worrying about being forcibly reincarnated in the future, whether it’s interference with royalties or anything else.

It may be a bit selfish, but it puts my heart at ease to some extent, so it’s the perfect ending.

‘Let’s rest in peace this time, brother.’

I’ll take advantage of this brief moment of breathing to get some rest.

In my fading consciousness, I steadfastly drove the dagger into my heart and then lay down on my back. Against the backdrop of darkness, I could feel the power draining from my body at a rapid rate, but Deon just smiled.

‘Honestly, it was difficult.’

It was a difficult life.

If someone hears this, they might criticize that there are so many people in this world who are having a hard time, so why do you, a sinner, look like you are taking on all your misfortunes on your own? However, pain and unhappiness are subjective, so I, being selfish, cannot say that it was not difficult.

‘But it wasn’t the worst.’

Nevertheless, the reason I don’t say it was the worst life is probably because there were many people who gave for me.

These people willingly sacrificed their bodies to become a small stone pedestal because they thought I was so pretty as I waded through the increasingly strong current to cross the river that I should not have crossed. When I think of those people who gave me something, even though I knew they would soon be submerged and swept away without a trace by the rising tide, I can't help but say that it was the worst.

'I have no regrets.'

From the same perspective, you won't regret it either.

Even when I think of the countless bodies of people lying along the path I walked. No, actually, I couldn't regret it, even for myself.

Did Emperor Edoardo also say that he had no regrets in this way? I laughed heartily while thinking about meaningless thoughts.

'So don't scold me. 'You kept your promise.'

I didn't live to the best of my ability, but I died to the best of my ability. Although we could not move toward the future, we steadily looked back on the past.

I walked the path without regrets, and at the end, I made a choice without regrets.

So, honestly, I think this way of dying is too much for me. I thought I was lucky.

[Be happy.]

...Yes, I was happy.



I finally feel comfortable with the voice that has been constantly shouting like a curse in the corner of my head.

It was a somewhat one-sided and unpromising promise that was made unintentionally, but I am very fortunate that we were able to fulfill it. Now I can be more honest with Ririnel.

‘...Has death left?’

The flow of thought returned to reality and a useless question came to mind. No, I don’t know if it’s actually reality. Maybe I’m not already dead.

As I wander beyond consciousness in the dark, a vague scent of flowers passes my nose. Deon, who realized that its true identity was ‘the devil’s consideration’, smiled faintly.

The greenhouse was broken and the flowers that filled it were swept away and trampled in the battle and ruined, but their scent still remained.

‘I didn’t like winter.’

Thanks to you, I die in spring.

....

“...Hey.”

“....”

“Deonhardt.”

“....”

Consciousness was cut off.

I thought I heard the voice of death, who I thought had left for the last time, but no further thoughts were possible.

I think I answered for now, but...

"...the world wants me to tell you. 'Humans carrying unbearable karma, karma keeps going round and round. What you have done will one day strangle you again, so you will not be at peace even after death.'"

What did I reply?

\*\*\*

The soul laughed. Even though the words were almost like curses, I just laughed. Instead of being crushed by the energy of death, he burst out laughing several times and grinned. The answer came back with a relieved smile, as if a burden had been truly lifted.

'Fuck you.'

"...."

Death gave up his soul without saying a word.

A breathtaking silence came. In an extremely quiet space, he turned his head and belatedly took in the surrounding scenery.

It was only then that he became convinced after seeing the petals that had fallen here and there and the flowers that had been trampled to a pulp and were emitting a strong scent.

"It must have been a perfect ending."

It was winter that took away Cruel Hart and all those who were related to Deon Hart, and it was spring that returned Cruel Hart's intact body and delivered his message.

For Deon Hardt, not only the situation but also the background must have been perfect as he died surrounded by the scent of spring.

"...anyway."

The veil of crows that had been blocking access all along was lifted.

"Master Deon!"

"Get away from there right now!"

Ben and Ed came running as if they had been waiting.

It seemed like he was going to use his unique ability to its maximum power at any moment, but Ed, who glanced at the corpses of the demon king and the hero, gritted his teeth and threw a punch. Death dodged his attack, caught a glimpse of Ben sitting in front of Deonhardt's body, and immediately left.

After looking for the missing person for a while, Ed quickly approached the fallen hero and the demon king. The sky-blue eyes that looked back and forth between the two bodies with a look of confusion soon began to drip rain.

"Why...why..."

"...."

"I never wanted this outcome..."

Death, who had been watching this scene from afar, looked away.

Now that the bond between the hero and the devil has been broken, many things will change. As a world that took steps to break the shackles in the past, it will have to take steps to clean things up again. Considering that Deonhardt left behind many things, it would be safe to call the changes that will occur afterward a breakaway from the world.

So our confirmation is more important than theirs.

...just as expected.

‘It’s already started.’

Almost all the passages connecting the human world and the abyss can be seen slowly starting to close. Abyssal races crossing the border and moving to the human world were also visible.

‘Is it fairies, mermaids, dwarves... Vampires are missing.’

After coveting the sun like that, they seem to be migrating to the present, when the human world is busy taking care of itself and the world is busy cleaning up after itself, so they don’t have time to worry about anything else.

Well... they don’t have any dangerous ideas or goals, and they’re not a species that’s threatening enough to wipe out humans, so it’s not a big problem.

‘A lot of things will change.’

Humans who will repeat the history of starting from scratch, increasing their power, establishing a country, integrating or dividing, and seeking stability, and the abyss races who will

take advantage of the chaos to infiltrate and settle in the human world.

The bondage between the warrior and the demon lord has ended, and since the human world and the abyss are 'one world', most of the boundaries that made it easy to travel between the two worlds will be closed, even if they are not completely cut off.

After that, a completely different world will unfold.

Death grinned and muttered to the survivors.

"Congratulations on being at the beginning of a new era."

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 347**

347. Later story (1)

The demon world did not occupy the human world.

They withdrew from the human world without leaving any troops behind, having completely breached all the strongholds that the three major countries of the human world had held up as their last strongholds.

Humanity, who had been crouching and guarding in an incomprehensible situation, slowly raised their heads as time passed and nothing happened, and soon they were able to understand the reason.

It was an internal dispute.

“Legion commanders were killed in droves, right?”

“okay. “They said the scars were the kind that could never come from fighting with humans.”

“There is internal strife even among the demons. “It’s amazing.”

Two people sitting against a nearby tree outside the bar were chatting while tipping bottles. Snacks include world events, the Demon World, and Deonhardt.

While they were excitedly chewing and nibbling their snacks and chatting, one person who was tilting the bottle stopped for a moment and frowned. At the same time, the eyes of the person next to him turned to him.

“Have you finished drinking already?”

“Tsk... okay.”

“So I told you to drink it with moderation. “I need to come to my senses when I go back.”

“It’s hard to be sane in this crazy world. “Stop nagging me and I’ll bring you more drinks, so just wait.”

If I had drank at a bar, I wouldn’t have had to bother going back and forth—.

Annoyed mutterings come out mixed with drunkenness. My friend’s eyes were glaring at the bar, showing his heartache. The person who had been drinking his share let out a dull sigh and shook his head.

“There’s nothing we can do because it’s full of customers.”

“okay! The problem is that it is full of customers! “There isn’t a single empty bar!”

At some point, the bar started to become overcrowded.

It wasn’t that there was anything special about that bar. Because all the other bars were full.

As a result, I had no choice but to bring the alcohol I purchased and eat it at home or outdoors nearby, but there was no suitable place outdoors because someone had already taken a seat that seemed appropriate.

What further explanation is needed since the tree they were currently sitting under was obtained after a lot of hard work.

The person who had raised his voice as if he was clearly drunk suddenly shouted.

“Why is everyone drinking so much?”

“Well... wouldn’t that be the same reason you drink?”

“....”

“Have you calmed down now?”

“...okay.”

A little while ago, he confidently told his friend, who advised him to refrain from drinking too much, the reason he sought out alcohol. I argued that being sane is a loss in this crazy world.

People’s hearts are all similar, so those people filling up the bar must be doing so for the same reason.

Subtle anger that had almost completely cooled down and deep resignation mixed with sighs burst out.

“Damn war... I don’t know when it will end. No, it will end while I am alive.”

“...I know.”

Many people were tired of the successive wars.

You don’t get tired only if you are directly involved in a war. Worries about family and friends who went to war and the anxiety of not knowing when the aftermath of war will reach here cannot be ignored.



It was only a day or two to be on high alert, but the longer this time went on, the more exhausted people became.

In such a situation, what else can you rely on other than alcohol?

“It’s all because of Deonhardt.”

Everyone’s drinking snacks became a hot topic again.

Because he stood on the side of the demon world and attacked the human world, the entire human world was turned upside down, and even though the demon world withdrew, peace could not be restored and another war broke out.

After spitting out a name that was infinitely hateful to humanity, his face was distorted horribly as if he had uttered something dirty.

“You don’t deserve to go to hell.”

“Well, that guy is a problem, but... the Duke is a bigger problem. “If that scum hadn’t been greedy in the first place, this wouldn’t have happened.”

As Deon Hardt was mentioned, the person he was heavily involved with also became a hot topic. A person who went from a rare loyalist to a rare piece of trash. Starbe Illuster.

The person who mentioned him also rinsed his mouth with alcohol and chewed it as if his mouth was dirty.

“Because of that bastard, Deonhardt went to the demon world and ended up in this situation.”

“Yes, the duke is also a piece of trash, but why are you protecting Deonhard by making such a useless assumption? Everything he did after going to the demon world was Deonhart’s choice. “If that bastard is not a child and is an adult, he should know that what he is doing is wrong and know how to stop. Why are you protecting him when he does something like that?”

“It’s not like I really covered it up. I definitely said he was a problem too.”

“Oh, okay. Let’s just say they’re both trash. “Crazy bastards who should no longer exist in history.”

Hehe.

The man who spat unluckily began to walk unsteadily, saying he would bring him some alcohol. The remaining person shook the bottle to measure the remaining amount and followed the figure with his eyes. The anxiety and distrust that could not be erased were clearly visible in his eyes.

‘No matter how you look at that, he looks like he’s properly drunk...’

Should I just knock him out and throw him at home right now?

The drunken walk is unbalanced and shakes excessively. It seems quite dangerous when you feel like you might bump into someone else.

Tuk.

The worry became reality.

The person I hit stumbled for a moment and an untitled book fell to the floor. The man, who moved his gaze to check on the person who had been tricked by his ugly friend, reflexively raised his hand and covered his eyes. A deep sigh came out.

‘Even if I bump into an old man...’

What should I do if something goes wrong with the other person?

The old man seems to have corrected himself... but still, it’s better not to get involved to avoid any trouble.

He thought of the old man next door who had suffered a broken bone after just hitting his butt, and he shifted his gaze to another place.

‘I’m going to pretend not to know.’

Since we are friends, we should use our friendship as much as possible and pretend not to know.

A foolish friend who realized that the person he was dealing with was an old man hurriedly picked up the book and held it out, looking embarrassed and sober. A frantic apology followed belatedly.

“I’m sorry, old man. “Are you hurt anywhere?”

“No. it’s okay.”

“Are you sure you’re okay? “You’re not going to die because of me, right...?”

...It looks like the drunkenness hasn’t completely disappeared as I see my inner thoughts coming out that I

shouldn't have.

Okay, at this moment, we are perfect strangers. The man turned his head away.

However, contrary to the expectation that he would be angry at the carelessly mentioned death, the old man, who somehow felt dignified and cultured, instead of getting angry, gently rolled his silver-blue eyes and reassured the drunkard.

"Yes, it's really okay. It didn't fall and the book is still intact. "You don't have to worry."

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Leaving the drunken man's apology behind, Remember left the village and quietly walked down the street, pondering the voices of people criticizing Deonhardt and Starbe Illuster. To be precise, I pointed out the sense of discomfort felt in their words.

'...There is no swear word about Cruel Hart.'

It was strange that no word was mentioned about Cruel Hart.

okay. Even though they cursed the country for heroes who failed to protect Deonhardt, Starbe Illuster, and them, Cruelhardt's name was never mentioned even once in their mouths.

'No one knows that Cruel Hart was the one who sent Deon Hart to the Demon World.'

Dan once proudly revealed this in front of a screen displayed throughout the human world, so there is no way

he wouldn't know. Unless you are a fool, you would know that a hero who sided with the demon world was born that way.

It was a bit strange that no one was cursing Cruel Hart, who could be seen as another culprit, since even gods can curse when they want to.

'But... yes. Anyway, it's a good thing.'

However, Remember decided to pretend not to know and bury it.

Although I may not know as much as Deon Hart or Cruel Hart himself, I know his situation to some extent. Wouldn't it be a pity to be criticized even after death after living such a miserable life?

...It's a pity that Deon Hart was enough.

Before we knew it, the road stopped and we came to a familiar mountain. It might have been a bit overwhelming for other old people, but Remember started climbing the mountain without any problem.

After walking along familiar terrain, two graves located side by side began to come into view. Also, the demon with hair resembling sunlight standing in front of him.

"...."

"...?"

As if sensing popularity, the demon turns around. Eyes resembling the sky met silver-blue eyes.

"Ah..."

Familiar glances exchanged without any sign of surprise. The demons, who had always only built vertical relationships or mutually abusive relationships, hesitated as if they had no idea what to say, and Remember calmly greeted them as if they were considerate.

“hello. How have you been?”

“...okay.”

“Were you pulling weeds?”

“okay.”

Humans have a culture of making tombs after death.

Ed was considerate of the human Deon Hart and created his tomb, but since he could not take care of only the warrior, he also created the Demon King's tomb elsewhere.

Like that, he became the tomb keeper of the last warrior and the last demon king like water. Remember, who often stopped by here, had no reason to be surprised to see the demon managing the tomb again.

“Are you used to the job?”

“...It wasn't difficult.”

Even if it was a difficult and difficult task, Ed would never have complained. He became a tomb keeper on his own initiative, not because someone told him to do so.

‘You can think of it as atonement for someone who couldn't choose either side.’

How much did you cry at that time?

The reason I couldn't take anyone's side was because I didn't want to lose them both, not because I wanted to lose them. I really... had no idea that this would result.

Ed smiled wryly as he lightly swept the well-manicured grass of the grave.

'I was so out of my mind at the time that I couldn't even think of making a grave.'

Thanks to that old man, I was able to settle the matter easily. I was so surprised when Hyen suddenly appeared with guidance and told me that there was a suitable grave site for Deon Hart.

At the time, Ben didn't seem to realize that the patient he was in charge of was dead, and he was holding onto the body, saying he was going to treat him, looking as if he had lost his senses. If it weren't for the old man, it would have taken more time to come to his senses and collect the body.

"...but."

The eyes that had been examining the grave shifted to Remember.

"What is that book?"

"It is proof that we kept our promise to the dead."

"...."

An untitled book held at his side.

It wasn't a particularly interesting type of book, so instead of continuing the topic, Ed asked a question in a different direction.

“Which dead man?”

“This time it will be Deonhardt.”

Deonhardt’s tomb was built right next to Cruelhardt’s tomb.

Remember pointed to the new grave in front of Ed and smiled softly as if asking for understanding.

“Could you please leave for a moment?”

“...okay.”

Ed obediently left and Remember, left alone, quietly looked down at Deon’s grave.

At the end of the narrow silence, a voice slightly lower than usual slowly flowed out toward the non-existent person.

“I kept my promise.”

I was hoping you would receive it in person, but in the end, I have to give it to you like this.

I muttered bitterly and put down the book in front of the tombstone.

“It is a novel-style book containing records of the past. Of course, you are the main character. “Other than this, proper history books have been created up to this point and we plan to continue to add to them in the future, but... I don’t think you are interested.”

Remember laughed quietly. A smile as cloudy as fog appeared on his face, as if it would dissipate at any moment.

He sat down in front of the tomb.



“Instead, let me tell you the story after you left. You might find it quite interesting because so much has changed.”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 348**

348. Next story (2)

What should I talk about first?

There is plenty of time anyway, so there is no need to rush. Remember roughly organized his thoughts and began to rhyme.

“...First of all, the border is closed.”

At some point, the boundaries disappeared one by one.

Of course, humanity was in an uproar. I was anxious about this phenomenon for an unknown reason and talked about this topic wherever I went. However, once they realized that there was no major loss other than a temporary disruption in the supply of magic stones, they quickly regained stability. It was embarrassing to make such a fuss.

In fact, there were some who liked it because they felt less worried about monster attacks as time passed.

“It’s not entirely closed... but almost all the borders are gone. As far as I can tell, the only remaining border is here.”

I glanced at a very small border line nearby.

...When Cruel Hart's tomb was built, it was a time when Deon Hart was crossing between the human world and the demon world, so Remember at the time created a tomb near the border so that Cruel Hart could watch over him wherever he was.

That still remains.

'It was a small border even back then.'

Now it has become so small that only one person can barely fit in and out.

Even a large person could not get in and out, so Remember, who knew that Ed was crossing this border to inspect the Demon King's tomb, looked at the border with worried eyes for a moment to see if it would get any smaller, and then turned his eyes to the tombstone again. .

"...Of course, if you search further, there will be something left. But I have no intention of looking for it."

Researching retired topics is meaningless because it only gets on your nerves and is not something you can touch on. The saying that ignorance is medicine would be appropriate for this situation.

Above all, I wonder if there is only one person who can do this.

"Esperanes will notice and be looking for you anyway. "It's none of this old man's business."

Remember knows very well the extent of Esperanes' information network spread throughout the continent. Since he knows, he probably already noticed.

They would take care of the rest, so he didn't have to worry about it.

"Oh, for your information, the Esperanes intelligence organization has taken advantage of the current chaotic period to take control of the underworld. They go beyond simply handling information and use it to properly control other back alley forces trying to increase their size. So you don't have to doubt my skills."

They know how to use the weapon of information and use the results to further strengthen their weapons. Esperanes also have the unique characteristics of neutrality and neglect, and they will not seek to have power beyond maintaining the minimum balance to protect themselves, so there is no one better suited than them to find the boundary and take action.

"And..."

The commoners who were able to survive thanks to the underworld being in a much more stable state than expected, and the people who had enough money to look for alcohol in the village we passed by on the way here a while ago, are listed in reverse order. The accident that was pointed out goes back to the beginning and points out the 'confusion' that is the culprit of everything.

Yes, there was something that came to mind when I said 'current chaotic times'. Remember let out a light sigh.

"'Other races' have established themselves in the human world. 'Completely different races that only appeared in books suddenly settled in suitable places on the continent.'"

Did you say they were each a fairy, a mermaid, and a dwarf?

Fortunately, it was located in a forest where humans don't often reach... but it's still embarrassing.

To use an analogy... It's like a situation where a family fight is going on over property division, and a stranger sneaks in and takes part of the property.

It's a shame because it's not worth much. In a war that took place to occupy an unclaimed land, a part of the land was taken as my territory.

"The fact that it happened so naturally and quickly seemed like we had been preparing for it in advance."

But humans could not move carelessly.

Not only have we not yet been able to estimate the strength of these races, but we have already made it clear that they will remain calm unless we touch them first and will not covet more territory than this. Even the territory they occupied was a land that was pushed to the bottom of the list of importance given by humans, so it was difficult to attack them at the risk of reducing their power.

It was impossible to form an alliance and attack just because we were of the same race because the division and conflict between forces had already deepened.

"It was like... they were just targeting this moment."

There's even a saying, 'It's better to let other races occupy the land than for other babies to eat it,' so that's pretty much the explanation.

Of course, if the opponent was a demon, there would have been extreme rejection and hostility. Alliances between various forces within humanity would also have arisen.

However, the current different races are extremely unfamiliar races that we have never even seen, let alone clashed with, so there is no animosity to speak of.

“Should we consider ourselves lucky that the vampires didn’t come over?”

Remember sensed that various races would live on this land in the future.

...Except for vampires.

“Ah, you might be wondering how I know about the existence of vampires.”

That’s what I said... but if the soul really exists and it didn’t leave the body immediately after death, you might already know about it.

“I have seen their leader.”

It was while recovering Deonhardt’s body that I encountered the leader of the vampire race.

There were no special words or actions, as if he had just come to check on the body, but since it was his first time seeing the leader of another race up close, he could not help but remember it clearly.

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When Deonhardt returned to take the Demon King’s head.

After hearing the news of his return, the heads of each race ended their tea time with the Demon King and moved to their seats in preparation for crossing over to the human world.

While those who had moved to the dwarven territory were busily looking at the map of the human world and reconfirming what they had each promised, the vampire leader quietly rolled his eyes.

‘...I’ve been waiting for this situation.’

I didn’t understand it at the time when they were trying to save Deonhardt by losing Chuck and I, but now I understand.

‘The Demon King clearly expressed the news of Deonhardt’s return as ‘a guest has arrived.’”

Normally, returning allies are not referred to as ‘guests’. In other words, Deonhardt came as an enemy, and the Demon King welcomed him gladly. It’s not like he’s happy to be able to kill a hero again, but he’s probably expecting the opposite.

Yes, if you’ve lived that long, it’s not strange to want to die.

‘Definitely... it would be the perfect timing for those looking for an opportunity to migrate to the human world.’

If Deonhardt overturns the human world and kills the Demon King, there will be no obstacles to moving to the human world. For those who can glimpse the future, it would have been a natural choice.

She looked at each person talking to them with calm eyes.

The Fairy King felt her gaze and turned to look at her.

“Soon almost all borders will be closed. It will become difficult to travel to and from the human world. “Are you sure you’re not going?”

“Yes, we will stay. I told you, right? “Our species does not have a good relationship with the sun.”

The abyss and the human world are not completely separated, so if one day you get tired of the abyss, you can go and think about it then. There’s no need to force yourself to move now when you don’t feel like it.

In response to the firm answer, the Fairy King shrugged his shoulders as if he would not ask any more questions and returned to his territory. All he had to do was reconfirm the existing plans and promises, so the head of the mermaid tribe left as if he had finished his business. The vampire leader thought for a moment, ignoring the dwarf leader’s gaze asking if he was going.

‘It’s a bit unfortunate to go back right away... I guess I’ll go see the battle between the Demon King and the Hero.’

Their battle cannot be certain of anything, not even the process, the outcome, or the time it will take to reach a conclusion, so it may have already ended, but it is a very rare opportunity to confirm the devil’s body, so there is nothing to lose by going.

‘As long as they don’t fight in the central garden, we won’t get caught up in battle, so it’ll be fine.’

Unless you go crazy, you won’t fight in the greenhouse.

She moved back to the central garden of the Demon King’s Castle.

So, upon arriving, the vampire leader discovered not one but two bodies. It was the body of a crazy person.



The bodies of the demon king and the hero, beyond any doubt.

For a moment, I felt a chill running down my spine at the knowledge that if I had come a little earlier, I could have been caught up in the fight between the two.

“...Yeah, that’s it.”

As a vampire leader who sees the present, she finished understanding the situation and muttered softly.

There was a question from an old human asking who you were and a wary question from a demon asking why you came here, but I lightly ignored them.

“That’s why I just focused on moving without worrying about anything else.”

If the hero is alive, even if he moves to the human world, there will still be an element of anxiety, but it seems like there is no such thing to worry about.

That was because the warrior was also scheduled to die.

Since the Demon King cannot commit suicide, given the circumstances, the hero who killed the Demon King must have committed suicide himself. In the meantime, the question remains that we don’t know how the hero’s eyes turned out that way, but the assumption we made earlier is probably correct. I don’t know the reason, but that was a little disappointing.

‘Apart from being defined as a piece of chaos that needs to be killed, I quite liked the way he lived in the present.’

They say it's hard to forget the devil because he's the devil, but this is the first time a human has left such a strong impression. That's why the ending of the guy who gave up on the present was quite disappointing.

...Anyway, since we have confirmed the death of the chaos, there is nothing to worry about.

Now that it was time to focus on her race again, she quietly looked down at Deon Hart's body and quietly left.

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"That's it. There's nothing special going on, so I don't have anything more to say. Instead, let me tell you another story. "This may also be unfamiliar information to you."

Remember naturally changed the topic.

"A country called the Republic was established. It is a country with a completely different political system than previous kingdoms or empires. The country claimed that sovereignty belongs to the people. "It would be a truly sweet story for commoners and scholars."

I don't know if that's actually the case.

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How long has it been since the revolutionary army went into hiding?

Temporary leader Iram, who had been preparing for various things by reviewing the thoughts and teachings of the first leader Daniel and the second leader Paul, realized that now was the right time to reveal himself to the world.

There is nothing strange about which country is established or which organization is formed. So she boldly appeared to the world, officially proclaiming the establishment of a country with the name 'Republic'. It was a natural result that the name Iram became widely known.

"It shouldn't be like that in the first place...."

"Yes? what did you say?"

"...Originally, my name was not supposed to be known. To be precise, the names of all those who will become the heads of this republic in the future should not be known."

"What do you mean..."

Well, since I am used to the monarchy, it is understandable. Iram flicked his pen and added an explanation.

"This country is a republic. It is a country where sovereignty lies with the people. Do you think it is normal for the people in such a country to know the name of the leader?"

"...?"

"That means things are not good."

Originally, it was said that the most peaceful time for a country was when the people were not interested in the king.

Especially in this 'republic', the fact that the people know the name of the leader means that something is going terribly wrong.

"Especially as the interim leader, my name should not remain in history..."

She sighed.

“The situation is the way it is now, so there’s nothing we can do about it.”

“....”

“You don’t have to take it seriously. “I was just complaining because I was at a loss for the future.”

“Ah...”

Iram’s name was already known as the founder of the republic. Moreover, in order to protect the country in these difficult times, we must have the power to unite opinions.

“Of course, this should be an exception until the war is over.”

There is nothing we can do to avoid losing the country we built. If you want to become a nameless leader, you can teach the succession firmly.

Of course, there is no suitable successor yet, but she quietly strengthened her will with her eyes shining.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 349**

349. Later story (3)

Without going into much detail, Remember knew the Republic as soon as he looked at it.

The republic preaches freedom and equality and says that sovereignty belongs to the people, but it harbors the contradiction that power is actually held by the leader. Claiming that he had no choice but to protect this country and to distribute everything to you equally, the leader was no different from the kings of other kingdoms... or rather, he held on to more power than them.

“...anyway.”

Although this is not something to worry about.

Whatever the head of that side is thinking and planning, it has nothing to do with this side. Instead of continuing his explanation of the republic, Remember mentioned another country.

“The Republic is not the only country worthy of note.”

Because there are still many other things to talk about.

“The empire collapsed, and the Kingdom of Ardal came into existence in its place. As you might have guessed from the

name, it is a kingdom founded by 'the' Prime Minister Ardal. On the surface, it seemed to be a separate kingdom from the empire, but when I looked a little more carefully, it seemed to be a kingdom that connected the empire. "It seemed like they hid it because of the circumstances."

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Although it was not started by anyone in particular, at some point the rumor that Deon Hart was dead began to spread.

When Lindel Reiner heard this, he quietly thought of his younger brother. An upright knight who was called 'Lord Lien' for most of his adult life.

And at the same time, I also remembered Deon Hardt, who tried to kill me at some point in the past, but ended up saving me without being able to kill me.

"Deon Hardt is dead..."

He stopped laughing bitterly.

At that time, as if he saw me as Lien, he plunged his weapon into the ground next to my neck and chanted her name with a face that looked like he was about to cry.

I didn't know about it at the time because I didn't have time to think about it, but I guess it was so impressive.

'...It's good news.'

It's right to be happy.

Eventually, you find yourself unable to like it. Lindel, realizing my complicated emotional state, smiled bitterly.

As the indescribable silence prolonged, Ardal, who had been writing something on a piece of paper, slowly raised his head and looked at him.

“You look like your mind is complicated. Are you okay?”

“...it’s okay.”

It can’t be okay.

In any case, doesn’t that mean that the person who killed his brother is dead? It was said that his feelings were complicated because his broken face at the time clearly showed that he cared for and loved his younger brother in some way, but that was okay and it was separate from Malgo.

...But Lindell didn’t want to continue on this topic, so he stopped talking.

“Rather than that, are you really going to inherit the empire? Wouldn’t it be cleaner and better to just start as the first king of the new kingdom?”

The Prime Minister... no, King Ardal said that he would make this kingdom a kingdom that would succeed the empire.

Honestly, it’s a choice I don’t understand. If the empire was a country that won the public’s support, the end of the empire was a rebellion. This means that public sentiment was at its worst, so why bother doing something that would cause a loss?

However, Ardal calmly answered as he turned the document filled with black letters to the next page.

“The only request made by the last emperor, who willingly asked for my body to be used, was to leave at least a record of Edoardo Desert in history.”

“There’s no need to continue the country for something like that...!”

“Compared to our own history, the history of other countries is treated with relatively less value.”

“ .... ”

“In particular, many history books will be lost in the fire of war, so who would care about recording the history of other countries?”

Even as he continues speaking, his hands do not stop, filling in the blank paper. Ardal calmly expressed his opinion against the backdrop of Lindel’s silence.

“As the Kingdom of Ardal is a kingdom that continues the empire, we will ensure that the records of the first emperor, Edoardo Desert, are not forgotten or lost.”

Although it was not requested, I will also leave a record of Elpidius Desert, the second and last emperor of the empire.

This will be enough to become a Buddhist teacher as it clearly contains the process of how a person who could have been a saint fell into a tyrant and perished.

“Of course, I know that if I openly declare that I will continue the empire, I will face backlash. That’s why it wasn’t officially announced.”

“ .... ”



“We will take steps to ensure that only key figures such as the royal family know.”

There was no further rebuttal as if he agreed. Ardal just flipped through a document full of records.

Flapping – the paper flipped over again.

....

[...As a result of the investigation, it was revealed that the first record about the empire Ardal was written by the first king Ardal himself.] [

The following is part of the original record.]

[Ardal It is a country that connects ‘empire’ with ‘empire’. Therefore, this record begins with ‘Empire’ rather than ‘Ardal’.]

[The first chapter. -Edoardo Desert-]

[At the very end, there was an emperor who faced disaster alone.]

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“...And I think you were probably most curious about this.”

A gentle smile spreads across Remembert’s face as if he was remembering familiar people. A voice as soft as spring sunlight continued.

“The Lofty Knights live as a mercenary group. “They even carried out their activities under the name ‘Lofty Mercenaries.’”

\*\*\*

As war broke out in the human world in earnest, the mercenary industry also became active.

From light missions such as running errands or dealing with escort monsters, which were mainly done before the mercenary industry came to light, to large missions such as participating in battles, which have now become the main tasks.

Someone entered the mercenary guild, which was always crowded with people, each taking on their own requests.

Squeak – The old door was carefully opened.

“excuse me.”

A soft voice with an experience far removed from that of a mercenary.

Older mercenaries usually have rough voices, so they are probably clients. There was no way a mercenary would say something like ‘excuse me’ in the first place. With the appearance of a new customer, those who were staying at the guild in search of expensive and convenient requests immediately turned to where the voice was heard.

As expected, a sickly old man who seemed to have nothing to do with the battle came into view. There was also a baby who looked to be about three or four years old clinging to the side of the leg.

‘...baby?’

When everyone’s eyes were colored with curiosity, the old man who was watching hesitated and opened his mouth.

“I came here because I wanted to ask a favor...”

“...Sorry, guest, but this is a mercenary guild. Instead of a ‘favor’, you have to put in a ‘request’ by risking money...” “

Ah... I will give you all my money if you will do me a favor.”

“...!”

All my wealth!

The old man’s complexion is poor because he is dying, but the baby next to him has good complexion and both are neatly dressed. His attitude is strangely luxurious, and it seems like he has lived without any shortcomings. If it were all of his assets, it would probably not be a small amount.

The mercenaries’ eyes changed. Some people even took their backs off their chairs and focused on the old man.

After a moment of confusion, an employee who realized that he was a valuable customer came out of the counter and approached me with a business smile.

“If you give money, that is a request. What would you like to request? If you find it difficult to reveal it in a public place, I will guide you to your room...”

“Oh no. You don’t have to go that far. “The only thing I want to ask you is...”

You shouldn’t take too long because your stamina is dropping by the minute.

The old man looked down and saw the baby standing next to the leg, holding the hem of his pants. Bitterness and despair were evident in his gaze as he looked into the innocent child’s eyes.

“I want you to raise this child... until he becomes an adult.”

“...yes?”

“Later, when the child becomes an adult, you can send him out. You can raise them as mercenaries from the beginning and use them as employees. “I would like to entrust the child to this ‘mercenary guild’ until he or she becomes an adult.”

If I were healthy, I wouldn’t have had to ask for a child, but I can’t help it. The old man, a former royal physician, sensed that his lifespan would soon come to an end.

‘I’m an old body that has lived long enough to live anyway, so I don’t regret dying, but...’

The child who will be left alone when I die.

‘Who will take care of this poor child?’

There is no one to take care of the child.

Entrusting it to an ordinary person would be like adding a burden to their already difficult life, and it would not be possible to protect the child from the fire of war that could strike at any moment.

Considering the world ahead, the best guardian would be someone who is strong enough to protect the child without dying easily.

The only thing the old man had was the money he earned from working in the imperial palace, so after much deliberation, he found a mercenary guild.

...But it doesn’t seem to work either.

A troubled expression crossed the employee's face. He did not miss this and immediately resigned himself.

'Well... raising a child is not something that can be thought of and accepted so easily.'

A child is something that always requires attention and requires a lot of work. Since we are not asking you to leave your child in our care for a month or two, but to raise him until he becomes an adult, it would be natural to refuse.

The mercenaries' laughter filled the room.

"The old man is senile! "Even if you don't have anywhere to leave your child, why don't you come to the mercenary guild?"

"Hey old man! You said it was all your property. How much is it? Depending on the amount, I may be able to take care of it for you!"

"what? Are you serious? The child is a burden! "You won't be able to receive requests freely?"

"What do you think? If it's an amount that you don't have to work for, it's a benefit! Even if it's not true, if you think it's not bad, you can just go and throw it away..."

"Ha, Grandpa..."

The child, who was anxious due to the unusual atmosphere, suddenly burst into tears. While the old man was quickly trying to calm him down, mocking remarks poured in, such as saying that the child was noisy and that the child was a nuisance.

And when you think the level crosses the line.

“Silence magic.”

“...huh? Tsk!”

“Silence.”

The man who suddenly appeared hit the uvula of the one with the loudest voice.

While everyone was dazed by the absurd situation, other people who appeared to be the man’s colleagues began to punish those who had made offensive remarks.

“Sleep magic. slip!”

“Physical magic. penitence.”

It was a very...unique method.

That’s just hitting the back of the head and knocking it out. And why is grabbing the back of the head and slamming it on the table considered repentance? They even say it’s physical magic.

Whispers come and go quickly, filled with absurd emotions. This soon subsided as the guys who had finished cleaning up took a quick look around the room.

Silence has come.

“Cough! What kind of crazy bastard... gasp!”

“The country is crazy, you bastard.”

The guy who belatedly realized who hit my uvula looked down in surprise. His lifeless eyes and his viciously growling voice were completely removed as if they were lies.

Even though there was a huge uproar within the mercenary guild, no one came forward. It was natural.

That's because they are crazy people.

'Crazy Dog...'

'This is the Crazy Dog Mercenary Group...'

The official name is 'Lofty Mercenary Group'.

These are the guys who have become famous for turning everything around and biting off money or anything else. Even their skills are not that great, so those who attack them with all their teeth are turned into a mess, and even if you secretly request a murder, they show up unharmed the next day. Rather, it was said that a scary situation unfolded in which the people who submitted the requests disappeared, so no one submitted murder requests.

"hmm! "It's a little quieter now!"

After looking around the contentedly quiet room, they approach the old man who was laughing at them just a moment ago.

Milan, the head of the mercenary group, said with a grin as he stood in front of an old man holding a child and looking at him with wary eyes, with only the sound of a child crying loudly.

"Young man, can't we raise that child?"

"What is that...."

"I am confident that I will raise him safely. "I will never abandon you and raise you with love until you become an

adult.”

“that’s right! “It’s a familiar face, so even if I wanted to, I would never be able to, right?”

What on earth can you believe when you looked like you were out of your mind just a moment ago?

I can’t forget the bizarre and violent appearance from just a moment ago. Perhaps these people are also greedy when they hear the phrase ‘all their wealth’? The old man patted the child on the back and gave him a cautious but sharp look.

“May I ask why?”

The answer came from Vice-Captain Cleter, who was standing half a step behind.

“I lost my precious son.”

“ ....”

“The empty space is so big... I want to raise a new child.”

Because we have to live.

“I need pleasure in life.”



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 350**

350. Later story (4)

Before he had the 11th Corps commander send us away, he said the last thing.

[You must live.]

These words were whispered to those who felt that they would never see each other again. That friendly curse became a dagger, stabbing into the hearts of the members of the Lofty Knights and entangling their leashes.

The captain, who must have been unaware of the shock we would receive, was so rude and unintelligible, but he eventually accepted it... but how can we mend our broken hearts?

‘Leader.’

In the first place, those who had nothing to lose remained and followed Deon Hart. It was a gathering of people fighting to the death, leaning on their last regrets.

‘Deonhardt.’

He was our last regret.

A young man who had just become an adult came into the eyes of those who had lost the will to live because the eight-year war had ended but they had no place to return to. On the battlefield, he showed a strict and cruel side, and at the same time used all means possible to save not only himself but also his subordinates. However, outside of battle, he behaved clumsily, as if showing off his age, so that he had no choice but to stretch out his hands. A child caught in his eye. .

‘...baby.’

So I stayed and willingly followed him to the demon world.

I came running to you just to see you, so what should we do if you just throw a curse and leave us forever?

“...If you’re worried that they’re doing this for money, you don’t have to give it. “We just want to raise that child.”

I couldn’t die.

The captain wants and commands us to live, so we must live. So we put our heads together and thought.

[When was the most intense moment in our lives?]

[...when we were fighting for life and death.]

[Then we decided what to do with our lives.]

Mercenary.

It is the most intense job and the easiest job to die in.

Is there any other job more suited to those who want to die but have to work hard to survive? The Lofty Knights became the Lofty Mercenaries.

However, there is a limit to living by slapping a weak-minded colleague in the face.

They are so old and mature adults that they can do anything on their own. They were in a situation where they couldn't get the motivation to live from each other to live the remaining time by embracing each other.

Honestly, what motivation for life can one get from looking at the face of an old, black man? Rather, I just think that it would be okay without me at least. It would be fortunate if we didn't commit suicide together.

A person cannot live with a whip alone.

I needed some joy in life.

"I'm not going to overlap with the son who lost that child.  
"To begin with, the two are very different."

With a gesture of his chin, Cletter pointed to the child who was suddenly being held loosely in Milan's hands.

That child does not have white hair and red eyes. His skin wasn't pale enough to be pale, his eyes weren't sharp, and he wasn't a saint.

"I just said whatever came to mind... but if there's anything else that bothers you, feel free to say it. "I will listen."

"...."

Because he lives in the imperial palace full-time and only meets a limited number of people, he is somewhat dull and naive when it comes to the cruel world, but that doesn't mean he doesn't have an eye for people.

On the contrary, since the people in the palace wore masks as usual, the ability to see through people and detect lies was clearly trained, and the old man realized that the other person's words were the truth through the insight gained through experience and age.

At some point, he looked back at the mercenaries who were comforting a crying child.

"Shhh! If I keep crying so much, I'm going to get sick! Are you nice? Let's do it!"

"If we cry too much, we'll get in trouble, right? So stop crying! peekaboo!"

"Bwaaaeaeak!"

"Ahh! "My ears!"

"I cry more because of your dirty face! Get rid of your face! hurry!"

It's funny and clumsy, but it's an attitude that makes you feel like you're doing your best.

Most children hate being treated like a child, but if you treat them like a child and appease them, they will probably get more upset and cry... but they don't know.

As I looked at them struggling, I slowly smiled.

"What's your name?"

"...Now that I think about it, I didn't introduce myself. I am Cleter, the vice-leader of the Lofty mercenaries. "The guy holding the kid over there is Milan, the general manager."

The name 'Lofty' made me pause for a moment.

“...Is that so.”

The old man nodded.

decided. In any case, it is difficult to find a more suitable guardian than these people in the current situation, so there is no other option.

Because my energy was low, I took heavy steps and approached the child. The man named Milan lowered his posture, made eye contact with the child he had just dropped off, and spoke with infinite affection.

“Son, these people here will take care of you from now on.”

“....”

“I told you this before, right? My grandfather is sick and has to go on a long trip alone. “You will be too bored and lonely to be alone during this time, so these people are with you.”

“I don’t like it....”

“Honey....”

“I don’t like it!!”

The child’s intuition is sharper than expected, and even though he does not fully understand the meaning of death, he realizes that he will never see his grandfather again. The child desperately clung to his grandfather.

A sobbing voice poured out.

“Why can’t I come with you? I want to go too... take me too...”

“Baby...”

“Don’t abandon me...!!”

Sniff.

Perhaps because they have become more sensitive as they get older, the poor colleagues who were watching the situation from one side wipe away tears.

What are you doing? You should be comforting and reassuring the child. Don’t you know that children become anxious when their guardians cry? Cleter, glaring at them with a pitiful look, approached the child and slowly stretched out his hand.

“...You’ve grown a lot.”

Unlike the intention to smile brightly, a dull smile was drawn.

Still, it seems to have been enough to attract the child’s attention. The child, who had been nervously avoiding his touch, looked up at him with wide eyes.

“Do you... know me?”

“then. “Did we meet you before your grandfather?”

“...really?”

“okay.”

My fingertips slowly approach and wipe away the tears that are soaking my cheeks. While the child blinked at the softer and sweeter behavior than expected, the Lofty mercenaries intervened as if they thought it was time.

“Don’t you remember us? “Is it familiar or something like that?”

“Uhm....”

“It’s a shame I don’t remember, but I can’t help it. “You can call us uncle!”

“uncle?”

“Yes uncle! Would you like your uncle to give you a higher opinion?”

It seemed as if my frantic efforts had paid off this time, and before I knew it, the child was lifting himself up high and laughing.

The voices of the adults, as if they were more excited than the children, rang loudly through the clear and refreshing sound of laughter. It was an action that seemed to have been completely forgotten by the people within the mercenary guild who were still watching with bated breath.

“Do you remember the loud crying? “My child will make a big name for himself!”

“You must be smarter than anyone else!”

“Wouldn’t you be good at fighting?”

“You can teach that! “You can make anyone win!”

“Why don’t you try making a mercenary king right now?”

“Oh, right. “Now that I think about it, I have some cubes and puzzles. Do you think they will help with brain development?”

It’s good to be lively and get along well...

The old man, who seemed anxious and glanced at them while handing the money to Cleter and relaying the child's name and other important information, made a subtle expression as he heard each word added.

but.

'...done. It would be pointless meddling to say anything more here.'

Is it really true that he knew the child more than that?

Since he was no longer the guardian, he focused his attention on other things instead of talking about the unstable parenting policy that was evident in their relationship.

"I'd like to ask you about the part where you met your child before me, but is that possible?"

"...Oh, that."

Cleter scratched his head.

"It is a lie. "I'm trying to reassure the child."

"...okay."

There was clearly no lie in his attitude when he said those words, but that must be because he said that.

The old man didn't bother to ask and nodded obediently. As if he was about to leave the room, he continued to say something that ended the conversation.

"This is a child who has never had a minor illness. The skin is also strong, unlike a child's, so it doesn't get hurt easily and even if it does, it heals quickly. I feel like it might be a



blessing bestowed upon me by my parents who left before me due to unavoidable circumstances, so at least I won't be bothered in this way. The child itself is also good. So...."

"...."

"Please take care of the child."

...He has a good heart.

Cleter, who had been watching his colleagues as if he were openly watching them while receiving money and information in case they made an accident, chuckled.

"I should apologize in advance."

"...yes?"

"I'm sorry, but we're going to raise that kid to be very rude. He probably won't grow up to be the ideal good kid that people think he is."

It hurts my conscience a little to see an earthquake in the old man's pupils, but I have no intention of correcting my words.

When I decided to raise my child, I had no intention of raising him to be a good and well-behaved child. In fact, it was quite the opposite.

This was something everyone agreed on.

"That child will grow up to put his own life first at any moment."

If you become very shameless and blame yourself, blame it on others. To survive even if it means trampling on other people's corpses.

Everyone pledged to raise it that way.

“Ah...”

The old man's eyes widened.

Cleter turned his head without saying a word. At that moment, I could hear my colleagues' voices coming from one side.

“That was just a joke, you just need to grow up normally.”

“It would be nice to be strong enough to survive no matter what is thrown at you in this damn era... but if you don't want to do that, it's okay to be ordinary. Because we can protect it.”

“Don't worry, our attitude won't change even when we become adults. “If there's something you can't do, from big things like fighting to little things like organizing your clothes, we'll do it for you...” I

just hope you grow up happily.

I hope you are so happy that you don't even have to worry about bad things like drugs.

The sincerity expressed in a whisper, without knowing who it was addressed to, rings piercingly. Cleter quietly closed his eyes as the remark was painful to everyone who heard it.

“....”

I think I know how they lost their 'son'. In a situation where he couldn't help but notice something, the old man pretended not to notice and turned around.

He was about to leave without saying a word, but as if something had occurred to him, he paused and looked back at Cleter. After hesitation, a question was asked.

"I once worked at the imperial palace. That's why I know the name 'Lofty', but..."

"...."

"Is there any other reason to use it as it is, even though it may be dangerous?"

"...Because I had no choice."

The bitter smile returned.

"That's the only trace we have left."

We know better than anyone else that it is dangerous. There's always a watching eye following you, and you can't not notice it.

However, 'Lofty' belongs to Deon Hardt. Because it is one of the few ties that connects him and us.

"don't worry. We will protect our child even if it means death. "There won't be any danger."

'Lofty' could not give up this name.

The old man's eyes widened as if he realized something from his remarks and attitude.

"...no way."

The 'son' you said you lost....

“Anyway, let’s go. “Then the child notices and clings to me again.”

“ ....”

The old man, who was silent at the obvious order to congratulate the guests, quietly looks at the child once and then obediently leaves. Cleter, who was watching the back, approached the guys who were making a fuss in front of the child.

“Why are you so loud?”

“He doesn’t even know how to run! “Isn’t it amazing?”

“...It’s definitely amazing.”

It seems like just yesterday that I was learning to walk.

“More than that, what should I do now that I have a child?

“You can’t take on dangerous missions carelessly.”

“Hmm... I guess I should focus on simple missions...?”

“That’s it.”

I picked up the child.

“I received the money, so I don’t have to worry about living expenses for the time being. Let’s just focus on raising children.”

“It will be relaxing for a while.”

“Oh, then how about going there?”

“there?”

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 351**

351. Later story (5)

“Why do they say there is a tree in Esperanes that grants wishes? “I don’t think it would be a bad idea to pray for the child’s safety there.”

At some point, rumors began to spread about a tree that granted wishes.

Of course, there is a high possibility that it is a superstition, but I wonder if parents do it because they don’t know about it. It’s all just sincerity and heart. Since earnestness can sometimes work miracles, there is no harm in doing so.

“Besides, Esperanes is the safest place among all the regions in the human world, right? “It would be very suitable for raising children.”

“You...”

“Why why?”

What did I do wrong?

The member, startled by Cleter’s gaze staring at me, slowly takes a step back. Cleter followed the figure with his eyes and muttered as if he was truly surprised.

“You didn’t have any thoughts at all?”

“What are you bastard?!”

You’ve been looking at me like that all this time, right?!

The member ran wild, but no one paid attention to him. The attention of others was already focused on Cleter, who continued speaking.

“Let’s do as he says.”

I know that the ‘child’ he’s talking about doesn’t just mean this child who exists with us right now.

Since the claim was not wrong, there was no reason not to follow it.

“It’s clear that Esperanes is safe. Because of that, there are many people who risk their lives trying to cross the mountain range, and there are rumors that even if they do cross it, they will no longer be accepted because they have already accommodated too many people...” That is not a problem

.

Cletor grinned and looked around at his colleagues.

“You can just sneak in there, right?”

“yes!”

“Let’s go now!!”

Smuggling into the country is easy.

The Lofty mercenaries took the direction of the road.

\*\*\*

The half-mad members of the Lofty Knights thought about this not long after being forced to separate from Deon Hardt.

‘Why on earth was it moved?’

They were originally people who didn’t take care of anything and lost things often, but when they were forcibly moved by the 11th Corps commander, they clearly had an amulet given to them by Deon Hardt.

How could we treat them so carelessly when the captain cared for their safety? Clearly, everyone had one.

‘why?’

I couldn’t understand.

Wasn’t this an amulet that blocks magic? It’s strange that we’ve seen that magic doesn’t work on them until then.

‘...Now that I think about it, when the captain gave me this amulet, he didn’t say that it would block magic.’

As I gradually looked back on the past, the doubts were resolved little by little.

[Captain, what is this?]

[A talisman that makes the battle conditions between you and the demons somewhat similar]

This was a different type of talisman. In fact, when I had fights with other demons in the demon world, I thought it was easier to deal with them than before.

Then, before ordering the 11th Corps commander to move, he ordered us to remove our epaulettes...

‘...there was an amulet in the epaulettes.’

The amulet that prevented magic was contained in the epaulet.

Funny enough, my first thought when I found out was ‘I’m glad.’ This does not mean that we are saying ‘dissolution’ or ‘this is where our relationship ends’.

Of course, even if I had said it that way, nothing would have changed.

“Is this the tree?”

“It definitely feels like something strange.”

“I guess I just need to make a wish now... but how should I make a wish? “Can I lie down?”

“Weren’t you putting your palms together?”

“Shouldn’t you bow your head?”

“Shut up and your heart is important, so do whatever you want, whether you lie down or bow your head. ... Baby, you can stay still, so just eat these cookies and wait.”

...I am both happy and sad that he knowingly and unknowingly took measures to ensure our safety.

So, the Lofty mercenaries who managed to sneak into Esperanes and stood in front of the Tree of Rumors prayed earnestly.

If you really get my wish...



God bless the child who is alive and has to live.

And to the shameful child who left first... please give him rest.

\*\*\*

"I think you might be a little worried."

Lofty Knights Lofty Mercenaries.

The name 'Lofty' is not well known to the public as they are usually called the Order of Murderous Demons, so it is not completely understandable to use it as is, but it is also not a suitable decision for a new start. Even if the general public doesn't know, some people in power probably know.

But Remember spoke calmly.

"Still, those in power can't afford to mess with them, so you don't have to worry too much. There are too many other things to worry about to even worry about those who live quietly as a mercenary group. Moreover, there is someone secretly protecting me from behind."

This old man assures me.

And Remember was silent for a moment. Perhaps because he was mentioning familiar people, another familiar person came to mind, so he hesitated, uncharacteristically, and then spoke carefully.

"...I'm just saying this out of curiosity."

The child who slyly entered the mansion, snooped around, and tried to learn as much as he could is a sight to behold.

A young man who was so perspicacious and so naturally affectionate that he was nominated to be the next butler. Remember asked a question even though he knew there would be no answer in the end.

“Dan... have you met him?”

How are you?

It's even more disturbing because there is no body or grave. As if looking back at the face of a child who was like another grandchild, the slightly distorted eyes created small wrinkles, and then a bitter smile appeared as if it had always been like that.

“I don't know if you remember the den top he built. Do you know what the name at the top means?”

Perhaps you just took it to mean that it was a 'den' to support the course of disaster. Of course it's not wrong. However, it must have been meant that way at first.

but.

“If you look at the word itself, 'den' also has the meaning of a cozy hideaway where you can rest comfortably.”

Remember, who had watched Deon Hardt for a long time and learned about Dan while teaching him, knew.

The longer he went to the Demon World and spent time with Deon Hart, the more the meaning of 'Den Top' gradually changed for Dan.

How can we push this person who is hanging on the edge of a cliff and barely holding on to his life any further?

It was clearly visible that he was just trying to stay alive until he finished his unfinished work, so he must have flinched from the danger.

“...If I had paid a little more attention, it would have been possible to operate in that direction, but perhaps because I left without learning everything, I couldn’t. “I have a lot of regrets.”

It was good to have the driving force to support Deonhardt’s actions, but what he needed most at the time was a place where he could rest for a while.

Dan Danang could have been a haven for Deonhardt, who would not be able to easily enter the human world through any means other than invasion, but since Dan only knew how to use everything in an offensive direction, he would not have had a clue how to operate in this direction.

“Still... I wanted you to know that he also did something for you.”

Although we failed to create a ‘safe haven’, we succeeded in creating an ‘escape route’.

Remember tried something a few times, then gave up and lowered his gaze, remembering the top where he had tried other things.

“Among the things the top has done, there are some to support you when you want to give up and run away.”

He acted like he would never tolerate something like that, but then he said he was preparing for everything.

Of course, all of this disappeared like a sandcastle under the orders of Deonhardt, who used the top as a tool and

discarded it.

A calm voice whose emotions could not be read came out with the purpose of the words.

“So, if you meet me, I hope you don’t scold me too much.”

Even though he may have been a bit selfish and hateful, he eventually gave his heart to you.

“...that’s the end of the story.”

I got up and left my seat.

“I don’t know when I’ll be back. Instead, let me tell you my destination: I’m going back to Esperanes. There was a rumor that there was a wish-granting tree there, and I thought it wouldn’t be a bad idea to visit my hometown for the first time in a while to check for myself.”

Actually, I think praying for the rest of the young people who left will put my mind at ease.

Remember gave a half-hearted smile and immediately turned his back.

\*\*\*

Meanwhile, Ed, who had left the place, stood blankly and faced Hien, who came with flowers.

As if this wasn’t a new situation, Ed looked at the other person and the surroundings in a familiar way and frowned slightly. A blunt voice continued.

“...What about Eiga?”

I thought we were together.

“I went to the devil’s tomb.”

“Ah... even though I said it wasn’t necessary...”

“Because the Demon King’s tomb is in the demon world.  
“Coming and going is work, so I would have wanted to help.”

“...okay.”

I guess it’s because they want to ease my burden.

It reminds me of the incubus who tried to help in various ways under the name of ‘friend’. Ed was already impressed by the way he was waving his hands with a mischievous smile, so he shook his head.

“Anyway...”

My gaze lowered slightly and landed on a small bouquet of flowers.

“You brought flowers when you were making the grave, and you brought flowers again this time.”

“Oh, it’s a different flower this time. Since it’s not a funeral, I don’t think there’s any need to bring chrysanthemums. In fact, I almost died at that time...”

“Well, I guess I came here covered in wounds.”

They say that humans have a culture of leaving white chrysanthemums at funerals, and they were caught searching the human world for flowers. Even so, antipathy toward demons was at an extremely high level, so it was natural that humans would go out of their way to kill him.

In reality, he returned in a half-dead state.

“I’m telling you now, but if it weren’t for Ben back then, you would definitely have died.”

“So, instead of going deep into the human world, I brought a different kind of flower...” “

...Normally, I don’t move around like that and just hide quietly... No, that’s okay.”

Even if I say it, my mouth only hurts.

This incubus is quite stubborn and won’t even listen to it. Actually, when he was the next corps commander, he made eye contact with me and said what he wanted to say, so what more do I need to say?

‘As expected, this guy is not in his right mind either.’

I sighed deeply.

I remember the day we built Deon’s tomb. To be exact, Hien of that day.

...What was most shocking at the time was that, even in such a situation, he managed to hold the flower in his arms without any damage. Not only Ben, but even I, who was always tickling him, was at a loss for words.

When I thought about that time, my heart inevitably softened and my voice became more relaxed.

“What is that flower?”

“It’s called a briar.”

“okay?”

“Your flower language is... just a moment.”

He just picked up the flowers he saw...

Without even asking, Hien was looking through the book he was carrying next to him.

As he was flipping through the plant encyclopedia of the human world that he found in the warehouse of Orel, the former commander of the 5th Corps, he spoke with a bright smile as if he had found what he was looking for.

"It's solitude and longing for family."

Um... may I give you this....

"...I think there are other types of roses mixed in besides the wild roses."

"Ah, this is a flower that Deon liked when he was alive."

The same type that bloomed at Cruel Hart's grave.

I remember that the language of the flower was probably 'youth without regrets.'

"...okay. It doesn't matter what it is, but there are passengers now, so let's wait a little bit..."

...I'm out.

Ed sensed a presence and looked around. Silver-blue eyes met our gaze.

"Have you finished your business?"

"yes. "Thank you for your consideration."

"It's natural, so there's no need to be thankful."

“I’m glad you said that. And the next one...oh.”

Remember’s eyes softened when he saw Hien.

“Long time no see.”



# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 352**

352. Later story (6)

"...I see. long time no see."

Hien also smiled softly.

"I was grateful that they willingly guided me at that time."

"you're welcome."

There's no way I can refuse if you say that in the first place.

Hien recalled his first meeting with the old man in front of him. A conversation with an old man with a swollen liver who calmly entered the demon castle and spoke to the demons casually.

\*\*\*

When a flock of unidentified crows struck the tent, Hien sensed Deonhardt's death and left. In fact, I had no hesitation in my actions because I wanted to leave from the moment he pointed the blade at my neck.

Not only did I not have the confidence to stop his death, but I also didn't have the confidence to watch it with my eyes open.

Ed and Ben, who had been watching for a moment to see if the two high-ranking demons would stop them, were blocked by a flock of crows, and their priority was to approach Deonhardt, so they ignored Hien even though they knew he was quietly leaving.

So, the place Hien headed to after escaping from the uncomfortable space was none other than the warehouse of former 5th Corps Commander Oel.

‘...I don’t know much about human culture.’

In the past, when I gave the flowers that were blooming on top of the ‘grave’ to Deon, I heard a separate comment from Ed. It was only then that I found out. The death of one’s own people and the human culture of dealing with the body.

‘Daeon is a human.’

Therefore, his body should also be sent according to human culture.

Oel, who is very curious, has always shown a keen interest in the human world, so there might be at least one piece of data related to this in the warehouse somewhere.

Sincerely grateful to Dernivan for completely preserving the former corps commander’s warehouse, Hien busily searched the warehouse.

Then, I found a book that caught my eye and reached out.

“This is...”

...an illustrated book containing information about plants in the human world. I have to take care of it first.

Coincidentally, there is also a book related to the funeral culture of the human world next to it. Hien, who had the plant book at his side, picked it up.

At that time, I heard a voice from behind me.

“This is surprising. “I never thought there would be a demon interested in that field.”

“...!”

“I was so rude. “You must have been very surprised.”

Infinitely polite voice and attitude.

This must be the devil’s castle. Surprisingly, when I turned around, there was a ‘human’ standing there. Hien quietly clenched his fists and opened his mouth as if nothing had happened.

“who...?”

“This old man is called Remember. “I came to pick up the body of someone precious.”

I’m too attached to it to pretend not to know.

A faint sadness can be felt in the bitterly muttering voice. Since it didn’t seem like an enemy, Hien relaxed his tense body, leaving only the bare minimum guard.

“If it’s precious...?”

“I think you probably know it well. “Isn’t that why you found such a book here?”

“...Oh no way.”

“yes.”

Deon Hardt.

“There is a suitable place for his grave.”

“....”

“Could you please guide me to where the body is?”

\*\*\*

Thanks to you, I was able to build Deon’s tomb. Hien smiled brightly.

“Rather, we should be thankful for this one. Thanks to you, we were able to build a tomb in the most suitable location for Deon.”

“Thank you for saying that.”

Remember smiled softly at his sincere words. For a moment, his gaze glanced somewhere.

“...Someone else is coming too...”

Everyone could see Ben, who was walking from a distance, spot Remember and stop.

They will also need to have their own conversation, so they should avoid this place this time. Remember took a step back after stopping for a moment.

“This old man will only be a distraction if he stays, so I’ll just go.”

He passes by Ben, giving him a light greeting, and slides down the mountain. Ed, who was watching the back

disappear from sight in an instant, turned his gaze to Ben.

“So, how are those crazy... Lofty guys doing?”

Ben’s main job became watching over the Lofty Knights. I went to check on them every time I was away, so it was probably the same this time as well.

As expected, the calm answer came back.

“I can’t be sure because I only watched from afar, but he seemed healthy. “Now you’re raising a child.”

“Thank goodness. But why... are you trying to pack your bags?”

“They said they were going to Esperanes.”

I don’t know if I can chase it, but I’ll have to give it a try first.

Ben muttered as he scribbled down on a piece of paper the preparations needed to cross the mountain range.

Esperanes is a place with particularly strict security due to its terrain, so whatever I try to do, it will be difficult and annoying for me as a demon. I know that very well, but I have no intention of giving up. They were an unavoidable exception to Deon, who tried not to cherish anything or leave regrets behind anything.

As an incompetent doctor who lost a patient in charge, he had to take care of ‘Lofty’.

“I won’t be able to see you for quite some time.”

“Of course.”

But no matter how hard it is or how long you won't see each other, Ed won't stop you.

Taking care of Lofty as if he were a gravekeeper is the only atonement Ben can make.

As soon as he heard the news of the 'Lofty' mercenary group, he moved to find them, and the attending doctor, who left the room periodically after that, prepared to leave in silence with the meaning of watching on the sidelines.

"Not only because they used the name 'Lofty', but because they are good at making enemies, I feel uneasy if I leave them alone. "I can't help it."

In fact, we have no choice but to be confident because we have already personally blocked several subversive movements against them.

Ben shakes his head as if he has a headache. At the same time, Ed, who was watching the scene with a faint smile, quietly opened his mouth and gave a delayed answer.

"okay. "It's none of my business what you do, but I hope you live to see me again."

"...Do you think I am walking into some kind of limbo?"

He grumbles in words, but since I know what he was thinking, I can't say anything sincerely.

They've already lost so many people that they probably don't want to lose even me, who is their one of few ties to these friendly demons. Therefore, Ben, who had kissed his lips several times, chose to turn his head instead of continuing.

...Well, I guess it's okay since there's a guy who came over to the human world to chase Ed alone.

"I'm here."

"Aga."

On the day when the borders were closed one by one, the incubus, who seemed to sense something, ran to the Demon King's Castle and crossed over to the human world with them, smiling and waving. Ed's expression relaxed a little when he saw him.

"I heard you went to the devil's tomb."

"There's nothing I can do."

"That's what I have to do. "I recommend finding another job."

"I want to help you?"

"...."

Hien, who was observing the situation, joined the conversation.

"I'm thinking of growing flowers around the grave here. How about doing it together? "You've often come to the Demon King's Castle as a garden assistant, so I think you'll do well."

"okay. "That would be better."

"okay? "Then why not?"

The brief disagreement was quickly resolved. Meanwhile, Ben, who had put the prepared list of supplies in his arms, stood up.

Since it wasn't like we were breaking up forever and we weren't unfamiliar enough to need a big goodbye, he immediately turned his back and moved on without hesitation.

'I guess I can just pack my bags and leave.'

The destination is the destination, and the hardships are already clear, so I wonder if there is any useful information. What information did I know about Esperanes?

Oh yeah. Although it's not useful, I have some interesting information. Ben chuckled as he recalled information that was completely ineffective.

'I heard there's a tree in Esperanes that grants wishes.'

...Let's at least pray for Lofty's health.

\*\*\*

The old man, once a capable shaman, had lived in agony ever since Deon Hart and Dan last visited the village.

[You are the one who made me like this.]

...I always heard voices. It was no use covering my ears because it was coming from inside my head.

The biggest mistake made by an old man who became senile in the aftermath of seeing shocking information. It didn't seem to get tired and kept repeating curses at every moment.

[I won't kill you. You must live to see me fulfill your prophecy.]



Sometimes I think I even had hallucinations. I saw a young man pretending to be friendly, rolling his eyes and letting out a sharp voice.

Daily life was impossible.

The words themselves are breathtaking, but I can't get his eyes out of my head.

[So, live your whole life in guilt.]

In the end, the old man, who lived according to his curse and watched the prophecy come true, lost his life under the weight of guilt only after seeing the end.

The cause of death was suicide.

\*\*\*

[In Esperanes, there is a tree that grants wishes.]

'Death' took a step forward, pondering the rumors that had been spreading for some time.

He knows the identity of the tree. The person who planted it knew it, and the person who spread the rumor also knew it.

If we leave the first case aside and look at the last two cases, they are the same person.

'A human being who read the will of the world and moved accordingly.'

Death, who had wanted to have a face-to-face conversation at least once, realized that someone around the person was calling him and went straight to the other person.

The space changes with just one step. He calmly walked out from the middle of a flock of crows in a completely different place and made eye contact with a woman holding a dead old man.

Against the background of tense silence, glances were exchanged, and the gaze of death lowered for a moment before landing on the person who had stopped breathing.

“...A capable shaman has died—”

The eyes rose again and looked at the woman as if they were going to tear them apart.

“There is a capable shaman left.”

Even though there was no special intention, his gaze and voice were truly eerie.

An uneasy feeling of fear that one cannot help but feel because one is a living being. Shaman Ran endured this patiently and opened his mouth towards death.

“Have you come to take away my grandmother’s soul?”

“For now, yes.”

I would like to have a conversation with that person even more, but this isn’t entirely wrong.

Death, ignoring his wary gaze, approached quickly and took the old man’s soul as if to show off. Contrary to the expectation that he would try to stop or delay the time, the shaman chose not to go against providence and just watched with bitter eyes.

The silence that came again disappeared as death opened its mouth.

“I want to ask you something.”

“Please tell me.”

“Did you know the identity of ‘it’?”

Although I roughly know it, I’ve always wanted to ask it directly.

As expected, the answer came right away.

“Yes, to a certain extent.”

She knew that the sapling of the ‘wish-granting tree’ was a device prepared by the world to give birth to a god.

A world that has become mature and stable gives birth to a god, and in the past, a world that was close to completion gave a seed to the fairies. It was soon moved to a demon gardener, and from the demon gardener to Deon Hart, it eventually became a sapling and settled in Esperanes under the hands of a shaman.

Death nodded.

“...Well, I guess that’s why they spread such ‘rumours’.”

Human faith becomes the fertilizer and foundation for the birth of God. The rumor about the ‘wish-granting tree’ would be a great foundation.

What on earth do you hope to please the world? He narrowed his eyes and studied her, but there was nothing to be gained from her calm expression.

In the end, even though there were still places to visit, I had to turn around without much benefit.

after.

A shaman who gained considerable authority from the world was born.

His skills were such that he could deceive the sight of death and hide, so it was the beginning of a terrible game of tag.

\*\*\*

A being stepped into the tomb, where no one was present, including Remember, Edna Ben Hien, and even Eigar.

Moving silently, Inyoung reaches out and picks up the untitled book in front of Deon Hardt's tombstone. I thought I was flipping through the book, but soon the sound of snickering and laughing filled the space.

"It's poor."

Perhaps because it wasn't written by Deon Hardt himself, there are a lot of fabrications and loopholes to make it more plausible.

Even the content is heavy from beginning to end...

"Who would watch something like this?"

Death touched the cover of the book with his finger.

"Well... 'Deon Hardt' is a special person to me, so I'll try to correct it just this time."

A pen appeared at his fingertips.

Because the person carrying out the editing work is a being who knows the lives of all living creatures on this earth, the pen that touched the book moved without a hitch.

“It would be better to go light in the beginning.”

Since most of the main character’s life consists of tragedy, the only part that can be written lightly is in the beginning. It would be a good idea to modify it so that you can pick up the book as lightly as possible and without any burden.

“It would be better to choose a light title.”

Anyway, this is a book in the form of a ‘novel’. If it’s a novel, it should have a title that catches people’s attention. What can we do if we don’t even have a title?

The light title and initial content should encourage people who have already skipped the first chapter to continue reading the next chapter.

Death, who scribbled his pen a few more times after that, put the book back down with a satisfied look on his face, as if he had finished editing. A lighter voice spread throughout the space.

“This way, someone will remember you without distortion.”

This would have been enough compensation for the soul that impressed me until the end.

“Then I look forward to seeing you again someday.”

Death turns his back and leaves without any regrets.

In the quiet space again, only one book was placed. On the cover, with an author and title that had never been seen

before, was written:

[I am not that kind of talent]

[Author: re-mem-be-r]

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 353**

353. Side story – Story added by Death (1)

[Son, whatever choice you make, we will support that choice.]

\*\*\*

On the night that Deon Hart returned as a hero after eight years of long war, Hart The head of the count family sat in front of his wife holding a bottle of wine.

Time just for the two of us, without anyone else or Cruel. After hesitating for a long time in a calm and quiet space, he calmly opened his mouth against the background of his spouse's silence as he calmly waited for him to speak first.

"I'm sure you heard the news that Deon that child came back alive."

The Countess's glass was filled with alcohol.

If other people saw this, they would probably think it was a drink meant to celebrate the son's becoming a hero. That's absurd. A wry smile appeared on the Count's lips.

"Probably... they're blaming us."

"...."

“No, I think it’s safe to say that he definitely resents me when he doesn’t come home even though he’s alive.”

Isn’t alcohol something you only drink when you’re happy?

The red-purple water that fills my glass shakes mercilessly. At first glance, his voice seemed shaken.

...I couldn’t bring my child. I couldn’t get it out. It was also impossible to change to a healthy and skilled swordsman. As if something supernatural was deliberately interfering with the situation, all efforts to bring back Deon were always mixed.

Even at this very moment when we are moving to take action, the child must be crossing the line between life and death. I felt like I was going crazy.

“...That’s a new thing to say.”

The wine bottle slipped out of the Count’s hand.

The Countess neatly poured the drink into a glass, wiped the liquid that had splattered around with a handkerchief, and threw it into the fireplace.

The moment the Count’s eyes were caught by the burning handkerchief, a beautiful hand reached out and cupped his cheek and turned it toward me.

“I fully expected that. “What information did you hear?”

“....”

The matriarch’s expression, which had always been firm, crumbled in front of her spouse’s stern yet worried face.

“That child...”



The father, revealing his weak side, said with a face as if he had been stabbed by a knife.

“...I asked for a private meeting with His Majesty at the exhibition.”

“Ah...”

Usually, it is customary to say what you want in a public setting. There is no reason to do so unless you wish for something that should not be known.

The countess’s face, as she had expected something, became clouded with sadness.

“Our family could be in danger.”

“...exactly.”

In the worst case, everyone in the family will die.

“It seems like we were very resentful.”

“Because I was dragged to hell against my will.”

Since that weak child has come back from hell alive, of course all that remains is evil. Everything must have been worn away in the bloodbath that lasted eight years.

“...ma’am.”

The count called his wife in a trembling voice.

“I want to accept whatever choice he makes.”

I couldn’t save the child because I was incompetent.

I want to atone, but there is no way to atone here first. I would be rather happy if the child gave it to me because he wanted revenge. That's why I'm willing to accept it even if a knife is held to my throat.

However, it is almost certain that the child's resentment is directed not only at the 'head of the family' but also at the entire 'family'.

"So... fake your death and leave with Cruel."

Unable to bring in other family members, the Count covered the back of his wife's hand with his own and pressed his lips to her palm as if pleading.

"A carriage accident would be enough. That child will also be satisfied if I, the head of the family, and my family suffer a blow..."

"Honey."

"...."

"He's 'our' child."

The word is 'blow', but the Count is prepared for the worst assumption, 'death'.

The Countess withdrew her hand with a stern expression.

"I am also the one who failed to protect my child, so why are you trying to leave me out?"

"...."

"Well... Still, I like that you tried to get Cruel out. "There is nothing for that child to be responsible for."

At the time when Deon was taken to the battlefield, Cruel was not a saint either. Even if he was an adult, he was not the head of the family and he was not the parent who gave birth to Deon, so it would be unfair to pay the same price for his sins.

At least that's what a mother who loves her child thought.

The Count let out a heavy sigh.

"...It's not something to take lightly."

I could die.

Words that I couldn't say linger in my mouth. The Countess smiled softly as if she knew everything at the Count, who was silent after saying it briefly for fear that something she had planned to do would come true if she said it out loud.

"i know."

"...I guess I can't win against you."

The Count let out a bitter smile.

"The child said he would set out again as a warrior's companion. "Perhaps what was requested was excessive and conditions were added."

The desire is so 'excessive' that the current emperor, who cherishes talented people, has added conditions. The Count somehow seemed to know what it was.

"Perhaps, given your majesty's personality, he will fulfill his promise as soon as Deon returns from his purpose."

"...I guess we will have to reduce the number of people little by little until the child returns."

Because I don't want anyone to see blood.

In order to avoid being found out, there needs to be a minimum number of users left, but it would still be better to reduce the damage as much as possible.

Of course, I know that in most cases, it doesn't even touch the users. Still, the Countess, who chose to prepare for any unexpected situation, fixed her gaze on the Count again. The Count read the meaning of the urging and laughed.

"okay. And on the day the child returns, I will send Cruel somewhere else."

"It's a wise decision."

Even if you try to evacuate by faking death, it's clear that Cruel's strong-willed child will refuse as soon as he understands the situation. In that case, it would be better to naturally send them somewhere else without telling them anything from the beginning.

"There may be a situation where you are accused of treason, so I will also prepare for identity laundering there."

So that the child can change his or her status if he or she wants to.

"It's perfect."

The Countess narrowed her eyes.

The count stared at her smile, then stretched out his hand and took her hand. His lips gently rested on the back of his hand.

And the apples flowed out.

“I’m sorry. “Because I am incompetent, you will also suffer.”

Every time my lips move, they barely pass by and tickle the back of my hand. The Countess, who was watching this, cupped his cheek with her free hand and kissed him on the lips.

An extremely friendly voice whispered with love.

“If you ask that question, I would also have to talk about my incompetence. “Can you please say something other than that?”

“...love you.”

“me too.”

\*\*\*

The count and his wife, who had been prepared for all kinds of situations, were momentarily dazed when they faced Deon, who had come to kill them personally.

Bloody red eyes and breathtaking life. The child who stood before them, covered in blood as he killed the workers with his cruel hands, was thinner than before and harbored a madness that had never been seen before.

‘ah.’

At that moment, I had no choice but to realize.

‘You have been tainted by the madness of war.’

That this child has gone crazy.

If I hadn’t felt betrayed by my family, if I had held on with the sole intention of returning to my family, it wouldn’t have

gone this far. A parent's senses speak. This child was so sad because of the betrayal that he went crazy.

So, when I saw my son standing in front of me holding a weapon saying he would kill his parents with his own hands, I felt more sad than shocked or scared.

...I was sorry.

"...I don't have Cruel."

"Cruel was away due to work. When he returned from the 8-year war, not even his nose was visible, but now his face is showing. "Then what he said was that he was looking for his brother."

"Who is your brother?"

A young man in an unfamiliar atmosphere glares at me with an unfamiliar expression.

Although his body might have trembled because he was a vicious creature, there was no doubt that he was my child, so the Count quietly looked at Deon and opened his mouth.

"Let me ask you just one question."

"...."

"During this time... were you injured anywhere?"

"...under."

Cynicism froze the air.

"Why wouldn't there be one? "There was a lot of it."

"...."

“Well, aren’t you glad you managed to buy it and came back alive? ...No, I guess it’s ‘lucky’ for them.”

The count and his wife were ready to accept everything, whether it was sarcasm or anger, so they didn’t even blink at the unfamiliar attitude.

He smiled vaguely, as if he was just glad, and obediently closed his eyes. I felt the child in front of me pause due to his lack of resistance.

...The words I had to swallow for the sake of my child lingered in my tightly closed mouth.

‘Son, whatever choice you make, we will support that choice.’

Because that is the only atonement we can make.

but.

‘You found Cruel, right?’

I wish all those choices were only for us.

In the unlikely event that you end up regretting it in some way, Cruel may be there to console you and protect you from any danger.

Cruel is our arrangement.

‘I hope that by killing us, the anger towards Cruel will subside to some extent.’

The dagger pierces a vital point and a sharp pain is felt one beat later.

I think having good skills can be helpful to Cruel if things go well.

Dreaming of a future in which the two brothers depend on each other, the count and his wife did not force their fading consciousness, but obediently let it go down below.

Finally, faint footsteps were heard.

No one will come...

....

“Brother.”

\*\*\*

On the day that Deonhardt returned with the hero's body, Cruel received an order from his father.

They said there was a hole in the management ledger of a villa built on an island and told me to go and check it in person. It was an order given in the name of training as the next head of the family.

but.

‘Why today?’

Cruel had a question.

Why is it the day Deon returns? Isn't it as if he is urging me to leave right away as if he is trying to prevent me and Deon from running into each other?

Since I had already set off to carry out the order, normally I would have just stopped at the question and moved to finish



the job and return as quickly as possible, but today, an unexplained feeling of foreboding creeps up my spine.

So instead of urging his words, he held on to the question and delved into it.

‘...Did Deon return from the 8 Years’ War and ask the emperor for a private treaty during the military service?’

And right after that, he became a warrior’s companion and set off on his way.

There is no way for a child with a weak body and a general who has fought in a war for eight years and is worn out in battle to go back to the battlefield. There must be a reason.

‘Was what Deon asked for too much, so additional conditions were attached?’

My extraordinary mind is busy. Cruel slowed his movement speed a little and frowned.

‘What kind of request is so excessive that additional conditions are attached?’

No, in the first place, what is there for Deon to pray for through ‘solitary prayer’? What does Deon want now?

‘No way...’

Deonhardt was dragged into the battlefield against his will. No matter how much of a hero you become and return, the shock and betrayal at that time will not easily go away.

Rather, if resentment and hatred were fostered on the battlefield...

‘...no.’

Green Eye, realizing something, is shocked and shakes as if it will break. I really hope not, but Cruel couldn't just give up and pray, so he immediately changed his mind.

The destination is Hart Mansion, where my mother and father reside.

I was talking like crazy and chewing my lip. Even while his mind was frozen in shock, he deduced another truth.

'You two knew.'

After finding out, only I was evacuated.

I thought I knew what you were thinking. There was no way I didn't know.

After urging his horse over and over again, Cruel covered the distance in the shortest possible time and crossed the unguarded entrance to the mansion. What he found in his parents' room after crossing the blood-filled hallway.

"older brother."

...It was Deon, who looked back and pulled out the dagger stuck in his father's heart.

# **I'm Not That Kind of Talent**

## **Chapter 354**

354. Side Story – Story Added by Death (2)

When Deon Hart was recruited into the Demon King's army, some demons had doubts.

'It is certainly great that I was able to stop the hero's self-destruction by absorbing it into my body, but is that really enough to warrant creating the non-existent position of Commander of the 0 Corps?'

Since he appeared by killing the corps commander, I have no complaints about giving him the position of corps commander. Even if you can't do it, it's at that level. However, wouldn't it be okay to offer him the position of commander of the 13th corps instead of commander of the 0th corps?

Does that person really have the skills and worth to sit on top of the 1st Corps commander?

The question was quickly resolved.

\*\*\*

A welcoming party was held for the new corps commander 'Demon Arut'.

It was customary for a banquet to be accompanied by alcohol, so in consideration of Deon, who was not used to alcohol from the demon world, the Demon King robbed the warehouse of the 5th Legion Commander Oel and brought alcohol from the human world, smiling and offering him a drink.

On one side, Orel was making a fuss with a sullen face and her adjutant, Dernivan, was comforting her, but of course no one paid any attention to them.

“Now drink.”

“Oh, thank you.”

First of all, I received it, but it may not be the type that causes trouble to humans. Deon looked at the drink suspiciously.

Although I have heard the explanation that it is a drink from the human world, I am not naive enough to believe that at face value. After examining the color and even smelling the liquor to see if it was the liquor he knew, he was convinced that it was a familiar liquor and took a sip of the liquid.

‘oh.’

I don’t know how long it’s been since I last drank this.

Even if it wasn’t so, there were demons everywhere, so my heart got smaller and smaller and I felt like I was going to die, but this alcohol was given to me just right. I also know that it is the alcohol of the human world. There is no reason not to drink it.

Deon was so frustrated that he drank alcohol repeatedly as if he was escaping reality to avoid being conscious of his

surroundings.

“You drink well. “Would you like some more?”

“yes.”

At some point, I lost consciousness.

—I ‘thought’ it was cut off.

‘Obviously my drinking capacity is...’

...I’m not at a level where I can get drunk at this level.

Deon tilted his glass with an expressionless face.

The wall dividing memories built by alcohol and drugs becomes weak again. In other words, now this is just two memories mixed together across a weakened wall.

Deonhardt, who ‘remembers everything’, calmly distinguished in his mind what he should remember and what he should not remember later, and stared at the liquid filling his empty glass again.

‘....’

As if he sensed a change in the atmosphere, the demon king who was offering drinks stopped.

Noticing this, the bright red eyes slowly roll to the side and narrow to face the Demon King. There was a hint of reluctance in his laughter.

‘don’t worry.’

Eyes with an eerie light speak silently.

‘Because I have no intention of fighting with you.’

There is no reason to fight when you are sure to die when there is nothing to gain from fighting. Besides, didn't they end up in the devil's army anyway?

I waved my glass proudly at the Demon King, who was watching me carefully, pretending not to be.

'I just want to drink quietly, so I hope you don't mind.'

'...'

The Demon King's eyes narrowed with interest.

Deon turned his head, pretending not to see, and quietly sipped his drink. I knew I would soon exceed my drinking limit if things continued like this, but I didn't care this time.

Because there is a devil. It looks like he's noticed to some extent, and even if he can't be next to me all the time, he won't be out of sight. If something happens, I will do my best to prevent it in order to minimize the damage.

...It's definitely not because I'm happy to drink alcohol after a long time.

"Do you want to drink more Demon?"

"yes."

"I'll be over 5 bottles soon... if that's okay with you."

Pretending to be worried about a topic that makes your eyes sparkle with interest.

The Demon King got up from his seat as if he wanted to look around, told me to enjoy it, and walked away. As expected, Deon, who had been following him with his eyes as he

moved only within the range of his vision, glanced down at the newly picked glass.

‘Is this my fifth bottle?’

Anyway, how are you?

He drank the glass without hesitation.

...This time, I really lost my memory.

\*\*\*

Deon Hardt had to live.

It is on the battlefield that the young and weak die first. In a space where you must kill or die, he always lost his mind and did his best to distinguish between friends and enemies and attack them, holding on to the bare minimum of reason.

I thought and acted like that for the entire eight years.

‘Who is the enemy?’

therefore.

“Are you an enemy?”

Likewise, in the current situation where the mind is clouded like back then, it was natural to try to distinguish between enemy and enemy out of habit.

\*\*\*

“Are you an enemy?”

The new corps commander is drunk and asks if he is an enemy.

“no.”

“So... are you...?”

“....”

Even if I answered no, after a while, I seemed to have forgotten everything and asked the question again.

As I answered this question over and over again, I couldn't help but feel irritated. However, since the opponent was a corps commander, the demons knew that they would lose if they fought, so they had no choice but to give the same obedient answer no matter how many times the opponent asked.

“...I said no.”

“Yeah...?”

The problem was other corps commanders.

Although he is called the commander of Corps 0, in the end, he is the commander of the same corps, so there is no reason to bow down to him. Rather than personally using his skills to pressure others like 1st Corps Commander Jaycar, one corps commander with short patience who was particularly displeased with his joining ended up getting irritated.

“Oh, stop it!”

“Are you an enemy?”

“Mr....”

Anyway, this is a welcoming party to welcome ‘Demon Arut’ to the Demon Lord’s army. If we bumped into the main



character of such a banquet, it would be a loss for us.

I knew that, so I held back... but now I'm at my limit.

I wondered if the corps commander, who lived as he pleased from the beginning, had enough patience. He nervously shook off the hands reaching out from all directions as if trying to stop him, and responded with the utmost sarcasm towards the other person.

"okay! It's the enemy! "What are you going to do?!"

"...okay?"

"!"

Creepy.

For a moment, an ominous feeling went down my spine.

...The atmosphere changed drastically. His bright red eyes, as if he was drunk, are staring at me with madness and murder.

As soon as I discovered this, I retreated following the warning of my instincts... but by then it was already too late.

Phew!

"Ugh...!"

'Demon Arut' narrowed the distance in an instant and stabbed a vital point with a dagger he had taken out at some unknown time.

'What did you just do...'

The movement was so fast that most of the demons present here missed it for a moment, even though they were confident in their own battles.

Deon, who threw his weight on his opponent as he charged, raised the corners of his mouth and pulled out his dagger. Even while he was drunk, his instinct was to understand that there was something to be wary of on all sides and the level of power of the opponent in front of him, so he used the best method to suppress the baseline in the current situation.

Hacking continued.

A dagger is stabbed towards someone who can no longer move, as if even the slightest sense of morality has been thrown away. Even the demons who were watching took off their cranes as they struck the face, neck, and chest without distinction.

In a space that had become so quiet that even the sound of his clothes brushing against each other could be heard, a hand was extended to stop him one step later.

Sigh!

...No, it stretched out and fell back again.

The Demon King, who was looking at the long cut sleeves, looks down at Deon with interested eyes. Before I knew it, Deon was pointing a dagger at the Demon King from where he was sitting.

The bright red eyes, stained with life, were eerily shiny.

“Are you an enemy?”

“No way.”

“You’re the enemy?”

“no.”

“Then don’t disturb me.”

He warned in a clear voice and raised his weapon again towards the already dead body.

The Demon King watched the scene for a moment, then glanced down at Deon’s legs and opened his mouth with a clear intention.

“I guess we should end the welcome party here for now.”

I’ll have to try again next time without alcohol.

Those who understood what he meant left one by one. Everyone left, even the employees who had to clean up after themselves. The Demon King, who had been waiting for everyone to leave in silence, reached out his hand to Deon again only when they were alone.

Deon swings a dagger, but the swing range while sitting is limited. He easily grabbed the dagger and threw it away, then grabbed Deon’s arm and lifted it up as if to support him.

“As expected...”

A dry voice rang out.

“Your leg is broken.”

For some reason, it was said that he was able to achieve speeds that no human being could achieve.

‘That’ technique was used. A technique used in times of danger, even on the battlefield, to instantly transcend the limits of the body while ignoring the overload on the body.

It’s amazing to see it in person. I think this would work even for me, who is a bit nervous.

“You’re definitely good at hiding your injuries.”

In contrast to the messed up condition of his legs, the way he glares in this direction as if he doesn’t feel any pain is quite impressive.

Come to think of it, right after using the technique, I naturally sat down on my opponent and didn’t show that I had hurt my leg. Probably no one other than me noticed.

“...fun.”

It’s also fun to not really struggle.

If they had really defined this side as the enemy, they would have gone on a rampage to escape at any cost, but look at them just staring at them. Ironically, the unconscious mind has already determined whether the other person is an enemy or not.

Perhaps, if that already dead guy hadn’t shown ‘hostility’ and if those around him hadn’t given him suspicious looks, he wouldn’t have attacked so desperately and even used such techniques. An instinct specialized for survival chose the best way to survive in the Demon King’s Castle.

“First of all... we should get treatment first, right?”

I can’t see the toy I got being ruined.

The Demon King snapped his fingers and summoned Ben. Ben, who was clutching the grass in both hands as if he had been handling herbs, looked around with a puzzled face and jumped up in fright upon spotting him.

“Demon King?! “Are you hurt?”

“No, not me, but the new 0 Corps commander was injured.”

“yes...?”

But why me...

Ben’s face went blank for a moment.

“I am the doctor in charge of the Demon Lord.”

There must be a separate doctor exclusively for the corps commander...

“I know.”

The Demon King spoke as he subdued Deon with ease.

“You got hurt because of me, so I thought it would be better for you to treat it.”

It would be much better to be known as having been injured in a clash with the Demon King rather than being injured by my own technique. This is a demon world that respects the strong.

The Demon King, who created an environment where the toy would not die easily, held onto Deon and watched Ben treating his leg, then smiled.

“You could just become Demon’s personal doctor.”

“yes?”

“I won’t get hurt anyway. On the other hand, I think Demon will need a doctor often in the future.”

“yes??”

“Aren’t you bored because you haven’t had any work for a while?”

I’m going to be very busy in the future, Ben.

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‘What?’

After I lost my memory during the welcome party, demons started avoiding me.

why? Did I drink alcohol and cause an accident? No, no. There is no reason why one cannot kill a person who was an enemy and even caused an accident. If I had had an accident, I would have been killed right away.

‘Then why...’

Knock.

“Daemon, this is Ben.”

“Uh... please come in.”

“How are you feeling today?”

“It seems okay, but...”

Yes, actually, this is also strange.

Why did you become my personal doctor? Why on earth did the devil put my precious doctor in charge of my care?

Something...something very important and closely related to me...is running wild without me. There are more than one strange thing.

‘What is it really?’

Deon tilted his head.

It was the beginning of life in the Demon King’s Castle.

Author Review

Hello, I am author Denpy.

It’s finally really over. I have new feelings.

In the past, if I had the chance to go back in time, I would do so without hesitation, but now I don’t think I can. When I thought about writing this novel again from the beginning, even though it was hypothetical, my future became dark.

First of all, I would like to thank the readers who have followed me this far. I was really surprised and happy that more people liked this novel than I expected. It felt like I was dreaming.

That’s because is a piece full of the author’s greed, as it is his first work. Because I wrote what I wanted to write, I thought there would be strong differences in likes and dislikes. So actually, even now that it’s finished, I’m still dumbfounded.

As a work with a lot of greed, is a novel in which characters who were originally intended to be the main characters of

other works or equivalent supporting characters were replaced with extra supporting characters who were in vain. The author was so determined to pour everything into this one work that he filled out his notepad. Because of this, even characters that had little to do with the main character had their own stories and thoughts, and the worldview became vast. There was no room for the main character to stand out because none of the characters were easy-going. I was tearing out my hair while writing this.

Still, I have no regrets because I wrote what I wanted to write. Thanks to everyone who loved my work, I was able to have no regrets. thank you.

Of course, there are some regrets. I had no choice but to remain. If I were to pick just a few, one would be the failure to properly capitalize on the charm of the monarchs of each country. The original plan was for the three kingdoms to collapse sequentially rather than all at once, so there was room to appeal to the presence of the monarchs and their secretaries, but I thought that would lengthen the writing and make me tired of writing it, so I changed the plan midway. Because of this, it felt like characters who seemed to have something of their own were somewhat in vain.

It was also very unfortunate that the presence of the 'second generation' was buried. The presence of the 'first generation', both the emperor of the empire and the leader of the revolutionary army, is so strong that it feels like the subsequent generations are relatively buried.

Aside from that, I have a lot of regrettable memories, such as in the political field and battle scenes... But I did my best and burned it to the ground. I hope that readers will have more memories of enjoying reading the book than memories of disappointing parts.



I always read comments eagerly. You may not believe it, but I really saw everything. It was fun to write thanks to all of you who cried, laughed, and immersed yourself in the work.

Thank you. I would like to say I love you to everyone who read my article and to those who followed until the end.

I hope you will always be healthy and good luck will follow you in every step you take!